

THE GUILFORDIAN

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It's Too Elusive

Like mad dogs, we scramble for power. We fight so that our voice may be heard among the others, no matter what it says. It cannot say the thing they, who are in power, offer. It must be different, so its owner will be noticed.

Due to this "scrambling" impulse or, perhaps, we shall call it the "fighting" instinct, we are unable to cooperate many times. We just get our "ire" up—stick our oar in and sink the boat, instead of helping it sail ahead by cooperating a little. There are a few things on campus this way. It is mainly to be found within the organizations themselves, for example cooperation between officers in some organizations is non-existent.

Yet we are thankful that as a larger group we can cooperate. This has been proved by the readiness with which the seating arrangement in the dining-room has been taken up and enjoyed by the student body. It also goes to prove that a little cooperation goes a long way in making a success. Let's have a glimpse of it in the other campus situations.

Do Your Bit

Several stores from the city of Greensboro and community are interested enough in Guilford College and Guilford students to advertise in the Guilford College news organs. The people who do so are all courteous and offer excellent service at the same time.

We do not know how well you read the ads, but we ask that in all due consideration for those stores which are friendly to the college, to try them first for things you may need to buy. Some of these stores have just as excellent service as others which apparently hold the college trade in contempt.

We hope that the students of Guilford will give their advertisers a chance whenever possible. They're worth it.

Are We Awake and Alive?

Are we awake and living life to its fullest, or are we just meandering dully along living our own selfish lives? This question is asked in all seriousness of us, the so-called younger generation. The older people always put it to us with: It's up to your generation to right the wrongs of the world. We can't do this sitting down. We must be on the alert, think things through, give of our time, energy, and ideas towards the ultimate good of the universe.

Why say we must? After all, it's not we *must*, but we *may*, for each of us has that divine spark if he will let go of personal considerations for a moment. Perhaps this will bring forth the solution of some perplexing world problem; for instance, the problem of war and peace.

Just sitting by indifferently and letting important issues go by never solved anything yet. If you and you and you and all other readers of this paper were to realize the importance of the war-peace issue, to think it out squarely and decide what you would do when the situation arises, the problem would be partially solved.

Enter into groups that discuss the question, discuss till the thought crystallizes, then stick to your opinion. Only then will we really know if it would be possible to have peace with us as the coming generation—for if we don't think, we drift, and war is an easy thing to drift into with no knowledge.

This is true for other issues of importance to us as individuals, as well as to the group. All we need is a little stimulation, cold water thrown in our faces, to wake us up.



If you're inclined to give credence to those many tales of uncertain origin that tell of forces obviously supernatural, betake yourself to a quiet corner (not in the library) and peruse the pages of the November Harper's Monthly. Therein you will find the ingeniously devised story of one Mr. A. H. Z. Carr—"The Hunch."

In this very short story Mr. Carr relates the strange meeting of two gentlemen of notably different backgrounds.

How strongly the typical "big-time" gangster influences the tenor of the debonaire youth's very existence is depicted with significant clarity.

Mr. Carr's complete lack of restraint in his incomparable dialogue and his truly invigorating humor will appeal to any half-way "human" being.

now I have come to know the jargon of changing and unchanging seasons speaking multi-voiced thru life. now I understand the cycle of moods that make a silver chaut in me—as from ecstasy to deep boredom I shift continually.

fall is the music now—so soon to deepen into winter's lovely lethargy. the leaf shades lie drowsy and dappled in the haunts of noon, and life swells into the throats of birds and into things that creep and buzz—and to the souls of men quickens once more the stir of dark nostalgic yearning.

A moonbeam slides across the floor Chasing a shadow before it. Outside, the wind is singing The trees to sleep; And inside, blanketed by the dark, Two voices whisper softly.

**WHY BE LONESOME?
Write Aunt Rosie**

Dear Aunt Rosie:
 Last year I gave up all my boy friends for one man. I went with him constantly, and all was love, peace, and happiness. He was such a nice boy, too—the nicest boy in all Virginia, I always used to say; and now—oh, Aunt Rosie, this is too much!—he has left me. Tell me what to do, Auntie dear, or I shall have to go into a monastery—oops! convent, I mean. What do you suggest?

DISTRACTED SOPHOMORE.

Dear Distracted Sophomore:
 Maybe it would be better if you stayed out of rooms with locked doors. Also, it's diplomatic to forget about "dream men" that you met elsewhere.

AUNT ROSIE.

Dear Aunt Rosie:
 The Most Terrible Thing has happened! A nasty old sophomore has stolen my sweet dream of love. He was always so sweet to me in English class, and he even took me out a couple of times. And then, SHE came into my life! And now, I haven't heard a word from him for a week, except for a phone call which I was unfortunately not present to receive. I am going to apologize to him for not being there; and if he won't accept my apology, I'm afraid I'll have to give up. What do you suggest?

LOVELY FRESHMAN.

Dear L. F.:
 Give up. AUNT ROSIE.

Dear Aunt Rosie:
 I've met my dream woman at last! When I think what might have happened if I had not gotten that part in "Death Takes a Holiday"—oh, but I can't bear the thought! But that is where I first really came to know her

Letters to the Editor

Please limit your letters to 200 words.

(Editor's Note: In connection with this exaggerated, ridiculous criticism, I have taken the liberty to append a few remarks refuting what this apparently finicky-stomached writer has said.)
 To the Editor of the Guilfordian:

I was very much interested in a short editorial appearing in the last issue of your publication. This article was titled "We Are Grippers." Being a newcomer to Guilford College, I am, perhaps, not very well informed as to the usual standard of food in our dining room. I must admit, however, that I am one of this so-called "insidious group" of grippers.

Mr. Editor, had it ever occurred to you that possibly the reason for small graduating classes at Guilford was due to our food? Yes! Preposterous as it may seem, food is causing our classes to melt away, so that only a very few of those who start with us survive until graduation.

'Twas a most costly mistake to have complimented our kitchen for the half-prepared, overdone meals originated there. Haven't you noticed? Certainly, you have. You will admit, I am sure, that since the last issue of our paper our meals have decreased in size and variety. Did you believe that you would ever be called upon to eat one kind of pasty dough prepared with ketchup for three consecutive meals? Did you know that by actual count for 17 meals, lunch and dinner, we were offered potatoes in one form or another, including a most disgraceful method of "glazing"? Let us look at this matter as future alumnae of Guilford. We cannot afford to consider this matter lightly. We cannot "dish out" flattering compliments when the future of our own "alma mater" is at stake. Let's face the issue squarely. We must have better food with our meals.

AN INDIGNANT DINER.

In your second paragraph, you seem greatly worried over the smallness of Guilford graduating classes. Have you ever seen or heard of a school in which the whole freshman class has stayed in a school four years? Of course you haven't, you have never heard of such a school either. If you had taken the trouble to do a little research on this subject, you would have realized that the present management of the kitchen is new this year and therefore could in no way be accountable for anything that happened in former years.

If Guilford classes are melting away because of the food question, just think what an undesirable element it will be getting rid of—that group which comes to college not with the purpose of study but of eating and griping about eating.

We can only feel that you are just a member of a group who continually gripes over everything, and therefore would be satisfied with nothing, or that you have a very finicky stomach which would take the constant care of a loving mother who would just live to cater to your queer likes and dislikes on food.

In your third paragraph you list three things which evidently do not suit your taste, but they do suit the taste of others. But even if you did not eat these three things, you would still have several other things to eat.

Of course you realize that only a certain amount of money can be used in our dining room, because of the reasonable amount of money we pay. If you pay twice or three times as much, perhaps your taste might be satisfied—but only perhaps.

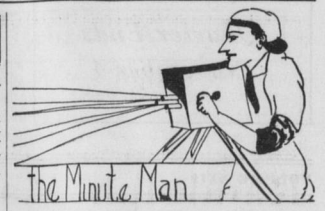
In conclusion may I ask why you did not sign your name to this violent denunciation? Surely you could not be afraid of what people might think.

—and now each night as we go through our big love scene in the second act, my heart throbs wildly. Shall I ask her for a date?

BASHFUL THESPIAN.

Dear Bashful:
 Let your conscience be your guide—and the devil take the hindmost!

AUNT ROSIE.



One of Guilford's young ladies—about-the-campus seems to have it in for our prowling electrician, who happened to be in Founder's one afternoon recently. She threatens to break his neck if he talks. Don't worry, Mae; he really isn't as bad as all that. Ask Dot.

i itchy would very much like to know the name of that mean man who called up new garden not so long ago and pretended to be somebody else i would also like to be around when the poor deluded girl goes around to apologize for not being there

That prominent and dignified senior who hands out the house-cuts over at Mary Hobbs is still trying to find out who it was that set that repeating alarm clock outside her door at the milkman's hour the other morning.

Judging by recent observations at Founder's of an evening, a considerable number of young Guilfordians are nocturnal by nature. Perhaps they can see in the dark, or perhaps they depend on their other senses to carry them through.

sometime i am going to take my s p scratchy on a hike i want to know why is it that so many people who have to be dragged out of bed every other day get up before dawn sunday to go for a walk in the woods

Asheboro's blue-eyed baby is simply aching with curiosity about the meaning of a certain five-syllable word which appeared in last Sunday's newspaper. We are so sorry for her that we think her fellow students should chip in and buy her a second-hand dictionary. Kindly address all contributions to the Minute Man, care the Guilfordian. You will receive acknowledgments on the same day that she receives her dictionary.

The boys over in Archdale have been conducting tests to determine the Holiness Quotient of the dormitory. As we go to press, the figure seems to have stabilized at 2.80, which isn't so bad when you consider that the highest they could possibly score is 10. Well, anyway, there's only one murderer in the bunch.

i admire people who make their work a pleasure but the danger is that other people may also consider it so—witness the aforementioned electrician—some people are lovely to look at and as i was saying i admire people who make their work a pleasure

i also enjoy looking for typists especially with the co-operation of our business manager he has taste

This column hereby offers congratulations to certain girls who inhabit Hobbs. They know who they are and what the congratulations are for. But, girls, did you have permission?!!

Some people seem to have all the luck, doggonnit. Here we can't even get a picture of cigarettes to go in our paper, and without any solicitation whatever (?) our charming director of personnel gets a whole carton free, gratis, etc., and up to the present writing we have not scraped up nerve enough to ask her for ducks or a drag. Ye scribe wonders if they are all gone yet.

Miss May Ethel Knight, a former student at Guilford, was married to Kermit Wilson Robinson October 18, 1935.