

Faculty Crap
Game Wed.

Boxing Match
Shine vs. Perisho

HOHOKUS, D. C.

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 important issues that abound in his domain.

At precisely seven-thirty a blare of saxophones was heard and the king entered the gilt room of Founder's palace, 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 cupella" 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 doubtful that they heard him, because of the noise that Philip the Gallant made, coming in late, as usual.

His majesty proceeded with a dissertation 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 situation with many words intermingled with a goodly collection of "ahs," argued that it was not daisies, but violets, which were being snatched, and that most of these grew in the graveyard.

This outburst was greeted with a vicious snicker from J. Willie, the Black Knight, who had been reminded of some villainous escapade of his younger days. A dull red ran across his features 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 risque 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-centennial.

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 Junior-Senior Prom has announced its tentative plans for Guilford's most gala social event. Everything possible is being done to make this a memorable occasion in the life of the present Guilford students. In order to celebrate the victory over Elon the country's foremost collegiate prom will take place in the gymnasium on Thanksgiving 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 beautiful 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 proposes 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, cavier, 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 gentlemen.

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 Delight Men and Tenors of Howling 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 apparent rhyme or reason, a snake-like TS—TS—TS—ss—ss breaks up the little 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 strenuously, less seriously, moves the right hand fore and aft. Then just as suddenly 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 remainder 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 motion 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 Evangeline 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 disintegration on our dear old Alma Mater.

Mr. Iksay arose, distended his chest, and began spouting morals in a cultivated voice—a voice cultivated in the charming rock garden behind his beautiful home in High Point. "I am always glad to visit your good folk at Guilford College," he began. The student 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
Tiddletwink 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 Garden and Founders in Men's Center 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 scurry 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 properly 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 available for student use. The list of periodicals 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 Curtis Swaim, "Are You Trying to Be Funny" 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 Panceast, "Unexpurgated Edition of the Decameron" (fully illustrated) by Boccaccio.

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 Halloween 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, wearing brilliant costumes and a far-from-serious expression on their faces, showing 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 Jersey was present with his one and only, the college widow, known to most of us as Sally. She sure looked young and flighty 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 Hoorahs, but he and that baby-faced gal from Asheboro had scrambled. They had chosen to seek out their own enjoyment whispering sweet bits of nonsense into each other's ear. Aside to Frank, "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 safely 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 progressing. 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 peanuts.