

**THE GUILFORDIAN**

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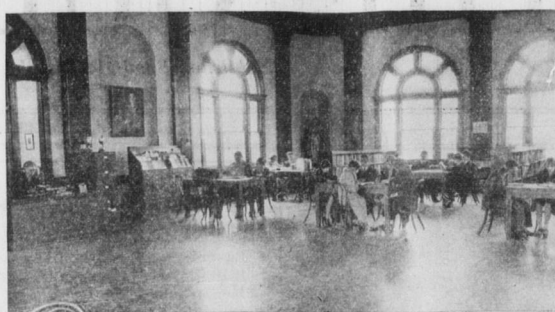
**CHANGE OF COLOR SCHEME LENDS NEW LIFE TO CAMPUS**

No longer do the old familiar ribbons of red outline our beloved campus; no longer does the pink dust settle on our newly polished shoes; no longer do we wade up to our ankles or to our hub caps, as the case may be, in scarlet stickiness for after one hundred years we have at last changed the red for the blue. All our highways and even (eventually we hope) our byways have become a lovely gray blue. Instead of the pink dust, our shoes will now carry a delicate turquoise sifting much more decorative than the former pink. They have even promised us that there will be no more mud of any color but this is hard to believe for who can imagine Guilford without mud? Who can imagine the Library porch on a rainy day without the row of clay covered overshoes? But they say it is true.

Already those who own, operate, or in other ways make use of automobiles as well as those who dislike wearing overshoes have already voted the Centennial a great success; in fact it has been such a success that it has been suggested that we have a Centennial every few years or so.

Anyone not knowing of the operations which have been going on during the past few weeks and not familiar with the new arrangement might be somewhat alarmed to see the staid and dignified Quakers running around in circles, or is it a circle? There seems to be some disagreement as to the exact shape of the new drive at the entrance of our Institute. Viewed from the steps of Memorial Hall, it does indeed appear to be a most symmetrical circle; when studied carefully from the end of Founder's Walk, it resembles nothing so much as a properly shaped egg, while, when seen from the center, it seems a geometrical figure which would puzzle Euclid himself. It has not been definitely settled just what the shape of the drive is but it has been very definitely settled by certain students who got a little mixed up one rainy day, that it is not a combination of two semi-circles.

Yes, the Centennial has been worthwhile; our fondest dreams have been realized; we have real roads, nice granite gravel roads, not hard surfaced ones perhaps but lovely blue ones and after all, we ought to leave something for future Guilfordians to do in 2037.



LIBRARY INTERIOR

Seeing eleven people studying is not an unusual occurrence.

**First Centennial 1837-1937**

By W. S. NICHOLSON  
(Editor's Note: Mr. W. S. Nicholson is a former alumnus of Guilford college who is now teaching in Boston, Mass. Mr. Nicholson lived at Guilford when it was in its infancy. We appreciate his contribution to this column.)

In this year of the Centennial, while others are speaking of the changes which have occurred on our campus during this time, some of our students are noticing changes in the wild life about us. The animal life in the woods and fields appears to have changed considerably in a hundred years.

It is not necessary to go back to the old records which mention an occasional bear or deer—a remnant of the colonial days. Tremendous changes have occurred within the lifetime of the oldest living alumnus.

Guilford has had some famous alumni. These include engineers, statesmen, educators. There is a tradition in the college that many of these men, while students here, kept a number of traps, called "rabbit guns," to catch at least a few of the great horde of rabbits which overran the old New Garden farm. There are some wonderful stories told, as traditions among us, of the pranks of these early students. These often have to do with the bumper crops of acorns from the oak trees on the campus. These acorns drew hundreds of squirrels which, in time, became fairly tame. Quail were so plentiful, at the turn of the century, that many a Saturday found students afield with dog and gun. Rabbit, squirrel, and quail often added a toothsome bit to the midnight suppers cooked over the old box heaters in the students' rooms. These had their place with the apples and pears which came from the neighboring orchards in pillow cases "after the lights were out."

Now we are told by men of our student body who hunt with guns that all of these are scarce within a restricted area about the college.

Forty years ago fox hunting was quite common for Guilford students who could secure Governor Perisho's permission to leave the campus. But in ten years foxes had almost entirely disappeared from the surrounding territory. Strangely enough, however, hunters now report red foxes in fairly large numbers. Old fox hunters of the community have organized a number of hunts.

A fox hunt of today, however, differs radically from that of a half century ago. Then the hunters "rode to the hounds" in the true English style, keeping as close as possible on the heels of the dogs. Today, with its wire fences, its untrained horses, and its multiplicity of paved roads, finds the hunting done in that typical American invention, the automobile.

Among the bird life of the college some changes have occurred also, aside from the scarcity of quail. Gilbert Pearson, in his "Stories of Bird Life," has made the birds of the Guilford campus famous. One of these was the little "chimney sweep." These came to our campus, in his day, in such numbers that it was not possible to estimate them. They spent their nights in the chimneys of Memorial hall and those of the second King hall, which stood where the Library now stands. There is little evidence of these swallows any more. But the common old crow, whose "Caw, caw" could be heard at almost any time except in the dead of winter, but who was seldom seen in large numbers, apparently has taken a new lease on life.

One student, who spends much time in the woods and fields, reports, "I have come across great flocks of crows. I have no way of estimating the number correctly. But I can give a conservative estimate of the numbers in a single flock. Twice I have seen a

**OPEN FORUM**

**Dear Editor:**  
Recently two class periods were spent discussing the sophomore speech and the junior speech. No one seems to know just what the requirements are what the purpose is, what the basis for criticism is, or what a student is supposed to gain from it.

As it works now, the speech is a bug-bear to every sophomore and every junior. From these two class discussions, taking place chiefly among the faculty members, no coherent answers to the problems were gained. It is up to the students to demand from the ones who require these speeches the reasons why, the standards, etc. As a solution to the argument that it is practice in public speaking, would not a half year of public speaking qualify a student more nearly in that area than two speeches poorly prepared and poorly presented?

As a centennial gift, a change in this requirement would be a hundred years improvement.

A SENIOR.

**Editor, The GUILFORDIAN:**  
I was just snooping around the other night with nothing in particular on my alleged mind, and I snooped right into the Guilford Auditorium. The lights were on, so it wasn't hard. You Archer see what's been done to the stage. They have removed the dear old pictures that hung on MEMORY's wall, and put up a set for a play.

Esther Stilson and about thirteen people (there might have been more, or less, but it doesn't matter, it was an unlucky number) were on the stage, all hollering at once. I asked a couple of them what it was all about, and all I could get out of them was "Spring play road to yesterday." It sounded sort of screwy to me, so I sat down to figure it out. Well, Ed, I tell you it might be suppressed. (That's why I'm writing you. If it weren't for you, nothing would ever get suppressed around here.)

It's a yarn about a gal who reads romantic novels, and wants to do a Miniver Cheevy or a Connecticut Yankee or something and go back to the days when men were men and chewing gum hadn't been invented. Some how or other she gets her wish, and meets her man. The things she does Furman would surprise you. Hazy-lazy guy, but he does get up enough steam to Trotter on stage and Taylor that he has fallen in love with her fluffy hair Andersonny disposition. She Wilson to his arms. After that he feels pretty. Then he goes off Annie Leeves her Milton in tears.

I couldn't Barrow any more, so I Rosa outa my seat and came home to write to you. I don't know how it ends and I don't care. It's all pretty Sybil and something should be done.

Yours for cleaner plays and fewer of 'em,  
ARBITER.

flock in which there were at least five thousand crows. I consulted another student, describing the situation. He agreed with me that my estimate was a small one."

One wonders if the farmers are planting more corn or if the crows have suddenly discovered some new method of preserving life. One wonders, also, how the Quaker boys and girls of fifty to a hundred years ago would react to the woods and fields of our day.

Why were Simpson and Smalley—well, embarrassed to find out what Philip's P.T. meant? And to a member of the Women's Stupid Council. — To Stilson family: Esther, try biting your nails with your gloves on. — And accidents will happen, "big sister." Aunt Ruth reported doing nicely after a two-day diet.

"In the spring a young man's fancy" turns to—what the girls have been thinking about all winter . . . And Dr. Ljung's poetry . . . And Chappell about Bowman in dark corner, "Gosh, his heart ain't beating faster yet!"

Least freshman exemption prove too keen for those who are bushful and don't like to be caught, we hereby donate all secluded spots to the loving couples (may, more) on these spring nights. With best regards and heaps of success we remain,  
Bushful, too.

If your vegetables and fruits come from us you may know they are good.

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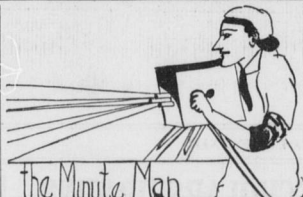
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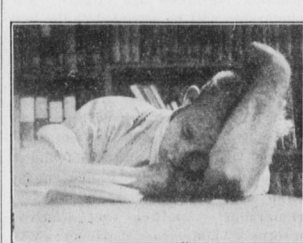


The shouting has died down. We have returned once more from the warm bathtub to the cold shower. In other words, dear friends, the student body has returned to the Halls of Knowledge to rest up for the next vacation.

Special Tonight — "The Road to Yesterday," a jolly, rowdyish piece, acted with gusto of rowdyish jollidity. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, but you can sit in A FRONT SEAT, where (perhaps) with your Acoustiphone, you may hear the actors. And prompter.

**APRIL SHOWERS**  
Here I sit and fuss and fret  
While my seat is growing wet.  
Its enough to make me fume!  
Teacher, can't I leave the room?  
Why delay me when you know  
That I simply gotta go?  
Honest, teacher, I'm not feigning—  
My car top's down and it is raining!

Dry-cleaner Hill: "De-pressing weather we're having."  
Weather-prognosticator Davis: Moisture remind me of it?



**SO-PORIFIC SUNDAY**  
or  
**LITTLE MAN YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY**  
Prospective freshmen, beware! He's vice-president of Men's Student Government. This is typical pose Council Head in action. (He may be planning a W.P.A., N.Y.A. lake.)

According to Red Stevenson, as of Sociology Four, the city of Wilson, N.C., furnishes free Rabbi serum. Question, Mr. Stevenson: does it promote 'em or inoculate against 'em?

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Elections came; elections went and in their wake we have new officers. The old officers have departed. A new era dawns, a new hope. Take up your responsibilities and perform them to the best of your ability. We can ask no more.

Since this is the last time the old staff will be able to appear in print we wish to thank our business manager for financial assistance, without which, this "sheet" would not have been able to increase in size. And to our advertisers—an orchid to you. We hope that you will continue to find our service satisfactory.

**Put Up Yo' Whip, Marse Legree!**

A recent chapel speaker indulged in a lengthy discussion of the virtues of self-discipline in getting the best out of life. We, although no advocates of the hair shirt, are inclined in general to agree with his major premise; however, if there is anything to our impression that he is an exponent of coercion by outside force as a means to that or any other desirable end, we should very definitely like to take issue with him.

It is our opinion that nothing worthwhile is ever accomplished by coercion. Of course, certain physical results of greater or less importance can readily be achieved; but they are, at best, only temporary. The only mental effect on the coerced is a revulsion so deep and generally so lasting that it can truly be said that anything learned by compulsion must be unlearned through voluntary experience before any step forward is made. We, among many others on campus, believe that our hearty aversion to anything classical is rooted in the attempt made in high school to force the great works of the past down our throats.

Applying our theory more directly to home affairs, we believe that the attendance at voluntary silent meetings, though undoubtedly smaller in mere numbers of persons present (after all, the prejudice born of years of compulsion still lives in the present study body) is vastly greater in the number of minds actively participating. And we venture to forecast that next year and in other years to come the physical enrollment will increase proportionately.

**We Lead With Our Chin**

Although the change in staff ordained by the recent elections will not officially take effect until the next edition of THE GUILFORDIAN, we feel that now would be an excellent time to unburden ourselves of an expression of policy more definite than that published in our last, which was, after all, a political platform. The following, then, are the things we stand for and will continue to stand for during the years to come:

1. **Reform.** Guilford is blessed with a number of traditions, some of which are almost blue laws, providing excellent material for laudatory addresses, but in practice working many injustices on the students. If we are able to alleviate these situations in any degree we will feel that we are making a worthy contribution to the happiness of future student generations.

2. **Student Opinion.** If there's something on your mind, let us know about it. If it's not obscene, libellous, or overlong, we'll print it.

3. **Friendliness.** We shall refrain, as far as possible, from heated, personal recriminations in these columns. If we tread on your pet corn, bear in mind that we're only pointing out that your feet need attention.

M. A.

**Birthday Presents for a Centenarian**

Daily the number of tangible evidences of the working of the centennial program on campus becomes greater. During the past month the immediately apparent improvements have been increased to include the laying of flagstones on many of the campus walks, the final completion of the long-planned traffic circle in front of the Administration Building, a new drive behind Cox Hall, the beginning of work on the Memorial West Gate, and the planting of shrubbery on Lindley Drive and elsewhere on campus. In addition to these, several less outstanding changes have been effected.

THE GUILFORDIAN wishes to express at this time its respectful gratitude to those alumni and members of the present administration who have made those things possible. Their work will be appreciated by students for many years to come.

**Ripped at Random**

**AMERICAN STUDENTS REPORT ON YEAR ABROAD**

A questionnaire sent to a group of American students who had spent their junior year at Exeter college, England, brought out some interesting impressions of English student life, as well as information on the English student's view of American college life.

Apparently, to the British mind there are three great American universities: Harvard, Yale, and Hollywood. And if you have any doubts as to which is greatest, just go to the "flicks" (i.e. movies) and see for yourself. "What America has done to interpret her brand of higher education to the rest of the world has been pretty well left to the Marx Brothers," says an earnest youth from Brown university. Exeter college officials and professors were unanimously voted as just and cooperative. "If we worked hard, there was nothing they wouldn't do for us," reports one student from Milwaukee. "Some of the courses which they offered I found the best I've ever taken."

The Hostel System was usually set down as strict and different from dormitories, fraternity or sorority houses, but enabled Americans to make very close friends. Of the number of very attractive and interesting foreign students, the Americans liked the Scandinavians, Norwegians and Germans best.

For the benefit of women students one American co-ed writes: "If I were advising any college girls about a year in England, I'd suggest they take over enough American shoes and silk stockings to last the whole year. Also dresses (excepting sport things) are sad in Exeter and expensive in London. The field hockey season lasts from October until Easter, surprisingly enough, and the college social life is brisk. We had informal dances each Saturday night, and each of the five hostels gives two dances a year. Also there are at least two large balls or Hostel Socials a semester. No American misses any of these."

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