

Faculty Crap
Game Wed.

Boxing Match
Shine vs. Perisho

HOHOKUS, D. C. 19

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C., NOVEMBER 23, 1932

FIRST AND LAST

FACULTY CRAP GAME - - - HEY, HEY

ENTERTAINING AND
VARIED PROGRAM
PRESENTED COURT

His Nibs, Bulling on Vandalism
of His Subjects, Razzed
by Court.

TRI - SESQUICENTENNIAL

Gallic Humor of Jimmy the Jester—
Lady Maude's Mishap With
a Banana Peel.

King Raymond the Last held court
here tonight to bull on the least im-
portant issues that abound in his do-
main.

At precisely seven-thirty a blare of
saxophones was heard and the king en-
tered the gilt room of Founder's pal-
ace, breaking up the crap game just as
Sir William of Cranford was in the act
of throwing a seven with loaded dice,
which would have deprived Lord Suiter
of his pants.

Tripping lightly across the floor the
king unsuspectingly came in contact
with a banana peel which Lady Maude
had lately discarded, and executed a
perfect acrobatic stunt of the kind Sir
John gets from his proteges when he
is having them exhibit their skill in
front somersaults. The king landed
with such force that every hair on his
head shook. His royal dignity shaken,
he picked himself up and climbed his
throne.

To appease his hurts he called for
entertainment and Sir Max of "ah cu-
pella" fame responded with his royal
symphony. After an eon of screeching
they ended the selection with only a
minor casualty, Sir Max getting his
wrist tangled up with his elbow.

Bringing the court to order, Lord
Samuel called on the gods to bless our
King and his domain, but it was doubt-
ful that they heard him, because of the
noise that Philip the Gallant made,
coming in late, as usual.

His majesty proceeded with a disserta-
tion on the evils practiced among his
subjects, especially the destruction of
the natural beauty of the campus by
the promiscuous plucking of daisies.

Before the jeers which followed his
oration had faded the Princess Ernestine
took remote control of the situa-
tion with many words intermingled
with a goodly collection of "ahs," ar-
gued that it was not daisies, but violets,
which were being snitched, and that
most of these grew in the graveyard.

This outburst was greeted with a
vicious snicker from J. Willie, the Black
Night, who had been reminded of some
villainous escapade of his younger
days. A dull red ran across his fea-
tures and tried to hide under the few
remaining hairs of his head when the
Princess cast upon his a withering
glance in which one eye turned North,
the other East.

Jimmy the Jester covered up the
faux pas nicely with a risqué French
joke which brought down the house,
even the fair maid, Dorothy.

After bringing the court to disorder
once more, his royal nibs gave the floor
and part of the ceiling to Prince Clyde
for a summation of the destructive
program which is in process of getting
in the way—under way, that is—before
the celebration of the sesqui-centen-
nial.

With much wriggling of the Chaplin-

(Please turn to Page Four—or don't,
why should we care!)

JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM IS
TURKEY DAY FEATURE

The program committee for the Jun-
ior-Senior Prom has announced its ten-
tative plans for Guilford's most gala
social event. Everything possible is be-
ing done to make this a memorable oc-
casion in the life of the present Guil-
ford students. In order to celebrate
the victory over Elon the country's
foremost collegiate prom will take
place in the gymnasium on Thanksgiv-
ing night from 9 o'clock to 4 a. m.

Elaborate plans are being made for
decorative effects. Interior decorators
from New York are working day and
night transforming the already beauti-
ful interior of the gym into a virtual
fairyland.

The committee remains undecided as
to the orchestras that will furnish the
music. They are deadlocked between
the combination of Guy Lombardo and
Don Redman and that of Isham Jones
and Cab Calloway.

For entertainment the committee pro-
poses to arrange to have the Four Mills
Brothers, Father Connelly, and the
Ziegfeld chorus.

Refreshments (legal) will consist of
gallons and gallons of genuine pre-war
sarsaparilla, caviar, artichokes, and hot
dogs (with onions).

L. G. Balfour, the nation's leading
collegiate jewelers, will furnish the
favors. The nature of these favors is
supposed to remain a secret, though it
is rumored that they will be gold-plated
cigarette lighter vanities for the ladies
and hammered silver flasks for the gen-
tlemen.

The choice of chaperones is still a
matter of some concern. For an affair
of this sort discretion must be used by
the committee. The result may be that
all the faculty members will be asked
and then again they may be slighted
altogether.

KING STEPHEN PLEASED
WITH COLLEGE YODELERS

Dramatic Gestures of Conductor De-
light Men and Tenors of Howl-
ing Section.

FUMBLES A PASS FROM CENTER

The choir this year has a full quota
of voices, beautiful choristers, men,
and tenors, too. "Der Herr Max" is well
pleased with his bunch of yodelers. As
he stands in front of them he makes an
imposing figure. Suddenly without ap-
parent rhyme or reason, a snake-like
TS-TS-TS-as-as breaks up the lit-
tle two-sided conversations and the
choir is ready(?) to sing(?). Miss Gail
gives a sort of buzz, which is somehow
interpreted, and "le Conducteur" begins
to push the air from in front of him.

How wonderful this conglomeration
of sounds, how beautiful the forty
gaping mouths. All at once, drawing a
very deep breath, King Max more stren-
uously, less seriously, moves the right
hand fore and aft. Then just as sud-
denly does he draw back eringingly, as
if afraid of the loudness which his
previous action has provoked. There he
poses, with hands in position to receive
a quick pass from center, but it's a
false alarm. He is soon the same
old(?) "Herr Director" and the re-
mainder of the piece is sung without
a catch. Methinks it is well rendered,
and King Stephen looks also satisfied,
but just as the boys and girls are going
strongest, he cuts them off with a mo-
tion of the hand signifying "Oh, you're
rotten."



Mr. Omtay Iksay, who is reported ill
with a load on his chest. Hello, is this
Omtay Iksay? No—it's General Evan-
geline Booth of the Salvation Army!
Oh, well . . .

MR. IKSAY EXPOSES
YELLOW FEVER EVILS

Notorious High Pointite Gets
Load on Chest As Result
of Vital Concern.

H. SAWORTH INTRODUCES

Ham Saworth thrust his hand between
the first and second buttons of his coat
and introduced Mr. Omtay Iksay, of
High Point. Mr. Iksay spoke on the
alarming symptoms of moral disinte-
gration at our dear old Alma Mater.

Mr. Iksay arose, distended his chest,
and began spouting morals in a culti-
vated voice—a voice cultivated in the
charming rock garden behind his beau-
tiful home in High Point. "I am al-
ways glad to visit your good folk at
Guilford College," he began. The stu-
dent body prepared for a morning
beauty nap, and soon lusty snores were
heard.

In his vivid and energetic manner,
Mr. Iksay attacked "certain symptoms
of moral degeneracy" at Guilford. He

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CAMPUS CALENDAR

November 21st
Tiddlewink tournament between
New South and New North, 3 p. m.
Tea served afterwards.

November 23rd
Banquet for Ed Shaen and Helen
Stilson at 7:30 p. m.

November 25th
Poker game in Old North at 6
a. m.

Bridge tournament in New South
at 6:30 p. m.

Shag contest between New Gar-
den and Founders in Men's Cen-
ter at 8:00 p. m. Judges, R. Binford
and C. Pleasant.

November 26th
Hickory nut throwing contest
for New North (Williams and Cox's
windows to be used as a target). To
start at 1:00 p. m.

Debate between Mrs. Moore and
"Ben" Bezanson at all three meals.
Square dance at the College Barn.
Music by "Kay" Bowen and his
Royal Guilfordians.

FESTIVE SCENE IN THE
COLLEGE DINING ROOM

"Let the pigs in!"
At this command the head-waiter
rushes to open the door and is almost
trampled to death by Rasely and Shaen,
who rush madly to reserve the two
Yank's tables.

"Shaen, pass those troughs around so
we can get started early," Rasely says as
he gazes lustily at the food. Shaen
complies with his wishes and all is quiet
on the Yankee front—till later.

The rest of the boys' receiving line
seurry to get the seats next to the
kitchen where everything is served
twice. Trailing these boys come a few
deserving girls, who have with great
struggle been able to reach the dining
room on time. On seeing an ant slowly
crawling around the sugar, one little
horrified girl demands a new jar of
sugar. The waiter takes the sugar-
bowl to the back of the room, dusts
the ant off, and brings the bowl back.

Looking strangely out of place,
"Hank" Turner sits in the girls' section
of the dining room. By the side of
Priscilla White's seat there is an empty
seat. One little freshman coming in
late spies this choice seat and wends
his way towards it. Pris. looks at him
apologetically and sweetly draws, "It's
for Char—lie."

Carl Jones ambles toward an empty
seat at "Bill" Hire's table. "Bill" being
a true southern gentleman, shakes hands
with him and sees that he gets prop-
erly seated. As his numerous friends
pass his table "Bill" gives cordial bows
to all.

A guzzling noise is heard from the
stag tables. Evan Brown is amusing
his childish self by flipping chocolate
pudding at Winder. Ed Shaen is in
the midst of some big story and is so
excited that he tips a glass of water

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LIST OF INTERESTING
NEW BOOKS IN LIBRARY

Standard Magazines Also Acquired;
Broadway, Ballyhoo, Paris Nights,
and Others.

SWAIM ON THE 18th AMENDMENT

With the publication of the Yellow
Fever edition comes the announcement
from the Libery Staff that there are
many new magazines and books avail-
able for student use. The list of peri-
odicals will astonish the students for
they can have no idea of the quality
of such magazines on the list, namely:
Broadway, Ballyhoo, Hot Dog, Snappy
Stories, Parisian Nites, Bunk, Smoke
House Weekly, Breezy Stories, Artist
and Models, and Western Stories. This
last magazine was gotten for the sole
use of Horace Rasely; he likes his
Cannon Fodder.

The list of new books will hold the
fellows spell-bound, and also the gals.
Some of the latest are "Three Weeks"
by Elinor Glyn, "The Stray Lamb" by
Margaret Perkins, "Why We Should
Repeat the 18th Amendment" by Cur-
tis Swaim, "Are You Trying to Be Fun-
ny" by Ernestine Milner, "Geology V
as a Certain Cure for Insomnia" by
Dr. Raymond Binford, "Co-operation,"
by Charles Biddle and Priscilla White,
"Freshman Girls—The Hows and
Whys" by Frank Allen, "The Crooner"
by Hap Purnell, "The Ladies" by J.
Witmer Pancoast, "Unexpurgated Edi-
tion of the Decameron" (fully illus-
trated) by Boccacio.

DISHING THE DIRT
ON HALLOWEEN HOP
AT HAUNTED HOUSE

"What-a-Man" Rasely Gives
Fine Exhibition of Wrestling
At New Garden.

PUTRID STUNTS GIVEN

Gentleman(?) at the Keyhole Gives
Other Torrid Features of Hal-
loween Party.

The Halloween party out at the old
haunted house turned out to be a big
success. Some of our more serious-
minded instructors were present, wear-
ing brilliant costumes and a far-from-
serious expression on their faces, show-
ing that they had entered into the
spirit of Halloween.

Some of the guys were there with
their gals, and some of the wise guys
were there with some other guys' gals.
That cream-puff tackle from New Jer-
sey was present with his one and only,
the college widow, known to most of us
as Sally. She sure looked young and
fighty in those white pants. Plin
Mears and that Brown Guy were the
self-appointed big shots. Brown was
in all his glory.

He turned out to be the most daring
gigolo—Now if he could only cook.
There was plenty of food for all until
"Bad-Face" Bouton and Ed Shaen, the
big sissy, spotted the peanuts, and then
it was just too bad.

Then there was that guy with the
"lip-spinach" who was hanging close
to Louise. He seemed to be walking
around in a daze. But they do tell me
that since then that flame has died out.
Too bad, Bob, but now maybe you'll
be able to get more sleep.

And we must not forget those gosh-
awful stunts. Some of them were right
good, but others were putrid. After
this display of wit and humor, our
head cheerleader was called upon to
lead the gathering in a few lusty Hoo-
rahs, but he and that baby-faced gal
from Asheboro had scrambled. They had
chosen to seek out their own enjoy-
ment whispering sweet bits of non-
sense into each other's ear. Aside to
Frankie, "Why don't you marry the
gal?"

After awhile 10 o'clock rolled around
as 10 o'clock will do, and all the little
co-eds had to go in for their beauty
sleep. Lo, the walk back was begun.

We lingered long enough to make
sure that Carl Jones, in the company
of that dark Fortune Teller, was safe-
ly in her Ford and starting to go
places. Don't worry, Bad-Eye, we won't
tell where you went.

After we got back to the college, we
browsed around to East Porch, where
plenty of heat was being radiated, and
some very fine wrestling was progress-
ing. And over on the porch at New
Garden "What-a-Man" Rasely, with his
heart-throb from Winston, was doing a
very fine piece of wrestling himself.
Matt had a soulful look in his eyes.

Further snooping brought no results,
so we decided to go back to the dorm
and try to sleep off that awful stomach
ache from eating too darn many pea-
nuts.