

THE GUILFORDIAN

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SKATING RINK PROPOSED

The Guilfordian has been recently accused by certain members of the social committee of violently attacking the famous game of "snap" and other forms of social, and failing to offer a solution to the problem. We wish to redeem ourselves by heartily endorsing a recent proposal to remedy the present stagnation of Guilford's social life.

Under this proposed plan the two girls tennis courts near the Noah cottage will be cemented, affording a splendid space for skating. The courts will of course be available for tennis at all times. During the winter a narrow railing can be placed around the border of the "rink" and ice skating carried on.

According to the estimate of the cost, approximately \$1,000 will be needed. It will also be necessary for each student to do about four hours work toward its completion. The inventor of this idea suggests that each student agree to raise \$2 by obtaining donations from their friends who are interested in Guilford.

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Patronize Those Who Patronize Us

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Back Those Who Back Us

Advertisement for The Commercial National Bank, High Point, N. C.

OPEN OPINIONS

A THOUGHT

A great many students seem to get a big "kick" so to speak out of always kicking about something. There are many things that do not please us, but suppose everything was done just the right way? Many students have been criticizing the present condition on the campus because it is in a torn up state.

And now we have several (of the student body) casting aspersions on the food. This has been going on ever since there has been a dining hall, but has it done any good? When it is taken in consideration how many people eat at the college refectory, one should realize that so large an amount as that can not be cooked on an electric range.

After all, you are to blame. You didn't have to come here, and perhaps the institution would be just as well off without your presence; but if you will be patient and bear with us every thing will round itself out all right.

CONCERNING LITERARY SOCIETIES

It has always been a source of pleasure to me to come back to Guilford and note the many improvements which have been made during the time which has elapsed since I left there in 1910. This change for the better has been both in material equipment and in the ability of the student body to do things in a better way than we used to do them.

I feel sure I am expressing the feeling of hundreds of old Guilford men, when I say that the present state of the two literary societies is a source of keen disappointment and sorrow to me. For sometime it has been rumored that the two literary societies for men were on the decline in popularity and usefulness.

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which I had and still have, a never ending loyalty.

A member of this society recently frankly told the writer that his society was not functioning and that it seemed impossible to revive interest at Guilford in this work.

Is it that too many students are allowed to "week-end" away from the campus? If this is the case the college authorities are at fault in allowing too much liberty along this line.

Recently while visiting my old society hall and again looking upon the familiar portraits hanging on the walls of this beautifully furnished hall, my memory went back to the old days when every boy at Guilford who was worthy of the place, belonged to one of the societies and attended and participated gladly on the programs.

To be sure it is a sad thing to me, to have recounted the glorious background and history of my Literary Society, to my son, and then for him to find upon entering college that this society is not even meeting.

Surely something can be done to put this very much needed phase of college life back to the high and useful place where it once stood.

At least one Literary Society at Guilford needs a Moses.

LEROY MILLER.

QUAKER QUIPS

William and Mary may have stemmed the Crimson tide, but they had some big holes made in their dam.

Right before the team left for Virginia Friday a bright young Freshman dashed over to me and said the manager had sent him for the line of scrimmage. Can it be possible that they are still biting on that one?

Between the choir members practicing their Ugh! Ugh! Ughs! in their spare moments and those three boys who think that they are up to the task of learning to play saxaphones, the men's dormitory sounds like the wild animal exhibit in a circus.

One of the sophs said that he always wore his "old lady's" suits when he went out so he wouldn't have to pay for anything out of his own pocket.

On the way to the Wake Forest game Prof. Fleming asked me why I didn't wear a glass hat. I bit and asked him why. He sarcastically replied, "I wear glasses for weak eyes."

If it wasn't for the red jerseys anybody might have thought Bob Jamieson played in the Wake Forest backfield he was over there so much.

The team, due to some unknown trouble, was delayed in passing through Roanoke Rapids for about one hour. (It was rumored that Coach couldn't be found.) They also stopped in Henderson two minutes.

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Night Life of Guilford Boasts Riotous Activity

Darkening shadows creep along the campus slowly blotting out the ending day. One by one the stars twinkle their tiny lights as the honking of horns and the sputter of motors denote the swift passage of departing automobiles.

Snatches of conversation hurriedly spoken are heard: "Guilford made a touchdown." "Where's my blue shirt?" "Who's got a sweat shirt?" "I put—" Someone sings a few bars of choral music, then suddenly stops as the query is hurled at him, "Ready?" And the answer, "Sure."

A shadow struts back and forth methodically on the upper floor of Archdale, and, approaching nearer, one hears a new student struggling with a new language—with many a stop and a stutter, a mumble and a mutter.

Suddenly, like a landslide, comes lusty shouts, "Freshmen out! All Frosh out!" The voices bellow up and down the length of the campus, until the sounds reverberate upon the still air—Rat Court. And once again the Sophs explain the ways of upper classmen to the lowly Freshmen.

Then, again, all is calm. From the distant field one hears the sad moaning of a lonely cow. Up above, the moon casts a friendly light amid the myriad of stars.

Boyish laughter, friendly, cheering, and bubbling, breaks forth, hovers

for a moment, and is gone. Out beyond those tall trees, many voices are heard in loud foot-ball yells: "Rah, Rah, Team!" "Gu-il-fo-rd, Team, Team, Team!!" Then a din of applause and shouts. A lull overspreads the crowd, but now they burst into the school song. A Pep Meeting holds the notes of a sprightly tune played on a portable phonograph.

At Cox someone is whistling a catchy popular melody—"Where the Golden Daffodils Grow." Still struts the shadow of the language as he fights to master the alien tongue. Returning students trudge through the different highways to the campus—tired and sleepy. Work for the morrow is wearily scrutinized, put away, a last hope for the best—lights go out and on to bed.

One listens and hears only the murmuring of crickets and innumerable insects of the fields. The moon rides high like "a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas." It is past twelve o'clock, midnight, and looking across the road, the staunch pillars of the Meeting House glisten in the moonlight. The wind from the east freshens and shakes the leaves of the trees, causing them to whisper as conspirators who plot horrible deeds under cover of the darkness. Clouds over-

cast the sky and the moon is soon covered with inky shadows. Rain begins to descend and the patter on the ground is soothing to the ears. One lighted window remains. A shadowed profile shows a head buried in a book. Then it too moves, the light is extinguished. Quiet holds the campus deep in her clutches—an evening is ended.

The most densely populated body of land in the world is Java with a population of 690 persons per square mile.

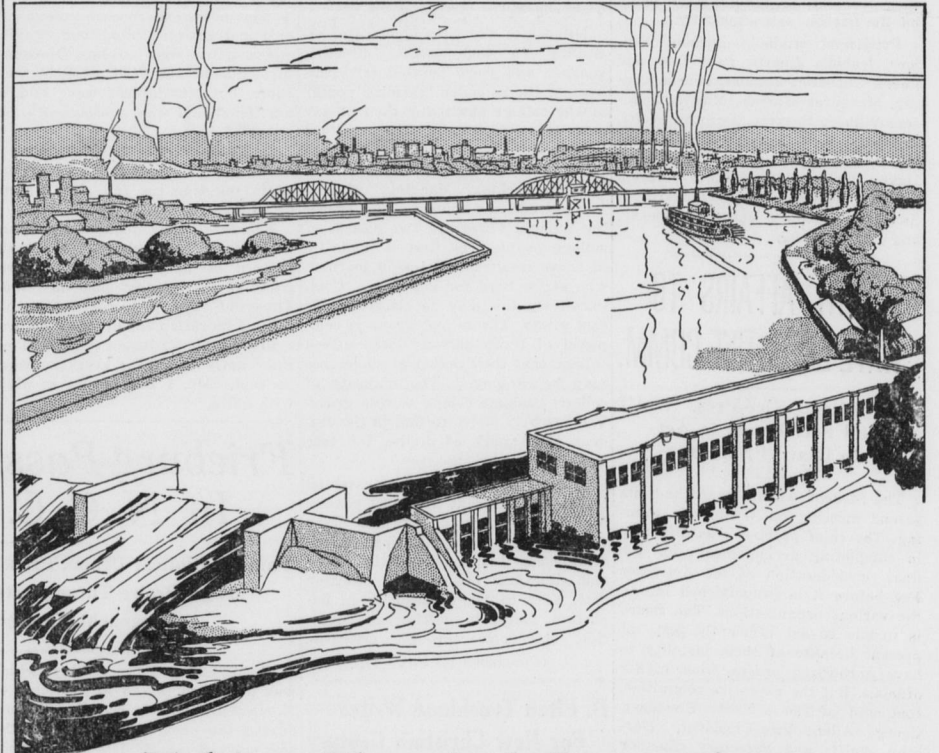
Seventy per cent of the English speaking people of the world live on the North American continent, and 60 per cent of them in the United States.

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