

THE GUILFORDIAN

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HONOR SYSTEM

It is generally agreed that the introduction of the honor system on our campus is one of the greatest and worthiest steps yet undertaken here. Since this momentous occasion the spirit of the students has been most noteworthy.

The faculty, expressing further confidence in the students ability of self-government extended the honor system to examinations. This step has long been a goal for those interested in student welfare. When placed before the students the proposal passed almost unanimously.

From all appearances everyone is one hundred per cent for proving to the faculty that we are capable of mature judgment and the assuming of honor both in and out of the classroom. Our means of expressing our appreciation is through deeds, honest efforts, and honorable accomplishments.

Whether the policy is a success or failure cannot yet be judged. The building up of a high standard among students is well worth working toward, and with this end in view the final decision remains with the students.

THE JOB'S THE THING

"If by the time he is a sophomore or a junior, the student hasn't a pretty good idea of the career he wants to follow, his first few years in the practical world are apt to be lost. Jobs do not turn up as if by magic, the day after Commencement."

This observation comes from a business executive. It is based on his experience with candidates for opportunities in commercial and industrial organizations — candidates from among the annually increasing number of graduates from American colleges.

Frequently, however, the undergraduate activities of a college man or woman give unmistakable evidence of the kind of work he or she is most naturally fitted for. Fortunately indeed is the student who finds the job which will give these talents an opportunity for development. Then the first few years out of college will not be lost.

"Some college students are always being consulted by their friends in regard to the election of courses, or their own personal problems." They can become trained case workers assisting individuals in a wider field to solve their social problems. Such positions are most often found with organizations dealing with children, with families, with maladjusted or abnormal individuals, although employment management, visiting teaching, vocational counseling call for the same ability.

"Other undergraduates naturally stand out and assume leadership in college clubs, or athletic teams. They become song leaders, run amateur theatricals, preside over debating societies." In the club work of settlements, Boy and Girl Scout organizations, the recreation work of the Y. M. C. A. and Community Service, this ability to handle groups of people is a pre-requisite.

"Still other students successfully run athletic teams, school publications, or special social events." This is the stuff of which the community organizer is made. Health agencies, community councils or social agencies, chambers of commerce, financial federations—present opportunities for these.

Finally for the honor student, the Phi Beta Kappa man or woman who is interested in gathering, analyzing and interpreting facts, there is the broad field of social research. With research foundations, public departments, and a wide variety of social agencies, opportunity can be found for fundamental contribution to social science.

In one of the twenty-two professional schools of social work a college graduate can secure training which will start him well on the road to success in this new profession. All of them have generous fellowships and loan funds, and while its appeal is not to those who put remuneration first, yet both beginning and average salaries compare well with those in other professional fields.

"EXCERPT FROM WILL OF A STUDENT"

I, _____, being of sound mind and body and realizing that the time has come in my life that I must begin to think of the time when this lowly being that I am, must cease to function as an earthly being and become dust, do bestow and bequeath, free from all incumbrances and alienations, beginning with the time when I shall, as afore mentioned become as dust, all my earthly possessions as follows:

Article I:—All my personal belongings I do bestow upon my roommate, _____, if he remains so at the time of my death. This shall include: My tooth brush, other pair of shoes, my next best shirt, other pair of socks (the ones with only one hole in them) and except the picture on my dresser. I do bestow these things as permanent gifts as long as he, _____, has no social relations in any capacity whatever with the following girls: Frances Carter, Dorothy Wolff, Lucille Patterson, Catherine Cox, Jewel Conrad.



On Love and Laziness

I've heard a heap o' chatter 'Bout success 'n' all that stuff How some folks climb the ladder While the others have it tough.

Now I don't care for riches You can have your clothes so fine For when it comes to britches Corduroys will do for mine.

If your broadcloth gets a spot You must pay the cleaners fee While I send my whole darn lot To the college laundry.

If I stay here long enough So the profs get tired of me I may melt their hearts so tough And at last get my degree.

Right away I'll go and claim The one I'm fondest of And when I've changed her name We'll proceed to live on love.

Well, the Quips are getting sentimental. Next week we're going to give you some of our choicest epigrams.

We had a very prosperous week-end. We learned and we think this is the year's best that our honorable colleague, the Sports Editor, had long, GOLDEN CURLS when he was a little chee-ild!

We went to one exam feeling like the Duke of Wellington and came back feeling like Napoleon.

A couple of the campus cutups were among those who went to see Will Rogers at the airport Thursday A. M. The Collegians tried to match wits with Will and were promptly snowed under. They probably chew Spearmint instead of Beechnut.

After looking over the men's dorms lately we've decided that what this school needs is Longer and Oftener Thanksgiving Days.

Here's some good news. We THINK Professor Reynolds MIGHT bring his radio back to Men's Center this week.

At lunch the Saturday after exams somebody remarked that the empty chairs made one think a battle had been fought around here. Seems to us that for the last week there has been a battle around here and we think the student body lost.

One of the boys cracked about the Honor System that the professors had the Honor and we had the system. But, joking aside, we're right proud of the way the new system worked. Cheating was conspicuous by its absence. We hope such success will be everlasting.

Mrs. Perisho Has Prized Possession

"The Wish Box" Is Filled With Innumerable Letters Of Many Friends

MORE INVITED TO WRITE

In a yellow-painted, cozy cottage on the Guilford College campus is the "Wish Box" of Mrs. Elwood C. Perisho, wife of the Director of College Extension. The passing years have added a glamour to "The Wish Box" known to many former students and older alumni of Guilford College. In brief, "The Wish Box" contains innumerable letters containing in sealed letters the wishes or prophecies of the writers who have set a 10-year limit as the opening date for the letters.

At the coming reunion this June, when a tea party will be given, the writers of the past will meet to open and gaze once more at the faded words written many years ago. The prophecies are concealed in envelopes of various sizes, shapes and colors. From the "Wish Box" this June will be taken the letters of Mary Lou Wilkins, of Rose Hill, N. C., Virginia Ragsdale, of Jamestown, N. C., Nancy White, of Franklin, Va., Josephine Paul, of Elkin, N. C., and Alex Pavlov, whose father as a millionaire in Russia lost his entire fortune during an uprising, and the family became refugees.

Many of the prophecy-writers have gone to far-distant points of the globe but a few are in the vicinity of Greensboro as Dr. Raymond Binford, president of Guilford College, and Dean of Women Mrs. B. M. B. Andrews. The letters of ex-Dean of Men and Mrs. D. Elton Trueblood, who are in Indiana, are among those in the twelve inches by six inches beautifully colored "Wish Box."

Many of the former "wishers" have had their wishes come true says Mrs. Elwood C. Perisho, and they were so delighted that they composed other wishes and placed them in sealed letters in her safe keeping. It is interesting to note that among the writers is one from distant Orient, Mr. Sumito Fukasawa of Tokio, Japan, known to many students now at the college. Also Miss Ruth Outland, a former student, is now in Palestine.

The time limit on the latest ones are set at the future date of 1942 and these are the sealed letters of Mr. Harry Wellons, of Sedley, Va., Miss Marianna Raiford, of Virginia, and that of Miss Lucille Meadows, of King, N. C., and Mr. James R. Barbee, of Lexington.

Mrs. Elwood C. Perisho, who lately returned from South Dakota where the Marcus P. Beebe Memorial Library was presented by Prof. Perisho and herself, will tell you if you step in for a delightfully friendly chat about the prophecies that have come true. In her quaint way she will tell you of the origin of the "Wish Box" and the first writers.

Request her to reveal to you the touching episode of the girl who wished to become a trained nurse and her struggles. Today that girl through the spell of the "Wish Box" is one of the high-salaried, noted women on a clinical staff in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The "Wish Box" is not the exclusive use of Guilford students and alumni but all "who have a sincere faith in themselves and what the future may reveal."

Guest: "Who is that awful looking frump over there?"

Host: "Why, that's my wife."

Guest: "Oh-er-beg pardon, my mistake."

Host: (Sadly): "No, no-mine." — Salemnite.

"That chap is with Ruth again." "They say he is a rounder." "Yes, almost every night."

NATIONAL

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Man Visits A New Planet
(A Study In The Fantastic)

Many have heard of the bizarre and the fantastic but very few have heard of the flight of the rocket plane designed by an unknown scientist of Bavaria. This flight, unrecorded in the annals of scientific aerial history, would have startled an unbelieving world. Few are the tales of the extraordinary so for our future followers we shall record the exact details of the story.

It was upon a clear, crispy cold night when the planets were in the precise position as desired to meet all the requisites of the proposed flight to the new planet as yet unnamed. Stars of the first and second magnitude were circling in their orbits. The mysterious inventor, who refused to reveal his identity had instruments of peculiar shapes and sizes. One of these was a strange spiral—cotorted meter in which a restless crimson fluid was contained, and upon the glass were markings in silver. At certain points dark words could be seen which read—Safe—Minimum Danger—Maximum Danger.

This instrument, the inventor said, disclosed the atmospheric conditions and, particularly, whether there was enough oxygen on the planet to sustain human life. Other instruments and implements to meet all conditions upon the new planet were placed in special compartments of the streamlined plane. After placing aboard sufficient fuel for the flight to the new planet and return, the inventor was ready for the startling adventure.

Pointing the nose of a rocket-propelled plane toward the direction of the planet, the inventor checked every detail necessary before the take-off. Only a few reporters and unexplained persons watched the machine literally burst or rather hurtle its way into the infinite that knows no end.

That he made a successful flight can not be accurately determined but upon being questioned, the mysterious man gave further details of the flight.

Making an unbelievable speed, he was sped through the air toward his goal. He saw the earth recede into the distance and soon become a tiny light traveling in a pear-shaped orbit among the other planets. Blinded by the brilliance of the reflected light of the moon, he was unable to make observations. It was only by the best of luck that he was able to turn plane into the direction of the new planet, otherwise his plane would have been drawn by the strong gravity pull of the moon, and his plane would have become a satellite forever traveling with the moon.

Coming to the new planet, the plane was drawn immediately through the atmosphere surrounding the sphere, and he made a perfect landing with no damage to the plane or its apparatus. Glancing at the dials, he discovered that the oxygen supply was of such a rare quality that it made one giddy and he quickly slipped on his oxygen bag which was of a light and durable quality.

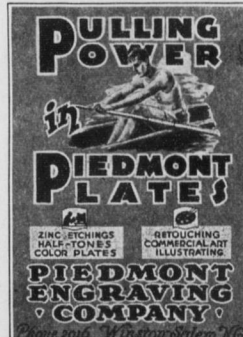
The soil, the adventurer reports, was of a bluish color with innumerable worms of a golden hue which reflected a phosphorescent light. The atmosphere was of a murky fog and the sky could not be seen overhead save for the streaky light which strived in vain to penetrate through a dampness. Vegetation everywhere about him was of brilliant colors but the strange flora did not grow to any appreciable height as upon the earth. In his investigation of the territory in which he had landed nowhere did

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he find any sign of a human being or a habitation of any make or size.

Further wanderings into the dense foliage brought to light that practically everything crumbled to pieces when held fourteen inches from the ground. The clammy atmosphere caused his skin, which was exposed, to turn a sickly green. In his search he suddenly came upon an interesting haunt of some strange creature never before viewed by the eyes of man. The bizarre adventurer calls this fauna the Kakkadu. The creature was about fourteen feet long in manner of an enormous snake with a scaly tough skin as a covering. There were no ears upon the head indicating that the animal could not hear a sound of any kind whatsoever. Entirely surrounding the head were small eyes of human shape and size which the inventor counted as six. In all, the strange inhabitant of this planet was a fearful looking, grotesque gargoyle with its five long tentacles which it threw into various deep pools about its slimy body.

A tree nearby warned the monster of the approach of game by giving off various sounds, but this the adventurer did not know at the time. The sound waves of the planet when disturbed by moving objects set up corresponding sound waves which are recorded in the body of the monster.

Therefore, when he stepped into this haunt he was instantly seized by the long tentacles of the creature and would have been squeezed to death and slowly eaten. But, keeping his wits about him the inventor managed to extract from his pocket a high-powered hypodermic needle gun which he fired into the body of the monster. The effect of this "hypodermic-needle-gun" instills a powerful drug into the very vitals of the organs and causes instantaneous sleep to the most powerful of animals. This contribution to science is now used in the capture of big game in the African veldt.

Having thus escaped an untimely death, he thanked providence and headed back to his plane for the return journey, but not before taking with him an eye of the monster in a special solution which would preserve it on the journey to the earth.

The return trip was successfully made through the void, but just after he had stepped from the plane he heard a terrific explosion which hurled him to the ground. The plane was destroyed. Thus ends this queer heroic account of man's first flight to the new planet. This man is now living in seclusion seeking quiet for the terrific effects which accrued from the eventful trip.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HAS DEBATE ON MISSIONS

(Continued from Page 1)

bat was one of wits, at the end of which the audience was convinced that four Irish Americans are as good as four real Irishmen for a combination of hard sense and humor. A negative speaker said that a Mrs. Somebody couldn't keep onions out of her yard because her neighbor didn't, and thereby kept all neighboring lawns perpetually well-seeded, which fact was comparable to not paving the way in other lands for Christian living as well as trying to keep it ourselves. The affirmative promptly said that we were keeping a whole yard full of wild onions and were taking them with us in our commerce and travels to other lands. The negative gave reply by saying that we must then keep ourselves and the people of foreign lands well supplied with eradicators in the form of missions.

Thus the affirmative made it so plain to the audience that we as Americans are so bad in spite of our ego that they won; but the negative quite forcibly showed the crying need for Christianity in other lands.

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Hurrah! The Webs Are Coming

Golly! Clay's, Aren't you glad? There's rumor the Web's have come out of their hiding and propose renewing their old rivalry. Now that sounds interesting. In ye good ole' days gone by the most exciting thing on the campus was the rivalry between Clay's and Web's.

The writer realizes there is an elapse of years and a change of conditions since the old party spirit reigned between the two societies; but there is as great need today, if not even greater demand for the influence of both societies.

You may be a globe trotter or an arm-chair traveler—either is incomplete if the desires do not include those which give you self-assurance and self-confidence. All societies admit that even though they are independent in attendance and participation, that the society offers training for poise and expression; study in human nature and fellowship invaluable.

The surest way to succeed in any phase of activities, whether vocational, studies, esthetics, or athletics is to have that sane feeling of assurance. One of the strongest aims of the societies is to give its members the poise and self-assurance in presenting himself or thoughts to the public.

The Websterian Literary Society has been inactive for the past two years. The loss of their prestige has been felt, and truly, the good that they could have done in building a desire of and demand for literary life would have been invaluable. The new students felt no competition for their membership. The characteristic enthusiasm with which the new student accepted the society was stunned by the inactivity of the surviving society.

Summing up our story—let's have two good societies or none. Half-way, inefficient, unenthusiastical performance of any organization is a morale killer.

May all eternity bless the remaining Websterians who have enough social ambition to bring out of hiding the spirit and glory of the "Old Websterian Literary Society."

The Fight's On! Let's Go!

All hail to thee, thou faithful Web's, a member of the band.

We tell thee, thou art wanted to make a noble stand.

Ye youths of Web Society, we call upon thee now,

To add one single jewel to the crown upon her brow.

Ye Son's of Web Society, we bid you, in her name,

Devote your time and talent to retrieve her tarnished fame.

Walk onward, then, to glory; seek literary fame,

And with the pen of history write—Websterian Society's name.

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