

THE GUILFORDIAN

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President-Emeritus

Though it is the avowed policy of the Guilfordian not to deal in "history" ("what happened yesterday is history"), the old students of Guilford have come in the past week, not one but many, and demanded that tribute be publicly paid our president-emeritus, Dr. Raymond Binford. Which in itself is tribute not to be surpassed.

It is fitting also that the students should be the ones to demand that he be recognized at his worth, for it was in the realm of student help that his work was most appreciated by the student body.

Under his guidance, Guilford became an accredited college, moved steadily forward in the academic world, evolved from an ultra-conservative school to one of the most advanced in some lines.

Dr. Binford is a part of Guilford College, bound up in its life, history, progress for the past thirty years.

Voice in the Wilderness

There was once a young woman student, an upperclassman rating with the upper crust which does exist at Guilford, who visited with her who is now number one woman student at Guilford. She was invited to a dinner party and went. Upon finishing dinner she wiped her hands upon the tablecloth and arose, letting the napkin in her lap fall unregarded to the floor as she walked away.

Of a certainty, O Powers That Be, students could bring their own napkins to the dining hall. Most of them, being human, prefer to wipe their hands on the tablecloth, an operation which would hardly win approval anywhere else but at Guilford College. Of course, when it ceases to be a dining room and becomes a mess hall, napkins disappear, though in all south-European hot dog joints one gets his paper napkin with his dog and roll.

Enough paper napkins for everyone eating at Founders' can be purchased for 12½ cents a meal, a tremendous investment for a liberal arts college to throw away on mere manners.

Out of the Fog

Like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon, the GUILFORDIAN plans to start the first stirrings of a long struggle to the sunshine and fresh air of financial stability.

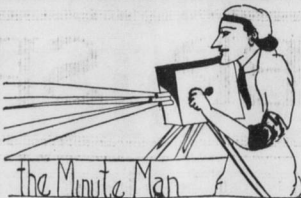
From the plodding obscurity of beating from pillow to post for one-inch advertisements, with monotonous columns of newsprint never broken, always coming out an issue short of what was planned, always in debt and at the mercy of the printer, begging people to work on the paper, the GUILFORDIAN hopes to be able to spread its wings with an occasional picture, to stay out of debt, to come out on schedule, to be able to have plenty of advertisements, to get people to work on the sheet because the managing editor and business manager can be offered small salaries.

A great deal will not have to be done to bring about this change. It will only require that something be left undone.

If the GUILFORDIAN could accept advertisements for a commodity used habitually or occasionally by probably over ninety per cent of the student body, its financial worries would be over.

The ostrich sticks its head in the sand, and is thought silly for doing so.

If you like your paper, either the news columns, features or editorials, help it to the extent of trading with those business concerns which are sufficiently interested in Guilford College to advertise in its paper. And don't neglect to mention your connection with Guilford.



Obviously and, perhaps, appallingly, little Dan Cupid is violating the provisions of the love code by working overtime. Anyway, it seems that some of his arrows have been finding their marks with remarkable accuracy. And what a maze of results they have produced! Campus restrictions, council meetings, heart-to-heart talks—you know, but also, the little darts have been the cause of amorous greetings, unforgettable strolls, and beaming but sometimes blushing faces.

It seems that those lads from "deah old Virginy" are becoming "power-houses" with the fair sex. One of these lads was the fond recipient of . . . well, you ask Tuck. Furthermore, it happened in broad daylight. Which reminds this column that a certain couple took advantage of the darkness last Friday night when the lights went out in the library. Oh, well, such is life.

Those ministerial students are really consistent in commanding the spotlight. One fair Founder's frosh recently returned from a date with one of the gentlemen of this category and instantly gave vent to the secretions of her lachrymal glands. (She cried.) Poor dear! He had been so brazen as to ask her to let him hold her hand. She just couldn't believe it. And now she won't even cast a glance his way. Ain't dat sumpin'?

This column certainly got results from its allusions to the campus "wid-ders'" plight. Certain altruistic sophs tried to ameliorate this condition the other night. Instructions were given one "rat" to put on his RAGS and stroll down the DALE with one of these wid-ders. Sadly enough, these plans went awry. The reason? He might be BOR-ING. My, what a "punny" thing to say!

A plaintive but rather significant note was sounded when one frosh lass failed to return to the campus. Answering the query of why, she stated that she "couldn't get enough to eat, and never had any chicken." Evidently she possessed a "fowlerish" appetite. Which also leaves one broken hearted lad in the northern extremities of Cox hall.

From reports received by this column, it seems that the renowned Sunset bumming corner had quite a novel experience last week. Yep, it was laden with the fairer sex. But what is more astounding, they were our own campus co-eds. Kyle's chevy picked a very convenient place to go floozy. But, there is no pessimism over this predicament. Did you see "It Happened One Night?" Not a bad idea, eh?

Another typical freshman question was heard the other day. Some would-be swain innocently inquired if Mary Hobbs roomed in Founders or New Garden. He had heard so much about her that he simply must meet her. . . . Which reminds us of the suggestion made that all freshmen should know the pimento cheese sandwich joke as a requirement for admission to this institution. What do you think of this? Would it take too much joy out of Kyle's life? . . . With our football team suffering some unfortunate reverses, can it be that one of our captain's very personal affairs are definitely on the rocks? Rumors are that they are no longer "that way." . . . Who was the very weary gent that selected that tombstone near Founders as a place to put his sleepy head the other night? There are softer places, you know.

Concerning a Library

Mildred and Mary, two pretty girls, one evening had nothing whatever to do, so they went to the library. Each, with a mathematics book under an arm, clicked rhythmically into that room, designated by many names, but most commonly known as the library.

They tiptoed across the well-filled room. It might be well at this time to mention my authority for these statements. Two of my friends, seated in different corners of that room, each assured me that the girls tiptoed in. I can well believe it for I was in the stacks at the time and could but barely hear them. Of course you argue, this is but a minor point. I agree, but add that proof should always be offered. To proceed:

Quietly sitting down at a table they opened a conversation with a nearby boy. He was not responsive, so they turned their attention to another boy sitting at another table. This time they met with success. The hum of their well modulated voices interspersed with trilling laughter, well suppressed, was both pleasing and soothing to their neighbors who were trying with great success to digest the dialogues of Plato or to master the principles of the constitutional law. True, one boy did slam his book shut and stamp off noisily as if he were angry. But these boys; what more can you expect of them anyhow? He probably ate something that didn't agree with him.

My story breaks off abruptly at this point and we go to the moral. Every story must have a moral. If it weren't for morals there would be no stories, but I digress.

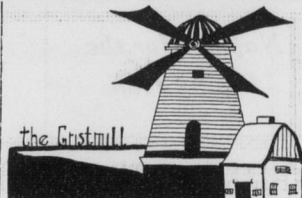
The anger of the young man, who must not have known how to study or he would not have grown angry, might have ruined the evening for those two charming girls. In this particular case it did not. But this next is a very serious point and needs weighty consideration. How are we going to safeguard our student body from repetitions of this incident? Repetition that might prove disturbing on future occasions? Friends, this question is not lightly to be put aside! Strange as it seems to most of us, much unwarranted and outrageous behavior might occur again and we must guard ourselves against it!

With due modesty I suggest hesitantly the following plan:

1. To announce in chapel, dining rooms, and class meetings that all students who do not know how to study should stay in their respective rooms, or at least keep out of the library. Also, a placard to this effect should be placed on the library door.
2. The librarian should be requested to reserve tables at all times for congenial groups. These tables could be signed up for in advance. This would be a great advantage for dating couples.
3. In regard to the use of the stack rooms. All light should be removed. Couples wishing tables should be required to sign up as far in advance as is deemed necessary. A small fee could be charged for stack room tables, the said to go toward the use of the purchase of new books. Books look well on the shelves.
4. The librarian should be required to keep on each table an adequate supply of paper wads, and rubber bands; also, the librarian should be required to replenish the supply as needed during the course of an evening.

The above suggestion merely covers a few of the mechanical requirements. In regard to conduct I have not one thing to say; in all things we must give the girl precedence. We must respect her actions and her attitudes, in all things she must come first. We, as true and loyal subjects, will follow as she leaves.

I realize that this is but a poor suggestion. I offer it humbly in the spirit of "bigger and better times." I offer it merely in the hope that it will arouse other and greater minds than mine in other and greater ways, to the dangers that assail our rights as individuals. We cannot allow a few to corrupt our group. We must stand con-



An Idea of Hell

If you should go to Hell (which I hope you won't) and if you should travel down the long road that runs through the middle of that Hellish city; and if you should see on the corner of a wide street a gaunt figure, looking anxiously up one side and down the other, you may know that that gaunt and anxious figure is me. For I hate above all things to wait—to wait for some one—to wait indefinitely, not knowing what might happen or what is happening. The Devil, I am sure, will have me waiting for someone—someone that I love, and he will plague me with anxious fears, terrible accidents, horrible deaths, and I shall be waiting—waiting—forever!

Fear

Tonight after all was still and the shifting twilight had organized itself into darkness, I walked down a lonely road unafraid. Saying to myself, "All is well."

Then far off in the distant wood I heard the cry of a hoot owl to its mate. Hoo-Hoo.

My feet turned homeward. O, I was not afraid but it is good to be home when the twilight has deepened into darkness.

A Kid's Game

Oh! you childish "cribbers," why do you cheat on exams, and insult your own intelligence and that of the teacher by indulging in such foolishness? After all, you are in college, and throwing spit-balls is slightly out of order—if you get what I mean. We can rather overlook a child of seven running away to escape punishment for swiping a little jam, but to forgive a college student for quietly stealing knowledge to put down on an examination paper is not humanly possible. Before the honor system the student was vigilantly watched and each exam was a sort of drama between villain professor and students. But we outgrew that childishness and installed an honor system that was more in keeping with our age—new dignity as individuals who are able to leave home, ride on a train by ourselves, and buy our own soap and toothpaste without parental guidance. What I mean is, we have a grown-up honor system in order that we may develop what little initiative and individuality and abilities we have in ourselves—and then we cheat on exams—steal other people's ideas or knowledge and put them on paper—or just plain copy out of a book. Why bring on the paper dolls? I need not go into details of the "wrongness" of cheating, etc. You know all that by heart, emphasizing that "cheating" or "cribbing" is childish and if for no other reason we should cut it out. Go on if you must, be a bad character and push poor little ducks in water—but please don't be a nit-wit.

Every student who sees another one cheating should look upon him as a poor, deluded but deserving pity or ridicule. Our cribbers would be few if we treated them as if they were just a little queer or "off-balance"—just sort of unfortunate "accidents." For, after all, aren't they just a little "peculiar"?

Come on, fellow students, buck up and be your age. Cut this cribbing before the Honor System passes out on us and we're back where we started.

cretely together or weakly apart. If the former, we are impervious to corruption; if the latter, the evil will seep in until their very tenets of our beliefs will be washed away. Once more I ask it, consider these my suggestions, revolve them in your minds, add to them and then, let us act together.