

THE GUILFORDIAN

Published semi-monthly by the students of Guilford College during the school year except during examinations and holiday periods.

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

Editor-in-Chief ----- Milton Anderson
 Assistant Editor ----- Charlotte Parker
 Managing Editor ----- Thomas Ashcraft
 Assistant Managing Editor ----- Flora Huffman
 Business Manager ----- Thomas McKnight
 Assistant Business Manager ----- Frank Poole
 Circulating Managers ----- Wm. Vanhoy, J. W. Edgerton

SPECIAL EDITORS

Feature Editors ----- Tom Taylor, Philip Kelsey
 Sports Editors ----- Ken Morris, Meric Woodward
 Society Editor ----- Mary Priscilla Blouch
 Exchange Editor ----- Dorothy Chappell
 Proofreaders ----- Kathleen Leslie, Mary Labberton

REPORTERS

Richard Binford, Thornton Conrow, Bernard Foster, Mary Jane Gibbons, Barbara Hamlin, Charles Hendricks, Ruth Hopkins, Greig Ritchie, James Parker, Alice Swick, Pete Moore, Shirley Messner, Priscilla Palmer, Virginia Snow, Polly Morton, and George Wilson.

FACULTY ADVISERS

Dorothy Gilbert Robert Marshall Samray Smith

Address all communications to THE GUILFORDIAN
 Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price ----- \$1.00 per year

1937 Member 1938
 Associated Collegiate Press

Entered at the post office in Guilford College as second class matter

Food for Thought

Legislation against the things men want to do is futile.

Altruism is the name which every man gives to his own selfishness.

With one outstanding exception, chapel of late has been refreshingly different.

The technique of dictatorship is pretty much the same, whatever its ideology.

"Public opinion" is the reflection of current propaganda by a million distorted mirrors.

It is difficult to think about world politics today; most people prefer to choose one of the great biases and stick by it.

To the Ladies!

Every time we turn around we learn that the Women's Athletic Association has instituted some new form of sport for its constituents—horseback riding, swimming, social dancing, interpretive dancing, and the like—despite its limited budget. Admittedly the facilities for physical education are limited, but the W. A. A. should serve as a constant reminder to the men of the existing possibilities.

Antioch College has made a go of a purely intramural program composed mainly of the stock sports—football, basketball, baseball, etc.—and it's a project well worth attempting. If the existing situation does not offer adequate facilities for the renovation of the major sports program, it might be well for the men to take a leaf out of the WAA's book and try a few of the unusual diversions. Riding, fencing, boxing and wrestling seem likely possibilities.

Why Join the A. S. U.?

There are a great many things wrong with the world today. The national and international systems which grew up with industrial development have shown themselves to be inadequate to the needs of the world groups which they are futilely attempting to serve; and all sorts of solutions have been suggested and are being attempted in countries all over the world.

Students in the United States are not in a position to do anything very effective about these problems. However effective they may be, they are very definitely a minority—and they are not respected in an atmosphere of universal education the way they are in societies in which formal instruction is a relative rarity. However, any man or woman who leaves college unacquainted with the areas of need in the world and in his or her own neighborhood today, together with a thorough grounding in possible solutions to the pressing problems, is socially illiterate.

Among the effective agencies of instruction in the country today, the American Student Union occupies a high place. And that, we believe, is its greatest recommendation for a place at Guilford College. As we go to press, efforts to organize a chapter on campus seem to be meeting with success. If they do succeed, we do not expect any great material reforms to follow—we are convinced, that they cannot—but we are sincere in our belief that those who participate will be better fitted to live in the world which they will have to face after graduation.

SECOND-CLASS MATTER

By THE CARRIER

No chapel (or chape, as M. Marg. Binford spells it) any more on Saturday. To a lot of people that means no chapel period, but to us it means no Saturday breakfast.

Prof. Samuel (Gu Ru) Haworth made a big hit all unbeknownst to himself the other day, when he was quoting an ancient Chinese philisopher. We don't know what the message was, or what it was intended to be, but it was interpreted to read, "Don't drink out of a short pint." Wht do you mean, comparative religion?

There will be a meeting of the Riding Club this afternoon at 4:15.

Tyree Gilliam missed the Honor Roll by three- or four-tenths of a point, but, if a man can be known by the company he keeps, he is doing the next best thing.

And so our dramatics teacher, Mr. Robert I. Marshall, bought a twenty-dollar bicycle from a Scotchman for seventeen bucks. Well, why not? He's a Quaker, ain't he?

The Riding Club will meet immediately after lunch

It seems their chins are always up. Their ears are always to the ground. Best feet are always forward; Their shoulders to the wheel are bound.

Their nose is to the grindstone, While their eyes are fixed ahead . . . What are these chapel speakers Anyway,—contortionists?

They do say that the dean of women remonstrated with a certain young lady of the campus not long ago. The grounds for the royal rebuke were that she (Mrs. Milner) didn't know any women like our heroine. That's all right. We never knew any women like Mrs. Milner, either.

The Riding Club will hold an important meeting in East Parlor immediately after dinner.

"Marriage involves compromise," says Mrs. Milner And vice-versa?

So Robert Taylor is transferring his social activities to G. C. and is going steady this week. She's a petite brunette who lives just over the hill . . . If we can't make new enemies we stick by the old ones, huh, Parsons? . . . We like the smell of burning punk.

All members of the Riding Club please meet in Zay Hall at twelve-forty-five.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Ashcraft led a pilgrimage to the basement of the First Baptist church in Winston-Salem Monday nite. Haw!

So Lin White is all in an uproar. Seems he sent his lady-love a nice sweet box of candy for Valentine's Day and also a ditto Valentine message. Came the pause between the dark and the daylight which is known as the Social Hour. Came White leaping up the steps of Mary Garden to reap a well-deserved reward. Down the same steps came the lady on the arm of a stranger. Hmm. Sauce for the goose!

About the prize Valentine, though, was an outgrowth of the Monogram dance. It appears that G. Beittel didn't get a balloon there. Sooo, she got three packages from Aiston on the fourteenth. Smart boy, Stewart. He let her inflate 'em herself.

There will be a very important meeting of the Riding Club at seven o'clock tonite. All members please be present.

A quick turn around Founders almost any nite now will disclose a lot of West Porch Spirit all wrapped up in Byrd and Palmer.

There will be an important meeting of the Riding Club



GOODBYE

I had not known till now That "never" was so sad a word. So I shall turn my face As though I had not heard.

THE HUMANIST

Nature was an institution Pretty clever? Well, in your eloquence Did you ever Make a speech Or teach Why man appears Upon the earth With but one tongue To tell his worth:— And two ears?

PARDONMEEDNA

My candle burns at both ends; I'd snuff it were I able. But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends— The tallow on the table.

CHRISTMAS 1936

Hark, the Herald angels sing: "Japs Demand Naval Parity", "Police Rap New Vice Ring", (And on earth, peace—and charity.) "Incendiary Fire in Home for Paralytities". "Six Die in Crash". "President Plays Critics". "New Deal Lashed".

"Sanctions Won't Stop War". (Pour an oil embargo on the waters.) "Millionaire Jumps from Sixteenth Floor".

"Man Kills Wife and Two Daughters". No mention of Hitler, Coughlin, or the Reds today. (And on earth, peace.)

That girl who killed her father has nothing more to say, But the judge says she'll get a release.

What is the song the bullet sings ("League Conference Fails Again") To Haile Selassie, King of Kings? (And good will toward men.)

BLUEBEARD

My love, my heart is your castle, But I shal remain its king. You may bid each trembling vassal, But I warn you of this thing:—

To live as queen you must Keep to the lower floors, Mount no stair in distrust, Nor knock at the closed doors.

VERS LIBRE

This is the literary curse Free verse So called And it's getting So much worse That I'm Appalled— I wonder Why the hell As you Thunder And yell And pile Your goddam stuff In rows And rows You couldn't Cut the bluff And call it Prose.

ON THE POPULARITY OF WINGED HORSES

Lovers of verses are few, and mostly lazy; Coiners of verses are many, and mostly crazy.

GUILFORD COLLEGE GRADUATE IS NEW PROVOST AT PITT

(Continued From Page One)

He has been a grand praector of Sigma Chi fraternity, is a member of Phi Kappa Phi, and of various clubs and associations. He has studied in Egypt and Syria.

PATTER

Add to your "must hear programs" *Lights Out* over National hookup every Wednesday night at 12:30 . . . O, monkie is such ewazy people . . . Open Letter to Practical Jokers: Be careful about writing to Bob Poole concerning a romance between a certain junior and freshman. High blood pressure is a terrible affliction . . . How about equality? From Andy Devine Wyell's chatter one would think he was jealous of blushing modest, I've got everything Robbie Parsons . . . They have joined the ranks. Yes, they've done gone and done it. Mike Caffey, football hero to be, and his petite roommate were seen wending the flagstone path to Merry New Garden the other night for Dinah . . . And speaking of football heroes makes me think of the triple-threat combination Lover Caffey and T. Taylor are going to be next year if spring practice means anything . . . Whatz d'idea o'reversing chapel arrangement . . . Every time you are in the chapel knock a tune (or a key) off the organ-tron. Everybody will enjoy it and you will help wear it out quicker . . . No news is *not* good news to the newspaper man . . . Poopleck Pappy Ryan has been listening to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer, so say a few movie goers who heard Poople lay 'em in the isles at "The Hurricane" one day last week . . . Sixty Ruble and Buzzy Taylor are great admirers of the *Thespes* these days. Crescenzo says Taylor must be Russian . . . He's satisfied with only one Ruble . . . and what a Russian Ruble's getting . . . huh? Foo to foo and foovers . . . A. C. Woodruff, Francis Lael, Buggy Mitchell—stay in out of the dampness . . . colds are easy to catch these days.

Ripped at Random

by DOT CHAPPELL

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he is never disappointed.

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.—*Johnsonian*.

A quiet room with light turned low, A soft touch on my shoulder, A warm breath against my cheek, A little face against my own— Who let that darn cat in? —*Davidsonian*.

Greater love hath no man than a politician for a voter's baby at election.—*Salomite*.

F—Fords
 L—Late hours
 U—Unexpected quiz
 N—Not prepared
 K—Kicked out.
 —*Crescent*.

A bird in the hand is bad table manners.

A girl's best asset—Man's imagination.—*Carolinian*.

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once. — *University Life*.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR
 She: "My, the floor is smooth!"
 He: "Oh, yeah? I just had my shoes shined!"

Don't it make you mad
 Don't it get your goat
 To get into the bathtub
 And then forget the soap.
 —*The State Magazine*.

The attributes of a great lady are in the rule of the 4 S's:
 Sincerity
 Simplicity
 Sympathy
 Serenity.

"Bring in the next case," said the judge as he drained the last bottle.—*Lenoir-Rhymean*.