

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Food for Thought

Under the cloak of revolutionary Spain Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy plot how the knife might be used effectively on Communist Russia.

Would you spend twenty dollars to save five? Would you sanction a three billion dollar war to save two million dollars?

Sixty cents out of every tax dollar is spent by our government for past or future wars.

The League of Nations is recommending to all countries that they re-examine their history text-books. These should pay attention also to other nations and emphasize such facts as show the interdependence of nations.

Alumni!

“Welcome ever smiles, and farewell goes out sighing.” —Shakespeare.

If you are among those who return to us on Homecoming day we never say farewell but always welcome. This campus for sometime at least was your hearth and fireside and we wish you to experience the feeling of “returning home.”

Perhaps some of you can now look back on your days spent in these environs as the happiest days of your life. Have you forgotten the strike for reasonable women's rules, the muddy walks in front of Fox and Founders, the first faulty steps toward dancing, and the loss of Men's Center as a dating parlor.

There are many ideas and goals for which you struggled—failed or won. We, the present faculty and student body, are trying to carry high the torch for which you lived—a constructive and progressive Guilford College.

A Traveling Salesman

This year the College paper is carrying a large number of ads. These merchants and business firms who advertise in our paper expect patronage from the 300 odd students who read the GUILFORDIAN.

Alumni, faculty and students attention! Read the ads in your College newspaper and when visiting these concerns tell them you are Guilfordians, thereby helping your newspaper and your advertisers.

Stop, Look and Listen!

By the time this editorial has been published, the leader of the nation will have been elected for the next four years. This person is chosen according to popular election. The best judgment of so many million people will have been made known. The people have an unbelievable amount of influence over the president and legislature.

The majority of the electorate washes its hands of any part of the government after November 3. This has proved fatal in a number of cases due to lobbying on Capitol Hill. If we, as the people of these United States have chosen this our President to lead us it is our right to make our wishes known to him.

Popular opinion cannot be defined, but it can be felt. It is up to us to keep posted on proposed legislation and then let our President and Congressmen know how we stand on the situation. This can be done through the mail, newspapers and radio. Every effort counts.

The President is inaugurated and Congress convenes in January, 1937. This will be the time for the electorate to voice its opinions regardless of the outcome on November 3.

Maintain the Status Quo

For years students have been desk assistants in the Library. This is due to necessity and partly to the concession that college students are approaching adulthood. Those who are chosen to be assistants have been chosen because of their ability. However, to stalk the Library as a fifth grade school marm in not one of his or her duties.

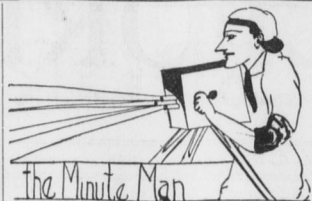
This year there has been a special effort made on the part of the Library staff to have ideal conditions for studying in the main room. This has received co-operation from the students but not enough.

Every student here has attended Guilford long enough to be familiar with the quiet and studious atmosphere that is maintained in the Library. Without further comment—come to the Library for study.

Apple for the Pupil

Our collective hat is off to the joint Y cabinet for their “faculty homes” idea. If there is any one thing that's needed more on campus than faculty-student co-operation—in an individual sense—we are frank in admitting that we don't know what it is. The present attitude tends to brand professor-student amity as “legging” and look askance at the grades received by their classmate who is “friends with teacher.”

It's a grammar grade point of view, and should certainly not be encouraged. On the other hand, it should be actively discouraged—but is not. The “faculty homes” discussions are the first positive attempt at such discouragement—and, as we said at first, our collective hat is off to the cabinet for the idea.



Alas that KENT'S, SMYRE'S, and TURNER'S should cause deletion of my master work.

Alas that KENT'S, SMYRE'S, and TURNER'S should cause deletion of my master work. Yet never say that the advertisements in this sheet are of no avail. (Business Manager take note of boost.) Did not the guardian of the lower regions find a bill (from a jewelry store that frequently indulges in this practice) in the box of our Student President?

Knock, knock. Whos there?

Delores. Delores who? Delores you can't pass a red light.

Nor does Oscar want to, especially in Richmond. . . . The tennis trip was a knockin' success for Newkie's tooth. A recent Saturday night a little girl from East: Newkie, save one for me. . . . Eldridge: who is Lizzie? . . . Do your Christmas shopping early—46 days until 10 days of freedom.

ARCH DALITES

Redfearn learns that trips to store count as dates, so he is checking. . . . At above mentioned function on neighboring campus Herr Hitler was asked by a girl if he was a Jew. Himmel. Girl runs upstairs and holds down roof, so no casualty. . . . Was this talk to Eleanor Wood business? . . . Flasher: Scottie, dashing young quartermaster, broke the heart of one of Greensboro's debs when she found in his arms. . . . A GUILFORDIAN co-ed at a campus store. Checking is contagious. . . . One A.M. recently M. Anderson runs interference at devotion with D. Parsons officiating, also in Phil. 103 same is floored by 4th Gospel Butch. . . . Arch-element atomic no. 92.—Evenion.

GOAL LINE

Kester (after Coach has purchased furniture): “You must have a sorry coach at Guilford or he doesn't have much material.” Coach: “I think the trouble is the latter, because I'm the coach.” But see the game this P. M.

SPECIAL TONIGHT ONLY . . . New Jersey “small town flapper” (as described by producer) vamps Yankee thespian. The Part's a natural. Which prompts us to ask:

Knock, knock. Whos there?

Arthur. Arthur who? Arthur any more at home like you?

Ye columnist has been told by one fair co-ed that a New Gardentie wanted to know if she should attend the Hallow'en party dressed as a cat. This same person was also observed to be greatly enjoying herself in the Virginia Reel. Shall we say this was a silly symphony in reel life, instead of Technicolor? . . . One ticket to Lenoir-Rhyne game made a mr. and mrs. Will she Bea Rohring when she sees this? . . . Herd in dining-room: “What food these morsels be.” Biologists Clarence and Phyllis: A bird in the hand is an awkward position for all concerned. . . . Choir robe—Sawyer's shirt no. 18 1/2 or do they make them largerer?

Founders: “I wanna go out tonight, mamma.”

Mary Hobbs: “Please may I go out tonight? I'll be back by 10.”

Cox: “I'm going out tonight, dad.” Archdale: “Good night, folks. I'll bring in the milk.”

Now I sit me down to sleep, The lectures dry, the subject deep, If he should quit before I wake, Give me a punch, for goodness sake!

A knock, knock to knock out all other knock, knocks: Knock, knock. Whos there? Lux. Lux who? Lux hope you read this column.

WHO'S WHO?

She's slight, blonde, equipped with a pair of limpid gray orbs that could give an angel a twinge of conscience. . . . there used to be a young Tennessee medico-to-be and a handsome stripling from Lincolnton who'd carry her books any time. . . . but Tennessee's a long way off, and she's severed diplomatic relations with Lincolnton. . . . rumor says that a socialist-newdeoclerat from Virginia is being seen here and there with her of recent date. . . . she herself is Comrade No. 1 among the New-gardeners.

Three guesses who—and the first two don't count.

OPEN FORUM

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In the issue of May 2, 1936, it was stated that the purpose of this column is to print student opinion providing that opinion is not personal and is constructive criticism. Of the several letters we received this week, we were forced to return all but following on the grounds listed above.)

Dear Editor:

Imagine my surprise when I noted activity around the prospective hut. At last after weeks, yea, months of publicity and work, this proposed student project has begun to become a reality.

My most sincere congratulations to whom it may concern. Would it be possible for the students to take an active part in changing the contour of the gym commonly known as the barn?

Sincerely, AN OBSERVER.

To the Editor:

On Monday, October 26, Guilford students witnessed a step towards a more democratic administration of student affairs. On that night the students went to their assigned tables in the dining room at Founders' hall and voted as to whether or not the assignment of seats should be continued. By an overwhelming vote the students gave vent to their spite by crushing the seating arrangement.

I call it spite, because so far as I can find out, that is what it was. A year ago the students were assigned to seats without popular approval, but with a promise of a chance to vote. Ever since then there has been a certain amount of resentment because the promise was not fulfilled.

But the other night the faculty rejected the choice and gave it to the students. I am of the opinion that resentment will now die a natural death, and if the students are given another vote after a suitable lapse of time, we may have the seating arrangement back.

Sincerely, A. B. C.

To the Editor:

There has been considerable comment recently concerning the manner in which the football men have been conducting themselves on the field during past games. It is a shame that all such commentators could not have seen the game with Lenoir-Rhyne the other night. If there has been any time in which the team has shown co-operation, good sportsmanship, and playing ability it was best shown then and with little support of the college behind them. Many an outsider present spoke highly of Brinkley's plunging, of Aree's passing, and the general backing of the entire team.

If outsiders can find favor with our team why can't Guilford students themselves? The team certainly deserves credit for what it has done in view of past criticism.

Sincerely, “Us.”

UNMENTIONABLES

You never can tell about this Alumni. Why down at Chapel Hill they seem to have “sand in the craw” so to speak. John Hugh Williams is the “spark plug” in the lawyer's tag football team. They haven't lost a game yet. More power to 'em. And Mamie Rose McGinnis is managing a dating bureau. The only trouble she's had so far, some of the boys have had to ask permission from their faculty advisers before they could fill the bill—eh, date. We're wondering why she didn't have that “brain storm” at Guilford. Competition with G. C. and N. C. is as usual.

Charlie Carroll is down there mugging around with the hypotenuse of a right triangle. Charlie them were the days. We have reports from the University cafeteria showing that he's holding his own admirably. When Guilford went to Carolina the other day Edgar Meibohm came up for air. He tore himself away from chemical fumes long enough to see our boys make good. He has hopes of revolutionizing the world of chemistry. Woe is Einstein.

O, Yeah! Luke Copeland is backing John Hugh up. He is some polished politician—got his fingers in his buttonholes already. Ed Shein is doing nice work at Jefferson—one of 117. Got a letter from Charlie McKenzie the other day—says he's out for a Ph.D. and not a Mrs. Now Charlie! Ye ole sailor from High Rock, namely, Ernest White, A.B., A.M., has completed a training course for bigger and better sea scouts—but what we want to know is where's the sea?

I'm tired, now you think awhile, politician—got his fingers in his buttonholes already. Ed Shein is doing nice work at Jefferson—one of 117. Got a letter from Charlie McKenzie the other day—says he's out for a Ph.D. and not a Mrs. Now Charlie! Ye ole sailor from High Rock, namely, Ernest White, A.B., A.M., has completed a training course for bigger and better sea scouts—but what we want to know is where's the sea? I'm tired, now you think awhile,

Chapel Programs

Monday, Nov. 9—D. E. Proctor will speak on “The Community Survey of Greensboro.”

Tuesday, Nov. 10—Dr. Purdom. Wednesday, Nov. 11—Armistice day program, “The Unknown Soldier Speaks.”

Thursday, Nov. 12—Class meeting. Friday, Nov. 13—Piano recital, by Mrs. Ljung.

Monday, Nov. 16—Dr. Campbell will speak on “Blood Will Tell.”

Tuesday, Nov. 17—Reports of the Methodist Conference at Duke.

Wednesday, Nov. 18—Silent meeting.

Thursday, Nov. 19—Class meeting. Friday, Nov. 20—Music program.

RIPPED AT RANDOM

The Last Word in Quotations A bird in the hand is in an awkward position for all concerned.

Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow will never come.

Don't cross your bridges, wade over instead.

The early bird is the eager type. An apple a day makes seven apples a week.

A penny is not enough to buy a stamp.

If innocence is bliss, we all must be happy.

Clothes break the man. Where there's a will there's a way. —Parley Voo.

Behold an Idea

The latest idea for dances comes from San Francisco Junior college. Their first dance this year was a Bad Taste dance. Everything from clothes to manners had to be in bad taste, and a prize was given for the two most unusual costumes.—Junior Collegian.

Our Answer is Unprintable A question often asked these days is this, “What's wrong with chapel attendance?” We often wonder! Since the first of school it has dropped faster than the proverbial plummet. Something will have to be done about it. What do you think?—Lenoir-Rhyne.

What a Discovery!

Here's another of those endless things: A student in Whittier college set out to discover what college women think of college men. He found out that “college men are the most selfish and egotistical creatures on earth. They get drunk too much, they lack respect for girls and older people, they have no sense of responsibility for their social obligations. Their table manners are “lousy,” and they try to brag about their dates to society brothers. They are rude, insincere, disrespectful, inconsiderate, impolite, discourteous, impossible, and that's all.”—Quaker Campus, Whittier, Calif.

It Is Universal

A girl was heard to remark that half the fun of going off was in borrowing all the clothes to wear on the trip. We wonder whether that point of view is peculiarly Winthrop's.—Johnsonian.

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With Apologies to Mary Queen of the Scots

As I sit here at the cross-roads, realizing that I am either break or make my life, I am frightened. My past sins become dancing echoes of forgotten days. And as each sin dances past me I see the mistakes of my future. I swear anew that these glaring creatures will not be recreated, but as I swear I know it is of no use, for, like a river running down hill, I must keep running. I will dam up this stream for awhile, only to have it burst its banks, destroying even more property.

What are these mistakes? To me they are nothing. But the world says, “You cannot live alone.” Must my life be lived in making atonement for what has passed? A future with not one jot of happiness confronts me because of my carelessness. Could I rise above my condemnation, the whispering present would die and I would be a living being waiting for lasting happiness.

TO ALYCE

On tenuous waves of silken sound a voice Of fragile winsome beauty fuses with The silence that has been my bitter choice

Since time and space have made of her a myth In whom I found a deep and lasting friend.

Though fate design to keep us far apart I would recall the symbol of her being, A subtle bond fast tethered to my heart, The music of her laughter bringing Pale pictures of the birth of blind devotion.

TO RUTH

When all these years of toil and pain have ceased and I rest securely in old age to dream of youthful days just passed, then will I dream of you.

You will stand as a pine on a barren hill; the love and admiration that ran hot in my youth will again appear quickening the beat of my pulse.

DESIRE

Love came and laughed into my eyes, tenderly kissed my lips, Love took me by the hand across a flaming sand until I burned and curled as a piece of bacon.

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