

**The Dormitories**

Reports of increasing dissatisfaction among the men's student body has caused an unofficial investigation to be made of conditions said to be prevailing in the dormitories.

In front was a closed door; behind it the life of the dormitory proceeded upon its even or uneven tenor. The door opened upon a short, gloomy hall; a cloud of flies arose, disturbed by the opening of the door, and at the same time there came the mingled odors of decaying garbage, trash and other smells of humanity. Inside the threshold of the dormitory was seen a number of closed doors set in recesses of the none-too-clean walls. On one side of the hall a stairs led up into gaping regions above. Occupying a prominent place in the scene was an open refuse can about which the more minute forms of the life of the dormitory swarmed.

From this center of attraction came noxious odors interspersed with varied buzzings as groups of small flyers took off and zoomed about in the foul atmosphere, ever to return to the sides and interior of the garbage can.

One of the doors opened; the contents of several wastebaskets and the sweepings of a floor were deposited with a swoosh in the open receptacle. Again the air was black with vermin. There was a general exodus from the vicinity of the trash-can, to the room on which the door opened. The door closed, and as the room was well screened, the pests were effectively imprisoned with nothing to feed upon but furniture, clothing, tooth-brushes and drinking-glasses. At least, the air in the hall was somewhat cleaner; indeed, an effective method of improving conditions in the halls.

Shortly afterwards a member of the administration was observed to be wandering about the halls nasally inquiring as to how the students were living and making note of extra light bulbs to be surreptitiously removed during the absence of the students. After turning off lights in different rooms and speaking a few words of economic wisdom to the occupants of several of the hovels, this person heroically plunged out into the germ-infested atmosphere of the hall and gained the entrance to the dormitory and clean air.

Perhaps it is because the swinging doors of a closed refuse can might remind the students of other swinging doors and necessitate their being admonished to "Keep away from hem that swingin' dors" that causes the policy of the higher-ups to have us live under conditions which the County Health authorities might possibly object to—probably just another example of the good ole benevolent attitude.

**Please Pardon Us**

They laughed when I sat down at the piano.  
Yes?  
The stool wasn't there.

**Manners**

Never break your bread or roll in your soup.

**Young America Speaks**

Teacher—How many days has each month?  
Johnny—Thirty days has September, all the rest I can't remember. The calendar hangs there on the wall. Why bother me with this at all?

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**COACH PANCOAST ANNOUNCES AN ALL-STAR LEGGING TEAM**

(Continued from Page Three)  
shown remarkable form in receiving passes from J. P. Anderson, Pris, likewise is carrying out Coach Pancoast's commands.

Aside from this, Pris, being long and lanky, makes an excellent running mate for Charlie. The right guard and center booths are well-filled by Jewell Conrad and Bill Edgerton. In Stan Moore's absence Bill has substituted remarkably well (While the cat's away the mice will play).

"Gert" Mears, after a year of un-snarling "x's" and "y's" under the direct supervision of Coach Pancoast showed such adeptness in interpreting his signals that the left guard's position was given her.

The work of Margaret Pegram and Gladys Bryan gave them undisputed possession of the tackle positions. Margaret Pegram's skill in throwing innumerable psych. papers for a loss is well-known, and Gladys's skill in intercepting passes of choice viands to Pancoast is noteworthy.

The post of mouthpiece went to Jesse Bowen whose above qualification and terrific plunging on the piano earned him the berth.

The halfback positions were given to Marie Beachum, and "Georgie" Hardin, because Marie Beachum's habit of telling too much would undoubtedly be of great use in a huddle, while "Georgie" Hardin has shown graceful form in running circles around Dr. Binford.

The fullback post was given to "One Lung(?)" Mears whose "one lung(?)" vocalizing can be excellently employed to confuse any opposing teams' signals.

If you will watch the actions of the above selections you may easily account for their selection.

**FACULTY ADDRESS IS MOST EFFECTIVE**

**Distinguished Alumni**

AMOS: Look 'ere, Andy, what ailed you last night, anyhow? I got plumb regusted with you.

ANDY: Huh! What was wrong with me? Why, nothing. I was right myself stepping out in high society.

AMOS: My goodness, man. Didn't you see that look Madam Queen done give you once or twice? It sho was a good thing you didn't git a chance to be with her alone much. I bet you catch it tonight.

ANDY: Catch what? I didn't do nothin'.

AMOS: I thought you told me you went to some college once upon a time. What did you do? Sleep all the time you was there?

ANDY: Now, Amos, what is all this 'bout, anyhow? You know that was a mighty swell 'fair they gib last night in cele—cele—celebration of this 'ere weddin' of mine and Madame Queen.

AMOS: Why, Andy, I thought there was two things every college mar could do—that is, dance and play bridge. And doggone if you didn't make a bum-foozle of both of them.

ANDY: What's this you're driving at, Amos?

AMOS: Look 'ere, Andy; where did you p'tend to go to school?

ANDY: Why, I went down South in North Carolina to Guilford College. And you know I'm shore proud of my Alma Mamma—now, that ain't right.

AMOS: I guess what you're trying to say is Alma Mater.

ANDY: Yea, that's what I was going to say. We won the little Six Championship that year I was there.

AMOS: I don't know nothing about LITTLE Six, but I sho' do wish that this school would had learned you somethin' about how to act when you is at a party. I was 'shamed of you last night.

ANDY: Now, Amos, don't you cast no 'flexions at my school.

AMOS: No, I ain't, but I thought that off at school folks just learned to dance and play cards as a side line. Why, Ruby Taylor told me you near 'bout ruined that new pair o' shoes o' hers, stepping all over her feet. And if you didn't make a mess. I mean a real sure enough mess of that game of cards you tried to play.

ANDY: Now, listen 'ere, Amos, don't you say nary 'nother word about my school in 'socation with last night—'cause this school I went to was one of them Quaker places, an' it was strictly ag'in the rules to do that fancy step-pin' out and that bettin' on cards.

**Believe It or Not**

What were Webster's last words?  
Zymosis, Zymotic, Zymurgy.

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**Behind the Scenes**

"Hurry up! Say something, somebody! This is a tense moment!" cries Mizzie (known as Jewell Conrad). No answer! Just blankness! Now, don't get excited, readers, it isn't the big day. It's only one of those daily play practices, so exciting and amusing.

Aha! Who is this on the scene? Don't you recognize him with that scarf around his neck? Why, it's Joe E. Brown—oh, excuse me, I mean Harry. But anyway, what's the dif. Things seem to be livening up. The crucial point has arrived—it is a tense moment and there is Mr. Brown behind the leading lady and, man—staring in mock horror, hands raised in supplication. Laughter from the audience and to rear of the stage.

Who is that man giving orders in front there? Why, where are your glasses? Don't you see Dave Parsons and his side-kick, Harris Moore? Their advice is so profound: "Walk over here," "Then turn away," "Walk again"—my, my—what is this—a marathon?

It is sad now—the soldier boy, Carl—better known as Daryl Kent, has died, but here comes Bruce (George Silver) to solace the poor, weeping Pauli (Rose Askew). Sometimes plays are so true to life.

What's this another romance? The maid (Margaret Perkins) and the servant (Dave Parsons) seem to like their position in life as long as they're together.

We're wondering who Jewell is playing "hops" with now. Is it a secret, Jewell?

Aha! The great love scene. The word, "Kiss me first." Carl is supposed to bring forth this utterance, but with an appealing look at the director, he says, "Pauli can say it best."

More advice from the directors: "The audience is liable to laugh here." Really, now?

Some more appeals from the soldier boy: "Does Carl HAVE to stand up?" Somebody likes to sit down, we believe.

The scenery is splendidly beautiful, especially the ladders, conveniently in the way, and the torn paper strewn over the floor adds to the general effect.

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