

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Close at Hand

When in the course of academic events it becomes obvious that a surfeit of erudition is now at hand, then is decreed a holiday, which at present rapidly approaches.

From a nominal state of seriousness, we soon will drop to a lower level of frivolousness, and it is well, for even saints may desire holidays.

For some the holidays will be opulent with much food, for some indolent with much sleep, for some giddy with much activity, for some alcoholic with much refreshment.

For none, we hope, will they be dull with much work on term papers and parallel reading.

For all, we hope Christmas will be a time of "peace . . . and good will toward men."

The GUILFORDIAN wishes all a very Merry Christmas!

For the New Deal?

Vaguely, we, the cloistered, are beginning to realize that changes are being made in the social and economic structure of the great outside world. Some of us perhaps favor the "New Deal" in America, some of us do not favor it.

There are those, perhaps, who think that Socialism vs. Capitalism with Communism taking on the winner is of less importance than Guilford vs. Catawba with Elon playing the victor, and they are right in part.

The old leaders have made a mess of things and it will be up to the rising generation to either plunge civilization into a hopeless muddle or level off and climb out; at any rate, all agree that our present economic order is fast becoming intolerable.

We, who after all are and will be representatives of the educated, should be the first ones to be vitally interested in the eddies and whirlpools of civilization; the first to seek below the propaganda-muddled surface for the truth, and then, only when we have the truth, and have weighed it impartially to decide how we stand.

This probing into Socialism, Communism, the various plans for pulling us out by our boot straps or otherwise, disarmament, reforms and changes of all sorts, should be as important a part of our search for truth as the mechanics of our college work.

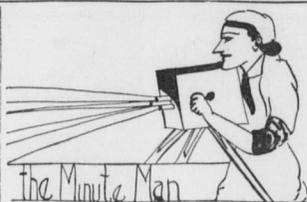
The Best Way

An object lesson in the changing of disliked rules was furnished by the men's student council in chapel last week. So far as we know, this was the first official recognition of a condition which is well known and has the approval of most of the present campus population.

No windows were broken, no petitions circulated by hot-faced students, no officials were burned in effigy or verbally, the trustees were undisturbed. A problem that was once one of the major issues had ceased to be an issue at all.

Like waves beating on a boulder and sweeping on around it, sentiment, particularly the focus of importance, quietly wore away the law of the Medes and Persians without blasting it up.

This is the best way for changes to come.



This column regrets to inform a certain Hobbs sister that Prof is sworn to beat her—well, that she better stay away from Prof. For the rest of the story (with interest) ask Prof. where he found his shoes, but don't say we told you to ask him.

And, oh yeah, I forgot to tell you the first time a certain wavy-haired community "day-hop" dates at G. C. in Greensboro he takes an unlucky number of very red carnations.

How Boring!

I shall appeal for a new roommate immediately the other night boring ran a wild wst cowboy pitcher and the customers were so numerous that i could not sleep for fear of being sat on

How brightly flowers "Blossom" in the springtime, but if you will believe a certain girl from Hobbs he "Sho" is some "hone-cruncher" in the wintertime. (Note to printer! This is one sentence.)

Add desperate rivals—Boring and Charles Sharp, Nertz to thee, Pie-face!

a special person should be appointed to keep the lights on in founders and the service is awful certain waiters talk to their feminine friends while others wait to be waited upon.

And there is the story of the freshman who came to Guilford "to get a college co-education."

Oh boy! did the football boys enjoy themselves! Well, just ask Wooley what "De" said when the dancers were on the stage. And The manager was reported to have rendered favorable opinion upon the show, "Southern Scandals."

Notice to Francis Alexander and Virginia Levering: Men seldom make passes At girls who wear glasses.

and another: Observation If I don't drive around the park, I'm pretty sure to make my mark. If I'm in bed each night by ten, I may get back my looks again. If I abstain from fun and such I'll probably amount to much. But I shall stay the way I am, Because I do not give a dam.

I went to founders the other night and saw hepler placing twigs of mistletoe in various places and i wonder why.

Prof. Fleming may be able to begin cutting classes again since a certain fat frosh has been pipping up with the correct answer to every question and many amusing, not to say enlightening remarks. Toot sweet, trumpet.

The students who have tuberculosis went to the sanitarium the other day and the first thing that met their eyes was a printed slip which bore the inscription, "The Wages of Sin is Death; Where Will You Spend Eternity?" It is interesting to note that Charlie MacKenzie was the first to notice the message.

She was a good little girl as far as good little girls go, And as far as good little girls go, she went.

The Fable of the Watch-Dogs

"Barking Dogs Never Bite"

Once upon a time one afternoon in early November, a crowd of boys waited, but not patiently, before the office of Dean Purdom. At the head of the line stood sweet little Butch Wilson talking to Phil Kelsey, the rather tough and ready-fire mugg behind him.

"Here I am all ready to go to town. I've got Bowen's car and Redding to chaperone me and Dean Purdom sits in there and talks to Meibohm about charm for fifteen minutes while I'm waiting for permission!"

"Aw, ain't it orful!" growls Kelsey. "That guy can jaw more—here I was all set to kick off for good old Greensboro and he finds out that there's gonna be dames in the car, so he says I have to have two chaperones. I've been scouring the dorm trying to find two fellows that can cut classes. I even called up Archdale to see if someone over there rated junior or senior. Ed Shaen and Ted Griffin finally said they'd go with me, but I have to come back early because the skunks have to wait tables."

The boys leaned up against the wall waiting, casting despairing glances through the closed door of the office. A sophomore rushed down the hall and stopped long enough to yell, "Hey, Ike or Mike! I'm wearing your gray hat this afternoon. You don't mind, do you, darling?"

Finally the door opened and Meibohm came meekly out, followed by the dean, who seemed to be giving him last-minute instructions. Joyfully Butch accosted the dean and asked permission to go to town. A sigh of relief from the anxious schoolboy followed. Dr. Purdom's approval of the car and the chaperon, but another crucial moment approached just as Wilson started to leave the office.

"How many did you say were in the car, Wilson?"

"Oh, only fifteen or twenty, sir." "Then somebody absolutely must not go—you cannot have more than ten in that car. You know how dangerous overloading is—you see why we are requiring that rule to be obeyed, don't you?"

While Kelsey told the dean what he thought of such a school where you have to have nursemaids, Newkirk and Baughm, who were next in line, discussed the advisability of telling Dean Purdom that they were going to call on the beautiful ladies at W. C. U.N.C.

"Aw—he'll never know where we're going," insisted Baughm. "All we have to do is tell him that we are going to Greensboro to see a show—"The Count of Monte Cristo"—that's supposed to be very educational."

"We'll see if we can get Kyle and Parker for chaperons. If we get them good dates, they won't squeak!"

As Baughm and Newkirk left the office, verily radiating self-satisfaction in the fact that they had put some thing over on the Old Man, a rather timid, gentle looking boy appeared at the door and asked Dean Purdom for permission to go to town to a W. C. T. U. meeting. The dean considered long and thoroughly. Finally he issued the ultimatum that in spite of the fact that our friend, Mr. Grigg, was going to the meeting with Professor Pancoast, such a dangerous influence should be avoided by having three chaperones along. Our poor friend, Grigg, had a very hard time finding three chaperones to undertake such a mission, but three ardent W. C. T. U.'ers, Trivette, Newman, and Wright, found time to go.

A shout was heard outside and the house president came in, dragging two resisting freshmen. Pulling them up to standing position, angrily and with importance, he addressed the multitude that had collected—it seemed on a moment's notice—and the dean, "Mr. Purdom, I grieve to inform you that



HITCH-HIKER

Scene: A young man stops for a young girl, who is hitching to New York.

Ted: Want a ride? Sandra: Thanks. The name is Sandra Shaw.

Ted: Mine's Ted Long. Where are you going? Sandra: New York. Swell buggy you have.

Ted: Yeah! Dad bought it for me when I finished high school. Sandra: Dad gave me a diamond necklace and a trip to Europe.

Ted: I've never been across the ocean. Do you like it over there? Sandra: Oh—it's fair! No better than good old New York, though. People rave about Paris so much. Nothing to it! People just sitting around cafes all day.

Ted: I thought it would be pretty swell. Dad is going to let me go next year if his potatoes sell good. Sandra: If what? Ted: If his potatoes bring a good price. You see, Dad's a farmer. He made a lot on his corn this year and he bought me the car.

Sandra: Oh! I see. Dad's a broker. I got this necklace out of one of his nights at Louie's. Ted: At where? Sandra: At Louie's—a gambling joint on Fifth Avenue. When Dad feels like it he goes down and plays poker with Louie for a while. He's too good at it, so he doesn't go often. He hates to win all of Louie's money.

Ted: I played poker with the boys one night, but Dad found out about it and won't let me go anymore. I lost \$50 that night. Sandra: Dad's playing tonight to get me a new fur coat. I have three, but I want a new one. Ted: Say, why doesn't your Dad buy you a car? Sandra: We have five, but you get tired of the same old thing. I wanted to try hitch-hiking a while, so Dad said to go ahead. I took the train down. (For some time in silence.)

Ted: Well, here we are—and where do you want to go? Sandra: To 1148 Fifth Avenue, please.

Ted: "The Smart Shoppe." Is this the place? Sandra: Yes. I own it. Thanks a lot. Ted: (Staring after her)—And I thought she was only a big bragger. "The Smart Shoppe—Miss Sandra Shaw, Manager." Won't I have something to tell the folks at home!

Banqueting

- 1. Brilliant conversation at banquets or formal dinners is found in stories in the Saturday Evening Post.
2. The frozen faces of the waiters are not accident. They are the consequence of repeated inhalation of the after-dinner story about the two Irishmen.
3. The unhappiest man at the banquet is the toastmaster.

Logic

The Coach is mad, He shakes the bench. He stamps his foot. He cusses. How do I know he cusses! Show me a coach that doesn't!

I caught these boys hitch-hiking without a chaperon!"

A shocked gasp came from the on-lookers. The poor culprits slunk into the office with the dean who had a stern look of duty on his face.

It is better, far, far better, that we draw a curtain over the ending of this sad, sad tale.

Moral: What's sauce for the goose is apple sauce for the gander.