

THE GUILFORDIAN

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Guilford College

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Subscription price \$1.50 per year

Entered at the post office in Guilford College as second class matter

Dancing

It doesn't take a close observer to notice that social life is lacking on this campus. Perhaps we should be discouraged in our attempts to get dancing here, after being so hopeful last spring and then having all our hopes completely crushed.

Our sister institutions have no such scruples against dancing. Last week Earlham sponsored a Rip Van Winkle Ball—"the biggest and best ever." Everybody went in masks to frolic together.

Haverford College sponsored their first Cotillion Club Dance last week. This dance is to be followed by others later in the year.

They are Quaker colleges just the same as Guilford, and too, the majority of their students come from Quaker families and Quaker preparatory schools; yet the colleges are not condemned because dancing is allowed.

Possibilities Not Realized

The Zatasian and Philomethan Literary Societies offer excellent opportunities for co-operative study and pleasure. We realize, only too well right now, what a disappointment these two societies have been for the past few years.

This criticism is not directed at the heads of the societies—it concerns each member. It seems that the so-called literary societies of Guilford College would do well to "redefine aims," take an intellectual and social inventory, and strive to realize more of their possibilities in these two specific respects.

Haverford Centennial

Their first century is history now, they're making their plans for the second century, the present and the future. The centenary celebration was a huge success—one unbiased person's opinion was, "one of the smoothest-run programs of its kind I ever saw."



o brethren of our tribe think not g. c. is scotch because you see the world's most widely used paper streaming from trees it is not drying it is to be used again it is o brethren a sign of festivity of festivity and great joy

Campus Shorts

The slow drawl of a Virginia accent, "Good—night—me—love" . . . "I don't like his hair; I don't like his nose; but his lips, Oh! Oh! . . . Postmaster reports campus letter addressed to Johnny Burgwyn marked "Rush, Mailman, Rush" . . . Ask Ted Pollock what stork stockings are . . . Ask Louise Lee if she likes dogs. . . Ask Dr. Ljung to name his favorite bar of candy. . . Nelson Jones wants to know what a cow can give butter milk. . . Ask Charlie Biddle if Julia Blair would really have screamed . . . "You are the craziest thing I have ever seen." . . . Ask Burton, Lane, and Ellington if they know what Trouble is . . . the Great Lover of the campus—Billy Noah. . . Ask Ed Bobb and Snake Ward to play airplane as they play it in their night club. . . Gentlemen, can Irma Lee make your heart palpitate when she starts reciting? I ask you.

Wright tried P. K.-ing at 35 and ended up in a hole with his arms around a limb—of a tree

Imperial Teddy has purchased a peacock green Nash. He never fails to have a load when he goes for a drive, and he never fails to go for a drive.

Raseley says: "Now that we have a new Dean, our distant relatives can start dying all over again."

Things I never knew until now about the Head Waitah:

—that he is a past master in the arts of persuasion, double-crossing, and leaving 'em gasping. —that he is the finest tennis instructor in the state.

—that he brought down the freshman history class by boldly and audaciously declaring that the Holy Roman Empire was neither Holy nor Roman nor Empire.

—that he holds midnight conferences with the Dietitian and Dean of Women and is able to eke out more than moral victories in philosophical discussions with these dignitaries.

—that he can walk in his sleep.

—that he thought he was in heaven over at St. Leo's. Sixteen nurses waited on him, each lovelier than the one before. When the sixteenth came in he rubbed his eyes and pinched himself. "Where are your wings?" he inquired. "I am going to look after you sometime—all the time," she cooed.

—that he thought he was enough of a power on the campus to keep the Minute Man hushed by threats. That's our excuse. Nertz to you, Neal!

Yes, we're going to turn over a new leaf the first of the week. We only hope we don't make a mistake and turn it backward!

i pewee meditating in wednesday chapel on the oddities of guilford college thought how strange a place where smoking is allowed in the rooms but not on the campus where poker is played but not bridge where the girls dance where the boys dance but where the girls and boys never dance.

On the Care and Feeding of a Professor

Some light study in his courses is recommended during the first period of your acquaintance; afterward it is of no practical importance. With your professor the first impression is the one in all and the all in all, the beginning and the end.

There are, to be sure, certain reliable methods of correcting an undesirable first impression, but to enumerate these is outside the scope of our essay.

To pacify the professor under whom you are not studying (his good will is an asset of surprising importance), you must always pretend a passionate though frustrated desire to take his courses. "Ah, Professor Dufflesnitch," you must say, "I am terrifically interested in Semitic epigraphy. But one never gets around to study the things one is really interested in, now, does one? Ah, Professor Dufflesnitch, I could give my life to the study of Semitic epigraphy and Egyptian origins—to terrifically interesting."

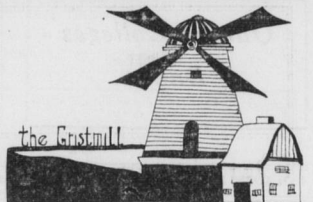
The professor who is married and has children is God's gift to college students. Small children, of course; from one, say, to seven or eight. I observe with a mental addition to my conception of our average intelligence how many G. C. students are taking advantage of this special weakness of the professor—to have his children made much of. A very few, I am convinced, get by on nothing but this. Naturally it takes a great deal of time, but it is less unpleasant than study, a little less.

Collect assiduously the peculiar fancies of your professor in his subject. They are fewer and simpler than you think if you have ever enumerated them. I could outline here, for an example, the obsessions of one professor in one of his courses in seven words. But it would be pointless; you know the seven words, or at least you will by the time you begin the course. Remember these obsessions as you value your grade, and concoct an agreeable paragraph of pointless enthusiasms about every one.

Another practical objective easily attained by capitalizing skillfully on the enthusiasms of your professor should be indicated. Find him alone when he is in a placid, opulent, and expansive mood. You may ascertain this by an indefinite facial expression of contentment and indolence. Make a remark about the weather, to check on his mood and disarm suspicion, then put him a question you have worked out carefully beforehand, one that will lead in the development of its answer into one of his enthusiasms, but not so obvious as to throw him on his guard. You will have seconds of suspense, but if he takes the cue you may relax indefinitely. Only make certain that your attitude reflects absorbed occupation in what he is saying, and approval of every word. An occasional nod and an assenting hum are your contribution to the conversation. Count the passing minutes and quarter hours not with alarm but with satisfaction; the longer he talks the better for you.

Care for your professor in this manner and he will thrive and flourish, and A's will flock to the registrar's office as regularly as your heart can wish for.

Probably those rare individuals who are able to live in the world of ideas—in Santayana's "Ideal Society"—are the happiest people of all because they are the least dependent on the whims and scorns of fate. . . For my part, when I come to die, I hope that I shall be able to quote the words of the late Comtesse de Noailles: "Life has greatly tempted me, and as I was brave, I turned from the risk, nor the joy, nor the pain.—Anonymous, Harper's."



Several times lately, since the mornings have been crisp and chilly, we have been awakened by the sounds of gunshots down in the woods in back of the barns. Sometimes, too, we hear a hunting dog baying. The hunting ought to be good about now. Personally, we've never tried it, but we expect to some day, and we think that as soon as we get over the first attack of "buck fever" we shall enjoy it.

The mention of hunting brings to mind the story an old trapper we once knew told us a few years ago. Although the particular incident occurred in the winter time, rather than in the fall, the telling of it is apropos while we are on the subject of hunting.

When he was a young man, old Ferris lived in the Adirondacks, spending most of his time tending his trap lines, of which he had several, running out from his shack at Wanemoosac Lake, about 70 miles south of the St. Lawrence.

One morning he set out for only a day, as he was making the circuit of his shortest line. It was January 17, 1871. The old fellow was positive of the date when he told me the yarn, because the day was for years remembered as the coldest ever experienced in that part of the country. He was traveling light, carrying only pemmican for a couple of meals, snowshoes, powder, shot, and a shotgun. By noon he had collected quite a few pelts, and being hungry, he rested on a big flat rock alongside the trail while he munched on some pemmican, which is a preparation of dried meat and fat with dried berries to give it a little more flavor.

Ferris was sitting there when suddenly he noticed a stealthy movement in the underbrush to his left. Then, out stalked the biggest Bruin he had ever seen, gaunt and famished already, even though it was only the middle of the winter. Probably the odor of the pemmican attracted and emboldened him. The ugly brute's eyes glowed redly, like an angry pig's, as he shambled up closer, growling and slavering. Now an enraged bear is no pet lap dog, so Ferris commenced to fill his old muzzle loader, when all at once he discovered that he had lost his pouch of shot!

Well, a hand-to-hand fight with that old critter wasn't pleasant to anticipate, and the sweat began to pour off Ferris's brow. Pretty soon he heard a little light patter all around his feet. Looking down, he saw that the drops of perspiration were freezing as they fell, due to the extreme cold, and were causing the sound which he heard.

Being of an ingenious turn of mind, our trapper was struck with a bright idea. Stooping over slowly, so as not to incite further the raging animal still approaching him, he gathered up a handful of the little pellets, loaded his shotgun with them, and fired at him. The heat of the exploding gunpowder melted them, the extreme frigidity of the atmosphere froze them solid again as they left the gun, so that they penetrated the bear's skull. Once inside that skull, the ice drops were melted for the last time by the animal's body heat, and Mr. Bruin fell over, dead of water on the brain.

Psychologists would say that freshmen are complex in their simplicity.

Samra Smith should be teaching English instead of taking it.

Mrs. Milner informs the Psychology I class that there is nothing to the saying that girls may be "beautiful but dumb." Mrs. Milner, we don't mind if they are just dumb.