

THE GUILFORDIAN

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PARAGRAPHS

Thanks to the hydro-electric development recently completed, the danger of getting lost on the campus at night has been reduced to a minimum.

Hard, cruel fate! Hast thou no mercy? Couldst thou not spare the one thing dearest to our hearts? The "Old Ship of Zion," which escaped the cruel death of being "lynched" has had another miraculous escape from being burned at the "stake."

Would that some inventor would try his hand at a piano that would sound the same to the one playing it as it does to the neighbors.

A few of the girls would prefer a new kind of telephone—one that could in some magical way tell who was on the other end of the phone before answering.

While inventing is still in style a few of the athletically inclined professors would like for some kind inventor to contribute a golf ball with a talking machine attachment that will sing out, "Here I am."

If the one who removed the screen from THE GUILFORDIAN room window would kindly return it there would probably be less "buggy" material published. Isn't there some loyal Guilfordian who would like to see a better GUILFORDIAN?

Though Guilford audiences are poorly educated musically, the reception given Miss Yocum in her piano recital Saturday night proved that those present could appreciate well played classical music.

It has been rumored that Noah Webster has changed his definition of dietition to "one who officially requires fasting."

The shortest 10 minutes we know is the interval between 7 and 7:10 in the morning.

With the improvement through superior leadership in the musical department, we hope that the movement will be continued in the other weak departments.

Binford Football

No subject is so overworked but what new lights can be turned on it. The presence of over one hundred men who gathered in memorial hall Saturday morning to hear a much discussed subject approached in novelty form proved that there is general concern among the Guilford College men to interest the whole college in athletics.

Dr. Binford presented a plan that possesses the first requirements of a good one—that is, it sounds well. Whether it will work out in practice is yet to be seen. His scheme of putting on a mass football game, or a wild west game in which lassoing will take the place of tackling, or some other such novelty exhibition of mass participation, to take place between halves of a real game, should attract general interest and create a desire for many to go out for some kind of exercise who at present take little or none.

But Dr. Binford's idea of working up such an exhibition to be advertised and given publicity in Greensboro with admission charges appears to be a little far-fetched. To the average observer, seeing 50 or 100 Guilford men in such an affray in Greensboro as a public entertainment would tend to mark Guilford College as a lunatic asylum rather than a high class educational institution.

However, such a scheme well worked out, merely for exercise and as a pastime to entertain between halves of some real game played on home ground possesses several valuable points, provided a sufficient number of men could be persuaded to participate, and that should be no problem.

Athletic teams of Guilford suffer for lack of money, struggle for enough men to make a good team, and often lack support from the student body, alumni, and neighboring towns.

Guilford College makes athletes, never hires them. If the before mentioned plan were adopted it would necessitate several black-board lessons in football in order that everyone who took part would know something of the game, since it is impossible to modify satisfactorily before learning the real thing. There is little doubt, therefore, but what more men would be inspired to try out for varsity teams, making it possible to build stronger ones with less struggle for material. Stronger teams, if nothing more resulted, would demand support from the students, alumni, and neighboring cities.

After winning or after losing, athletes deserve some manifestation of appreciation from their fellow students, and appreciation should not be determined by the record scores turned in or the string of victories they have run up, but by moral success and ability to accomplish it. We should help our athletes to win success only by clean playing, and to be able thoroughly to appreciate their viewpoints we must experience, to some extent, the same problems.

If Guilford College is to build up a bunch of true-blue sportsmen, who never have to rely on the rule-book for their spirit, it seems that some form of novelty mass participation would be beneficial.

Oh, Liberty!

"Oh, Liberty! Liberty! How many crimes are committed in thy name!" It has been said that liberty is like fire; when wisely controlled it is a blessing of inestimable value, but if uncontrolled it is an agent of appalling destruction. Sudden freedom from accustomed control is all too often disastrous. Liberty to the unaccustomed is as intoxicating as a good stiff drink of corn liquor. The first swig is usually enough to knock the props from underneath him who once thought himself the most sophisticated.

Each year the college campuses of America have literally swarms of young men and women turned loose within their border to think and act for themselves. Most of them come from homes where a guiding hand has ever been ready to assist and where they were carefully guarded and constantly watched.

Incredible as it may seem, many of these young people prove themselves to be absolute failures. They follow the line of least resistance, and in the newly found freedom fail to recognize the danger signs of the channel along which they are drifting.

Young collegians who at home abhorred the idea of puffing cigarette smoke, soon purchase a package of Camels or Chesterfields and suck the dainty symbols of new found freedom with impunity, blowing smoke here and there, utterly regardless of anyone else. The girl with mother's guiding hand removed, purchases at once a box of orange or lavender rouge, a lip-stick, eyebrow pencil, rolls her hose, bastes up the hem of her dress, and thanks her lucky stars that at least she has gained freedom from old-fashioned, and foggy ideas. Acting on this same impulse to take advantage of liberty, classes are cut, preparation of lessons ignored, and each new slang expression is soon adopted, until the regulation college vernacular is acquired.

Students who come to college and willingly exchange their individuality and personality for a much vaunted freedom, and refuse to be in any way subject to authority, are the ones who bring discredit upon themselves and to their college. They are the ones who have brought down scathing criticism upon the heads of the present generation and have caused the question to be raised, "What ails our youth?"

"License" they mean when they cry "liberty," and something really ails them. Perhaps when the searchlight of a few more years of experience has revealed their true position, they will see themselves as they are now seen, not as persistent champions of freedom, but merely as the years pennant winner in the Jackass League.

It's hard to imagine where anyone got his grounds for complaint about somebody's breaking the training rules: at least not here at Guilford.

Binford football, a new game to most of us, should not be turned down before given a trial, unless something better can be offered in its place.

FRESHMAN EPISTLES

By IRA NEWLIN

Dear "Pa:"

The longer I stay at Guilford the more peculiar everything seems. Today is Sunday, but I wouldn't know it if I didn't have a calendar or keep up with the time myself because there are more noises in the air now than there are through the week. The clattering of typewriters can be heard all through the dormitory, and behind the dormitory one would think from the sound that an inter-collegiate tennis match was being played.

Pa, you know that chief, who was leader of the hike the night the Sophomore boys entertained the freshman boys, well some of the fellows, who appear to be truthful boys, have been trying to tell me that that chief is a preacher.

Some of the boys around here don't have any politeness at all. About five days ago, I went out to learn to play football and when I was running across the field a fellow ran right into me and knocked me down and he didn't even say "excuse me."

Tell Ma the next time she bakes any cookies to please send me a box full. Sometimes we have sufficient food to keep hunger from gnawing with any great amount of rage, but a few mornings ago I woke up very hungry, and little bells and big bells seemed to be ringing everywhere. I lay in bed for several minutes expecting someone to call me to breakfast but the expected call did not come, so I got up, hurriedly dressed, and ran over to the dining room. Upon reaching the door, I found it locked. The rattle of silver against china could be heard from the inside and occasionally the sound of voices passed through the cracks of the door but no one answered my knock. Although I had paid the board bill which the treasurer carefully figured to the exact penny, I had to turn my hungry form back toward my room. Upon passing a large red oak, a merry little squirrel peeping from behind the body of the tree greeted me with a sympathetic little chatter. Pa, I never knew before that animals could become so intelligent. The squirrels are very thoughtful. They have learned to gather the nuts before they fell because otherwise the college will pick them up.

How are the shoats and hogs growing and fattening? I hope that some of them will be fat enough to kill before Christmas because I am starving now for a hunk of "backbone and spare-ribs" and some of that good greasy gravy like ma always makes.

I must close now, Pa. Kiss Ma and sister for me.

Your dutiful son, ARCHIE.

GUILFORD STUDENTS NEED MENTAL BATH

(Continued from Page One)

"Until this student body knows true salvation, they can never go out into the world and make a success." In his concluding remarks, the speaker urged that upper classmen might experience salvation and straight thinking in order to render the proper influence upon those who are to follow.

PEOPLE WE COMMEND FOR LYNCHING

- All pedestrians (when we ride).
All tourists (when we walk).
The back-seat driver.
The beginner who can't shift.
The girl, who hugs the driver.
The driver who gets the hugs.
The blase one who calls it a "passionate" road.
The man who passed us the night we went 65.
Drivers of collegiate flivvers.
The garage man who stole our gas.
All traffic officers.
George...he thinks he drives.
Boston Beanpot.

PAGE BALAAM

"You can lead an ass to college, but you cannot make him think." —Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

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