

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Food for Thought

In the interests of scientific investigation, we'd like to know if the organon can play anything but hymns.

The "rotating" seating arrangement at Founders' has gained considerable popularity this year. In the light of our oft-expressed opinions concerning the merit (or demerits, rather) of compulsion, we think that's quite interesting.

"... the affair at Geneva is not a League of Nations at all, but only a so-far unsuccessful attempt to coax Europe to form one ..."

G. B. SHAW.

We Regret ...

Few students realize the vast progress, social as well as physical, that Guilford has made in the past few years. In the past, we ourselves have made the mistake of regarding only the long road ahead, without considering the speed at which we were traveling.

We still believe that there is room for considerable advance; but we hereby abandon, as unnecessary as well as futile, our past attempts to force the pace. We are satisfied that the present administration will keep things moving as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

Attention, Freshmen!

Chapel seats have been assigned.

Now that you've started going to "convocation," don't fail to notice the select group which occupies the front center block of seats—the dignified seniors. Their quiet air of distinction, and the light of great knowledge and intelligence which shines from their limpid brown eyes, marks them as things apart; and so proud are they of that fact that they have carefully arranged things so that others will have plenty of opportunity to observe and marvel at them.

When the bell for third period rings, don't make the mistake of getting up and leaving the auditorium at once, even if the speaker has finished. Any one who does that, we are told, is "lacking in courtesy, consideration, and common sense"—and only seniors can accomplish it with impunity. Wait, instead, and watch the mighty trample down the aisles; for such is their dignified prerogative. You may console yourself, perhaps, by reflecting that some day you too may attain dignity.

But for your sake we hope not.

"United, We Stand ..."

Returning students this fall have been very much impressed by a number of new things on campus—roads, tennis-courts-to-be, the organon, etc. Perhaps most significant of all this year's innovations, though, has passed relatively unnoticed. We refer to the newly-formed Co-operative Council.

Organized as a purely deliberative body, the group includes most of those on campus who are empowered to act; and unless the council fails miserably, it should serve greatly to improve the brand of student-administration cooperation essential to progress.

For practical purposes, it was necessary to limit the size of the organization; but the intention was not to limit the field as far as controversial opinions are concerned. If you've anything on your mind, take it around to the nearest member (a membership list appears elsewhere in these pages) and let him bring it up for you.

SECOND-CLASS MATTER

We herewith, and without apology, present the observations and meditations of the Hobbs Sisters. In our own brilliant fashion, we will give you closeups and long shots of people and things. We hope you like them. Be that as it may, we expect to enjoy ourselves and be forever true to our motto: "All the News We Dare to Print."

It is reported that one of the Foundresses is excited over an unconfirmed rumor to the effect that Coach Block Smith sometimes swears. Don't ask us. If he doesn't, he will.

We are interested to hear that a freshman who shall be nameless (It's an idea, at that) was successful in persuading the dean to let him go to the store. We have always approved the good dean's liberal theories, but ...

We gather that after lo, these many years, Kipling has at last come into his own among the men of Cox. Two Sabbath mornings have found a number of them mumbling, "And the things that you learn from the yellow and black will help you a lot with the white."

All-men!
 All-men!
 All-men! Cocktay Hoy
 Yits Kitty, Bim, Bim,
 YEAH, TEAM!

A football game, dating beginning at Mary Hobbs, and the W. A. A. sponsoring a dance there. Oh, boy, what a day this is going to be for the making of heroes.

We understand that the parents of Freshman Claypoole have just won a prize from the Ford company for suggesting the best advertising slogan of the month, to-wit: "He Won't Be Homesick With a V-8."

"The Library," says page eleven of the Catalogue, "erected in 1919 with the aid of a donation by Andrew Carnegie, is modern in its appointments." All right then. It ought to be opened on Sundays.

J. C. reports that the laundry has gotten some new help since last year. He got a shirt back with a button on it.

This column will from time to time take upon itself the task of educating the faculty as well as the students. We begin by suggesting Matthew 24: 34 (The Bible, dears.) as required reading for N. Era Lasley.

In answer to numerous requests from admiring freshmen, we herewith make public for the first time our technique for successful date conversation.

LESSON ONE

1. Begin with "Did you know?"
2. Drift to campus gossip.
3. Come around to "What is life all about anyhow?"
4. Then what Adam and Eve said to each other.

LESSON TWO (For Men Only)

You may ring that fatal bell outside the Regal Sanctum Sanctorum once out of curiosity, twice out of decency, but the third time you will automatically raise the price of Coca-Cola from a nickel to a dime.

With a little patience we can get a line on this Marshall fellow, who is tackling a difficult job in attempting to fill the beloved old Oxfords left by Professor Furnas. We say he's good.

So you think this being a social science major in an Era of Transition is tough, huh? Well, you asked for it. That's what comes of learning to read.

We'll see you in the library.



List! the winds are humming,
 Thru the pines are coming
 Echoing wisps of sound
 Born long ago. And they surround
 Me here where I rest
 On soft sweet needles. Our nest
 Is still here. It's still warm
 From the imprint of our forms
 Warm and seething.
 With memories all breathing.
 Fragrant memories
 O, my love, that my heart receives
 And treasures with a tired sigh.
 I'm waiting here . . . but bye and bye
 I shall go again . . . I always do.
 For you won't come . . . not you . . .
 You're dead.

Aye, the winds are humming again
 As they always did when
 In hushed weather
 We LIVED together
 Sweet twilight hushed with holiness
 For us . . . who loved the shadowy
 loneliness.

Wherever you are
 Look with me far
 Into centuries of saffron skies.
 Look with me where lies
 That winking star we knew,
 That lovely cosmic thing that drew
 Our gazes . . . ever and ever
 Up. That made for us a mystic tether.
 Strangely honored were we
 Listening to the winds thru this pine
 tree.
 Not long . . . O, not long and I'll come
 To you. Not long and I'll be dumb
 and dead.

Since you've gone, there's been a
 change.
 Things are different. It's not strange.
 O, the winds are humming still
 But their notes are pregnant with
 chill
 To my broken soul now.
 And even the limbs of our pine bow
 In misery for me . . .
 And what should be.
 At dusk, softly . . . softly, the winds
 Sob and perish. Their wings pinned
 Close . . . close with woe.
 And into the sea they go.

We'll come . . . the winds and the pines
 and I,
 We'll come with our star from the
 staffron sky.
 There's nothing for us . . . here.
 Without you all is forlorn, drear,
 Soon we'll come . . . but now I must go
 as I always do.
 For you won't come . . . not you . . .
 You're dead

Earth had been asleep for years,
 But one day yawned and woke—
 "Where is he that made me so
 And bade me 'round and 'round to go
 And run on schedule time?
 "God, he said his name was,
 Head of all that exists.
 He said he'd drop around again
 To see his foolish job called men—
 (Except He thought them rather fine.)
 "Years ago I suppose he saw
 That he'd made a bad mistake,
 Saw his hopes succeeding ill,
 Thought he'd make the world stand
 still
 And stop this useless plan.

"Well, perhaps he was very busy,
 Or tired and went to sleep—
 But he's forgotten about this little,
 He's forgotten about the human race—
 Gives no thought to man.

"I'm sorry his aims all went astray,
 His plans all went the opposite way,
 I'm sorry that men could not suffice—
 For he seemed awfully nice;
 He'd made another place—
 So beautifully unreal to seem
 It was just a gigantic, idle dream.
 Heaven, I think he called it;
 Men used to laud it—
 Even now some do.
 —Too bad he's forgotten about it, too."

Welcome!

The lost is found. The Guilfordian's Inquiring Reporter, while looking for a soft pedal on the new organ, irreverently referred to as the God Box, discovered the notes of what might have been the welcoming address to the Class of Forty-one. Fortunately, the Class of Forty-One was given a welcome durable enough to stand rough treatment, having worn until about October 1st. Its present threadbare condition, and the fact that our reporter failed to find the soft pedal he was looking for, prompts us to bring this cheery greeting to the new class.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you to this make-believe world of ours, but we warn you nonetheless that it is a college campus, an artificial community, a cardboard world. You can more nearly mould it to your hearts' desires than you can that world of reality in which your parents live and move and pay the bills.

"During your sojourn here you will become acquainted with the techniques of Brotherly Love and the Broader Life as propounded by Doctors Milner, Beittel, Haworth and their assistants thereat. I suggest that you take them seriously, for A's and B's are returning to favor in certain circles.

"Chaos is not so general here, for it is here that you are to prepare yourselves for the future. Newspaper photographs of the contemporary American scene will give you a fair idea of what constitutes a future. Therefore I suggest that all you able-bodied young men and women go out for football and boxing as a preparation for participation in that world of reality from which you have come into voluntary retirement.

"We welcome you into this company of those who seek the truth. We introduce you to a hundred years of tradition. Reverse your opportunity!

"Ladies and gentlemen, the first hundred years are the hardest. Guilford College has passed her century mark and begins her second hundred years with you. The first hundred was hard. The second hundred looks pretty tough."

T. T.

Sweepings

To gamble is human; to win is divine.

Fan dancer: a nudist with a cooling system.

The collegiate distress signal—\$0.8.

A girl's heart is like the moon: continually changing but it always has a man in it.

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

Women live longer than men because paint is a better preservative.

The old-fashioned woman darns her husband's socks; her daughter socks her darned husband.

The world's greatest water power: a woman's tears.

Willpower: The ability to eat one salted peanut.

Flattery is soft soap and soap is 90 per cent lye.

It's better to give than to lend and it costs about the same.

Life is just a bowl of applesauce and men are the seeds that get in by mistake.

Most men seem to be something God created between yawns.

Maybe men are superior—you never see a man helplessly waiting for a woman to open a door for him.

Eat, drink, and be merry—
 Tomorrow ye must diet.

God made woman with a sense of humor so she could love men instead of laugh at them.

DOT CHAPPELL.