

THE GUILFORDIAN

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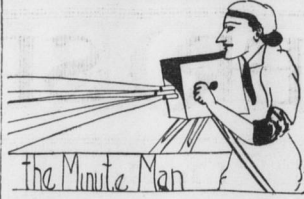
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As stealthily and quietly as the ghosts and goblins that traditionally pervaded the occasion, reports from the longest nocturnal stroll taken by Guilford co-eds have crept into this column. It seems that with the blessing of nature in the cloak of darkness, this jaunt was "simply heavenly" for those who craved some rather amorous attention. Were you one of the lassies that was thrilled by the attention of an R-M lad? (The R-M was interpreted as meaning "really marvelous" by one fair co-ed, although meaning Randolph-Macon here.)

Then there was one adventurous soul who would a-blackberry picking go, but nature and the decorum of his lovely companion served to frustrate his noblest of plans. But even more astounding than this was the mode of travel selected by one group. It seems that these fair sons and daughters of Guilford, being tired of the common method of locomotion, thus resorted to traveling by "airway." Imagine the surprise of one of our tillers of the soil from "up thar" when he discovered that the occupants of his flivver were not only college "dudes" but acted very undignified in his presence.

Can it be that our Mary Hobbs' detective can dish it out but just can't take it? Familiar to everyone is her graveyard episode which made her the ace sleuth of the campus. Then there was the memorable time when, called upon for wit, she responded with a "harveht" joke that isn't usually told at Sunday school picnics. However, reports say that she has definitely weakened in the pinches when she failed to get that very important telephone call from her heart throb. As a result, the thermometer felt itself soaring to new heights. Alleviation came only after the arrival of a special delivery letter. Love must be grander!

The first of the inevitable tales concerning Guilford lads and the Woman's College dames has just reached this column. This swain, evidently taking the hint, "Come up and see me some time," actually took possession of one fair lassie's keys to her room. Evidently repenting or either being moved by his "Quaker spirits," this young lad subsequently returned them. The moral, Which was the human thing to do?

From the professorial realm comes the following enlightenment and inquisition: Dr. Ljung renders a modern version of "pushing little biddies in the water" to his classes. He says that shoving cute pigeons off of the fire escape is even more obnoxious, while Mr. Newlin propounds his classes with the query as to what are kiss curls? If you feel that you can enlighten him on this matter, take him your explanation and receive an A.

Father to Son who has just returned from college—Well, my son, have you debts?

A. F. Nichols—No, father, no debts which you will not be able to pay with diligence, economy and stern self-denial.

From the Social Committee

On November 19, 1933, the students of Guilford College declared their intention of dancing by staging an impromptu dance in the college dining room. They were rewarded by the trustees of the college with the privilege of dancing at college socials, with the idea in mind that it should be strictly intramural. Certain rules were drawn up by the trustees, above which the social committee is not permitted to step. However, the social committee, sensing the need for certain changes which are fundamental, are attempting to have some of these rules changed. It must be remembered that dancing was secured for the students of Guilford College after five years of tireless student activity. To attempt to ride through many reforms at this time is dangerous to the safety of dancing at Guilford. It was not won without opposition, some of which is still alive.

The social committee is accused of sitting atop a pedestal watching 20 per cent of the student body enjoy itself at these functions, while the other 80 per cent is invited to remain away. On the contrary, the social committee has been tirelessly laboring to present wholesome entertainment for the entire student body. It has provided games as well as dancing at the socials. It cannot, due to limited facilities and finances, provide miniature lakes, sailboats, and sailor suits for one group, unless this group is in the majority.

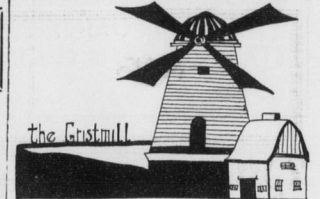
Faced with the problem of furnishing music for the college socials, the social committee, with the co-operation of the student body, has been able to solve this problem. We appreciate the co-operation of the students, and shall continue to serve them as best we can under the regulations set down for college socials.

The social committee is attempting to broaden the social life of the college, but for it to force the men to date the women students at all college socials is impossible—first, because we are not cast in the role of Cupid, and second, because it would be assuming dictatorial powers which only a demigod who does not know the situation would deem possible. Rather, we prefer to act as the servants of the student body.

We accept the problem of improving the social life on the campus, but we do not accept the uncalled-for and unfair tactics of one or a small group of dissatisfied students who have not attended and know nothing of the true status of the college socials. Frankly, we do not believe that one hundred students are dissatisfied with the inexhaustible work that is being done by the student body and its servant, the social committee. We cannot think of the men and women on this campus as children, even though such is intimated through the columns of our college paper. It is their right to learn to dance if they care to. The floor is open, and the Guilford College student body is a tolerant one.

We are willing at any time to discuss the subject before the student body, and at the same time to give all biased critics a chance to air their views. We feel that this is the only sane way to arrive at a solution, since we have talked to a number of the hundred and have found that they had been influenced to vote one way when

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CONCERNING DOOR ETIQUETTE

To me one of the most perplexing problems that one has to face in the modern world is the problem of the etiquette of the revolving door. When a man accompanied by a woman is about to be revolved in it, which should go first? Some think that the man should precede the woman, furnishing the motive power, while she follows idly in the next compartment. Others hold the rule "ladies first" can have no exception; therefore, the man must stand aside and let the female of the species do the rough work of starting the door's revolution, while the man, coming after, keeps it going and stops it at the right moment.

By all means let the lady go first; by so doing we pay the homage that is due to her sex, and even though there are no cave women in these days—there may be burglars! Only in the case of a door that must be opened inwards would I suggest an amendment. What more lamentable sight than that of a gentle lady squeezing precariously through a half-opened door while her escort, determined that, though they both perish in the attempt, she shall go first, reaches awkwardly past her shoulder in the frantic endeavor to push back the heavy self-closing door while at the same time contorting the rest of his body into the smallest possible compass that she may have room to pass without disaster to her \$90 hat, not to speak of her elbows and shins.

How much happier—and happiness is the purpose of etiquette—they would be, this same pair, if (with a possible "allow me" to calm her fears) the escort should push boldly the door to its widest openness and holding it thus, with one hand behind his back, with the other press his already removed hat against his heart as the lady grateful and unruffled sweeps majestically by.

HIS IMAGINATION

As my mind became clearer, I seemed to hear voices speaking in a language that was not English. Finally, I realized that it was French, and a queer French at that. Over my head I noticed an embroidered white silk canopy, in the room were fragile gold chains and odd little seats; tapestries covered the walls.

But look: on the other side of my bed are two men dressed in 17th or 18th century costumes, I do not know which. They must be of high positions; I can tell from their attitude to the servants who hover about. These two noblemen offer to help me dress. In a daze I don the accoutrements of a courtesan of the glorious days of the Grand Monarch. There is gold embroidery on everything, and a powdered perogee to complete my costume.

One of the lackeys apparently attending me gives me a book containing my engagements for the day.

Entering into the spirit of things, I learn as much as I can by watching the others' actions, and conduct myself in as dictatorial a manner as I can assume. It is only with difficulty that I can understand the strange tongue, so I hardly dare speak it. I manage this by seeming indolent—presumably after a grand ball the evening before. I can't seem to remember this great occasion, but as it forms a large part of the conversation between the nobles, it must have been a big affair.

Two lackeys precede me through the halls, and everywhere I am attended with great courtesy. The whole interior of the mansion is in keeping with the furnishings and style of my bedroom.

Someone is approaching me—a huge bunch of keys in his hand. It must be the keeper. Tears come to my eyes. He always spoils everything.

ANNA JEAN BONHAM.

Can We Kill It?

Like a many-headed hydra, the problem of broadening the social life on the Guilford College campus hisses at the leaders of the student body.

Each head represents a group of people who must be removed from the group in which they, through various circumstances, find themselves, and amalgamated into the whole, if the satisfactory solution to the whole is to be reached.

The biggest head and the one that breathes fire constantly is "Man's injustice to man," the eternal Selfishness. People there are, about one in five on the Guilford campus, according to data collected, who consider that self is the common denominator of society. "I will look out for myself, and you can look out for yourself." "I am not my brother's keeper." Not so large in numbers, this group is the most heard from, for they thrust themselves forward.

Evasive, yet not so offensive, the head of Timidity is more easily downed, yet left to itself it is practically immortal.

There is a windmill nearby, not at all connected with the hydra of social expansion. Most of those who have so far said, "I will slay the monster," have shivered their lances against the windmill and gone home saying, "Unless the windmill is killed the monster cannot be." The windmill is Insurmountable Rules.

A group of leaders has been selected by the people to attack the problem. A fortnight ago the GUILFORDIAN pointed out one phase of it, supposing in all innocence that the social committee, our leaders, would at least admit that it was their problem to consider.

Flinging the challenge of the GUILFORDIAN back into the teeth of the people that chose them for leadership, the social committee has said that if the people who elected them will kill the monster, the social committee will hold the coats.

Is a badge of rank a mere bauble for show, or does it involve sacred trusts of leadership and responsibility? We won't say that our leaders have betrayed us. We will say that their conception of their duty is different from the conception held by a considerable number of the student body, some of whom must have voted for the present beligerents.

It is their duty at least to attempt to solve the problem of a broadened social life for the whole student body of Guilford. They have been given the honor of being named leaders; if they are actually leaders they will accept the problem. It is their duty to consider the whole student body, for the whole student body makes up their problem, and insofar as they fail to perform their duty with one individual, thus far they have failed in their problem.

We do not say that the social committee can completely solve the situation. If they are not willing to take the responsibility of leading us, to try to solve our problems, wherefore shall we honor them with the sacred trust, to be worn as one more decoration?

Our Solution

The GUILFORDIAN has decried the present social life on the campus. We believe it can be vastly improved, made to take in most of the students.

There is on the campus a large group of those who would like to dance, but cannot dance well enough to do so in public with self-confidence. If the social committee would honestly set about seeing that they learn, social life here would be broadened that much.

Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson has expressed herself as willing to help those those who wish to improve their proficiency. There are at least two men on the campus who have taught ballroom dancing. That should be enough.

There are a number who do not dance and do not wish to learn. If

the social committee would label the affair "card party with dance attached" and see that the card and checker players received as much attention as the dancers, the college socials would be more of a success than the college dances have been heretofore, at least for the greater number.

As for the dances themselves: a number of people have expressed the opinion that card dances might help with some of the problems that arise.

The real change must be worked by the student body, no doubt. As things are, however, any change, almost, would be for the better, and the social committee can win half the battle in the planning of the activities, leaving only half for the student body.