

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Demos Wakes

Many hosannas have been sung this past week in praise of the awakening of Guilford democracy. The occasion was the rejection of the proposed Student Affairs budget for 1938-1939. Usually passed without question, the schedule of expenditures submitted by the board this year underwent heavy fire from all sides and had to be revised before it was accepted. Wherefore, long live the public spirit of the Guilford student body!

As a matter of fact, the public spirit of the aforementioned student body was mainly the property of an extremely small group with just a hint of administrative coloring, which decided that it would be an interesting intellectual experience to see the Student Affairs Board sweat. Unexpected support accrued to their banner from sundry silver-tongued gladiators of the market-place, and the students eagerly followed.

Three days after the budget's initial defeat, the more controversial portion of it was approved by a two-to-one vote at a special meeting; and the revision, when it came up, passed with almost a four-to-one majority for Part A and an eight-to-one vote favoring Part B.

Beauty Ballot

"In the spring time a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," was in all probability a New Garden Boarding School proverb quoted by many of our grandparents at this time of the year. In more recent times the "young man's fancy" has been altered to thoughts of the coming election of the Queen of the May. And within the last year the young man's fancy at Guilford has taken a new turn in the field of thought, this time staying within its own walls and trying to decide who will be Male May Queen to represent that faction of the student body in its unique performance inaugurated last May Day.

This year THE GUILFORDIAN is going to attempt to solve this perplexing problem by means of a campus poll. Look for the ballot in your next GUILFORDIAN!

Making the World Safe . . . ?

Peace meetings won't make peace; Neutrality Acts which allow us to sell to Germany and Italy, and they, in turn, to Franco, won't make peace; increasing our navy won't make peace.

We buy from aggressor powers, and they buy from us; that is good business. But what do they buy? Scrap iron, oil, steel—ammunition—with which to conquer other nations.

We were sorry when Italy conquered Ethiopia. England could have stopped that war, but England wanted peace, and we wanted her to have peace. We thought it better for Italy to have Ethiopia than to give an excuse for war; and we thought that once Ethiopia belonged to Italy we could settle down and be at peace again.

But where did it end? Not with Ethiopia, not with Spain, not with China, and it won't end with Austria.

We must have collective security — economic cooperation within international law. How can we say it will lead to war when our passive program is guaranteeing never-ending war?

We must have an active instead of a passive peace. We won't fight for democracy—we tried that once and it didn't work. But we must deprive aggressors of our economic cooperation, which is giving them all the support they need to carry on their program. F. H.

SECOND-CLASS MATTER

By THE CARRIER

College newspapers began with the Dartmouth Gazette in 1800, says the "How It Began" feature of the Daily News. . . . And columnists have been hating editors and managing editors ever since.

Speaking of editors . . . Our boy Milton . . . He hasn't been seen on campus o' nights recently. No. Spends his time WALKING back from Greensboro. She's a blonde, described as being "idealistic, but open-minded" . . . Any comment?

One young lady sends notes to "Mr. Morris" when she wants to be walked home from the library. He signs 'em "(Miss) Mabel Lea Smith".

Remember Gertrude Stein's, "Familiarity with me does not breed contempt,—only more familiarity"

So the budget finally passed, giving sixty-six and two-thirds bricks per student to the gymnasium project. How many years will that take, Boring?

Business manager Parsons has got himself a new car—with a back seat.

Paper for Biology Twelve:

The Cell

There are several different kinds of cells. There are plant cells, animal cells, prison cells, dry cells and hey, Morris, where'd you get that corduroy jacket you've been living in? Oh, yeah. And there are fire cells.

If you are one who is accustomed to dating in the library, you'll be interested in the rumor that prolonged good nights at Founders are now being noted and registered. See Mrs. Anderson for details.

The Carrier seldom apologizes, but this time he feels it his duty. He was all set to call the "Junior class" play a "thud and blunder" production instead of blood and thunder. He was, well, disappointed. The only thing wrong with the production was the play. Bouquets to Corky and Ozzie. They stole the show. Corky was swell and Ozzie was Ozzie.

Hopkins has been coming home late over at Mary Garden.

Ever notice how much A. Woodward and F. Neese look alike? Anyway, Woodward likes her looks so well that he went to Greensboro last week-end and clean plumb forgot his morning papers. . . . The little fat boy with the bow and arrow just clucked and allowed as how no News was good news.

Spellbinders Kelsey, Maloney, and Taylor delivered their Junior orations Monday night. "Very good essays," quipped the English department in summing up her criticism.

Miss Gons was there. She could hardly keep awake. However, she started on a date after the ten o'clock lights blinked. And were the gals envious!

And Kelsey . . . he bet a half a buck he could do fifty "push-ups". So he took off his coat and started right there in the parlor at Founders. He collapsed on forty-nine. Tsk. Tsk.

Dot Chappell bought J. D. (Just call me Tracy) Bowman a pair of handcuffs and a night stick . . . Im. . . . Once there was a guy who hit his wife's thumb with a hammer . . . The neighbors all wondered how he got from under it long enough to hit it. . . .

Some say the Social Committee doctored the seating arrangement . . . But we don't believe that, Betty Mae.

Ding! Ding! Supper's ready!

Cyclone — a wind that comes from nowhere, has no place to go and is in an awful big hurry to get there.

Some parents become bankrupt because they make so many allowances for their college sons.—Reader's Digest.

Open Forum

BAD SPORTS AND BASKETBALL Editor, The Guilfordian:

I think that it is very unsportsmanlike to leave a basketball game—or any kind of a game—before it is over, just because our team is losing. If the boys who play on our teams are willing to stay out there and try, the least we can do is stick behind them. If they are losing, they need our support more than ever. I think that the people of our college do not appreciate nearly enough the good work our basketball team has done for us this year. It is a lot harder to play on a losing team than a winning team, and we ought to be prouder of our boys than if they had won every game on their schedule. Q.

IN COX HALL IT'S RAZORS

Editor of the Guilfordian, Dear Sir:

Damn the hair-dryers anyway! In my mind, it isn't so necessary to look beautiful at Guilford suppers that you have to wash your hair every night, set it and dry it just before supper when some of the best orchestra come on the radio—for instance, Sophisticated Swing and George Hall. If you're trying to make an impression on some of the unattached males who hang around after the meal, let me advise you that it's no use. If you're going to ask for a date, they'll surprise you some time when, in your opinion you look your worst, rather than some night when you've wasted all afternoon and everybody's enjoyment of the programs by trying to become exotic. And if you do have a date, what's the use of trying to make yourself more beautiful?—he might not recognize you.

And, anyhow, what's the reason for trying to make yourself acceptable to any of the iron-hearted acemes of masculinity around this campus? After all, the best ones are already taken up.

But, to get back to the dryers—it's hard enough to get a decent program on around these parts without some hopeful ruining all the slim chances by building up her own hopes for a starting success—(oh, what a let-down she's going to get!). The boys in Cox can't complain about the electric razors any more than we can complain about the so-called dryers. It has been my experience that it is much easier to dry your hair some other way than by using a static-making machine.

How about sticking your head out the window into Guilford's glorious sunshine and letting nature take its course?

Signed, ME.

PATTER

From our posie department: To Davie Solotoff and Joe Crescenzo, the sound effects men for the Junior play, our hardest handclasp. You did a swell job and deserve praise . . . She nuff . . . To George Wilson, the old man of many casts, who played two one night stands Saturday night. After appearing in the first act of "Three Taps at Twelve" George beat it to Woman's college and played the old man in one of their one-act plays . . . To the entire Junior class and every one connected with the production, congrats. We like your spirit . . . I hear "Camels never get on your nerves" . . . but what about probation . . . Let us take time off here to tell you what a "natural" we think Oozie Weyll is . . . From Guilford to Hollywood in one short drama—maybe . . . They tell us that our Kinston moundsman to be, the noted Albert Greenleaf Taylor, stole the show and incidentally a few hearts over at Greensboro college last Sunday night with his seashore accent . . . O, Albertie, Won't you say Hoigh Toide just once more . . . Willy Lauten is now employed during his spare time . . . We thought you were a bread in the bone G'boro man, Bill . . . Or, are you a man of many hearts? . . .

The difference between the right word and the almost right word is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug.—Mark Twain.



BROTHERLY LOVE

I do not like my fellowman,  
 He sets my teeth on edge;  
 But I must work for him and plan  
 To win him privilege.

I do not like him or his brother,  
 Much less his wife and tot.  
 The place I wish them is another  
 That is extremely hot.

He breathes to me his tale of woe,  
 And apparently supposes  
 It's fun for me to undergo  
 His personal halitosis.

He gives me gooseflesh in my mind;  
 He turns my stomach over;  
 I'd rather kick his bare behind  
 Than help him get it cover.

To kick him would be wrong, I know;  
 Of course I'll never strike him.  
 It isn't that I hate him so . . .  
 I simply do not like him.

It is hard to hide my feelings, for  
 It stands my hair on end  
 Just to contemplate our dealings, or  
 To hear him call me "friend".

It's the worst of situation,  
 For I know full well that he  
 And all of his relations  
 Feel the same concerning me.

TO BE—OR NOT TO BE . . .

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will  
 be clever,"  
 And make your life a song, as sweet  
 maids should.  
 But if you'd rather dance than sing  
 forever,  
 Be clever, dear, and let who will  
 be good.

SLEEP TIGHT

Before I learned to love you, dear,  
 Life was mine;  
 A thing to do with as I chose—  
 A cup of wine  
 To hold aloft, and quaff alone.

But now I think that I shall die  
 For pure spite;  
 For just the joy of coming back  
 Each starry night  
 To haunt your dreams, as you have  
 mine.

AT CHURCH

Great God, to Thee I bring  
 A soul unshriven,  
 Yet the praise I sing  
 To Thee—is freely given.  
 So while I pray:  
 This heart is Thine alone;  
 And wilt Thou give me bread?  
 —who asked of Thee a stone?  
 This dwelling place of Thine is made  
 of stone.  
 I wonder what it cost.  
 Wer't spent for hospitals 'twould save  
 many a groan,  
 —But then—this worship-place would  
 have been lost.  
 Thy spirit dwells within this house,  
 The minister said; and so I have no  
 fear.

—Strange—I come here every Sunday  
 And yet I have not found Thee—here.  
 I wonder if that's irreligious. Well,  
 Maybe it is. Queer  
 That it does not matter to me—here.  
 I feel my soul ascend toward Thee,  
 And yet—Thou seem'st aloof—  
 I cannot reach Thee; for my soul  
 Cannot rise beyond this roof.  
 I wish the fellow next to me  
 Would move—good looking chap—  
 I wonder why he comes here  
 Anyway—to take a nap?  
 This is Thy dwelling place, O Lord,  
 These walls—so like a prison;  
 And though I try to reach Thee here,  
 My soul has never risen—  
 As once it did upon a wooded hill  
 When I called out to Thee.  
 But now—I wonder why  
 It is not as it was—when I was free.

The college man is too honest to steal,  
 too proud to beg, too lazy to work,  
 too poor to pay cash. That's why we give  
 him credit.—Catawba Pioneer.