

THE GUILFORDIAN

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"When--"

"When Dean Milner gets to be president"— How many times have we, now the remnants from the old regime of Guilford, heard that expression? That far-away date, when Dean Milner became president, would be the millennium, we thought. None of us believed we would see the day, except as visitors to our alma mater. But we knew it would come.

And here we are, straddling the old Guilford and the new Guilford. To the freshmen: our congratulations upon their attainment of the opportunity of spending their college years under the guidance of a man sympathetic, open-minded, approachable, a man of the forward-pushing generation, their own; a man who has long ago taken his degree, *cum laude*, before that most critical of examining boards, the student body of his own school.

To Dr. Milner: the challenge of our confidence in him as we said, "When Dean Milner . . ."

Children With Degrees?

Under the enlightened curriculum now pressed upon him, he who swelters upon a commencement platform at Guilford College is supposed to be on the road to well-rounded mental maturity. Willy nilly, whether he will or no, he has learned what the solar system is, what is inside a cat, the difference between an Ionic column and a Doric column, what goes on when he thinks, if he does, where St. Paul went on his missionary journeys, the difference between the Council of the League of Nations and the Assembly thereof, what a dangling participle is and the effect of Greek drama upon the plays of Shakespeare.

All this besides what he has learned in the field of his major, presumably a field in which he is or was interested.

Safely we can say that he has a great many more facts at his disposal than he would have had if he had never entered college. Undoubtedly he is much better-rounded than his fellow high school class member who went to work four years earlier and who has been working since.

But does he feel the self-confidence of maturity that a member of the productive, citizenry, ready to make his way in the world, should feel? In general, he does not. Rather, he is self-sure to a somewhat less degree than he was when he entered college, ex a high school senior.

Perhaps general conditions and the non-existence of a choice of openings after graduation has something to do with this attitude. But there is something else. Just what, we cannot say; probably it arises from a number of causes, social life, smallness of the school, the fact that we are a small community to ourselves, general lack of sophistication in school life. Or the material that the faculty has to deal with in the first place.

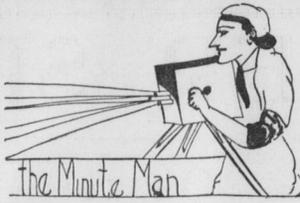
This is the gauntlet that we throw at the feet of the exponents of the new curriculum: to graduate not boys and girls with the degrees of bachelor of arts or science but men and women, ready for life in a very real world.

To the Frosh

Perhaps by now you are wondering why in the name of all you ever came to this place and how anyone could run a fever over the college anyway.

Most people do not like Guilford a great deal at first. The paths are dusty, the campus lacking far of being a carpet of velvet green, the buildings showing their age.

Practically everyone who stays here most of a year becomes very fond of the place. Just stay with it and you too will be one of the proud sons or daughters of the school by the end of the year. That is our promise to you.



Loitering in the halls, strolling dreamily down cherished lanes, the campus "widders" present an amorously pensive, or just plain pining, group. They can be seen fondly engaged in reminiscent thoughts of "him" at almost any time. With the late arrival of "Pack," however, one fair soph is all smiles once more. But only sweet dreams to the rest.

What well known ministerial student returned from a date, and evidently excited, proceeded to brush his teeth with a straight razor? Also, he blushes profusely at "Here Comes the Navy." While in the case of another young minister, it seems that he and his roommate are both very much that way about the same girl. It's the love enigma of New North.

With the advent of the Frosh, quite a number of colorful figures have already appeared. It seems that "John Dillinger's sister" holds the spotlight for activity. Unabashed, she socks 'em and kicks 'em with liberal doses. One very shy freshman was seen flying against the wall as the result of her punches. Another one was reported to have been considerably embarrassed in class when his lap was selected for a place of repose.

It seems that the boys, who have been "trotting" with that very fair frosh from Liberty have all adopted the same theme song—"I never had a chance." Her "big moment" is reported to have wired her the first day she was here. While contrasted to this, Bill Sichel told an admiring group of freshmen that he wished a girl would fall for him. Girls, here's your chance!

According to Mrs. Milner's definition, the micromaniac of Cox Hall, or just Kyke to you, completely astounded one freshman lass the other evening with his spiel of endless tales. She is still dizzy. However, it is apparent that there is one fair damsel from way up "nawth" can certainly take it. Ask Kyke.

One of the innumerable jokes that this column hears certainly deserves printing. It concerns a certain romantic couple that was out riding one night (which, of course, is prohibited at Guilford). It seems that this particular young lady was very romantic (as some are) and desired a little attention. Whereupon, she sweetly inquired of her handsome escort if he can drive with one hand. Always ready to please her, if possible, this young swain immediately replies that he can. Then, without further comment, he gallantly and graciously projects his arm out of the window. Moral: A bird in the hand gathers no moss.

Seen at the store the other night was Dr. Ljung busily engaged in purchasing . . . two popicles. The other one was for Dr. Campbell. Familiar "sights" on the campus are Bowen's "Betsy" and Kyle's "Betsy." One happens to be a Ford, however, and the other a Chevy. Bowen says that his has one horsepower, only he forgot to bring the horse. The graveyard bench was rather surprised to find that it was being used as mourning bench the other night. An unknown home-sick lass was reported to have sought an outlet of her tears there. . . . "Rat" Biddle reports rather disconsolately that his proposal to a Founder's girl has as yet been unaccepted. What's the delay, Dot? . . . Found: A new use for King Hall besides for classes. When crowded for dating space, why not make use of the available rooms? Or were you one of those taking advantage of this one Sunday night recently? . . .

Is it that our beloved French professor has turned P. K.? It is reported

The Fable of the Freshman

Our hero, irradiating the frindliness of a tail-wagging pup, drew abreast a meek-looking somewhat bewildered person, and extending an imperative paw, announced heartily:

"Shake, brother! My name's Von Heckley. I'm a freshman, too. Some dump, huh?"

"Jones."

The un-pressed individual extended a limpid hand, which Von Heckley pumped fervently.

"By the way, do you know anybody in our class who would make a good president? I was president of the senior class at Schwartzmeier High."

Von Heckley had difficulty in matching his positive stride to the self-effacing amble of Jones.

"I wouldn't know. You see, I'm not a freshman."

Von Heckley's laugh was that of the perennially self-assured, the laugh of one whose four feet are more firmly planted than the very ground they rest upon. The ground was ever so slightly shaken.

"Do you know what? . . ."

Jones glanced wearily away.

"Do you know what? I thought you were a freshman. I'll bet you sophomores give us the devil."

"I am not a sophomore." Dispiritedly.

The laugh was again hearty.

"You're not a junior, are you?"

"I have been."

"Oh-h-h! You-u must be a senior."

"Right."

Jones continued to plod past the music building toward the football field. Von Heckley clapped him on the back.

"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun! You don't look like a senior."

"A compliment?"

"What sort of plays do they have at Guilford? You know, I played the lead in the last four plays we put on at Schmartzmeier High."

"Oh," said Jones politely, "I did not know that."

"Boy, I wish they had a lacrosse team here. But you know these Southern schools don't have lacrosse."

Jones nodded to a passing faculty member.

"What's chances of a good football team this year?"

"What do you think?"

"You know, we were county champions at Schwartzmeier last year."

"And did you play?" Jones' eyebrows were a question mark.

"No, but I was assistant manager for three years. You know, I graduated in three years."

"Indeed. Perhaps the coach needs an associate."

Von Heckley was reduced to ice cubes, but he rallied quickly and plunged on:

"You know, a small college is all right for some fellows. But for a guy like me—"

"A guy like you"—Jones turned with folded arms—"ought to cut the seat out of his pants and walk on his hands."

ed that he was seen at a favorite Guilford rendezvous one Sunday night not so long ago with a member of the fair sex. . . . Then we heard of one freshman who wanted to know if Dr. Binford had a short wave converter on his "radio." It was asked in all sincerity and, of course, ignorance. . . . With the opening of G. C. and W. C. U. N. C., you needn't be alarmed when you see the bumming corner heavily laden. The annual trek to these campuses will have begun in full swing. Good news, fellows: Mildred Osborne, one of G. C.'s beauty queens, is back again. . . . Until further gossip, this column signs off with the warning that the "snoops" will get you unless you are good.

Young Boshier, a lad from the South, is blessed with a prodigious mouth. When he starts in to grin, My gosh! where's his chin? His mouth stretches over the South.



MY FIRST AMBITION

One of the earliest things I remember was a fervent desire to perform in a traveling circus. A person having the ability to walk a tight rope or ride bareback was, in my estimation, a genius. My Dad wasn't so very enthusiastic about the show, but once in a while he treated me to a performance. On these occasions I sat on the plank seats absolutely spellbound, and for days I would walk around with my head in the clouds.

I remember distinctly my disappointment when, after much anticipation, my father told me he couldn't take me to the circus that night. This was a punishment for picking a neighbor's flowers the day before. For about an hour angry tears blinded me; then I resolved that I just would not be outdone. I got together a group of dirty little boys and girls that lived on our street and persuaded them without difficulty to get up a circus by ourselves. The tiniest tot in the bunch offered a white rat and a billy-goat. I didn't remember seeing either in any of the shows I had seen, but of course there are three rings, and I couldn't expect to have seen everything that went on. Another offered his sister's Persian cat. She certainly raised a lot of fuss later about the brown spots we painted on it. I could not see why, though; the cat didn't seem to mind. I guess I need not mention that I took the role of a tight-rope walker. We scurried here and there for any animals, and in about one hour we started the acts. Our audience consisted of about ten children who had also been deprived of seeing the Ringling Bros. Big Show. Nothing worked out as we had planned. The Boston bull spied the Persian cat and refused to do the tricks his young master had taught him. The billy-goat managed to get in the ballet dancer's dressing-room and her costume could easily have been mistaken for that of Peter Pan. I took one step on the clothes line. It broke and I punched two holes in grandmother's brand-new umbrella.

I decided after an awful spanking that I'd much rather be a movie actress. In that profession you could still wear lovely costumes and it wouldn't be so much trouble.

LAVELE WILSON.

LIKED OR DISLIKED

I wonder why some men like me and some don't, and why I am not the least attractive to the majority of women? I make some men look more dignified, more aristocratic, and more business-like. I serve to make the college professor more ideal to the pictures of him painted by his students in their minds. I seem to be liked best of all by older men—men in their sixties or seventies. But, however, I'm quite popular among younger men, too—men in their early twenties. College "sheiks" adore to give me a trial, just to see the result or what the rest of the students on the campus think and say of me. Then, too, my presence is particularly outstanding on gangsters, bandits, and murderers. I just seem to help them portray their role in life.

Yet, as I have said, I have my enemies as well as my friends. Those young, care-free lovers seem to dislike me immediately. I wonder why? Perhaps I'm in their way when they give their sweethearts that farewell kiss each night. Many men have given me existence and then murdered me, because I functioned as a soup-strainer, and they preferred their soup unstrained. I was worn, also, by many husbands, until their wives accused them of having a dirty lip; and then they, too, got rid of me.

It seems that I have a very hard part to play and that my destiny is uncertain. I, just an innocent, helpless little mustache, must be either liked or disliked by many people.

MARGARET BARNES.