

THE GUILFORDIAN

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EDITORIAL

GOATS OF TWO COLORS

It is interesting, this disagreement between Elon and Guilford, relative to the football game to have been played in Winston-Salem on last Saturday. It gives everybody a great chance to say what they think of each other, above board, and Guilford has been holding in a good many things of late years. Most of the racket from Elon has come from their most distinguished coach, whatever his name is (names make very little difference when a man's characteristics are so outstanding). Mr. Barney, Elon's graduate manager, has said very little, (all honor to him) and that little was too much according to Mr. Carboy. But whatever Mr. Carboy has failed to do with his various teams he has at least made a definite impression in athletic circles. He should be applauded—loudly—but we Guilfordians don't see it just that way, since we are the goats of the Winston-Salem-Elon-Guilford fiasco, and Elon the seeming winners. But we have an idea that their pleasure will turn to ashes in their mouths.

Among the choicest bits of literature that came out of the affair was a letter from Elon's coach, in which he informs Guilford (in reply to a letter from Mr. Herring cancelling the baseball game,) much in the spirit one would expect, that Elon "could get along without Guilford." This was an immense surprise to Guilford. We thought she couldn't. If Elon ceases to play Guilford, from whom else can she hope to win? But probably thereon hangs a tale. She probably felt that she was not going to win from Guilford again, particularly this year. At least that is what public opinion at Guilford would have it. From figures, Elon won from Guilford the past three games played (football). This year, as the prophets would have it, she would not win from Guilford. As others have added, therefore she cancelled on us. But this is a mere supposition. An opinion from this side of the camp.

But rather, from recent correspondence, we would judge that Elon never intended to play Guilford in football. Last spring she made out her schedule, omitting Guilford, and it was only after negotiations that a game was scheduled, first at Siler City, then at Winston-Salem. AND IT WAS SCHEDULED WITH BOTH PARTIES IN AGREEMENT, in so far as a letter from Mr. Barney, Elon's graduate manager bound Elon. But, it seems, in the words of Elon's coach, "his letter doesn't mean anything," inferring only that we should not consider a letter from Mr. Barney as binding.

Guilford admits her error in failing to secure an iron bound contract. But then for many years we have formed on numerous occasions, what is commonly called a gentlemen's contract with colleges of the State, and this is the first time that one has been violated. It would seem that Elon's coach, and he

must have some backers, does not consider a gentlemen's contract binding in any way. It is strange that colleges should so far reduce their relations to business technicalities and legal transactions that the chance of sliding out of a loop hole and leave the other college in the lurch should be taken advantage of. But it will happen, it seems.

Guilford has not broken off athletic relations, officially with Elon, at the present writing. L. Lea White, graduate manager, doesn't consider Carboy's letter as Elon's official attitude nor decision in the matter. However, there is a great deal back of the affair, and Guilford's course should be clear. When a college goes so far as to deliberately break faith, with or without legal contract, to the extent that it leaves the other in a lurch, can they two continue to meet on terms of sportsmanship? When good sportsmanship is obviously lacking, why should they meet? Whatever decision the colleges come to peacefully, it should be friendly relations but no further contests—athletically speaking. Why continue to be the goat?

RED HOT MAMA AND AVOGADRO'S THEORY DON'T MIX

When one is concentrating on Chemistry, either on class, or on Lab, there is nothing more disturbing than to hear some fortunate soul on the second floor pounding away on jazz or sweeping away on a waltz. Sometimes, it's a violin, sometimes, it's a saxophone, and more often it's just a piano. But whatever it is it's the fellow who is playing that is getting all the fun. For whatever you say, no one can study, when a known melody keeps beating on your ears. The continuous clamor of scales and classic music is not disturbing. The melodies are not outstanding enough to become tantalizing. A continuous humdrum is not disturbing. But a tantalizing waltz is not conducive to an analyzing of Avogadro's theory. If the music teacher decreed that the student play them, all well and good . . . No one can stop them. But has any one the right to play jazz during study hours in Memorial Hall when class is going on below? Have they even the right to play it under the pretense of orchestra practice? When it disturbs fifty people, the answer should be self evident.

The Dramatic Council is offering this year, undoubtedly, one of the most artistic and entertaining programs ever attempted. There will be fantasy, tragedy, comedy. Something that every person can and will enjoy. Every play is by an accepted author of high literary merit. It is decidedly the highest point of attainment of the Council.

But there will be those who will not think so. The Council is laboring under one of the most trying conditions imaginable . . . a group of people with chips on their shoulders. They first want to get their dollar's worth, but at the same time they want it clearly understood that they do not approve of the plays chosen. Half the audience is on the offensive . . . the Council on the defensive. The work is not accepted as an attainment. It would seem that the Council is constantly trying to put something over on people. Just wait until after the plays and such wild comparison of past successes as would scare a telephone pole. The Council wants everybody to come. To be able to hang out a "Standing Room Only" sign is the height of its ambition, next to giving plays of creditable value. But if you are coming to criticize . . . if you are coming with a chip on your shoulder . . . turn around before you arrive.

Or come to see what sort of work the Council is doing. Come and enjoy the plays—they're great. The Council is really trying to give you a dollar's worth of entertainment, justify its existence by excellent production, and aid the Y.W.C.A. in its work.

Miss Margaret Stewart visited Deborah Mendenhall Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Guthrie called on Gladys Gardner Saturday evening.

Mrs. W. W. Mendenhall, of Cleveland, Ohio, spent the week-end with her daughter, Deborah.

THE WAGGING TONGUE

By Beulah Allen

Some news! some news! My kingdom for some news! But there seems to be no news at present so I'll have to refer you to "Only 20 Years Ago" from "The Plainsman, Auburn, Ala" for news you may find in the following:

Nobody swatted the fly.
Nobody had seen a wrist watch.
Nobody had appendicitis.
Nobody wore white shoes.
Nobody sprayed orchards.
Most any young man had "livery bills."

Farmers came to town for their mail. The heavens were not full of man-birds.

Nor the seas alive with under-water boats.

The hired girl drew \$1.50 a week and was happy.

The butcher "threw in" a chunk of liver.

The merchant "threw in" a pair of suspender with every suit.

Nobody "listened in" on the telephone.

There were no sane Fourths nor electric meters.

Straw stacks were burned instead of baled.

Publishing a country newspaper was not a business; it was a dueling game.

There were no bolsheviks nor international anarchists.

The safety had not introduced the clean shaven face.

"Furman University claims that its publication is perhaps the first college newspaper in the state, or even in the South, to be put on sale and actually sold by newsboys."—*The Salemite*.

Up in Boston in the Old Granary Burying Ground there is a tombstone on which is engraved the following epitaph:

Here lies buried
the body of
Capt. John Decoster
Who died Jan. 28th, 1773,
Aged 26 years.

"Step here, my friend and cast an eye,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now so you must be:
Prepare for death and follow me."

A student observed this quaint rhyme thoughtfully for some time. Then he crossed the street and bought a piece of chalk at a shop. Returning to the grave he bent and wrote below the verse:

"To follow you I'm not content,
For I don't know which way you've went."

—*The Phoenix, Swarthmore College.*

Boston has nothing on us when it comes to poetry and epitaphs! New Garden cemetery may not be as old as the Old Granary Burying Ground, but we will vouch for the authenticity of the following. It seems that there is a grave on the west side of the gate that is covered by a slab of marble, and on it are these melancholy and pessimistic lines:

"Stop blooming youth as you pass by,
As I am now so you will be.
As you are now so once was I:
Prepare for death and follow me!"

Editors Note.

Dumb: "What did Longfellow mean when he said, "Tell me not in mournful numbers?"

Bell: "He must have received his mid-term report!"

Angry Prof: How dare you swear before me?

Student: How did I know you wanted to swear first!

Any girl can be gay in a classy coupe,
In a taxi they all can be jolly;

But the girl worth while is the one who can smile

When you are taking her home on the trolley.

—*The Salemite*

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