

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Food for Thought

This idea of escorts for the May Court is doing more than any other single feature of the election to excite the interest of the men's student body. Everybody wants the job of May King—for somebody else.

Modern mores state that the way of the aggressor is hard—but Hitler doesn't believe it.

The ASU-sponsored Pilgrimage to Washington seems to have been a failure—the papers hardly said a word about it.

When Jackson mentions Jackson there's a good chapel program. Surprise!

Take it Easy!

Next Monday there will be an election.

For the most part, it will be a popularity contest. People will vote for their friends, and the best man will be the one with the widest acquaintanceship. This must be true, for in a democratic election the best man always wins.

Some people are unhappy about those facts. They wish that the students would vote for issues instead of men, and get very excited about it all.

We don't feel that way. As things are at present, there are no issues worth mentioning. Whoever gets elected will do just about what his opponent would have done if the vote had gone the other way, or, if he doesn't, it won't make much difference.

Issues might be invented. A short while ago, it was pointed out to us that such an invention was a possibility, and we realize it to be true. However, any serious drive on issues brings bitterness with it, if the issues are any good at all. At present, whoever is elected remains the friend of his unsuccessful rival, and vice versa. If the campus were pretty thoroughly aroused over platforms each year, that wouldn't be quite so true.

Four times in the past century the people of the United States have been uniformly excited about issues. And the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and American participation in the World War were the results of those excitements.

Swan Song

The next edition of the GUILFORDIAN will be the first since October 5, 1935, with which we have had no official connection. That is roughly the same period of time as we have spent as a student at Guilford College, and the newspaper has been from the first so closely linked with our life on campus that it is difficult to separate the two in our memory as we sit writing this backward look.

In the course of those three college years, we've done a great many things that were enjoyable, some that were unpleasant, and a few that were regrettable. We've made a number of very good friends and no real enemies, though "there are many obituaries we'd read with pleasure." On the whole, our memories are very pleasant and it is with the greatest reluctance that we surrender the editorial chair.

Before closing our desk, we would like to repeat the things we said when we assumed the duties of editing this sheet last spring: Nothing that we have said in these columns has been intended to hurt anyone personally. We have attempted throughout to serve as a voice for student opinion; and we have always tried to cooperate with anyone who requested our cooperation.

Salve atque vale!

M. H. A.

SECOND-CLASS MATTER

By THE CARRIER

Comes Monday, come elections, Prof. Newlin and a committee have charge and are going to do everything legally, they say. Algie is troubled because the law provides for a booth with either a curtain or a swinging door . . . Is my father in there?

Speaking of elections, Dornseif is taking her candidacy seriously. She played baseball Sunday and had to use crutches. Next day she was well. Looks like A. G. T. to us.

And by the way, lady, while we're talking about you . . . didn't you make a fuss on the last choir trip about who you'd sit by coming back? And aren't you contemplating taking French leave? And doesn't this new heart-throb live in Center? Beam, Beam, we're glaring at you.

Mary Hobs has new cooks, waiters, and dish-washers, while the Hobbs Sisters have a sample of the Chenautian delights at Founders. Six of the boys are from Old South and the other one doesn't sing bass either.

Mrs. Beittel: Dan had a smudge of lipstick on his cheek last Monday in class. Sociology class. Hmm.

We're sorry we have to ignore Miss Gilbert's admonition against letting your authorities be anonymous, but we must. Anyhow, we have an advance tip on the May Day . . . The highlights will come when the Queen is crowned with a last year's bird's nest and when she swaps gowns in mid-campus. Whoops, my dears!

TEASE

(With the proper apologies)
 I hope that I shall never see
 A poem like a May Day spree:
 A spree whose haughty queen is dressed
 Before my eyes, (the acid test!)
 A spree whose chosen queen may wear
 A nest of birdies in her hair;
 A spree with dainty maids at play,
 (Oh! Who would look the other way?)
 A spree which numbers in the train
 Milkmaids, horses and "sweeps" again.
 Poems are made by fools like me
 But even I couldn't have thought of that!

For the first time in three and one-half years, Tyree Gilliam cut chapel. He just had to do it to study for a test. Tsk! Tsk!

Irene Stout is still haunting the front porch of Mem. Alone. When it rains it pours, eh, Meibohm?

Ask Parsons and Simpson why they aren't studying in the library this week. . . . Not that they ever do, but just ask 'em. Well, never mind, we'll tell you. . . . Samra has banished them from that Sanctum Sanctorum for playing Pattycake, Pattycake. How dreadfully dreadful, dearies!

Come on, Honan, quit giving yourself psychoanalysis in Child Psych. class. We knew it all along. So does the Queen.

Ruth Stilson, Beittels, et al.: It's about time for your table to have another birthday, isn't it? We haven't heard you sing for almost a week now.

Simpson never closes her window shutters, they say, but now . . . Last Wednesday night during the "Lights Out" program, somebody scratched on the outside of her window. We think it wasn't REALLY a movie monster, but just some of the regular "Lights Out" listeners of Cox. However, the gals claim he had a bald head . . . It's better than any even money bet, at that.

Lael resigned from sports writing just in time. All along he's been thinking that a baseball umpire wears a glove. When bigger boners are pulled, Lael will still be champion.

Come on Spring Vacation!



Come hither you bit of poetry
 To make me famous: Sit not
 Upon thy haunches nor stand like
 stone,

But move into a stately tread
 Enveloped in a stream of thought,
 Let Rhythm born of beauty
 Be thy handmaid; thy teacher
 Be she Life accompanied by
 Sorrow and delight—aw! bit of poetry
 Escape me not this night!

RETURN

Traveling the hall of my memory
 Walking slowly back to the second door,
 I knocked and entered.

You stood before a long window and as
 I entered you turned and said,
 "The wind outside talks of spring."

(My love raced as a dark-haired thing
 before the coming storm.)

"Spring is pink and green; life ever-
 growing."

You took my hand, "Listen, the wind
 speaks,
 'Love is continued spring,' and my love
 is everlasting."

(My love for you ran me through; it
 was an early summer.)

The hall of my memory smells of dust
 The door is sealed and locked
 How did I ever enter?

SLUMS

Night, night, night
 race, noise, and shadow
 pacing ever as a train
 singing as a drunk in sorrow.

Shouting ever, shrill of voice
 rattle of the grinding truck
 a street car snarls into a stop.

Smell and more smell
 decaying cabbage
 coal smoke in its best perfume
 smell of ever smelling bodies
 Night, night, night!

SUICIDE

The earth stripped of flaming color
 stands, waiting for the spring—
 My heart is stripped of a flaming love
 shall I wait for the singing—

Spring follows winter
 Paints in flame
 the dead earth!

My song shall follow
 a naked love
 Paint a flame in death!

"ON HOW MY LIFE IS SPENT . . ."
 Long ago I had priceless things,
 I had love and faith—and my heart
 that held laughter and the breath
 of April.
 I had innocence and the holy wonder
 of a child looking into beauty.

Such was I.

O, I was more, I say!
 I was mystery.
 I was one star—high—high hung be-
 tween two worlds.
 I was a song—a beautiful thing.
 I was a long clear call in a deep wood.

Now I have Reason.
 Cold unlovely thing.
 Reason that says—
 "This is nothing—this isn't laughing
 April—this is nothing."

Reason that says, "Fool, you cannot
 love with your heart again."
 So now I have nothing for you.

Roses are red
 Violets are blue
 Many men smoke
 But Fu Menchu.

It's all right to dress well but re-
 member, the creases in your pants are
 of less importance than the creases in
 your forehead.—Crescent.

Open Forum

Y TAYLOR?

Lincoln, Va.

Guilford

Guilford, N. Caroline

Dear Mr. Editor Man:

Maybe it ain't right fer we'uns ter be a doin' this hyear thing but we'uns is comtin' on Tommy. We'uns hyear'd ther Tommy is bein' run by you'uns fer preceedenty fer that thar YWCA or sumpin'. You all knows ah reckon ther Tommy am the only scutter hyear in Lincoln (ther's our county seat. Named it after Abe, we did) ther cares anythin' 'bout book larnin'. We'uns aim to help him if we'uns kin. Ther's why we writ this.

When Tommy was borned his pappy most died. He swore ther Thomas Ed'ard (ther's Tommy, his pappy always were a sticker fer names) would be a no-account, Tommy's pappy hater book larnin' next to the devil hisself, he did. Hear his only male brat has took to edycatslum.

Tommy were always a good'un. Had right purty curly locks, he did. Useter be right helpful to his mommer. Why when Tommy were 9 thar warn't a better or faster milker in all ther state of Ver-gin-la. Useter tote eggs to market right along, he did. Wouldn't brake but a dozen or two at thet. Why by the time he were 12 he were givin' talks to the WCTU (ther's the Woman's Christian Temperance Union). Jist this hyear thing shows ther Tommy were a good'un! Why, the preacher man used ter pat Tommy on the head an' he'd say, "Tommy, you're a goin' to be a big man some day."

Tommy never could stand real licker. His pappy jist couldn't git corn down him. Why, Tommy would trot up to Washintin, full 40 mile, jist to git some sissy stuff. This hyear is sompin to his credit.

We'uns hyear'd ther our man was nominated for the Stupic Government. Tommy has his p'int. We kin tell you'uns ther because Tommy was one time preceedenty of the Corn Huskers & Cow Milkens Convention. Fer ther job alone he had to throw a bull ten paces by the tail, husk three rows of corn and make licker out of them, all insite of 20 minutes. We'uns reckon he kin make the grade, Course the bull might be a mite bigger down there, but we'uns is a bettin' on Tommy.

We thank you'uns,

LINCOLN CHAPTER,

Friends of T. Taylor.

RAZORS vs. HAIR-DRYERS

Editor of the GUILFORDIAN,

Dear Sir:

The following is just a friendly retaliation to that article on hair-dryers in last issue of GUILFORDIAN.

Gosh! We would love to meet Miss "Me." She must be the acme of feminine beauty or at least she gives us that impression. To think that her hair remains beautiful without care or worry; it's remarkable. We wonder if she is envied by her confers. Now, so far as not being able to recognize any of the bits of femininity after they have tried to make themselves more beautiful, that is absolutely inconceivable to us. But wait, if we remember correctly, it did happen once, so we shall call this point a draw with the heavy balance on our side.

Well, so far we have not even mentioned the razors. My dear Miss "Me" you have no cause for griping. Do you realize that you are only bothered once a day while we are irritated, at least, three times. Before every meal that buzz begins. After a while we begin to wonder if maybe these wretches over here shave before eatin' so that their whiskers won't get in the soup or water.

Say, did Miss "Me" ever consider the other side of the stupendous statement she made concerning the campus males? Maybe our glum expressions and apparent indifference is caused by the large number of "beautiful" girls on

(Continued on Page Three)