

THE GUILFORDIAN

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EDITORIAL

The Editor is on a strike. He has nothing to kick, but many things to commend, so we will risk it unsaid. However, the editor recommends various other articles in the paper for your careful reading, some are worthy of it and some are not. You're the judge. It is 1:30 and we have ceased to have the faculty of judging.

"FATHERS AND MOTHERS AT MERCY OF THEIR CHILDREN"

"Fathers and mother are at the mercy of their children," says Dr. Binford. This statement, made in a recent chapel talk, has become of profound interest to the speaker.

The reason for such intense interest is found in the following statement by the speaker: "It is in the power of the son to lift his father to the joys of heaven or to push him down into the jaws of hell." Immediately following this he gave two examples, to illustrate. The first was of an old gentleman proudly viewing the great suspension bridge that connects Brooklyn with New York. He was a proud old gentleman because it was his son who had pictured in his mind every detail of that superstructure, and had made that picture a reality. This old gentleman was living his life anew in his son. He had been raised to the joys of heaven. The other example was of another old gentleman who sat on the street corner asking alms. He was there because his son was a drunkard and a man so infected with disease that he could never be the father of wholesome children. The old gentleman had been pushed down into the jaws of hell and was being made to suffer because of his son.

The father's life is wrapped up in his son. On his son he is made either to live his life anew or he is made to suffer untold disappointment. So it is therefore not surprising to hear the father who has achieved much, say, "What's it all worth when my son is a fool?" It is thus that fathers and mothers are at the mercy of their children. The full significance of this fact should touch in a most vital way every young life on Guilford's campus.

"What state do you live in?" asked the teacher of the primary geography class. And Elmer, thinking of his Sunday school catechism, promptly replied, "In a state of sin and misery."

—Brown and White

"Do you love me," said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar. —Trinity Chronicle.

Mother—Did that young man put his arms around you last night?

Daughter—Yes, mother, three times.

Mother—Heavens! What long arms.

Thanksgiving In Retrospect

Impressions received on the Annual Dormitory Revue

THIS SIDE

Thanksgiving day was an eventful one, not only because the powers that be forsook the usual menu, and substituted roast chicken with stuffing, creamed potatoes and peas, celery and block ice cream; but mostly because for one short hour the weaker but undoubtedly fairer sex was allowed to cut bounds and explore Cox and Arcade. Besides visiting that domain—sacred to masculinity—all other events were as naught; for now we may boast that we know how college boys keep house. If we were not inured by three years of college life to this annual day, we might have been incredulous and mystified—for certainly ordinary men never inhabited those spotless rooms! However, not being a novice at this ourselves, and having observed the window washing, rug beating, scrubbing, general upheaval of furniture and other astonishing and extraordinary manifestations of house cleaning going on for two days prior to Thanksgiving—we accepted facts calmly, and even ran a surreptitious finger over table tops for tell-tale signs of dirt. Not that we found any, though! Cox hall had house-cleaned, and when Cox hall begins this momentous rite, one should know by experience that dust, dirt and microbes are nil (that is unless one cares to explore into supposed inconspicuous and sheltered places.)

Anyway, both Cox and Archdale were scrubbed and dusted into a state of painful cleanliness, bordering on perfection. The rooms at Cox are larger and more airy than ours at Founders, and the boys had spared neither time nor thought to make them attractive. Indeed, after seeing the large rugs and easy chairs, not to mention pictures and pennants that were in most of the rooms, our curiosity threatened to get the most of us. Where do they get them! One girl suggested that perhaps each boy raided his respective home a week before Thanksgiving, and confiscated his father's easy chair, the guest room rug and all the window curtains.

Bibles were conspicuously in evidence and we looked in vain for any secular reading matter. Not even an "American" was to be seen! Boys are especially fond of pictures and pennants, and one boy had the four corners of his room covered with portraits of several fair divinities, who smiled down coquettishly at us. One and all had their girl's picture on the dresser; some had the whole family. One freshman even devoted the whole right hand corner of his mirror to snap shots of a small pet donkey. These pictures stood in conspicuous places, flanked by Hines Honey and Almond Cream and bottles of Stay-Comb. Powder was also in evidence, even though the men do deny it!

Each girl marveled and gushed over the exceptionally good house keeping the boys displayed (although all save the freshmen probably knew that the spotless order of things was only temporary) and ate the candies and nuts that several darling souls had provided, and said lots of flattering things. We hope the dear men were properly deceived—any way they didn't let on. Perhaps they told the same things to the girls later on. But we'll leave that to Mr. Max Kendall to report. We understand he's the one to tell on the girls.

C.S. '26

ZATASIANS ENTERTAIN

(Continued from page one)
 Wilmer Steele responded on the part of the guests to the welcome of the Zatasian President. The critic's report by Miss Cannon concluded the formal part of the reception.

The society then adjourned to Founders hall where delightful refreshments were served, and a social hour was enjoyed.

The guests in addition to the Webstersians were Miss Katherine Ricks, Mrs. Levering, Prof. and Mrs. L. Lea White, Coach Robert Doak, Mr. Landis, Mr. Ormand of the State College, Addison Smith, '24, and Wendell Cude, '24, both former Webstersians.

THAT SIDE

At 5:30 o'clock, after each couple or had been on exhibition in the "show-case" the visit to New Garden hall was in order. The gallant swain invaded the "dorm" with the intention of seeing who was who and came away with the conviction that they (the boys, were not, especially good in the arts of collecting! Large exhibitions of the latter were noticeable. Candy and mints helped some hostess in entertaining while others met "nuts" with "nuts." Parking and sparking laws were violated but the traffic cops were not present, thanks to the spirit of the Pilgrim fathers.

At six o'clock the Thanksgiving Post Office was opened in the Guilfordian room and the guests, upon entering Founders received invitations to visit the second and third floors, where the Founders girls waited to receive them.

They were assigned to different groups where hostesses served sandwiches, cakes, apples, and cocoa.

The visiting was much the same as in New Garden hall, only for a longer period of time, which gave time for a closer inspection of the domiciles, including the photographs.

All too soon the social committee made a raid on the masculine guests and they were ushered to the first floor where a general social furnished amusement until 10:30 o'clock when the gentlemen of the party were again shown the door. Thus ended a Perfect Day.

M. K. '27

CECIL ROBERTS, NOTER POET

(Continued from page one)
 arise from situations and scenes, or from the experiences, emotions, sufferings of the author. The Greek poets claimed inspiration from the gods. Men really do become inspired. One can so concentrate that he becomes in instrument for the cosmic intelligence. The prophet and poet have thus got in 'tune with the infinite."

Mr. Roberts next gave a graphic description of the glories of the past in Venice, the history of the bronze horse of San Marco cathedral, the wonderfully beautiful reflection of sunset glories on the lagoons of Venice, the picturesque fishing fleet of former Venetian days with their sails of scarlet, crimson, gold, and ultramarine. He said that the charm and beauty of the olden time is passing away with the advent of the motor boat and other modern inventions. This scene of wonder and of beauty was the basis of *The Sails of Sunset*, a novel by Mr. Roberts.

"The creative faculty has something of mystery," asserted Mr. Roberts, "for when one has chosen a title, or when one has written the first few lines of a poem, the whole work seems to have been created in the mind. One always feels that when the work is thus begun it can be successfully completed."

The speaker then related the circumstances from which his poem, *The Young Priest of Saint Ambrosio* arose. One moonlight night as he passed a church in a little Italian village near the Adriatic, the situation, the little church square flanked by olive and cypress trees, the sudden appearance of the sable-clad figure of the priest so moved him that he seemed transported to another world, and out of this dramatic situation sprang the poem. Perhaps the best characterization in this poem which he read to the audience is the description of the priest, "A shadow midst the olives in the moonlight."

He concluded with an interesting account of the rise of the Facisti to power, the reason for their origin, the melodramatic meeting of King Victor Emanuel and Mussolini, now Premier of Italy. This appeal of the melodramatic strongly influences the Italian mind. It is the great appeal in the novel, for "the novelist has the art of creating characters with human joys and sorrows; of placing these characters in dramatic or melodramatic situations and successfully extricating them. The novelist makes the reader see himself as the character, so he enjoys the success of the hero or heroine as his own, thus the novel completes life."

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