

THE GUILFORDIAN

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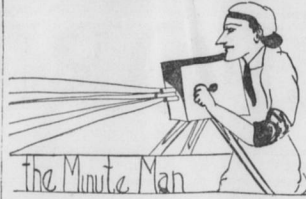
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A rather odoriferous tip was received by this column about a certain young lad who selected the library as a very convenient place to snooze. Some lassies, taking a tip from Mr. Suiter (Be Curious!) and seeking to find out exactly the nature of those appendages of the human anatomy which propel the body, are said to have removed this lad's shoes. Imagine the chagrin of this sleepy-headed fellow upon awaking and finding his gunboats a la nude!

Then there was the very pleasant surprise given one swain the other night when one of W. C. U. N. C. "gals from de Bronx" came out to visit our key-tangling lad of the "lost chord" orchestra. You should have heard that Bronx twang in the words "Oh, Jesse."

And was a certain waiter's face red when he came in from West Poreh the other night! We hear that it took the whole center section in Cox and Fels Naphtha to remove the Kissproof smear.

What waiter in the dining hall at Founders sees that everything is just spic and span for his very big moment? Gives her the best china and silver that he can get. "Nothing is too good for 'Ruthy,'" Bill says.

Reports from authentic sources reveal that the once "omnipotent" Van Auken has become a veritable "powerless house" with the fairer sex. It seems that he can no longer "leg a Clegg!"

And is the game getting fast and furious! Stilson and Adams are fighting for the ball. There is a fumble, but the peppy "baritone" makes a quick recovery. However, the "Rhode Island Red" retaliates with a quick pass that nets her five yards. We prophesy that no one will get away "Scott free" in this battle of the century.

Our newly-wedded bride has left a broken heart behind her—Jack Reed is reported to have remarked that his new Pontiac roadster was just longing "to go to town with 'Dot'."

The Guilfordian staff is pressed for space since the office has been recently taken over for an unorthodox purpose. You guessed it, for dating! The staff would appreciate it if these lovers would kindly raise the shades after they are through.

Death

Afraid of the dark that is down a lonely road,
 And down that lonely road I must go,
 Not looking back—
 Something ghostly is behind me,
 I must hurry!

Afraid of the dark that is in an empty room,
 And into that empty room I must go;
 The dark grasps at me—
 I must hurry!

Afraid of death in this life I am living,
 And into that unknown emptiness I must go;
 It catches at me—
 I cannot hurry!

Not that the country boy who spends his afternoons raking leaves on the campus to work out part of his college fee is always a good scholar—all too often he is far from it. He may be slow even to dumbness in some of his studies, but even though he may never become an educated man, the very fact that he saw the need for an education and wanted to come to school had enough to enter one which had nothing to offer him but classes and professors argues that he stands perhaps even a better chance for real success in life than the suave fraternity product.

We should not be ashamed that we go to a college which lacks those fungus appurtenances that are college life to the outside world; rather we should be proud of it.

Fable of the Pioneer

"Go west, young man, go west!" This instigation is often taken seriously by some young man on the campus. Inspired by a god (or goddess!), he gathers his worldly possessions together (also those of his section) and gallantly fares forth, seeking adventure and new life. Of course the youthful pioneer must have a partner to help him overcome the hardships which he has to face, and, together, they are determined to be daunted by nothing. At the beginning of their journey they pass through civilized lands in which a cultured race of people converse. On turning "Cozy Corner," however, the country has a wilder aspect and the adventure-seeker is careful to yell loudly at the Twenty Mule Team. The frontiersman and his mate pass next through the country of the Zodiac, or so the signs seem to indicate. Here, they wisely hang out lanterns, thinking that some of the cattle had possibly gotten loose on the road ahead. Then, having ducked under the frontier, the venturesome couple find that they are approaching the wilds. They slow the team down to a trot and begin to look warily around for Indians, lurking in the bushes. They rock along through the darkness. The pioneer wife takes out her knitting. All at once the peace of the scene is broken. One of the Indians has struck a match! The hardy mother of the West looks out over the cornfields and sighs—"Funny—how red Indians are, especially when disturbed!"

The staunch pioneer decides the time has come when he and his woman had better find a fertile looking spot and settle down. He discovers that the Indians are farming the bottom lands, so he will have to grow his wild oats on the rocky hillside. However, as the weather is warm and the moon is right, he feels that his crop will be pretty good. Several things, nevertheless, impede the growth of his oats. Artificial lights from approaching covered wagons which park on the opposite hillside and the brick dust which fills the air injure the delicate plants. His wife doesn't like the homestead, which she says is uncomfortable to her back and on which she has already torn her dress.

Nevertheless, they have decided to make the best of a bad situation when a cowboy comes dashing up and orders the poor pioneers to give up their land in the name of the law and the upper-classmen. Not daring to object, since the adventuresome husband, especially, has felt the "firm hand of the law," the couple call their dogs and again begin their search for a good patch of ground. Contrary to reports from the home office, the adventurers find that the farther west they go, the more occupied are the homesteads. While they are still searching in vain, they hear the curfew bell, faintly ringing in the distance. This sound makes the poor pioneer wife so homesick for the civilized and more spacious East that her husband is forced to take her home.

However, back in the familiar comforting hall of the Old Home Town, they decide that they must try their luck at pioneering again.

Denude me of sham;
 I want to live;
 Let me feel to the depths of my being
 Pain—Sorrow.
 Hurt me with kindness and love;
 Chastise me with fear.
 I am a woman.



BIRDS FLYING SOUTH

The evening sky, lighted by the red, yellow and golden rays of the setting sun, the trees clothed in their many rainbow-colored robes, the rich brown grass, and the breeze with a tinge of approaching winter assure me that autumn is here. As I stand in awe at this wonderful autumn scene, I see in the distance many dark objects. As they approach, they seem to move in perfect formation, and I realize that they are birds flying south. Watching them, I wonder where they are going, how long will it take them to get there, what they will find, where they came from, what they left behind. My soul rebels at the thought of my having to stay in one place all year round. Why can't I fly or go south in winter as they do? In spite of all the beauty of autumn around me, I want to go. Think of the summer weather they'll find, the warm, lazy sun, flowers blooming everywhere. Soon winter with its snows, winds, and cold rains will be here, taking away all the beauty I now see and leaving the world bare, cold and gray.

Still gazing at the birds, almost a speck now, I think about what they left behind. Were they glad to leave? Many thoughts such as these course through my mind, but will never be answered for me. Anyway, they matter little now, for the birds have disappeared and are somewhere still winging their way to the sunny south. It seems as I stand there in the cold twilight alone that they have taken part of me with them, and to console myself I say that maybe some day I'll be able to go south too.

THE STREET OF LITTLE HOUSES

The street of little houses is a quaint thoroughfare with a neat, small, green square and a narrow, crooked alley. The little houses grow up and down its crowded length like flowers in a garden, row on row.

As one treads the cobblestones that pave the street and lingers along the hedges, each friendly little cottage smiles and seems to say to you, "Won't you come in?" One of them has made itself a white lattice fence, and another green shutters. Some look very bright with four o'clocks and zinnias round about. All have little windows through which the light peeps in by day and out by night.

A sailor comes strolling along whistling as he makes his way down the street. The restless sea is calling him, but it calls in vain; he'll never again heed the glamour of a lonely voyage, for he would rather sit beside a hearth with its leaping flames, near one he loves, in a cottage on the street of little houses. LOIS BLACK.

Autumn—I know you are coming. You will change everything. You will paint, color, and build into a beautiful picture and then you will tear it down, leaving the landscape desolate; leaving us cold and miserable.

Autumn—You are here again with such slices of color, such rare and bold combinations. You amaze, startle, and please me. You have a charm I cannot understand—take me with you; let me live forever where you are.

A leaf rustles;
 I cannot move;
 I hear the cries of the hunters
 As the hounds take up the trail.
 Over the hill they come on their horses
 The M. F. H. in the lead.
 No use to run.
 Too soon they will run me down;
 Here in covert, perhaps they will o'er-look me.
 No, they are closing in!
 The hounds, they are rushing upon me.
 I fight, but to no happy end.
 I feel weak—faint.
 No pain—just—peace.
 "A game kill," the hunters comment.

Why Are We Here Anyway?

THE GUILFORDIAN wishes to put on record its hearty approval of the cultural entertainment idea submitted to the student body last Tuesday.

A series of this type will have value from many angles—besides the cultural benefit and entertainment furnished the students, it will help get the people of the various outside organizations participating interested in Guilford and will draw the attention of the outside world to Guilford, particularly in Greensboro, High Point, Winston, and other nearby cities which in general focus their attention altogether on the larger colleges and universities alone.

As for the students—if we did not come to Guilford for a liberal arts education, with the cultural accompaniment of the term, why are we here? With the possible exception of those who plan to teach, there is no other reason for our being here.

Any cultural entertainment that can be arranged deserves, and we believe will get, the whole-hearted support of the student body, even to seventy-five cents.

Again the Dance

From 1928 to 1933, Guilford students fought with determination for the privilege of dancing openly on the campus, men and women to dance with one another. Last year the terpsichorean art was permitted to intrude on the campus, and this year at least one has voiced his opinion that it should not have been. And a number of others have selfishly taken it upon themselves to defeat the spirit of the thing for which our collegiate ancestors fought, bled and died over and over again.

The dances are being monopolized by those who least need schooling in the social graces, while those who need the training that would be involved, through timidity or fear of not making a go of it, stay away. This situation occurs most often in the case of those who would really like to go to the college dances.

The student body has been taxed, through activities appropriations, for a phonograph and amplifiers for the dances. To attend the dances is the privilege of everyone who wants to go, even though he or she be as ugly as the college gymnasium or as awkward as some of the would-be football players who went out the first week.

The problem is for the social committee to solve.

Barbarians

In an article in a current issue of a well known magazine, college life is described by one who attended one of the larger universities. College life today, the author says, is largely a matter of social climbing or of maintaining prestige once it is secured. Students or inmates rather, are governed by the unwritten rules of "rating." They go to certain things and stay from others because the "best people" do. A bunch of blatant lizards who subsist off other people, try to have as good a time as possible in the most sophisticated way possible—the "Joe Collegeboy" type and proud of it; that is the college student that he saw at the university.

Of course, the author says, there were those unfortunates who did not belong to a fraternity; who did not rate at all. Strangely enough, so far as he knows, the only ones of his college mates who subsequently amounted to anything were members of this outcast group.

Perhaps that is one of the biggest assets Guilford has, a student body that wanted to come to college for what the classroom and laboratory has to offer. For these are no fraternities here and the college dances amount to little. "Joe College" seldom comes to school here, for Guilfordians are a race of workers, any one of whom knows many things which he, for all his sophistication, will never know.