

QUAKER SPORTS

Eastern Carolina Teachers Throw Scare Into Quakers

VISITORS STRONG

Guilford Manages to Eke Out 79 to 0 Win Over Their Down State Rivals.

G. C. SCORES BUT 12 TIMES

Coach Anderson Disgusted With Way His Team Fails to Click After All His Coaching.

(Special to Yellow Fever) By JOE BLOW

On Saturday, November 12, the Eastern Carolina Teachers arrived on the Guilford campus prepared to play football. Unheralded and unsusung came they in their bright red bus. About the same time that they disembarked, several carloads of visiting ministerial students, here for a conference, unloaded and all was confusion while the football men were being separated from the preachers.

Finally they were corralled, fed and put to bed to rest before the battle (mother). The time dragged on leadened feet. (Trite—Editor.) (Nertz—J. B.) However, the fatal hour finally arrived. The Guilford Team secretly watched the Teachers trot out on the field. "My Gawd! Purple jerseys," one of the Quakers exclaimed. "Jeez, High Point wore purple shirts and we only beat them 45-0," another gasped. And then the whole Guilford squad wailed, "Oh, how terrible."

However, the stadium (Ha! Ha!—Editor.) was jammed with dozens and dozens (two) spectators who had braved the frosty fingers of (Careful—Editor.) the icy wind. They must meet this savage bunch of invaders on the field of battle. Manager Flup grabbed the water bucket, waved a blanket in the air, shouted "Excelsior," and dashed onto the field followed by the timid Quakers. The fans (Both dozens—Editor.) cheered them lustfully. (You mean lustily, you sap.—Editor.) (Say, wise guy, look in the dictionary. Lustfully means in a lustful manner. Lustful means sensual, robust. Robust also means lusty and lustily means in a lusty manner. So there!—J. B.) (Okay, Okay, smarty. The fans cheered them lustfully.—Editor.)

The rival teams dashed around the field arguing over the ownership of the various footballs. The officials decided to start the game to prevent bloodshed. The referee blew his whistle, Ed Shaen who was asleep on the bench thought it was an alarm clock and started to curse softly about 8 o'clocks. And speaking of 8 o'clocks, there is one professor on the hill who gets just as sore if you go to sleep on his 8 o'clock. The old meany. He must think he's (Stick to your subject.—Editor.) (Yes sir.—J. B.) Anyway you should have heard those things Ed said. I wish I could tell you, but I can't do it here. They weren't so circumspect. (All right, Mr. Editor. Circumspect means prudent, prudent means discreet, and discreet means practically wise. And they weren't so much of the latter because a faculty member heard him.—J. B.)

Lets see, where were we? Oh yeah, the whistle blew. The referee tossed the ball in the air. E.C.T.C.'s Center got the jump on Jamieson and topped the ball to his left forward. (Have you gone haywire? That couldn't have happened. Rudisell is our center and not Jamieson. Jamieson is center on the basketball team — and besides you don't have left forwards on a football team, and the ball is kicked off and not tossed up by the referee, you ignoramus.—Editor.) (Sorry, just got my stories mixed. You know I'm a voluminous writer.—J. B.) Well, after the ball was kicked off

FRESHMAN FROLIC IS HELD ON ARMISTICE DAY

On the night of November 11th, the Freshman Class held its Annual Freshman Hop. The huge gymnasium was gaily bedecked with many-colored balloons and streamers, which swayed rapturously on the gentle breezes cast by a hundred electric fans suspended from the distant vault of the ceiling. The walls were draped with huge felt banners of Southern Colleges and with banners bearing the insignia of the several fraternities and sororities on the campus. Huge potted palms filled the corners and beckoned enticingly to tired couples who might want to sit out a dance or two enfolded in the shielding spread of their protecting leaves.

The large, smoothly waxed floor easily accommodated the several hundred couples. No lights of the ordinary sort were present, though spotlights, blue, green, red, yellow and orange played upon the dancers below as they wove their way about the floor in intricate steps.

A more beautiful sight has never been witnessed on the campus of our beloved institution. It was inspiring to watch couples dance dreamily about, cheek to cheek, arms holding each other tight, as if afraid the spell would end.

Even the chaperones were affected. Those hard-hearted faculty members seemed to break down under the aesthetic thrill of the evening. One professor was seen to reach over and squeeze his wife's hand when the orchestra started to play "Isn't It Romantic." Soon after, another professor was caught tapping his foot and snapping his fingers to the tune of "Underneath the Harlem Moon." Then, when the band started to get hot to the one and only "St. Louis Blues," the last thread of resistance was broken and, led by Dr. Binford with Miss Gainey and Mr. Pancoast with Mrs. Levering, the entire faculty galloped about the floor in the wildest shag ever seen in Carolina, the original shag state.

From then on the affair lost its romantic appeal. Hey! Hey! was the order and everyone whooped it up. Waltz's were barred by the administration. Nothing but hot tunes followed. The entire assembly let loose and proceeded to dance themselves into a state of exhaustion. Around about 4:30 a. m. no one was left on their feet but Wes Raleigh with Laura and George Hardin with Helen Stilson. They agreed to call it a tie. The drummer, who was all that was left in the orchestra able to make a noise, begged to be excused and toppled over to join his fellows in a dead faint.

And thus ended the most gala social affair of the season at Guilford. Long will it be remembered.

Anonymously

During inspection last Saturday night a certain young lady received a cake of soap as a souvenir from a certain center in Old North along with the declaration that sometime he might want a date.

Does the professor Suit-her? I should say he feeds her sugar coated nerts.

The morning after the election hardly enough Republicans could be found to serve as pall-bearers at Mr. Hoover's funeral—very odd considering how early they went to bed on the night before.

According to a certain history professor this idea of the leap-year weekend is a boon to womankind.

Popularity receives a boost. The mighty invention of Alexander Bell transmits from Cupid's bow a message of affection to a cute little end on the Guilford All-Star team. Beware, woman-hater.

We hear that the Book Store is now featuring a brand new, guaranteed-to-cure remedy for insomnia—college test-books.

Believe it or not—we have a non-partisan organization on the campus. The Dramatic Council picks their OWN for the cast. How nice. We imagine this play will be masterly portrayal of realistic romanticism.

We understand that our six-year man is in a critical condition. During the past two months he has developed fallen arches while waiting over-time on that first table in the dining room. Students, an investigation should be held. The gentleman is suffering.

When questioned by a certain member of our faculty concerning the reason for his matrimonial vows during the past summer, the tow-headed gentleman from Jersey replied, "Au, Miss —, you know how it is." (Deep Blush).

(and I think that's an awful way to treat it right in front of all those people.—J. B.) Guilford did manage to score a few times. About 12 I think it was. I'm not quite sure. I was so busy slapping mosquitoes and explaining things to that nitwit coed who insisted on asking foolish questions such as, "Are you married, Mr. Blow?" etc. After it was all over I asked the referee, or maybe it was the umpire (anyway he had on white knickers.—J. B.) who had won and he said he thought Guilford had, though he wasn't sure, which goes to show that if all football officials were laid end to end wouldn't it be wonderful!

The Whole Town Is TALKING About Pollock's \$3 Shoes POLLOCK'S 104 S. Elm St.

The Advocate Printing House "The Friendly Print Shop" Specializing in COLLEGE PRINTING and PUBLISHING 429 West Gaston Street

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Our Gift TO YOU Is A \$5 FOUNTAIN PEN Sheaffer, Parker or Eversharp with Every Purchase of \$10 OR OVER Special Prices on Full Line of Emblems, Class Rings, Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry SASLOW'S 214 S. Elm Street Our Optical Department DR. WAKEFIELD IN CHARGE

Coach Pancoast Announces An All-Star Legging Team

Football Banquet

Come on, all of you bench-warmers, let's give our football team the big hand! We'll show the boys how we're backing them and that we appreciate what they've done and what they're going to do—for Thursday is the big day; then we battle Elon in the annual gridiron clash. I say "Beat Elon" and everybody will be satisfied!

Saturday night all of you folks are going to fight for honors for Guilford College just what we—as members of the cheering squad and loyal student body—think of them. Everyone who was in school here last year remembers what a big success the banquet was then, and if you're a freshman just ask any upperclassmen and they'll tell you that football banquets are the thing! Besides hearing a number of good speeches and getting plenty of food, there is an atmosphere of friendliness, happiness and school spirit that isn't found in every school. Faculty, graduates and former students join with the present students in honoring Coach Anderson and his 1932 football team.

Remember Howard Milner's "Twenty-six Reasons Why I Am the All-American Bench-Warmer?" It was clever and proved to be very entertaining. This is only an example of the good speeches made at the banquet last year—and there are surprises in store for you at this approaching banquet! I could give you a little hint concerning the program—but no, I won't—you'll find out soon enough—and I promise you—it's good. This is one of the biggest events of the year—you say that you're coming? Fine—I'll see you Saturday night.

MR. IKSAV EXPOSES YELLOW FEVER EVILS

(Continued from Page One) named especially the Guilfordian yellow sheet, and made a truly amusing joke about an editor that would print a paper like this and his daughter.

Two days later Mr. Iksav was taken to the High Point Hospital with a load on his chest. He is safely past the crisis and in a week or two will be as good as new. All readers of The Guilfordian, however, are earnestly entreated not to show him this last issue, for fear of a dangerous relapse.

NOAH, ASSISTANT

"Leg O'" Biddle Is Captain and End With Pris White Which Is Strong Combination.

BEACHUM, HARDIN, BACKS

G. Mears and Conrad As Hefty Guards, With Edgerton at Center and Bowen at Quarter.

The tension that has been quite noticeable on the campus the last few days was dispersed when Coach Pancoast, All-America, Swathmore, '01, and Assistant Coach Noah announced their choice of members of the All-Guilford Legging Team. No one can doubt their choosing ability as a glance at their enviable records in the Catalog will show. Coach Pancoast for several brilliant seasons with the Swathmore Legging team, achieved such fame that he was deluged with innumerable offers from other schools. Consequently he starred brilliantly at the Universities of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Chicago, and Wisconsin. Following this he came to Guilford to coach and impart the subtle finesse necessary for an outstanding team.

When Max Noah arrived to put "rythm in our elbows," Coach Pancoast immediately employed him as his assistant. This has never been regretted for our tireless assistant coach devoted so much time to the team that it became necessary for him to have a special period in chapel to make his announcements so that they would not interfere with his coaching.

The following is the coaching staff's selections and the reasons for their choices: "Due to the wealth of material we have been able to select a team that we believe is second to none." "Leg o'" BiddleRE Margaret PegramRT Jewell ConradRG Bill EdgertonC Gertrude MearsLG Gladys BryanLT Pris WhiteLE Jesse BowenQB Marie BeachumRH "Georgie" HardinLB "One Lung(?)" MearsFH The consistency and co-operation of the ends is well-known. Biddle has

(Continued on Page Four)

CRITERION

THEATRE Special Thanksgiving Show

Thursday-Friday This is made for laugh purposes only. "Stepping Sisters"

They had a skeleton in their closet—but made no bones about it.

Saturday Only Monte Blue in "The Stoker"

Romance in the wide open spaces.

Mon.-Tues., Nov. 28-29 Mystery in a house of horror. Terror in a Night of Death

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Even Greater Than "FRANKENSTEIN"

Don't Miss the "GUILTY GENERATION" On Wednesday, Nov. 30

Always the Best Short Subjects



Today, Thursday, Friday November 23, 24, 25

Special Thanksgiving Program

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"YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL"

Special MIDNIGHT SHOW TONIGHT, NOV. 23

"Prosperity"

MARIE DRESSLER POLLY MORAN ALSO SELECTED SHORTS