

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Football Heroes

Guilford has never had a football team more deserving of praise than the present one, which has gone forth to foreign wars this year and been slaughtered to make campus bells toll from Wake Forest to Emory-Henry. Outrated all around, the Quakers have gone in and taken it on the button over and over again. All honor to them, for theirs has been a rough trail, strewn with the rocks of disappointment and defeat.

Guilford, a grade A college, is beginning to be known abroad as having a football team that wouldn't give a good high school eleven much of a scrap. For the word "Guilford" to immediately spring into an association pattern with "sorry" could hardly be to the best interests of the school, but that is not all.

Constant frustration, seeing the thing he has helped to build up strewn to the winds every Saturday, is bad education for a boy, particularly since football, from the nature of the game, can never be a thing of reason, but is a thing of the emotion. Perhaps this last is not as it should be, in the lights of the educational world; it is that way because it is.

Likewise it boots not to argue about what *should* build up school spirit. Anyone would grant, however, that a winning football team will create, by many times, more school spirit than two Ph.D.'s added to the faculty.

The key log in Guilford's football jam is the fact that we are attempting to raise our own football team. That is the best, most ethical way to conduct an athletic policy, no doubt, and if every school did the same we would probably get about as many good players as the next college.

Examine the records of the men on the Guilford team. How many of them played football before they came here? Few enough, but how many of them were good high or prep school players before they came here? One or two, perhaps.

Boys who played good ball in high school don't come here to school; for why should they, when they can get \$300 a year off their expenses at Whatsis college where, though they study under a faculty that will not stand beside ours, they will play on a team that is spoken of with respect throughout the state? Never mind the legality of the transaction under conference rules, it is done.

The granting of football scholarships should be done judiciously; football players who also have minds worth cultivating and capable of cultivation should be found,—boys that would be a credit to their school as well as to their team. Guilford would lose little by giving six or seven such scholarships, substantial enough to be worth coming here for; Guilford could gain much.

To the Trenchermen

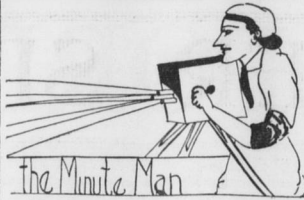
There has of late been considerable discontent, expressed in various ways, in connection with the food served in the dining hall here.

Clarence E. Tobias, secretary of the college, who is responsible for getting the food as far as the kitchen, has expressed himself as perfectly willing to lay his cards on the table. His pledge is this:

Every cent that is being paid for board is going to be spent for that purpose. The deficit from last year will not be made up from this year's board money. Students are cordially invited to present their likes and dislikes as to individual dishes at any time.

On the other hand, the dining hall must carry itself and will not be allowed to run into debt.

He has one hole eard which he will not play unless absolutely necessary. There is a clause in this year's catalogue which gives the administration the right to boost the board bill up \$20.00 in order to make the dining hall pay for itself.



The acme of altruism or maybe just the inevitable effect of Cupid's potent darts, is presented in striking contrasts in the following romantic intrigues. It seems that one frosh lad, when calling for his very fair companion on a 'walk-to-the-store' date, sweetly reminds her to "bring the duck's-bills." Whereupon it is reported that she quite graciously responds with the necessary dinero. While contrarily to this, we hear that one swain invests his full monetary resources in that very popular game at the Archdale casino, and presents his winnings (if any) to his lovely heart-throb. Can it be love in bloomers?

Old Man Winter is taking his toll early this season and he is already playing havoc with those romantic couples who just adore sitting out under the moon and gazing at the stars. With the mercury taking a sudden plunge downward, they have been forced to seek warmer climes. Only the most hardy pioneers venture forth into the fath of the gale on West porch now. But even more appalling than these vicissitudes of nature itself is the official admonition that has been given out relative to those who would a-wooing go—in the dark. The popular refrain now seems to be, "Keep the Parlor Lights Burning."

Again the dear W. C. U. N. C. lassies command the spotlight for their seemingly unrelenting attraction to Guilford's noble sons. This time one of our lads became so much "that way" that he ups and sends an enlarged photo of himself to one of these winsome dames. Then there is another swain that, according to reports, frequents the Woman's College campus three times a week. While still another Guilford lad comes back all smiles to state that the damsels at Mary Foust certainly have "apPEELE."

To this column comes the following joke that was requested to be printed, so here it is. One father was talking to another father (as fathers will) the other day and one of these gentlemen said to the other one: "Do you know my little boy is getting fresher and more impudent every day. Do you know what he said to his mother yesterday? He said, 'Mother, didn't you tell me that Santa Claus brought all of the Christmas gifts?' 'Why, yes, darling,' she replied. 'And didn't you say that the stork brought the baby,' he asked. 'Why, yes, of course, dear, she answered. 'Then why,' he asked, 'do you keep Pa hanging around here?'"

It is said that one of the ministerial students on the campus was frankly and openly inquiring about the marriage license in Virginia. It is further said that he is definitely planning to take that fatal step during Christmas holidays. Chalk up another victim for Dan Cupid. My, what a wonderful thing it must be! . . . If, perchance, you call for your mail any day during the period after lunch, you will discover that the basement has really become a memorial cubicle as a lovers' rendezvous. Could it be that the quaint old game of postoffice is being played?

. . . Every day there comes to light some new type of endurance contest. We have had pole-sitting contests, dance marathons, walkathons and what-have-you, but it seems that a novel type of endurance contest is being enacted in the dining room of Founders' hall. I fear that it is 'nuff said. . . . Hast thou ever in thy moments of leisure been prone to gaze fixedly upon the cute antics of those playful little creatures known as squirrels? It seems that one religion class indulged in this unique diversion the other day. For further details ask Marguerite Neave. . . . For very profuse blushes, ask Judy about her remark, "This is the—" Well,

THE FABLE OF THE HOBGOBLINS

It was on a Hallowe'en many years ago that an unusually large number of Hobgoblins collected in their pitch black cave where howling noises and cold water constantly dripping played a suitable accompaniment to the guarded, threatening mutter of their voices. The discussion grew heated. One more mature and experienced Hobgoblin made a suggestion: "Gentlemen, as a project for this Hallowe'en I suggest we make a hobby of collecting the radios in this vicinity, thereby handicapping our music lovers greatly." However, this move was not seconded by any of his colleagues, many objecting to it because it involved too much risk. After a pause, during which the Hobgoblins sipped their tea gently, a rather impetuous Hobgoblin said, "Boys, let us carry away the provisions from your castle, for I fear me I have need of nourishment." Wiser heads than his assured him that the castle was too well fortified to fall under any onslaught. Then, perhaps it was a witch passing along in the night that whispered the plan, or even it might have been an owl, hooting at the moon, but a wonderful idea sprang into the brains of all the Hobgoblins at once. Why should they not place the chariots of the mighty and the wheelbarrows of the lowly in unexpected places where all the public might view their beauty of line and color. Indeed, there was no reason to prevent. Joyfully, the merry band worked as they had never worked before. However, they considerately took care that the children who were already in bed should not be disturbed. Backs and arms grew stiff from heaving the heavy chariots and even wheelbarrows seemed quite a load after a while. At last, while yet the night was young, the triumphant band stepped back and viewed their handiwork with admiration. But "never say die until down" is the Hobgoblin's motto and another project claimed their attention. "The seats of learning" struck them as dainty bric-a-bracs to tack on their walls, so, gaily they began to remove them from the Palace. However, the King's next-door neighbor, the Marchioness, called him back from a business trip to attend to his household and the throne was saved. Nevertheless, as the band scurried away, having been warned of the approach of the authorities, they left behind their dainty little mascot who wandered the marble halls of the palace all night.

"The Rosy-fingered Child" began to appear and the Hobgoblins knew that their work must soon end. However, light-fingered, light-headed, and light-footed members of the clan, wishing one last little remembrance of a glorious night, collected the clapper from the King's official reminder to his subjects of their duty. At dawn the Hobgoblins faded slowly away, disappearing into that magic land of Nobody Will Tell Where, the home of the fairies, elves, Peter Pan, and "Windy." Moral: Never count your ugly ducklings until they grow up to be swans.

AN INCIDENT

The three scantily clad men with sweat streaming from their backs on their way to the nearest doctor for relief for their contagion-filled native village staggered onward determinedly, although the sun beat down on them unmercifully. Their stumbling steps grew slower and slower as they gasped and gulped at the suffocating blanket of air for a bit of refreshment. The leader urged them forward: the goal wasn't far away, relief was there; but in spite of his encouragement, first one, then the other took his last faltering step and fell by the wayside, his face distorted, his eyes glazed, a prayer on his parched lips that the leader at least might last the journey.

—BEATRICE ROHR.

you ask her. . . . And did one frosh lad tell all the other night at a Rat cut? Why, "Weiner Brain," you should never do that.



SKYWAYS

Soon it winged its way across the heavens, then 'twas gone. As I watched I heard the low droning murmur die away. I sat there—awed. My reveries were broken by the voices of men—contact—contact off. Then the motor burst into action. A man was at my side; I heard his voice above the roar of the engine. Yes—I was ready. We were taxiing for the take-off. Soon the jolting of the wheels ceased—we were in the air! Above us floated white, fleecy clouds. Too high for us to reach? Higher we climbed—higher—until the altimeter read three thousand. I felt a crackling in my ears—still higher we climbed. Then above the loud monotony of the engine I faintly heard a voice in my ear—"Here we go!" I looked up. The next moment we were enveloped in thick, white mist. We were in the clouds. I felt the pressure in the seat—no other sign that we were climbing—still climbing. Soon the fog began to thin; the next moment we were . . . Above the cloud! I looked about me. Below the wheels rolled the clouds—beneath the clouds, somewhere, the sun was setting. It cast its repertoire of colors in front of us. We were alone—just we two. Nowhere could another breathing soul be seen. For the brief space of a few minutes we marveled in our supremacy. Then the nose dropped forward. Plane and pilot went down again into reality, leaving me forever . . . Above the clouds!

—RUTH STILSON.

LONGING

I'd like to live in a city room, Hear the noise of crowds, and the traffic's boom, Where the sun shines in bravely once a day, And your next-door neighbor is two feet away. I'd like to stroll down the "Great White Way," Where theatre signs make night bright as day. Where "celeb" and unknown meet in the melee— The pulse and the beat of the city.

—MARY DOIG.

PRISONER'S LAMENT

My faults are many, my crimes are more, And often I've entered the prison door. To make amends for my evil ways I'm serving a sentence of sixty days. Thirty days I've been in here, Thirty days that seem a year; Thirty more must slip away Before I'm free to go my way.

Never again will I steal or sin, From this day on I'll enter in To another life, away from crime, Using my wits and allotting my time To achieving an end which may atone In part for the errors that I now bemoan.

—EARLE MALONEY.

Fast is the pace from childhood to man, Quickly its path of joys does it span, And now that it's over and work is ahead— Why are the thoughts of play instead? The man with his worries, the child with his toy, Why should they differ—the man and the boy?

—JOHN RYAN.