

THE GUILFORDIAN

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"CRITICISM"

In most every circumstance of life, regardless of how near Utopian it may be, there is so much that seems imperfect, that almost everyone engages to some extent in criticising College students usually contribute their share to this custom of life.

This year the criticism of the students seems to center around the methods of procedure of certain organizations and certain individuals. These remarks are seldom made public, but seem to be limited to certain groups. Since this is the case, it would be hard to find any individuals or organizations which would not suffer from the attacks of some individuals. Remarks of this kind have a tendency to give new students and outsiders the wrong impression concerning the college. This wrong impression obtained leads them to think that we really don't do anything right. Criticism is an indication of healthy growth.

Among the recent criticisms "silently" given almost everything on the campus has been attacked. The dramatic council and its so-called method of signing up characters before tryouts, the woman's student government without the women, the form of socials, and even certain reporters on the Guilfordian are some of the subjects offering targets for discussion.

The Guilfordian is always open to criticism, and is willing to express students' viewpoints of campus problems. If a student has a criticism which he is afraid to express in public, then, in all probability, he has no right to find fault with any particular individual or thing.

Only a very few students thus far this year have contributed to the open opinion column. This column is probably the best means of getting your objections before the whole student body. Many open opinions have a tendency to be too general and indefinite, not really saying anything.

PEP

On Friday night of this week, the Guilford football team meets Atlantic Christian College in its first Conference game of the season. The first half of the season has been tough on the boys. They've played larger schools and traveled over 2,000 miles to do it. Their showing has been improved, yet the lack of school spirit in the student body has been deplorable. Last year it was a pleasure to lead cheers at pep meetings. This year it's disgusting. Not fifty per cent of the school comes out and half of these don't yell. How the team has played the way it has with such indifferent support is miraculous. Has the school forgotten that we want the championship for the third consecutive year? Do the students want to come back to the campus on November 2 feeling like another student body did last year on November second after our boys had entered the game rated the underdogs to emerge victors by 13-6 and with the Little Six diadem?

To you Freshmen! You are now at Guilford. You are Guilfordians. Guilford's football team is YOUR football team! You are the largest class. Get out and show these upperclassmen that you didn't leave all your spirit in High School!

Talk football! Let the team know you're interested! From now on "Everybody out and everybody yell!" "Let's make these big schools and everybody else realize that, 'Although we're small, we're potent!'"

FRANK ALLEN,
Cheer Leader.

QUAKER QUIPS

This is the second year we've roomed with Mrs. West's darling son and so far we've had peace and tranquility. However, there is one thing necessary for the continuance of such an existence. If he'd ONLY squeeze our toothpaste from the BOTTOM.

We learned last Friday night that one member of the faculty likes to pass as a student if in a group of

strange young folks. Well! Well! The Quips Editor welcomes the revival of our favorite indoor sports—"Snap." If it is played this year like it was last year we're SURE to have a new gym next year.

There's one "Leary" course at Guilford that actually makes brawny football men BLUSH!

Have you noticed the trick coats made from quilting, that two of the coeds are wearing? Sort of a "Pick up thy bedspread and walk" idea.

Here's one we saw in a Jersey paper last summer. Lost—One brown leather wallet containing \$400. Finder keep money, but for Heaven's sake, return those phone numbers.

Dean Milner said in a lecture, "A fit is bad enough, but a misfit is worse." Maybe so, but we'd rather have a misfit for a roommate than one who has the habit of throwing a fit every once in a while.

We believe in giving everybody a fair warning. Prof. Noah wants yours truly to play the drums in the orchestra, and if you don't like the noise when we practice with the help of Picolo Pete on the Vic—you can take your Nick Carters out in the woods and read. SO THERE.

The saxophones were enough, but now Mush Barney has introduced the tin fife. G. C. is getting musical (?) to be sure.

Walter Winchell, well known columnist, pulled this one—"The only thing we are having an increased production of this year is ignorance. 18,000 more college students, for example." Now we know how we rate on Broadway.

Wish that \$14 fee would cover expenses for metal helmets to be used by the men when walking under those hickory trees in front of the dorms.

INTELLIGENCE TEST GIVEN TO STUDENTS

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en a great number of questions, which, when answered, would give an index to the capacities of the individual. And courses were efficiently applied to them in profusion, and comprehensive examinations indexed the progress they made through these. Finally there came a time when, from outward appearance, they had progressed far into the fields of knowledge; so they were given another great number of questions, which, when answered, would give an index to the capacities of the individual. As minute organisms, they sat, while the microscopic penetration of an intelligence test revealed their every strength and weakness.

And now, the Education Department is convulsed by the results; the faculty is wondering where they made their error in calculations; and another class is wanted—for mistakes are made in the most important of experiments and used material is practically hopeless!

Dean Lindley Speaks At Joint Meeting of Y.W. and Y.M.C.A.

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These elements, the speaker feels, are very necessary for the making of good citizenship.

At the close of Dean Lindley's lecture, the Greensboro Girls' Quartet, composed of Misses Mary and Beatrice Hollady, Mrs. C. E. Hadley, and Mrs. Fred Robeson, accompanied by Miss Farley, sang two religious numbers.

Less than eight per cent of the families of this country have annual incomes in excess of \$5,000.

ALUMNI NOTES

Katie Lee Lambeth, of the class of '25, and Harvey Cotton were married Friday, October 3 at 3:30 o'clock, at the bride's home in Guilford College. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William T. Scott of Salisbury.

After the nuptials the bride and groom left for a wedding trip and after December 10 they will be at home at Oakwood, N. C.

Henry Tew, '27, is teaching Science in Tenafly high school. His address is 548 Knickerbocker Road, Tenafly, N. J.

Everett McBane, '24, is teaching history in Guilford high school. Last year he was principal of Clayton city schools in Clayton, N. C.

Nell Chilton, '25, soon enters the school at University of Columbia. This summer she did library work at Pratt Institute.

Miss Chilton is visiting Edna Coble now and reports that seven of her class are in New York and five are in the city. The seven referred to are: Bessie Phipps Branson, Russell Branson, Edna Coble, Sara Hodges, Ethel Watkins Crutchfield, Frank Crutchfield, Frank Crutchfield and Nell Chilton.

Robert Marshall, '25, has been teaching English in High Point high school since 1926. He is now doing graduate work at Harvard University.

The wedding of Miss Marie Beaman, of Troy, N. C., and the Reverend Robert Collier Holmes, of Dunedin, Florida, was solemnized at the Beaman colonial home in Troy, on Saturday, October 4, at four o'clock.

The veranda, arranged with a profusion of potted plants and baskets of flowers, was the setting for the nuptials. The vows were spoken by Rev. Sherman Beaman of Winston-Salem, uncle of the bride, using the ring ritual of the M. E. Church.

Mrs. Holmes was a member of the class of 1924, and did graduate work at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Rev. and Mrs. Holmes will be at home in Dunedin, Florida, after the wedding trip through the mountains of Western North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky.

Moments In the Graveyard Inspire Meditative Revery

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rain. Wet tombstones acquire a sheen. From the leafy limbs of the tree drops of water as tears fall—the tree weeps.

When one walks about, the crunching wet leaves and soggy mud are the only sounds that can be heard except the sighing of the wind through the grass. One shivers at the chillness of the air, or is it the holy calm? Shrugging a shoulder one approaches the tombstones with their engraved epitaphs.

It is startling to perceive a carved hand with index finger pointing in the direction of darkened sky. A sigh, an omen of a day long ago when a soul departed this life to travel the great adventure.

What is it about the burial ground that causes one to hear, as whispers, strange sounds? A bubbling is heard but no tiny brooks can be discerned. Maybe the spirits of the dead hover about the tombstones glancing at the inscriptions or gibbering and pointing unseen. Farther down the grassy path one perceives weatherbeaten monuments. The rains, the baking sun, and the wind have worn the stones for many years, so that now they stand wearily and turn dark.

Almost stumbling over a fallen slab one reads an epitaph cut in cracked stone: "Resting in hope of a glorious resurrection!" That day may come—who knows? Near the fence an old wooden slab is worn and decayed, and the wild weed have covered the upraised earth.

Over there the rain wets a carved innocent little lamb. In the half-light it seems alive, moving, but one sees it is carved from the frigid granite.

Lonely and forsaken appears the quaint old graveyard which holds to its bosom many a wearied soldier home from the wars, of humble folk resting their tired old bones in everlasting peace.

On one moldy stone the year 1831 is carved. Ninety-nine years, practically a century! The bones still rest beneath that dampened earth. During all these years the stone has stood, a guide post to the relatives who, probably, died one by one.

Overhead the monotonous drone of an airplane startles us from our reverie and slowly retracing our steps we leave the strange, old graveyard—the land of the dead. And only the darkened sky, the insufferable gloom, the falling rain, and the chilly wind remain.

Everyday Life On Campus As Reviewed by a Student

Through the windows shines the sun denoting a new-born day. Gray streaks have gone and only the first sunbeams remain. Rumbblings and talk upstairs indicate the early rising of the students from deep slumber. Suddenly from across the hall the jarring, jangling of an alarm clock is heard. There is a scraping around as one who picks up a shoe, and then is heard a crash of metal to the floor, a feeble ring, and then silence. The tower bell tolls the breakfast hour.

Heavy feet tramp down the stairs and out to the campus. From Archdale there steps many Freshmen with shiny, eager faces, and combed hair. The morning air is refreshing. Beyond the football field a cock crows a challenge to the early morn. Overhead the sun shines in all its splendor. A student on the steps of the Old South section stretches his long arm, yawns, rubs his eyes and starts for the "Rat Tree."

After breakfast, many rush back to their rooms for a last glance at the day's lessons. The bell rings for the first class and the students hurry with books under their arms. Written papers protrude from the leaves of the text book, a lesson finished, most likely, during the dark hours of the night. Thus they go. Some eager, others loll along accepting the peculiar warp of life with a shrug.

The morning draws on to noon. Overhead the sky is clear except for puffy-white clouds. Off to the west one can see the distant woodland, and turning about, the grazing cattle can be seen on the slopes of the hills. The sun shines directly overhead. The day has become very warm.

Students in white ducks walk to the tennis courts for a game. The white ball is thrown high and then with a twang from the cat-gut racket is sent smashing across the net for an ace. The game is on. Two players rush about sending the ball back and forth. One leaps high and misses the ball by an inch. He mutters to himself as the other calls, "Better luck next time."

Through a window of Cox Hall one can see a student perusing a book while another with his leg on the window sill chuckles to himself as he reads a letter. More appear at the window and soon one shouts "Come on, you fellows, give us a fast game. You've got a gallery here."

On the volley ball court dignified professors have forsaken their cultured studies to partake of the joys of the play. Gone is their professorial character and in its place rides gaiety supreme. Others have gone to play a fast and furious game of tennis.

One hears from the ivy covered "Y" building the sweet strains of music as if from an organ solemnly played. The melody is soft and lingers in the air. Swaying trees seem to muffle sounds and the hush of the campus is profound. Farther on, a mowing machine cuts the long, dry grass and the fresh smell hovers in the atmosphere. Down the long field slowly walks the tireless horse as the men in overalls holds the long, black reins. The wheels turn and the grass falls to the earth.

From the campus road an auto churns up a dust cloud as it speeds to the highway. Chickens cluck frenziedly as they scatter to get out of the way. Their ridiculous flight provokes one to laughter. Out of danger their bobbing heads show them peacefully pecking for food. The sun has traveled away toward the horizon.

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Across from the gateway with its trimmed green hedges sit several students on upturned kegs—the "Guilford Station Stop." Patiently they wait a ride to town or chatter among themselves. One looks down the road, then at his wristwatch, and shakes his head. Another languidly eats the cream from a cone as he strolls to the campus. Girls appear from the shady walks and soon cross the road to partake of soda or ice cream. They stop awhile to listen to the music from the radio.

A car rides by, stops as it is hailed, and off they go down the highway. An old white bearded farmer enters the post office for his daily mail. His battered hat is grimed with the dust of the plowed fields. Stooped shoulders, and roughened hands denote many a weary hour handling the plow. His overalls are specked with the red earth of the land. He slowly and laboriously reads with watery eyes a letter, probably from a lonely one in a distant place. As he goes by the students give friendly "hellos." From on high a little, foolish bird pipes a merry tune.

It is now about four o'clock and out of the dormitories step the husky men of the gridiron. In football regalia they come to Hobb's field for the training of Saturday's game. New signals must be used, old plays discarded for new ones. Down the long field they go, then stop. A figure steps out from the rest with a pig skin and boots it high in the air. As it spirals down to earth it is quickly caught by another who rushes a little way down the field.

Fading light is the harbinger of the closing day. The round, red sun is setting beyond the distant houses. Over the field the sun casts a diminishing light. Out of the distant trees a bell tolls and its loud vibrations hasten through the air. Around the track field runners sprint and leap gracefully over the low hurdles.

In the middle of Hobb's Field a long row of football men are lined up. At a given signal they race down the earth to the goal and to the dormitories. Tired and dusty they appear as one shouts, "Water! Hot Water!" Then to the showers they go.

Outside the setting sun is disappearing below the distant horizon. Last rays of crimson light have burnished gold linings. Dark shadows appear in the vast sky toward east. A squirrel chatters, and while holding an acorn in its tiny paws eats an evening meal. Soon the darkness conquers and the sun has gone. Over the campus dusk has come.

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