

THE GUILFORDIAN

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OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

Back in the days before the war, in the year 1907, I remember that Joe Cannon—"Czar" Cannon he was called then—came to Guilford college to one of the big "blow-outs" they had at Founders hall. After dinner Joe gets up and makes a dive for the front porch, and there, to the amazement of the Quakers at large, he lights a big cigar. One of the wives of the faculty members rushes up to say that she "begs his pardon, but the vile weed is not smoked on this campus." "Czar" Cannon was very much chagrined, but threw away the long "duck." It is said that Dr. Hobbs, the president of the institution, apologized to Joe Cannon, and some say that Joe Cannon apologized to Dr. Hobbs.

Sincerely,
 Your Aunt Margaret.

Dear Editor:

Doubtless with the advent of the semester grades, the delinquent student body of Guilford College has heard many unjust criticisms about that which I, as well as other competent observers, deem the most magnificent virtue that could beset a modernized civilization. Loafing, defined as Purposeless Activity, is an integral part of every society. Mind you, I do not mean "doing nothing," but "loafing."

What may be the purpose of listening to jazz or to the incoherent babblings of some benighted orator when we could be occupying our minds in doing something without purpose? Goethe was probably the greatest loafer in "der ganze Welt," yet he got farther in the realm of the noted than did the dead John Doe, whose psychosomatic character was always leading his weary mind into the paths of religious and mental conflicts. Teleologically we should strive forward; sanely and spiritually we should loaf, for even the Sophists believed that man was the measure of all things. Therefore who is there to pass judgment on our time and motion when even our most learned professors have not explained a Philosophical Absolute. Religiously we should worship and in like manner we should loaf. The trouble with the world is too much purpose—nothing seems to be a purpose in itself. Why did a Schiller write beautiful poetry? Why did a Mozart die a pauper's death? Was there "purpose" in it at all? It was without purpose; it was an end in itself. We would have less war and more peace if we all stopped two hours a day to play poker, work jig-saw puzzles, or play tiddle-dee-winks, in stead of trying to find a purpose for this huge edifice of scientific knowledge that is sometimes too thin to plow and too thick to drink.

Sincerely,
 Henry Nau.

RIPPED AT RANDOM

Some definitions:
 Taxi: The longest distance between two points.

Petting: A waist effort.
 Rigid Economy: A dead Scotchman.

Worry: Interest paid on trouble before it comes due.

Pedestrian: A man whose daughter is home from college.—*Quaker Campus.*

BAA! BAA! Black sheep
 Have you any wool?
 Sure, what did you think I had,
 Feathers?
 —L. A. J. C.

I sit alone in the twilight
 Forsaken by God and man
 And murmur over and over,
 I'll never eat onion again.
 —*Rocky Mountain Collegian.*

Frosh: "I got in trouble with the professor this morning."
 Froshness: "How come?"
 Frosh: "He said that all questions could be answered with yes or no, and asked if anyone could give him one that couldn't. I asked him if he had stopped drinking."

ADVICE TO LOVERS
 Don't let a kiss fool you, and don't let a fool kiss you.—*Levoir-Rhymean.*

SAYINGS OF THE GREAT
 Adam: It's a great life if you don't weaken.
 Plutarch: I'm sorry that I have no more lives to give to my country.
 Samson: I'm strong for you, kid.
 Jonah: You can't keep a good man down.
 Cleopatra: You're an easy Mark Anthony.
 David: The bigger they are the harder they fall.
 Helen of Troy: So this is Paris.
 Columbus: I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.
 Solomon: I love the ladies.
 Nero: Keep the home fires burning.
 Noah: It floats!
 Methuselah: The first hundred years are the hardest.
 Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh: Keep your shirt on.—*De Paula.*

Pass the Razberries

Guilford is traditionally a friendly college. Yet at games we see a spirit manifested that is anything but friendly. The referee has absolute power to call a game and we have no right to boo or yell at him when he makes a mistake in the other team's favor. He probably has given and will give us the so-called breaks.

Witness the High Point game: we were so hostile and governed by the mob spirit that the referee was forced to ask co-operation. We, the student body, apologize for the student who seemed to be unable to reason for himself. We should be courteous and considerate to the visiting teams and their supporters. At other schools we are treated as guests and given guest consideration.

Upon entering college we are supposed to take on a dignity and control of action which is sadly lacking in some of our students. This year seems to bring forth a worse spirit than ever before. "School spirit" does not include hatred of opponents, but means supporting the team and playing a clean game.

People judge Guilford by the students. Therefore, we should take steps immediately to do away with this high school rudeness before we build up a reputation harmful to the college interests. C. W. P.

Can You Take It?

Word recently reached us (indirectly) from a prominent source to the effect that the faculty had voted down a proposal to extend the women's curfew a half-hour each night. The general attitude was that 10 o'clock was "none too early for growing girls."

We feel certain that this action would never have been taken if those speaking on the matter had really understood what it was they were doing. And for that reason, we throw down the following gage:

We challenge the faculty to set some absurdly early hour (10 o'clock has official sanction) for the termination of their day's activity; to abide faithfully by that limit for one week, dropping everything, if necessary, in order to get in on time; and, after that, to state honestly that they believe the present limitation on the women of the college is equitable. M. A.

Soup's On

There are on campus two schools of eaters and two dining halls in which these two theories are maintained. The two schools of eaters are composed of those who do not know how because of lack of training and those who refuse to put what they know to be correct into practice. These two theories of eating are responsible for the "immigrant clutch," "the bread mop," and the "gurgling coffee drinker." And the two dining halls—one for example should be called the stokers club for country lassies and the second has this appropriate and expressive ditty for it's motif:

"Pour the water and pass the bread,
 Get that done while prayers are said."

If the true love resides in the former grouping we suggest that you take her out to dinner before you entertain ideas about taking the fatal step. If the boy friend acts embarrassed and awkward while eating his frugal meal in the college dining hall what (if he should ever go there) would he do at the Ritz-Carlton?

This institution for the past hundred years has maintained a high academic standing but judging from the conduct on display in the dining halls it would be impossible to come to this conclusion. Must we continue to eat like mad medieval creatures? If the answer be negative why do we continue this "rush and eat act" in spite of lectures by the faculty and annual proddings from this column? Change will be possible when the group becomes conscious enough to register disapproval. Then and not until then will the breaking of the bread become a civilized and enjoyable process. M. N.

We Eat to Live?

Are we not chiefly eaters and sleepers? In spite of the ceaseless fall of rain and the mud behind Cox Hall, we dully go through the schedule of three meals a day and a bed at night. Of course we can add the excitement of going to town, going to a basketball game, or even studying, but is there really much more than this process of food-getting and bed-going that we get out of college life?

Surely there must be something to this going to college business or it wouldn't have lasted so long. And yet, if the food is bad one day or if our sleep is disturbed one night it seems to make a great deal more difference to us than the fact that Child Labor is a sanctioned thing in North Carolina or that at any time we may be fighting some other nation with all the men and gas bombs that can be mustered for destruction.

Perhaps we come to college to learn how to integrate our eating and sleeping in order that we may more adequately perform a task. However this task seems to be only a process of earning money so that one may "mange la pain" and "se couche."

Let us hope that in this mine of information with which we are daily associated we may learn that there is a beauty and meaning in life which is not primarily interested in "feeding the face." C. P.



Ah deleterious deletion. I lifted up mine eyes to the pi from whence cometh mine column and it was not.

With deletion we continue: The ever humble New Gardenettes seem to have been learning what makes the world go 'round and DOUBLE in its interest. Suffice it to say that two of our still ever humble New Gardenettes caught the real Old Quaker a few nights . . . er, we mean cons ago . . . and expressed much elation over the discovery.

FLASH! The Campus Civic Interest Committee warns all Guilfordians to watch for a dangerous vampire recently reported on campus. Already a wandering New Northerner, trapped in the Biology lab, has fallen into the clutches of this creature, only to succumb after the loss of only some 10 c.c. of blood. B-e-e-ware!

During the late holidays one of the charms and chief attractions of Founders hall did some high stepping in the most exclusive portals of Brown University. We are always glad to see our little girls make good in the big bad world. More power to her!

The fact that he was Justa Blare Shadow did not prevent him from Umbrian shades. And imbibe of nectar.
 Sucha Shadowy Shaperone!

Could Illman be a stool pigeon or milk maid er man?

Recently Mrs. Milner's little five foot fourteen inch has reverted from Bull-Shooting to Bulla swinging. We have our eyes on him tonight. So has Broken Hearted B. Maybe a Yankee

Alas that we should return for Sunday night supper only to find the dining hall sending to the GUILFORD GRILL for it.

A recent Sunday there was much ado about something. Some say she pulled a Sharpe one. Was Barnes afraid she would Louise her prestige? The following Sunday visits to faculty homes were resumed. Should Phyllis consider the Cuban a Victory of etiquette? . . . Grigg spirits of Ammonia!!! Faint heart never won fair lass. This is a reversal of procedure. And then he walks in with the sopranos.

Thell alias "Coty." Did you find the 5th question on the Econ. exam? Did Suiter have a laugh? Are you asking us? Some fish problem.

To conclude the sprawling fecundity of our shiftless ingenuity we present a pseudo-scientific extravaganza of the fabulous workings of the "Lower Regions." Glancing at our credit hours, they assume a remote semblance of credibility. English 12 pardon us.

We are the slaves of the Chem. Lab. We are they who toil in ceaseless anguish

Beneath Mem. Hall We are they who sleep not, eat not, drink not, think not— Save only in that festering fen of fetid fumes.

We are the dead and the dying. We are slaves of the man Who sits upstairs at his desk, with his little black book and pencil Who shakes his head and says, "No."

We be they who sit for nights uncounted Watching the poised needle swing rhythmically

Over the balance scale. Who labor for days untold With titrations and calculations Until the mind goes blank and the soul goes cold. We are the slaves of the Chem. Lab.

EXALTATION

And this is exaltation.
 To like against a brittle wind,
 To feel the clean cut joy of chilled flesh,
 To know the challenge of taut muscles,
 To breathe the night until its stars choke you and its clouds suffocate you,
 To hurl your dreams into the whirlpools and eddies of the atmosphere and watch them being torn by ghosts until they fall drunk and wilted at your feet
 Then to stoop and fling them back again.

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First Centennial 1837-1937

George N. Hartley, who was principal of New Garden Boarding School from 1871-1879, is one of the persons who plan to return to the centennial celebration. He is 92 years old and is the only principal of the boarding school who has lived to see Guilford celebrate her 100th birthday. His memories of New Garden are especially significant, and the following details are presented from letters he has written to Dorothy L. Gilbert concerning the "great depression" of 1874 and the return to prosperity which took place before he left the school.

In 1871 the trustees of New Garden Boarding School authorized J. E. Cox and his son-in-law, Ezra Meader, the latter a teacher, to operate the school. These two gentlemen made a request of Joseph Moore, president of Earlham College at that time, to recommend a principal for the institution. Upon his recommendation, George N. Hartley, a graduate of that year, came to New Garden to fill the position. Under this able man the school passed out of a period of depression into a period of growth and prosperity.

In 1873 Ezra Meader and two women students died with measles and complications. Not long afterward an employee's wife died, and early in 1874 two women employed in the laundry died of typhoid fever. The deaths of these six persons caused a report to be circulated that unsanitary conditions prevailed. About this same time "Uncle" Jonathan and "Aunt" Lizzie Cox resigned as superintendent and matron. The trustees offered the position of managing the school to Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, who agreed to accept it provided that the trustees acted as counselors. At this time a report was circulated that the school would close at the half, and many prospective students went to other places. The enrollment dropped below its usual level and the situation was not hopeful.

With grim determination George and Ella Hartley went about their task of bringing the school back to its former standard. Outside appearances and sanitary conditions were first attended to. A 35-year-old chip pile back of Founders hall was burned, trees were trimmed, stumps were removed, cellars were cleaned, a new fence was built, and whitewash was used wherever needed. Most of the work was done by the students and the principal, who rewarded them with watermelon feasts and a bonfire.

Instead of the debt the Yearly Meeting was expecting in 1874, George Hartley cleared \$450 by his efficient management.

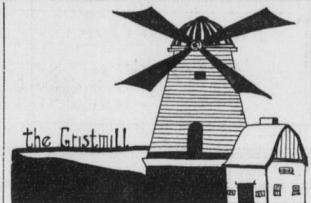
Very healthy conditions prevailed, and only once in four years was the service of a doctor required. The school raised much of its own foodstuff, and such produce as berries and fruit was accepted on tuition.

In 1875, Lewis Lyndon Hobbs, then a senior at Haverford college, who lived near New Garden, became a close friend of George Hartley, who urged him to accept a position as assistant teacher upon his graduation. In 1876 Lewis Lyndon Hobbs, who later became principal of New Garden Boarding School and president of Guilford college, assumed his new duties. For the next two years he worked hand in hand with George Hartley in building up the prestige of the school.

George Hartley writes, "I consider my stay in New Garden Boarding School as one of the great bright spots of my life."

"I have written this, all from memory, that all may know how the school went down into a very deep depression and how it rose again to greater heights and is shining ever brighter at time passes on. . . ."

"With the most pleasant memories of the Southland and my many friends there, I hope sincerely for the advancement and the success of Guilford college."



STUDENT SONG

Time brings joy,
 And time brings sorrow,
 Here today,
 And gone tomorrow.
 Fol-de-rol-de-rol—

Student life is quite exciting,
 Books and co-eds so inviting,
 Tra-lee-la-la-la.
 Burn the midnight oil unceasing,
 Time we hear is ever fleeting.
 Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

When my student days are over
 I'll be crammed, like pigs in clover,
 With the latest information,
 On the status of the nation,
 Then I'll take my student lamp
 To the Conservation camp.
 C—C—C—C!

(Russell Pope)

DESIRE

Let me be
 But passing laughter,
 Lift of song
 Swift-moving water:

Crescent light
 On a new-moon night,
 Touch of green
 In the waking spring:

Nectar of
 A May-bright flower
 Within your wonder
 For an hour.

GIFT

I have brought you a red leaf
 I meant to bring the tall trees I saw
 Standing above a maze of dusky-purple brush

Flaming, scarlet
 Under the greyling sky;
 The flock of birds dipping and rising
 In the magic air—
 But I lost the words
 To tell you
 Under a pine tree
 Where the wind sang.

Empathy

A day all blue
 Sea and sky
 White clouds
 And white seafoam,
 Black rocks
 Against the rim
 Of the world.

And you
 Your brown slim feet
 Buried in the clean sand
 Your arms hugging your knees close
 Your eyes, warm, golden
 Filled with splinters of yellow light;
 Watching the whitecaps
 Break and form—
 A sail on the blue curve of the sky.

Was the world set in a matrix
 Whose scintillating beauty
 Cut your heart?
 No answering eyes
 No quickening hand
 In your own?

Did you seek to hold naked beauty
 In your hand for an hour?
 It can only leave you
 Torn and bleeding;
 It is too large for your possession;
 Too strong for the human heart to hold
 Without breaking:
 Leave it my loved child
 Let it not wound you.

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