

THE GUILFORDIAN
Published semi-monthly by the
Students of Guilford College

MEMBER

North Carolina Collegiate Press
Association

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief George Greene
Managing Editor Samra Smith
Business Manager ... Robert Jamieson

Associate Editors

Sarah Davis Clara B. Welch

Assistant Editors

Sports Editor Frank Allen
Alumni Editor Era N. Lasley
George Parker Esther Lee Cox

Reportorial Staff

Emla Wray Martha Taylor
Fred Newman Leroy Miller
Gordon Wilkie Gladys Bryant
Ervin Werner Frances Alexander
Blaine Gouger Elizabeth Alexander

Secretarial Staff

Robert Gallagher Harry Brown
Warren Bezanson

Business Staff

Henry Turner Plin Mears

Circulation Staff

Masie Tonge Manager
Bob Mears Ted Pollock

Faculty Advisers

Miss Dorothy Gilbert
Mr. Philip W. Furnas

Address all communications to THE
GUILFORDIAN, Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price\$1.50 per year

Entered at the post office in Guilford
College, N. C., as second-class mail
matter.

The Younger Generation

In the January 14th issue of *Collier's* we ran across an interesting discussion in an article by Don Juan. An old timer was doing a bit of philosophizing. The following is a quotation:

"And there's one or two very embarrassin' questions which this here present Younger Generation could ask the Older Generation, if they wasn't too good-natured to do it. Such as:

"Who was it let the world get into the fix it is in now? You, with all your wisdom and advice? or me, who wasn't born yet when civilization tripped on somethin' and fell down the cellar steps?

"Who spent all the world's money on a free-for-all fight, and expected its children and grandchildren to foot the bills? You, or me?

"Who is settin' around in circles right now, powwowin' and advisin' like it was still the year 1900 instead of the year 1933?

"Is there any good reason you should be clickin' your false teeth in condemnation at us, se'in' as how you're largely responsible for the mess we find ourselves in? We're gonna clear that mess up our way; and mebbe if you don't stop clickin' them teeth at us we'll take 'em away from you and put you on gruel.

"We don't claim we know any more'n you do. But we don't see how anybody could set up a reasonable claim to know less."

"Suppose the Younger Generation was to devote all its time to firin' questions like that at us—well, I, for one, wouldn't hardly know where to start fishin' round for answers.

"But the fact is, they're a darn' sight more lenient and respectful than we deserve. They're goin'

right ahead tryin' to pick up the pieces and patch things together again, because they're a set of good game kids.

"And it makes me kind of sore to hear some people always sayin' they're hard!

"Hard! Great Jehosaphat! Hard? Of course they're hard! They gotta be hard. They've had to learn to take it on the chin even before the whiskers began to sprout there."

This is about the finest bit of writing in defence of our generation that it's been our pleasure to read, and we pass it on to you for what it is worth.

Useful Criticism

The staff that has produced the GUILFORDIAN for the past year has undoubtedly been criticizing nearly every phase of our college life and activity. We do not offer an apology, but will try to show those who have been subject to this criticism why we have taken this stand.

Guilford takes pride in being a liberal arts college. It is not the ultimate intention of the curriculum to give the student a profession or to prepare him for a job. The purpose of a liberal arts college is to give a liberal education. In acquiring a liberal education the points stressed by the student should be an acquisition of culture and a questioning mind. What we want to stress here is the why and wherefore of this questioning spirit.

In this time of depression this spirit has been more or less forced upon all of our institutions and systems. People are asking why they cannot obtain jobs and make living wages. They want to know what our government is doing to better conditions and are questioning everything that did not seem to interest them a few years ago.

It is only natural that college men and women should take the attitude and use it in bettering their own situation. Why not tackle our campus problems with a feeling of freedom, expressing our own views, and thereby obtaining experience which will prepare us to meet the problems of this hard, cold world as well as bettering our college.

We have institutions and organizations here at Guilford that are probably as old as the college. During their time they have served their purpose well and may in some cases continue to do so, but there is need of changes as in the case of a man going through life, who needs to change the style of his clothes and the size of his shoes. Although he does not realize it, he is adapting himself when it is necessary. It is the same with institutions.

There is no reason to doubt that we have institutions and organizations which have outlived their purpose or have had no purpose at all. Without suggestions for improvement we would go on supporting these, at the same time harming something more valuable which should be supported.

We realize that not all of our criticism has value but we hope that in time we will see some improvements which were instigated by our comments. In this way we will be rewarded for our efforts.



Well, well. Back to the old column! After all this time, it seems sort of out of place to say we hope you all had a swell vacation. And New Year's Eve—did you celebrate? At the stroke of 12 we were perched in a kitchen chair with a crossword puzzle, struggling over a four letter word meaning an ancient Celtic divinity. (We still don't know it!)

Now that the exams are over maybe we can get to work on several of our pet projects—such as the writing of the great American short story.

This war debt question worries us. (Attention, Mr. Sulzer.) The terms call for payment in U. S. gold coin, gold bullion, or U. S. bonds. Now, all the gold in the world wouldn't pay the debt, and if the U. S. was paid all the other countries had and the rest in bonds, what would the foreigners use to fill their teeth with?

We noticed this announcement in one of the newspapers: "Heels of Women's Shoes to Be Lower This Spring—Tongues Coming Back." Tongues coming back? If the women have been without them, it surely hasn't hampered their linguistic ability.

And now the Carolina theatre announces that "The Sign of the Cross" is to be shown there in the near future, and are you the lucky children? We had the pleasure of seeing it during Christmas vacation and it's the best show out. This Charles Laughton, the English importation, gives the sweetest piece of acting since Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh." Don't miss it!

Attention all you Garbo fans. Greta says, "Aye ban tank aye go back to America," or words to that effect. She's applied for her transport papers. Maybe the depression will end now.

And, as W.W. would say, "An orchid" to WLW of Cincinnati for their programs for the Rhythm Club, where Fats Waller holds sway from 10:30 till 11 on Monday nights and from 11 till 11:30 on Wednesday nites. The other hot negro bands could take lessons from that crowd.

Now get a load of this. "Goat" Mooney's big moment up in the Garden State sent him a pair of the most beautiful green rubber gloves to use while washing dishes to keep those nice hands soft and lovely. Tsk! Tsk!

The choir will be demanding a European tour when they read this. It's also a jolt to the Yanks, but Mecca has more tourists than Atlantic City.

We remember that not so long ago the boys in New North helped one of their members celebrate his birthday. And so, what? Simply that we'd like to help the festivities along by announcing that one of the more prominent seniors in that section will be one year older on February 29.

And we bet you didn't know that Harry Brown was called an "infant prodigy" in his high school annual and that Erv Werner was the "prettiest boy" in some class. Well, well, how those things will get out.

And here is a little paragraph that we found in the lovelorn column of a Camden, New Jersey, paper. It's the answer to a letter written by some young man—"H. A. P.": It is apparent she doesn't want you for her boy friend any longer, so you'd better begin to forget her. Looks to me as though she is playing you for a good thing. And you

COLLEGE NEWS

Woman is a peculiar animal. A girl will feel flattered when you say, "Time stops when I look at your face." Yet, she would be insulted if you said, "Your face would stop a clock."—*Annapolis Top.*

The following is told on a Washington and Lee social highlight. It seems that his girl who lives in Roanoke, was attending one of the V. M. I. dances last Thanksgiving. Deciding that he must talk to her, he called the V. M. I. gym on the phone and asked the man who answered to page his girl for him. In the course of the conversation, he gave a minute description of the young lady. It appears that a telephone operator with a sense of humor connected him with the V. M. I. stables instead of the gym, and all the paging the stable attendant could do was to no avail as far as the Washington and Lee man was concerned.—*The White Topper.*

A Colgate professor once required his students to sleep in his psychology class. The object of his experiment was to determine the correct pitch for an alarm clock.—*The Lenoir Rhymer.*

A winning football team tends to make its coach popular with many groups, and occasionally this recognition is expressed in a very attractive way.

Coach H. B. "Puss" Ridd, one morning last week found upon his desk an attractively wrapped package marked, "Fragile, Special Delivery," and all of those things. He quietly opened the bundle as if it were some football equipment. The smile which spread across his face, as he looked upon the contents, well suggested the article contained in the heavy wrapping paper; and now on his desk there sits the picture of Jean Harlow bearing the words, "As Ever, Your Jean."—*The Virginia Tech.*

Japan reminds us of a ten year-old bully who thinks he has a large brother around the corner who can handle the situation if he can't.—*The Flat Hat.*

A sophomore at Colorado had the unfortunate idea that it might be a good plan to bet on Hoover. As a result he spent the whole of one afternoon directing traffic. Clad only in shorts and a sleeveless undershirt. He was arrested for impersonating an officer, but was released almost immediately on the grounds that no self respecting policeman would appear for duty in such an attire.—*The Ring-turn Phi.*

seem quite willing to play. Better be a bit more indifferent toward her. She may find then that she does want you and will come to herself."

(Purnell is going to have a job clearing himself of this one.)

Charlie Milner almost let his thoughts get the better of him the other day when he was scheduled to go to Liberty and instead started absentmindedly for Albemarle.

We see now that the captain of the basketball team is getting fan mail again. (Two bits he cuts this out when he takes the paper to press in his capacity of Business Manager.)

Ed Shaen has a sticker on his car which says "I drive safely." Ask the boys who rode home with him Xmas about the way Ed has of unloading the suitcases a la trash wagon.

Did You Know—

Did you know that the other morning in chapel a member of the administration made the following statement concerning the Centennial program:

"Guilford will be able to carry out the Centennial program in the next hundred years."

Why not begin now and do something besides beating around the bush?

Did you know that Burns who wrote, "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," was captured December 14, 1932 in Newark, N. J. Governor Moore refused to honor the extradition papers from a certain state and Burns is a free man as long as he stays in the state of New Jersey.

Did you know that the football club at Sing Sing "University" cleared \$10,500 on ate receipts taken in on football during the past season. We're wondering if they granted the fellows their letters and also sweaters for their athletic achievements?

Did you know that Gladys Bryan certainly can roll those big brown eyes of hers when looking at big burly football men. That isn't all either, she really can blush, and how!

Did you know that three of the fellows all rushed the same gal before Xmas. The flame has now flickered and completely died out. What is the matter, fellows? Did you forget your chewing gum?

Did you know that a certain prof was late to class the other morning and of course the members of that illustrious class decided he wasn't going to be present, when a little feminine voice in the backseat chimed in by saying, "I know he won't, he was out with me last night."

Of course the prof walked in about that time with a big broad smile. Who knows!

Did you know that a certain little red-headed freshman can ask the darndest questions, also that he's trying to grow a soup strainer.

Did you know that Bob Gallagher has kind of lost out with "His Woman."

Did you know that "Briek" Gouger has been absent from the campus the last few days on a visit. We're not saying where, but in all probability he's a nightly caller at "Rosie's" house.

Did you know that the fellows have finally gotten the lowdown on Ed Shaen. Eddie's one and only is "Bare Foot Betty." More power to you "Buteh."

Did you know that Bill Siebol who played tackle for the Quakers the season before last, had his "snozzle" broken playing semi-pro football this past season. When Bill played for Guilford it was just like committing suicide to tap him on his Roman Projection.

Did you know that the present senior class offered only one suggestion to the proposed Centennial program. What's the matter, Seniors?

Did you know that Professor Pan-coast is a blond.

**College Clothes
Within the
College Budget!**



**Meet Her at the
Greene Street Drug**

Friendly, Courteous, Efficient Service

WELCOME, STUDENTS

124 South Greene Street

Greensboro, N. C.