

THE GUILFORDIAN

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The Enlightening Curriculum

It is true that the purpose of Guilford College is to lay a broad foundation for life based on a knowledge of the literary, scientific, and social achievements of the race. Yet another outstanding aim is that the student might secure a broad liberal culture—that the finest qualities of every individual may be brought out. The individual is important. He counts for something. Everyone is essential to the well-being of the college as a whole.

The true aim is to develop in the student a well-rounded personality. In order to gain such a personality the social side of one's life must be developed as well as the intellectual side. Of course the primary aim of most colleges is the intellectual aim, but the other aims should not be so subordinated to this primary one that they are forgotten.

We do not support the idea of turning the college into a brilliant social center, but the definite social training that is so essential to the person after the college days are over will now be acquired. The innovation of the new ideas into the present curriculum did mean a certain departure from precedent, yet that departure was necessary in order to round out the personality of the modern young student of today.

Lyceum Program

Our first attempt to reinstate the former Lyceum program did not prove to be the success that the sponsors desired. The pianist failed to appear and it was rather embarrassing to try to explain to an expectant audience in a logical manner the apparent disappearance of the temperamental artist.

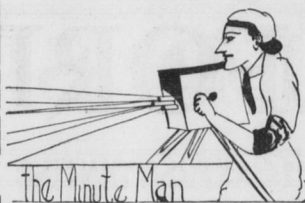
It has been several years since such a program has been a part of the college life. Large schools have regular Lyceum programs scheduled for each year, but we realize that for a small school it is difficult to obtain something good for the amount of money it is able to pay. Yet, we could afford from time to time a program which would be educational as well as entertaining. It would certainly not be out of place here.

The students showed that they were interested through their attendance last Saturday. We do not want this interest to die. We want to stimulate it. Since there is an attempt to revive this diverting system of education, we, as the students here, should support the movement and carry it forth. It could prove to be very worth-while.

As Yourself Proudly—No. 2

You of the Senior Class are standing in the daybreak of the most important period of your life—one which is inevitable. Now is the time when you must decide upon the means by which you shall survive henceforth. Some days ago, a boy of eighteen wrote the editor of a monthly magazine and asked the elderly man whether it paid to be honest, since he had observed around him men whom he knew to be dishonest but who were more comfortable than his own father and mother. That point raised some nice questions, for it does seem sometimes that those who are crooked in small or large ways seem to have the better things in life. Many of us realize that it is only on the surface.

In a world where everything moves by laws not made by men but by rules issuing from an eternal and all-seeing intelligence, dishonesty does not pay. It is basically plain selfishness, and we have come to an age in our national history where self-seeking, stepping upward on the necks of our fellowmen is to be made far more unpopular than ever before. You who have strength of character and a mind able to analyze must get into line.



Back on the job once more, I find that much has occurred during my indisposition. Before I enumerate some of them, let me remind all ye merry gentlemen that a popular New Garden Senior is inclined to fall in the library without the slightest provocation. Always, when accompanying her, bring a derrick.

Flash! . . . New North, among its other duties has turned arbiter between two freshman boys who are knee-deep in a struggle involving themselves and a Founders' "freshwoman" from Greensboro. Musing over the situation, I have reached the conclusion that the woman in the case is like unto the Amphibaenas of old. A decision is needed.

Reverting to the old method of "dirt-digging" . . . What New Garden girl having an anonymous "blonde passion," discovered when she finally met him that for two years they had gone to school within yelling distance of one another and that he formerly danced attendance on one of her best girlfriends? The world isn't so large after all.

From all appearances it would seem that the prevailing mode on the campus at present is possessing a canine of some size shape or description. I do not desire to make any opprobrious or contumelious remarks but they are becoming a deadly pestilence yankee stadium. I hear is considering parboiling them all since pollock had to put perfume on his blankets and send his sheets to the laundry.

In reading over the guide to Guilford faculty published in the last issue, I find one good nickname omitted. A recent visitor to the campus re-named Panecost . . . "Mr. Pants and Coats."

And waxing poetic:
 Katie had a little lamb
 whose head was red and hollow,
 and everywhere that Katie went
 j lamb was sure to follow

A perfect example of Guilford rhythm and rime:
 Hi diddle, diddle, diddle,
 The faculty and rules,
 The president jumped over the petition.
 The students all laughed to see such objections . . .
 And had a dance anyway.

Religion 12 has about decided to send a request to our erstwhile student professor asking him to refrain from professing so much in the classes in which he is not the assistant.

Ask "Little Weav" and "his small playmate," Watkins, to give you a demonstration of what went on on New Garden porch the other night . . . also the significance of "Oh, Benny!"

It would seem after a controversy held recently that our three assistant Biology professors have various and sundry ideas about the source of heat during the winter season. One seems to prefer a New Garden lass; another is waiting until spring; and the third who seldom expresses his opinion on such matters, insists that the first is merely waiting until the shrubbery is a little taller. So what???

Those who know say that Louise Ward will blush and giggle if one asks her what she calls the ornaments on her new dress.

"BEWARE OF THE MINUTE MAN!"

The Fable of the Rabbitskin Gloves

A pair of rabbitskin gloves I sing, that brought death into the world but not a great deal of our woe. You remember those cold nights we had last week; well, a sophomore (we shall call him Student S—) to avoid confusion—well, Student S— had gone over to Archdale to make a phone call, and he had worn this pair of rabbitskin gloves we sing of. Well, a senior (Student B—) was going to town that night—his roommate, I should tell you. Student B— passed Student S— on the steps (they lived on the third floor) but didn't ask him for the gloves.

Well, Student B— got outside and found it was a bitter cold night as we perfunctory writers say so he decided he gneaded the gloves and wondered how he could get them. Two alternatives lay before him: (1) to go back upstairs for these rabbitskin gloves we sing of; and (2) to call to Student S— to throw them out the window to him.

Going to the window, he called, "Student S—, will you toss me these rabbitskin gloves he sings of? Like a good fellow. Come on."

So Student S— tossed the gloves out the window to Student B— and Student B— had an awful mess to clean up because before throwing the gloves out the window the clown had unfortunately forgotten to take them off his hands.

A GROUP OF POEMS

**I
STARLIGHT—**

At night, when there is no moon,
 The sky is a dusky overturned bowl.
 Only stars sparkle, and each glittering star
 Is a tiny pin-pricked hole
 Streaming with the light of outer universes
 As sunlight, through chinks in a blind,
 pierces
 Into a darkened room.

**II
—AND DAWN**

Have you seen the moon in the morning
 Fade slowly away in the west?
 And a strip of light in the orient
 That turns the black woods dum?
 And felt the chill of the dawning
 Turn crisp as the day's begun?
 Then up to your tasks with a song,
 lad,
 And lay your dreams to rest.

**III
ALGEBRAIC METER**

If x equals 2r plus 3
 What the deuce does that matter to me?
 Or if x equals y
 Or the square root of pi,
 We don't care a—hoot, not we.

**IV
VEHEMENT COMPLAINT OF A YOUNG VERSIFIER REPEATEDLY EXHORTED TO FURNISH TWO MORE POEMS BEFORE SATURDAY**

I do not choose
 To goad my Muse,
 I cannot write,
 Much less endite
 My poetry "to order."
 To wrack my brain
 Puts Art in pain.
 Creative verse
 Or even worse
 Never filled a larder.

—W. B. B.

**V
ALMA MATER**

A statement in the catalogue
 Brings to the reader's notice
 That Guilford wants the best for every Student—you may quote us—
 "The best of all environments
 That ever could be found
 To make our personalities
 Grow rich and great and round."
 One thing Cox Hall can vouch for,
 Surpassing new or old:
 Of all the schools in this great land,
 We have THE BEST OF COLD.
 —The Eskimo.



For this issue, we have a good opportunity for contrast. To you, we present a contribution from a Senior and a Freshman. Read and observe.

Ecce Homo D'Affaires

(With apologies for the change of tongues.)

First, you saw a cloud of smoke, then if your eyes could penetrate the haze, you saw a huge cigar. Behind it and around part of it, sat a mountainous sort of man. Had he been lying horizontally, his center of gravity would doubtless have coincided with his belt-line, for on each side he tapered gently, somewhat resembling a misshapen pear.

His head was rather out of proportion, however, for he had no neck. Or at least if he did, the rolls of flesh that drooped around his face hid it completely. His nose was lined with those tiny blue veins that one often sees on those men who like country ham too well. Somewhere on his nose was a pair of rimless glasses. Their delicate incongruity completed the picture that screamed forth to the world, "Behold the big business man!"

W. B. E.

A DEFINITION OF MUSIC

Contrary to the definition often given, music is not a din produced by knocking together pots, pans, and other domestic utensils for the purpose of annoying one's next-door neighbors. It is infinitely more than that. It is the art, a method of expressing one's self or his emotions; something which is a delight to hear. It is the combination of sounds with a view to beauty of form and expression; it is applied to the song of birds, the murmur of running water, the euphony of spoken sounds and the cry of hounds on seeing the chase.

Music, as an art, has two distinct branches . . . that of the art of the composer and that of the executor. The composer first gives his selection a touch of his individual artistry, then the person who sings or plays the composition highly increases its value.

In order to enjoy the music you must be capable, first of perceiving the subtlest differences between the various patterns of sound; and, secondly, of following the courses of the music you hear. If you cannot do the former, music will mean no more to you than a picture would mean to a man incapable of telling red from blue or a line from a curve. Hence, being a music lover, actual or potential, your first aim should be to train your ear and memory. With such a background, music becomes, not as Poe says, "a tintinnabulation of the bells," but our most beautiful art—that of self-expression through melodic sounds.

Elizabeth Adams.

PUFFS

By I-BUM-A-CIG

Archdale Hall, once the home of the Archdale Society of Friends, seems to have been turned into a dog kennel with the Jap as chief nursemaid. We would suggest that he take pains to show them their bath and bedrooms. The Archdale boys are curious to know whether the Puppies are purebred Rat Terriers or Water Spaniels.

Because there is no smoking allowed on campus the Archdale boys have found a new use of cigarette lighters—Ducks Turlington.

The reason that the Americans were not warned earlier on the night of Paul Rever's famous ride was Paul didn't have Andrew's horse.