

THE GUILFORDIAN

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Guilford College

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 Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price\$1.50 per year

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

The Greater College

It is of great interest to note that in the university of our own state the honor principle in student life has become predominant. The students there are quite serious and feel a sense of personal and individual obligation of honor to clean out any forms of dishonor. They are sensing the danger—a danger common to any democracy—of becoming a part of what they tolerate. They are therefore driving out those who betray the public trust and trade in the temple of honor.

The students in any college should realize what it means to be honorable. It is not so much that there will be misery in dishonor but there will be found inward growth and happiness in the open life of honor. Self-development comes most truly and deeply from within, and the rigid adherence to this honor principle in college will presently manifest itself in the political, social and business life of the state.

It is gratifying not only that the honor principle is revived and advanced in student life, but that it is actually working to the extent that dishonorable acts are reported by fellow students and suspended from the college by the student council for cheating on quizzes and examinations and other forms of dishonor. The key player was dropped from a varsity athletic team because he broke his training pledge a week before the game upon which depended a conference title. His teammates were deeply hurt, but the student leaders feel that the honor principle must prevail in athletics as in the educational part of college life.

Dishonorable acts are common because the public sense has been blunted to the danger of becoming a part of what is tolerated. Obviously nothing can be of such vital importance to the life of an individual and the state, nothing so essential to human society, as teaching a way of life that will make one wish to be honorable because it is right and not through fear of the penalties attaching to dishonor. We have become so much a part of things we tolerate that we excuse, and, without realizing it, we have almost reached a stage where dishonor has ceased to appall.

This challenge of advancing the honor principle in student life should mean much to us—why shouldn't we make Guilford a greater college?

Our Part

Are we conscious of the heritage in ideals, hopes and visions that has been left to us by our educational leaders?

We often find flaws with the college and the life it offers. We do not stop to pause, reflect and try really to appreciate the efforts of those who lead us. Carelessly we criticize the food, the student board, and even classes, without realizing that we get from college and from life just what we put into it. When we knock our college we are only lowering the value of our own degree.

The students play a great part in moulding the life of a college. Each student has a part in forming the reputation of his college. Since you are a part of your college, while you are there, if you criticize it, you are criticizing something which you have helped to make. If you slander, not making an effort to improve your part in student life and thought, you are condemning yourself by your own criticism.

This is your college—you are making it what it is—it is yours to uphold.

And, as Dr. Stanbury said, you yourself, bear unmistakably the stamp of your college. In working for a better Guilford, you work for the betterment of yourself. For your college is part of you, whether you will or no.



(Presenting a Freshman composition)

COMPOSING

The English teacher calmly looked over the English class. "You may bring in an essay of not less than five hundred words for the next recitation."

Such was the edict. I looked at him but he was paying no attention to us, he being occupied with gathering up his books in preparation to leave the class-room. Not many of us expect to become Lambs, Wordsworths, or Emersons, and a written theme is something that strikes consternation to my soul. It makes me feel as if my liver has been out of order for a week. But

"It's ours not to question why, Ours but to do or die."

So, after delaying as long as possible, I take my nice sheet of paper and hopefully write a title. Then I bite the lead off the pencil and look at the title. It doesn't look so warm. So I make a lot of little marks all around the edges of the paper and a new idea comes to my head. I change the title. It looks worse this time. The pencil now has teeth marks. All at once I feel thirsty and a journey to the water cooler follows. There another inspiration strikes me and I think that a little fresh air would help me. I take a walk down the hall, stop at the window and gaze at the stars. Then I thrust both hands down into my breeches pockets and finger a miscellaneous collection of coins, a knife, a corkscrew, two shirt buttons, three nails, a round pebble, and an odd little piece of carved wood which I secured from a fortune-teller and which is supposed to bring me good luck.

Now, I think I will go back to my task and write an essay that will tame any Lamb. I return to my table. Somehow the inspiration has all oozed away. My mind is a perfect void; wholly empty of any thoughts or ideas. I take my sheet of paper and write something across it. Then I crush it up and throw it on the floor. That makes me feel better. So I take another sheet and write a fresh title. It still looks bad. I roll it into a nice long funnel and shoot it at the ceiling. For a little variety, I tear the next sheet asunder and scatter it on the floor. Now I get up and tear my hair, fling off my coat and kick off my shoes, and I declare that I will stop the English course tomorrow.

Then at last I compose myself and begin to write. The more I write, the more rotten seems the subject which I have chosen. However, I sweat and strain till I complete one sentence after another. All I know is that they are terrible for I am liable to get fifteen different tenses, eight kinds of verbs, seven persons, and voices, active and passive, soprano and bass. The subject also has an uncontrollable way of leading off into something else, blind alleys preferred. Then when I think that I must have written at least six hundred words, I count them—and find three hundred, twenty-four. But the royal edict was five hundred words! Now, Noah Webster got forty thousand words out of twenty-six letters, but it almost gives me a brain storm to select the one hundred and seventy-six that remain needed to complete my theme. One thing that I promise here and now, is that when I teach English no boy will ever have to write a single essay. The class and myself will adjourn to the play yard where we will play mumble-peg!

JULES SHARP.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep or taste not from the Pierion spring.

—Alexander Pope.

Ormandy from Backstage

(Note: The contributor of this article warily signs himself F. E. We are printing it in spite of its somewhat limited interest. The contributor was evidently an unwelcome visitor at the Minneapolis Symphony Concert last week.)

A pale young fellow in spectacles was the instrument of my salvation. Under his expert and evidently practiced guidance we eventually arrived on the cat walk, a sort of gallery that runs around three sides of the stage about thirty feet above it, from where the back drops are managed.

"I've been here before," he explained. "I heard Tibbett from here. He had a college girl with him and when he came backstage between groups, boy, did he give her a fit!"

"My God! Didn't he see you?"
 "Yeah, but he didn't care. He gave us his autograph afterwards."

This was too much. I held my peace. As the back drops hung below the cat walk it was difficult to see the whole orchestra at once. I was thankful that the low visibility worked both ways. I chose a place from where I could get a good view of Ormandy conducting. In front of him and to the right, I could of course see his meaningful glances at the musicians as well as his whispered reminders. The expression of the outspread fingers of his left hand as he entreated the violinists to give him all they had was awful to look upon.

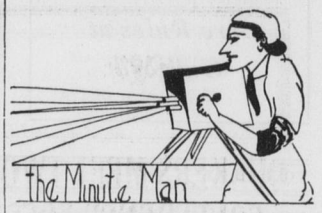
If you were at the concert, dear reader, you noticed that Ormandy took his bows with an air of deprecation, with a hint even of disdain and contempt. But observe him with me as the stage manager pulls back the curtain for him to take his bow. At one time he is standing in perfect calm, a handkerchief in his hand, but as he comes on stage he begins madly swabbing his forehead and face. At another he is giving his bow tie a few last touches. Immediately before coming out he runs his thumbs down the under side of his coat lapels. And then, how carelessly does he stride to the conductor's stand, how calmly does he bow, with what a generous gesture does he motion his musicians to their feet.

During the "Pathetique" I took the opportunity to look at Ormandy more closely—to observe, for instance, how much hair he has lost since last year, to mark the large pouches under his eyes when his head was down and the light caught him from above, and his small shining eyes themselves when he glanced up for a moment. When he raised his head, seemingly to call down inspiration from above, he breathed like a swimmer, thrusting out his lips and making his mouth into an "O." He sometimes directed in this manner for several measures. He would seem to be looking straight through the top of the building.

In loud or excited passages his pate, his forehead and face would become a fiery beet red; one might have thought him falling into an apoplectic fit. One notices also his evident liking for strong contrasts and spectacular effects.

Between the third and fourth encores (heavens, what liberality!) an oboist began hopefully tapping a cork-tipped cigarette on a silver cigarette case. When Ormandy returned with his baton the oboist put the cigarette back in the case and with a weary, weary gesture placed the case on his music stand.

During the fourth encore we went down to the stage level. Someone there told us that we might get an autograph if we caught him in time. After he left the stage we rushed around to the left side, considerably in the way of musicians changing clothes and conversing in a dozen or so languages through cigarette smoke, but he had already disappeared.



Back to the grind again; . . . it must be one of the stipulations of a Guilford college teacher's contract that they attend all the uplifting social functions on the campus. Judging from the look on Dr. Ljung's face, it could not have been for pleasure that he went to the Carolina Salon Ensemble program.

It's "healed" news now but our French prof and two of his playmates had a hard time "navigating" for a few days after their first escapade with the horses. The saddle girths were "rough on rats."

Strange as it may seem . . . the boys in Yankee Stadium did not appreciate our story about their three Biology assistants in last issue. They've accused and threatened everyone except me and wouldn't they be surprised if they knew how I got my "dirt"?

And with reference to last issue . . . semi-apologies, sneers and congratulations to the person who having been cracked at twice in the last two weeks, insisted that he didn't mind personal insults but he disliked the idea of bringing girls into it. We pay due respect to that statement but we have one admonition to offer. This column prints only true happenings and few names. "If the shoe fits you, wear it."

Our beloved French professor is very proud of his flashy new automobile, but I know for a fact that he wipes it off thoroughly every morning because there is so much "due" on it.

SO WHAT . . .

Since Ebringhaus has been searching for army mules, Neal has been keeping his ears pretty well out of sight.

If cleanliness is next to Godliness, what a Christian Clara Belle must be.

Plans have been drawn up for a new addition to the post office in order that our popular senior's head may be better accommodated.

Former football captain, J. G. B., thought that he was doing something daring when he put some of his dad's contraband clothing in a Founders' girl's laundry, but won't his face be red when he finds out that after a careful canvassing of the laundry, I discovered that he wears the second largest "unmentionables" on the campus . . . outclassed only by one of those same famous Biologists. By the way, the girls discovered that two of them could wear the present at the same time and are considering going on the stage in a double acrobatic dance such as was seen at the National last week. More power to them!

in the spring a young mans fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love the girls been thinking about it all year

Ask Kate about her sister named "Sausage," her dog named "Sandwich" and her uncle who went fishing.

One night I was in Center Section at a very late hour and I overheard a funny conversation between six boys standing around a table. Thus they articulated (you know what I mean—"ated" anyway): "Busted—hit me—over—beat the board—I push—good—pot—how odd these mortals—" Back on the level—I fooled you . . . they were playing Black-jack.

I'VE GOT YE IN MY POWER . . . BEWARE!