

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Moral Victories—Adieu

Not a person at Guilford College was reluctant to see the passing of the old regime of moral victories. For years Guilford football teams represented a soft spot in the schedules of opponents. The men who were out giving their best for the team were facing a hopeless task. The school seemed to have developed a losing complex. In order to humor this idea and to kid themselves there grew up a quite familiar and much over-worked phrase of "moral victory," which presumably was to show the world just how little a victory meant so long as the game was played fairly and squarely.

This year the people have had double satisfaction. They have discovered that winning isn't at all distasteful; in fact, as the season drew to a close, the student body had actually cultivated an appetite for more and greater victories. And then, though with the glamor of success this department may have suffered a bit in notice, they still had the satisfaction of seeing the game played fairly and squarely.

Probably no Guilford squad ever offered a much less promising outlook in its first stage as the Quakers presented early in September. Without a regular backfield man and left with gaping holes in the line, Coach Shepard had little to be optimistic over. However, he set in with a drive and determination that would not be denied. The line soon took on a definite resemblance to a respectable forward wall. The backfield was developed more slowly. In fact, not until the urge of the gridiron became undeniable and Stan Moore and Ray Parrish, disregarding physical handicaps, came out to lend their efforts, did the backfield show much promise.

The progress since then is history. These additions balanced the power of the line. Together they composed a powerful team and results have proved the point.

Successive victories over Elon, Atlantic Christian College, Lenoir-Rhyne, and Catawba have given

the locals a superior claim to "Little Six" championship honors.

Six regulars ended their careers in this greatest of Guilford triumphs. Captain Hoyle, Parrish, Moore, Holt, Marshall, and Beamon have done their last for the Quakers on the gridiron. Each of these men will be sorely missed next season—but this is no time to discuss unpleasant facts. Then, too, we will still have Coach Shepard and several valuable men as a nucleus for another great Guilford football team.

And as a final gesture of a noble season, hats off to the scrubs! These men have been out each afternoon working just as hard, taking even more punishment with never a whimper and receiving a very small portion of the limelight. The following men deserve a place in Guilford's annals as being indispensable in the developing of the great team Guilford had this year: Hendrix, Jackson, Francis, Reece, Patrick, Hayworth, Rosenfelt, Short, Blair, McBane, Chandler, Richardson, B. Newlin, H. Newlin, Williams, and Farlow.

Water! Water!

Those who have been so unfortunate as to be dependent upon the college water supply for the past few weeks are probably unanimous in the opinion that something should be done.

Since the night of the fire in the coal bin, when a great amount of water was used, there has been constant trouble about the scarcity of this luxury.

All the latter part of the football season the football boys went out each afternoon facing the possibility that when they get in there would be no hot water or, as in several instances was the case, none at all. Several of the boys contracted colds as a result.

On more than one occasion the students were forced to eat without any water on the table and the boys who wash dishes were forced to stay up until eleven o'clock in order to get their job done.

Something is the matter. If it can be located it should be and remedied immediately. It has been suggested that the real trouble is that the well is not sufficient for the needs of the college. If this be the case, an effort should be made to connect with Greensboro's system. This would eliminate further trouble and, at the rate things have been going for the past two or three weeks, would be less expensive.

Let's Get Acquainted

One of the most famous organizations on the campus is the "discussion group" which meets each Sunday evening at the home of Dean Trueblood. Here each student who may care to attend has the chance to freely express his convictions concerning topics which range from national politics to an African farm. Needless to say, these meetings are very instructive and really are of value to those students who regularly attend.

Yet there is another, and perhaps more important, aspect of this association. It provides a better means of becoming acquainted with members of the faculty. Many students know Dean Trueblood

personally much better than they would have possibly been able to without the influence of these meetings.

Knowing the faculty well and having in them real friends is of more value than the usual material estimate from a legging point of view.

A few years from now when some of us wish to visit Guilford we will not know the students who will then be in school. Our old associates and acquaintances will have passed out into the world. Then our one hope of a feeling of old time is an acquaintance with members of the faculty. In this we must not merely have the significance of former students but of old friends.

At Davidson College each Sunday evening the members of the faculty are at home to the students who wish to visit them. Usually they serve refreshments and in many little ways encourage a closer relationship between themselves and the student body. This has developed into a mutual pleasure. The students enjoy their visits and often find that their professors really aren't such bad skates after all; on the other hand the faculty members themselves have developed a better understanding of their students.

Why can't something like this happen at Guilford? Let's have more meetings on the order of the "discussion group."

"OUR FLIGHT THROUGH LIFE" WINNING ORATION

(Continued from Page One)

the story of the three men, lazy, contented and busy, respectively, who, living in the same house each considered himself a success and the others failures. One day opportunity came to their door, but none of them could or would take advantage of it. Their different degrees of success are represented by the aviators, Levine, Byrd, and Lindberg. Failure should encourage more effort rather than discourage it. For effort does have its reward. It is for us to reach the plane of our own choosing, to improve ourselves rather than criticize others, to think well of ourselves and proclaim this fact to the world by great deeds. We can all be happy in the fulfillment of duties.

The subject of Miss Clayton's speech was "Citizenship and Service as Taught by the Pythian Order." Her talk was based on the story of the friendship of Damon and Pythias. Pythias offered himself as security for Damon's return to prison and execution as soon as he had visited his family. Upon Damon's return, the emperor was moved by the desire of each to die for the other and their great devotion to each other. Consequently they both were released. Thus, citizenship means the sacrifice of all personal interests, and love and consecration to mankind.

ZATASIAN SOCIETY HOSTESS TO WEBS

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Josephine Paul, Virginia Ragsdale, Nancy White, Ruth Outland, Leah Hammond, Eunice McPherson, Margaret Fawcett, Elma Fawcett, Thelma King, and Margaret Reich were assistant hostesses for the evening. Messrs. Robert Van de Voort, Charles Coble, Ernest Scarborough, Sinclair Williams, James Harper and Justice Strickland assisted with the serving. The menu consisted of creamed chicken and timbals, olive and date nut sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and cake, and mints.

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"HAIL, DEAR OLD GUILFORD!"

We all have love for and loyalty to our college that we wish to express at times so that others may know our innermost feelings. Lately we have worked so that as a student body we might show our team and those who might be at our games how much we care. We have succeeded with our yellings. We throw ourselves into it and yell ourselves hoarse. Even some of the faculty have forgotten to keep themselves wrapped in their usual dignity.

There are other ways of showing that same feeling; one is singing. In that we do not have the same abandon. All of our mass singing is lifeless and dead. We seem to let only our lips formulate the song and some folks do not even try at all. Singing would mean much to us as a student body. To be truly a singing group would help us through many a difficult place—singing always does.

Take our "Alma Mater," a song which should symbolize for us all that is fine in our college life, should fill us with a reverence and at the same time an emotion that we just have to get across to others. But do we? Have you ever watched or listened when we sing, "Hail, dear old Guilford?" Do it sometime, then pass your verdict. Singing is not simply a matter of beautiful voices, perfect diction, and soft and loud effects. It is putting the real you with all your feelings into the song. Without it is meaningless and vain.

Now, my concern is, as you may have guessed, that as a group we work as hard to express to our teams and our visitors our "college spirit" in song as in yells. There must be more than lip service. There must be a realization of what we are doing, a real effort to put across to others the thing we feel inside. If we have love for our "alma mater" we shall have reverence and all it implies—no squirming, no talking, no departing, but every one of us singing as we never have before. We have this in us; let us show it in our singing. What do you say?

BANISHED MORAL VICTORIES, PLUS MORALS

Every loyal Guilfordian's heart beats with pride and loyalty for his alma mater when the name of any of our team is mentioned. It is right that they should. Every faculty member has backed our championship team. Every alumnae is only too glad to tell the public he was once a student at this institution. Boys, the entire student body has backed you.

Coach Shepard has expressed his gratitude more than once that the boys were willing to make great sacrifices in order that they might make themselves physically fit for each game. Everybody admires a boy who can fight against a bias referee and never grumble. Everybody admires a boy who gets crippled in a game and never complains. We are proud of the boys, who are playing for the last time and are put out of the game or penalized for less than nothing

and do not complain. This is the kind of a spirit we want every Guilfordian to have.

Then these heroes bring home another victory Thanksgiving which gives us the Little Six championship. A banquet table is set much as the Prodigal Son received when he returned from his wandering. Victory! Yes, but how should a Guilford hero celebrate a victory? Should he be with the crowd when the friendly jug is passed around, or should he say, "No, thank you, it is my bed-time?" Will such dissipation as this build a football team that will win another championship? Which kind of manhood do we wish to send out to represent Guilford?

VERY UNUSUAL PLAY WILL BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY NIGHT

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which the action occurs is as dull and as drab as the lives of those who have lived within these walls. Through the window in the back, one sees a bleak country-side, snow, bare limbs of trees, and gray skies.

The work on the production is being carried on by the dramatic council. Josephine Paul is costume manager; Lena Farlowe, property manager; Ernest Scarborough, business manager; Wilmer Steele, Eugene Hire, Hale Newlin, stage managers; Mildred Kimrey, advertising manager.

The cast is progressing splendidly. Some real talent is displayed by the actors.

Stanley Moore, playing the part of Ben Jordan, is displaying some real acting. His part requires acting of a high order, and as many times before, he is proving the splendidness of his talent. Esther Reece, the servant, is also very good. Her acting is almost professional in quality.

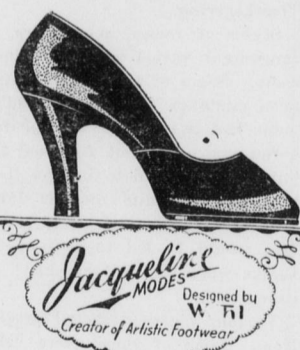
The other actors are equally good, thus making a very strong cast. Indications are that a record crowd will be in attendance. The directors are promising a splendid production.

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