

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Charter Day

Guilford College celebrates today the 100th anniversary of her charter day. In 1834 the Assembly of North Carolina granted the charter for New Garden Boarding School, although it was not until three years later that the school was actually established. Our Alma Mater is the oldest co-educational college in the south, and its traditions and reputation are widely known. We are proud that the high ideals of the founders continue to be upheld.

The inauguration of the centennial program for 1937 will put into motion the project for which plans have been in preparation for a number of years. There remains three years in which to carry forward the expansion program celebrating the 100th anniversary of the opening of the college. The appropriate theme of the centennial program is "One Hundred Years of Co-education in the South."

We wish to extend our hearty welcome to Governor Ehringhaus, Guilford Alumni and friends of the college who are here today.

As Yourself, Proudly

Now come, as they must twice a year, "the times that try men's souls." The time to make the decision as to how you are to get through examinations is at hand.

Cheating exists at Guilford, we are convinced, not because anyone would rather pass examinations *a la crib* than *a la bone*, but mainly for the two following reasons:

So much is expected that, for various reasons, the student has no chance of passing an honest examination, and

Has taken such a dislike to the course or is so disinterested in the course that he would rather do anything than to take it over.

(Cheating on other than required courses is so rare as to be practically non-existent.)

There is, of course, the common sense viewpoint, "You cheat only yourself." But in most cases this has become an abstract argument only. Because the instructors seem, to one who is behind, as avenging angels, swooping upon the unrighteous. (There are professors who teach required courses and who try to arouse interest rather than self-respect, an admission of inferiority, to yourself.)

As a matter of pride, let us "as Guilfordians, proudly," marshal our straggling forces to the examination room and fight our forlorn hope to the end, proudly.

Congratulations to the Faculty

We wish to offer our congratulations to the faculty on the effective manner in which they established the new rule concerning class attendance before and after vacation. There was a great deal of grumbling among the students at first, but the students did not stop to consider why this rule was made. Students who saved their class cuts until vacation time, honor students, and those who left for other reasons caused this rule. Each vacation the same thing happened—over half the student body left three to six days early. As a result, there remained only a few students for each class. It was almost a waste of time for the professor to teach these few students, because as soon as the others returned all that he had said would have to be repeated. When three-fourths of a class is gone, it is a waste of time for the professor and student to go to the class.

The faculty members have shown no partiality where this rule is concerned, and for this reason, particularly, it has proved effective. Most of the discontent came before vacation, for the whole student body returned on the set date, happy after a nice vacation. It is to the faculty that we owe all congratulations.



So . . . According to Webster; literary means pertaining to letters or literature, or respecting learning or learned men, but try as he might, the miller could not find one thing that might even be re-arranged to fit that definition. Not that there weren't any contributions from the students . . . the column was literally overwhelmed. (And that is sarcasm to the n'th degree.) They just didn't seem to suit, and by some peculiar twist of fate the miller was able to produce a few feeble efforts at literature. If you wish to, sometime when you're in a perfect state of acquiescence you may spend your idle moments struggling through them.

For the little touch of necessary humor, you might read:

Guilford on Parade

Bells . . . bells . . . bells.
 Noise of heat coming on . . . if it does.

Eggs and bacon.
 Lesson plans.
 Suspenders.

Butterscotch pudding and whipped cream.

Tests and more tests.
 Art Wright and Jimmy Fulp . . . yellow sweaters.

"Esther Lee, may I have permission to . . ."

Tall girls.
 Shoo . . . Let's get quiet.
 Evan and Clara Belle.

Term papers.
 There will be an important meeting of the Guilfordian Board in East Parlor immediately after lunch.

Postoffice mob.
 Counting out the extra cake.
 Bezanon's sugar-coated humor . . . or sarcasm.

Those few and far between week-ends.

Hot dogs and onions in Yount's room.

Love-sick girls on "campus."
 House cuts.
 Lucke's hurried exit from the "Flying Angel."

Poker games.
 Tuck's bangs.
 Muddy walks and rainy days.

"Queenie" Hunter.
 Kumagai's limosine.

"Love trouble" Burton.
 Dr. Binford's "radio."

"This is to notify you that you are excluded from Geology 5."

Polloke's inevitable paper sack.
 "Brick's" lovely blush.

Kuykendall "Legging" Miss Gilbert.
 The "Non P. K's."
 Adams and "Lonesome Road."

"Snake" studying . . . or "Snake studying."

Mrs. Milner's frown.
 That infernal ukelele.
 That Quaker spirit.

"The Battle Axe" or "The Feeble Six."

Engagement rings.
 Nothing to do.
 "Have you anything for my column?"
 "I'm Pop-eye, the sailor man."
 Fowler and the ladies.

Wes and Capella.
 Perpetual boredom.
 Our beds.

And now the sad part . . . because it's such a weak and futile effort at poetry.

A Plea

I know I'm not a poetess
 Of any type or kind,
 But it's the only way I can express
 What's wearing on my mind.

If, by chance, you can recall
 The first issue of this column,
 You will remember it was for all
 Your efforts . . . "sil" or solemn.

It may seem a bit incredible
 But that fact still holds true.

peewee ode of welcome to the governor

1.
 the voice of one crying in the wilderness i peewee
 bawling hurrah hurrah for the governor of n e
 and hurrah for old n e
 that produces such a governor as he

2.
 in connection with the little matter of license tags
 but never mind the little matter of license tags
 for this is the day when
 well never mind if you cant remember
 what day it is either
 because whatever day it is its a holiday

3.
 hurrah hurrah for a holiday
 o yes charter day
 o of course charter day
 hurrah for charter day z
 and hurrah for all the great old traditions

4.
 the grand old traditions that charter day stands for in the hearts of all
 all loyal guilfordians

but greatest of all
 hurrah for a holiday
 hurrah hurrah

Editorial Note: These were the last verses of our dearest friend and severest critic, Peewee, the Black Ant. I fancy that I detect in them signs of declining mentality, but no doubt it is only imagination—mine, that is. The poem was to have been read as an introduction to the governor's address. Perhaps it is just as well that he died—Peewee, that is. I shall never forget that scene. To the last he chanted the verses of that great but neglected genius, Ogden Nash. He died of overwork. Alas, poor Peewee!

HAPPY THOUGHTS FOR WEEK

In search of the improvements which a hundred years might have brought to the college we have just completed a thorough examination of the campus with a magnifying glass. We shall say nothing of our findings, but the prospects for a column this week grew worse and worse. Finally we thought of an anthology of cheering end encouraging and optimistic sayings from the sages of all time.

So here it is, our little bouquet of Happy Thoughts for the Week:

Saturday, January 13th
 There are certainly times when the fact that existence is only a choice of evils presents itself too clearly.—Arnold Bennett.

Sunday, January 14th
 Most of the evils of life arise from man's inability to sit still in a room.—Pascal.

Monday, January 15th
 Life has presented itself to me as a series of compromises. Compromise is the first law of life.—Frederick Spencer.

Tuesday, January 16th
 The world is a comedy to those who drink and a tragedy to those who don't know where to get it.—Texas Guinan.

Wednesday, January 17th
 Seek ye first food and clothing, and the kingdom of heaven will take care of itself.—Hegel.

Thursday, January 18th
 Ah, my friend, man is indeed an unstable compound, the earth an inferior planet.—Flaubert, to George Sand.

Friday, January 19th
 Men seldom make passes
 At girls who wear glasses.
 —Ogden Nash.

Do not waste your time on social questions. What is the matter with the poor is poverty. What is the matter with the rich is uselessness.—George Bernard Shaw.

So to escape this utter boredom,
 What are you going to do?

Seriously, we are "opening under a new management" and we need contributions and plenty of them. Are you going to fail us?

THE MILLER.



We wonder how many saw Mr. Pancoats come walking in last Thursday morning carrying a suitcase?

What is this we hear about two of our contemporary students putting in a little time necking on the train coming back from the holidays?

Now that Frances Alexander is wearing a diamond, we are wondering if Daryl Kent's face is red?

What two popular Freshman boys returned to Archdale after the holidays in a very undignified fashion?

Our friend, Franklin Fowler, must stand in with Mrs. Milner when he can sit in her office after supper and play chess with Frances Alexander.

The Jap has a very convenient car. It gets out of gas always in a place where it is a good long walk to a filling station.

What versatile young Freshman girl uses so many large words that the members of her table group bring dictionaries to supper with them?

What is it that tickles Bill Pittendreigh so at every meal? We wonder.

What is George Parker's idea of love? Just ask him!

We notice that Annie Lee Fitzgerald is wearing a bright and happy smile now that Howard Woolley has returned. We wonder why he was late?

Ask Harry Brown what the "answer" is.

According to a statement he made in one of his classes, what very sufficient reason prompted Prof. Flemming to leave France when he did?

We wonder if the Yankee dame holding first mortgage on Benny Bezanon knows that he corresponds with a certain Tar Heel who graduated from Guilford a couple of years since. (She was a recent visitor on the campus). And are there any broken hearts in New Garden?

What is this we hear about our Quaker minister's daughter playing solitary one whole Sunday afternoon? With Rook cards?

Love must be grand, for a certain couple did not even go to supper Sunday night and were in Cozy Corner from late in the afternoon until 10:00. How about it, Mary Alma and Jesse?

THE BARNYARD FOUL

We of the Yankee Stadium are proud as proud can be,

For within our doors is situated—quiet now—a little she.

And she's the gayest one around,
 Always laughing a funny cackling sound,

Visiting our every room, dispelling our every gloom.

And I was very fond of her—until last night at eight,

My love was turned to enmity—my heart was filled with hate.

I found that chicken in my bed
 Sound asleep, right at the head.

And then, I did what even the best would do—

At least so I think.
 For out of my bed she had made—
 Her parlor—bathroom and sink.

We learn that Harvard has abolished Yale locks from its dormitories. In line with this rather startling policy of patriotism it will be but a matter of time until the Vassar student body puts a ban on Smith Cough Drops and Yale takes drastic action against the Harvard classics.—The Spectator.