

THE GUILFORDIAN

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I have been considering changing the title of this column. A pot shot is variously described as a form of sniping from ambush. Since it has been discovered that my illustrious audience has no taste and little understanding for subtleties, I can't do much in the way of camouflaging. I haven't even the screen of anonymity. So—I think I should change the name from POT SHOTS to BALLBAT BLUDGEONS, or what have you. Of course I use a padded club, or don't you think so?

Those Marshall girls again: One of them suggests that she might like "Boston" Palder better if he employed the Speed Hollowell technique. The other pines audibly for the attentions of Tuscon Maynard. Which is which? Your guess is as good as mine.

A word to the wise: Shorty Heath would find his company much better appreciated at W. C.

Just plain Gossip: Beam is having complexion trouble again. Page Dr. Campbell—Lee Larson has exchanged a half-back from Randolph Macon for the Guilford football team as the object of her affections. Is that an even swap?



Keesee and Hollowell are at odds over a brunette from Mary Hobbs. Larry Menghetti, employing borrowed advice, has gone in for a neat bit of cradle robbing.

Time out to plug the new series of class programs to be inaugurated for Thursday chapels. The Seniors are planning a good old melodrammer, "Now We'll Play East-Lynn." Morally, sociably, and enjoyably the vehicle is recommended as being outstanding. Wilson and Register will emote.

Ode to mayhem: What a life! How the heck can I write a column with a couple of hair brains carrying on an argument in voices just south of a forty mile gale? Oh me! Who cares whose boy-friend came down for the week-end? Why didn't the copper from New York come on out so that I could write about him? What's the use anyway? Might as well pull the trigger and end it all!

Saved by the bell—a modest looking young man enters with a sheaf of papers — Have I got any empty space? Boy, have I! Will I print this poetry autonomously?—Well—here 'tis. I don't blame him for wanting anonymity.

NINE-FORTY-FIVE TO TEN-FIFTEEN

Before his lethargic chapel through
 A lonesome speaker drolled along.
 He ranted,
 Chanted,
 Expended his trite philosophy in oratory of another age.
 When his zeal subsided,
 When his message had been confided,
 The students aroused, although barely
 Applauded the speaker, judging his merits fairly,
 And moved disgustedly towards their next classes.

OBSERVATIONS ON CLASS

A pedagogue is a queer sort of duck—
 Respectable, conceited, impeccably designed;
 Had his station been to drive a truck,
 He'd have been more easily defined.
 Imperturbably he pursues his useless way,
 Oblivious of the conflicting, changing tide,
 Ignorant students come beneath his sway,
 And leave imbued with learning, swelled with pride.

Open Forum

the **STUFF** By **CRESCENZO**

EDITOR, THE GUILFORDIAN:

The rather abbreviated offering of the a capella choir at our Thanksgiving chapel on Wednesday last, recalls an old question: Are or are not the members of the Guilford student body entitled to the privilege of hearing the choir at least occasionally?

Three facts are pertinent: (1) Guilford has an excellent a capella choir; (2) The student body appreciates, or would appreciate, recitals by the choir; (3) The choir benefits to the extent of \$250 from SAB funds, funds which are supposedly under student control.

Traditionally the choir has given three concerts before the student body: At Thanksgiving, at Christmas, and just before leaving on their annual trip. In the course of the next hundred years or so the fact that this year's Thanksgiving program was practically nil will probably have little significance; but to us who are leaving it means that our opportunities to hear our choir are cut by one-third.

That the choir should give only a limited number of concerts a year for the student body is a policy which may or may not be changed. The fact that one of those scheduled and expected concerts was dispensed with could and should be remedied by a subsequent performance.
 A Choir Booster.

From the Files

October 21, 1914—At this time there is a movement on foot to establish a system of self-government among the student men.

November 5, 1914—At 8 o'clock Saturday night, October 31, the crowd of expectant merry-makers assembled in the festively arranged gymnasium. Pumpkins, black cats and autumn leaves were in evidence everywhere. Old Halloween games had been arranged, such as blowing out the candles, bobbing for apples, and touching the prophetic saucers.

January 13, 1931—One hundred years ago today, the original charter for the New Garden Boarding school was ratified by the assembly of the State of North Carolina, empowering the trustees to do business and own land under that name. Four years later Founders' hall was completed and school opened; in 1888 it became Guilford college.

April 4, 1928—In chapel Tuesday morning, those affiliated with the Democratic party brought forward Alfred Smith, Will Rogers, "Ma" Ferguson, Jim Reed, and Governor Ritchie as suitable White House timber, while the Republicans loudly praised Herbert Hoover, ex-Governor Lowden, and Charles Dawes as candidates for the presidency.



Diamonds are chunks of coal that stuck to their job.

An optimist is a person who doesn't give a hang what happens as long as it doesn't happen to him. (A. B.)

Ideals are not something to fight for, but to be. (Earl Fowler).

College bred: a four year loaf made with father's dough.

Scandal is when nobody did anything and somebody told it.

Ignorance is when you don't know a thing and somebody finds it out. (Pioneer).

We've quit speculating upon whether or not there are intelligent beings on the other planets and are spending a lot of our spare time wondering if there are any such beings on this one. (Washington Post).

When some folks open their mouth it shows how empty their head is. (Parley Voo).

Invention: A good way to catch rabbits is to hide behind a tree and make a noise like a carrot. (Teco-Echo).

He has a head like a door knob—anybody can turn it. (Ed Wynn).

The Editor seems to doubt our diligence and deem us dilatory for he says to us, "Get your stuff in as soon as possible and even sooner." As a result we sit down at 2 a. m. to figure out something that maybe somebody will read and we have a tough time. It turns out to be a match between our Muse and Mayhems and our readers are the referee.

The radio plays. We think our readers will like a few personal theme songs. Try these:
Grace Beittel—Long Time No C.
Keesee—You Gotta Be a Football Hero.
Jesse Parker—Memory Lane.
Brad Leete—Where Was I?

This game is a lot of fun. We'll accept and print any good ones sent in.

Boy, am I sleepy! The show must go on so we'll stick right in there. Here's a pretty good story. Field, who incidentally is pretty optimistic about his gold fish since he's passing out cigars already, told Friedrich that Archdale was too dead and that they ought to have some fun. Gerhard agreed with him and Field continued, "We'll go out some night and get a chicken and cook it."

"O. K.," said G. F., "if you can get the chicken."

"Well," drawled Field, "I don't mind getting the chicken, but I'd hate to take off the feathers."

Note: This ought to tickle you.

Bits of Advice Worth Twice the Price:
Hewen Wyon—Watch out for the bwambles when you hunt rabbits.

Ophelia Davis—If you call us up once more, we'll tell Willie. We can't keep that date we made 'cause we're afraid someone won't like it.

Phyllis Meadows—That band you wore around your head one day looked like a misplaced sarong. We thought you had a bad headache and that was the best way to cope with it.

Elois Mitchell—We are trying to picture you in that glass case you were talking about. It must be an inferior brand of glass 'cause we can't see through it.

Tuscon—You told us you wanted to ride the range once more. We differ from you in that we want to arrange a ride once more.

When Joe Miller wrote his joke book he said that the greatest contribution that chemistry has given to the world is blondes. We'd bet you'd be surprised if we told you that one of our girls was buying peroxide at Clyde's not so long ago. We hate to see it, but we're afraid a few of our boys have high blond pressure.

We never speak in praise of Chapel programs but we just got to admit we had a big time when Mrs. Stroud was here. We think she's tops and we hope she'll come back soon.

We're getting sleepier and sleepier. All kinds of things are running through our mind. Tomorrow—work—unprepared—gold brick—can't get away with it like some guys—term paper—speech—thesis—maybe graduation—work—unprepared—Julia—Dolores—We wake with a start. Ah, an idea! We'll write to Santa Claus.

Dear Santa,

We don't want to bother you because we know you're busy getting toys ready for the kids. We do, however, wish you will give us only one little gift. It is a little book entitled, "How to Write a Column," and plenty of nuts and fruits and candy.

Your long lost admirer,
 Joe.

Oh, gee, I'm so tired. I think I'll hit the hay. I guess this will be enough stuff. Z-z-z-z-z.

Oracle of Today

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"

Only a man harrowing clouds
 In a slow silent walk,
 With an old horse that stumbles
 and nods
 Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch grass:
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by;
 War's annals will fade into night
 Ere their story die.

—Thomas Hardy.

For the Team

Most of the boys who played against Elon last week were out-weighted by their opponents by at least 40 pounds. That means a lot in football. The Guilford rooters in the stands were at an even greater numerical disadvantage to Elon. That means a lot in football, too.

The Quakers played the best game we have seen them play in four years. We say this remembering that they lost 27 to 0, that they have been more powerful and more coordinated in the past, that they were hopelessly outclassed by their opponent. But they played gallantly.

Twice they came heart-breakingly close to scoring and failed, but they did not slacken in their tenacity one whit. Nor when the powerful Elon team broke through them again and again did they slacken their tenacity. A handful of them played against four full Elon teams until they were tired to the bone. They did not receive a single penalty against them; and they were eager, and hit hard.

So well did they play that Elon's Coach Horace Hendrickson left his own victorious men to take care of themselves and came across the field to tell the weary Quakers that they had won in more ways than one. He gave Captain Bill Grice the football with which the game had been played—the ball that traditionally goes to the victor.

It is a pity that more Guilford students were not there to see the Quakers triumph. Perhaps, though, they would not have considered it a triumph: we did lose. But perhaps, too, they did not come because they look always at the score and at too little else. We think, though, that the boys who play deserve better odds—the better odds which supporters as loyal as they can give them.

An Amateur Conference

Mr. Jack Horner, sports editor of the Greensboro Record brought an interesting rumor to light in his column last Saturday. He expressed hope for the formation of an athletic conference of purely "amateur" college teams in this section of the country. Pointing out the unfairness of boys who play for the fun of it going against teams which are becoming increasingly professionalized, Mr. Horner suggested that Guilford might look with favor upon such an arrangement. Other colleges which he mentioned were Haverford, Emory and Henry, and Roanoke.

Being in favor of preserving our amateur status here and of giving our teams a chance of meeting their peers, we hope the idea prospers.