

THE GUILFORDIAN

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This year the business management of the GUILFORDIAN will advertise the best quality of goods and service available in Greensboro and High Point for the benefit of the Guilford students.

"The Old Order Changeth"

It is no longer necessary to go to college for lack of something to do. In the years that followed 1929 the youth of America trooped to college and was immediately sent home because of "lack of funds."

Today, youth goes to college because there are funds available for leisure time, because colleges are increasing their enrollment, and because a degree has become necessary for a position.

According to the modern prophets, the coming three years will be those of prosperity after which will follow either a war or a depression, the like of which we have never seen.

We who number among the fortunate youth of America, those of us who have the leisure time to think, can we not propose and carry out a plan to prevent the errors of the previous generation? The monotonous song is sung to us by chapel speakers "the responsibility of tomorrow rests on your shoulders."

Come All Ye Faithless

Our collective hat is off to the faculty-student quintet which, under the humdrum title of the Chapel Committee, got quietly together during this week just past and scrapped a few of the time-worn conventions that have been weighing Guilford College down for the past hundred years.

For Sophomores Only

Again Freshman Week was observed by the supposed sophomores. And again, the childish stunts of the snake dance such as "prayer for rain," "the embarrassed proposal," and "the wavy singing" were all enacted and the usual amount of empty laughter followed each stunt.

We assume that when a boy has reached the stage of graduation from high school that he is beginning to learn how to conduct himself according to the ethics of a gentleman and surely when he reaches his sophomore year in college we would conclude that he should know a few rules of conduct.

Why cannot the sophomore men follow the lead of the progressive group in their class and be numbered among those college classes which display adult intelligence.

First Centennial 1837-1937

(Editor's Note: Interesting and historical stories about Guilford College and the Centennial will appear in this column. Thomas Ashcraft will be the editor.)

NEW GARDEN CEMETERY

One hundred and eighty-one years ago, there was formed by the New Garden Monthly Meeting, the nucleus of one of the most historical burial grounds in the state of North Carolina.

The original tract containing two acres was purchased from Henry Bailing. Through the years it has expanded to 21 acres with an additional 18 acres ready for use.

The most historic part of the cemetery is "The Revolutionary Oak" which stands today as it did in 1783. It has recently been struck by lightning and it is feared that the old tree will not live much longer.

To the east and a little south of this famous tree are the graves of 13 British soldiers who were killed in the Battle of Guilford Courthouse. It is probable that all of them died in the old Quaker Meeting House used by Lord Cornwallis as a hospital.

Not far away is the grave of Harriet Green, a distinguished Friends preacher from England who died while in this state. On November 21, 1928, the New Garden Cemetery Association, Inc., was formed by the monthly meeting for the purpose of taking care of the burial ground.

Such families as Hobbs, Cox, Lindley, White, Worth, Benbow, Peele, Hodgin and Hunt, whose names have been connected with North Carolina Yearly Meeting and Guilford College for the last century compose a large percentage of the cemetery.

SEMEL ET SIMUL

How mingled in our ecstasy was dread In that short hour—exquisite, memorable;

Dread that kept us ever mindful of our unhappy lot which was to be fore'er Not true and constant lovers, but mere dreams

To one another—figments of fantasy. The trees, the moon, the glistening surface of

The lake and you—all transient joys to make Reality a sad, unwanted fate.

Reached us from shores that wavered through the mist— With what caprice was our supernal host

Moved to astound us as we silently Disturbed the black and silver mirror of the

Moon that cast deceiving rays on shifting Forms that now are shapely trees which seemed

A hundred yards before cavorting elves. Fragile beauty is short-lived and flees From time and care and unrequited passion.

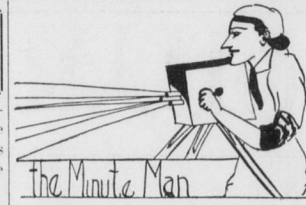
Thus passed away our own enchanted hour, And now in reverie I wonder if

"Twas ever so or did I merely dream That you had clasped my hand in yours and spoke in

Mystic words of love and life and laughter While all the time we knew that this and only

This brief interim was ours to share. Teacher—"Willie! Define the word 'puncture'."

Willie—"A puncture is a little hole in a tire, usually found a great distance from a garage."—Presbyterian Motorist.



In times of change like these it is a comfort to come to the great institution with a justified feeling of pride and which many formerly among us possibly regard with no small degree of nostalgia.

The inevitable effect of Cupid's potent darts is presented in striking contrast in the following romantic intrigues: For example, the classical manner of one who gave unrequited love to a New Gardenette for three long years.

Seen about the campus . . . one first rate business man, honor student, Democrat, and Y. M. C. A. President (You must come again to Dr. Bettel's of course) with a look on his face very much like that of a devoted dog who has just lost his master.

Truly Cupid has been busy this summer. Three members of the faculty have been wounded by his darts and four former students are, I understand, about to become that way or at least are willing to be.

A lass that I shud be so rudely aroused by the melodies of one who calls himself Poppa Duck. Recently he enlisted an Archdalian and Founderite with an interpolation of "I Just Couldn't Take it Baby" reference to repasts.

EGOTISTIC OBSERVATION

A lounge is used by guys like me, But only Freshmen use a tree.

Nips at novices: what has become of the food grippers? N.B.: observe the Cuban's super-Southern "sh," especially in reference to seating position.

LOST LETTER

"Dear Sir: "You have not used your charge account with us recently and we are somewhat concerned about it. I sincerely hope that nothing is wrong and that we shall have the pleasure of serving you again real soon."

But no signature . . . such a confidence in ye columnist. Drop any info to college box 131 and it shall be perused.

Suffering Sergeant: I'd do anything to stop this blamed toothache.

Sympathetic Private: Try chewing the end of your rifle. If your tooth still aches—reach down and pull the trigger! —Foreign Service, V. F. W.

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BEAUTIFUL SILENCE

Green leaves Whispering of kisses From the wind— Blue inverted bowl of sky Spot-lit by the sun; Serene, calm, placid— Yet, stay! A discord! Feet beating on the stairs Rumbling, thundering, trampling Shattering Utopian quiet; Students hurrying To silent chapel.

TO ONE WHO LOVED AND LOVED NOT

I caught all the color of the mountains in October, Gathered a sail boat in sunset, I took the smell of pine and magnolias, Mixed it all with the mystery of a great city and gave them all to you.

I spilled warm white blood, gave all my love and then borrowed from the gods!

And you, you laughed, smiled, then wept on my cool white breasts, dried your tears and went away.

Life:

I laugh with an idiot's laughter, I sing with a fool's pride, I talk with a hypocrite's tongue— Why? why? why?

MUSIC

Like music curling lazily into nothingness,

Soft music melts into your being Smoothly, without your knowing, it takes possession

Of your body, And makes of it a wild, untamed thing That first, in awe, lies quivering— bewildered,

Then as the music swells in sharp crescendo, Fast beats the pulse of this strange creature,

Once so calm, so cool, Ah, thank God! The dimuendo! And so back to your smug, complacent self.

FAITH, FAREWELL!

One night when faith and I were one, God whispered in the darkness, "In doing good for others Will you find your greatest happiness."

And though I waited, no words followed. As youth does, so did I. The bidding soon was faded And as it lost itself in black, unyielding shadows,

Faith arose and followed.

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