

THE GUILFORDIAN

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SECOND-CLASS MATTER

By THE CARRIER

SPRING IDLE

Ah, at last 'tis Spring, complete with showers (cold as is usual), Blue flags and Dagwood blossoms. If you look closely you can see the young Guilfordians' fancy lightly turning...

A tradition, based, as traditions sometimes are, on a fearful fact, has it that the poetic instinct also rises about now. We know that this is true in our own case, and we cannot resist the urge to quote our favorite spring poem here.

To Spring Oh Spring! Oh well!

This is the first issue of the Guilfordian under its newly-elected management. Like new brooms, they're sweeping clean and running a six-column edition. That is something they won't do again for a long time.

Around Campus: Take a gander at the doings in The Amphitheatre o' afternoons now. It's the modern dance class, epitomizing grace and charm.

Stilson got in a little cradle robbing during spring vacation... Name is Bob Allen... She started out altruistically, of course, just so he'd like the place...

Down at Lakeland the tennis boys filled up the car with a bunch of feminine youth and beauty and Robt. Taylor Parsons looked at the queen of the crop and murmured soulfully, "How about a date?"

See you at the sunrise service. In place of the familiar, blunt "Keep off the Grass" sign, Fort Tryon Park in New York City had a sign post: Let no one say, and say it to your shame That all was beauty here, until you came.

Worries are like crumbs in bed; the more you wiggle, the more they scratch you.—Lenoir-Rhynean.

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

Battle cry for all bill collectors: "Charge! Charge!"—Crescent.

Through the Files

TRIBUTE (a la Sandburg)

(To be read to a suitable accompaniment of "Sidewalks of New York" and "La Marseillaise").

Peoffesseur for the school, Cigar-lover, smoker of Chesterfields, Player with grammaires and la classe's grade-handler; Strong, stern, just, Demigod among us earthlings:

You say we Southerners are lazy, dull and stupid and I believe you, for I realize that the classes that you teach are an average cross-section of the South.

You say we should dig ditches instead of coming here and I reply. Yes, it is true, for I can understand that you are casting pearls before swine. You deplore the circumstances that have sent you slumming in the South, and my heart bleeds for you, for I realize you are groaning under the "white man's burden" here among the heathen.

You say we should be working in the fields and I admit that it is true, and make no reference to people living in glass houses, for I know you could command a better place for yourself if you wished.

And having thus agreed with you I turn once more to those who sneer at this, my school, and give them back the sneer, and say to them: Come and show me another school with professors as kind, and strong, and wise, beloved by all of those whom they instruct.

Unbiased and inspiring when they speak of man born here in this rank wilderness, whom we were taught to revere and admire.

Under the terrible burden of destiny, laughing as a young man laughs, Bragging and laughing the stormy laughter of youth, proud to be professor for the school, cigar-lover, smoker of Chesterfields, player with grammaires, and la classe's grade-handler.

—Gristmill, May 17, 1937.

STUDENT'S 23rd PSALM

The college professor is my shepherd, And I am in dire want. He preventeth me from lying down In the bed that I renteth. He leadeth me to make A fool of myself before my classmates. Yes, though I burneth my light Until the landlady howleth, I fear much evil, The Loiterers Outside the Gates when he picked up his roll book the other day...

As a punishment In the presence of mine enemies, He amoneth my quiz paper with red ink. And my zeroes fillet a whole column. Surely theories, exams and themes will follow me All the days of my college career, And I will dwell in the bug-house forever.

—Minute Man, May 16, 1936.

PATTER

Triangle Department—Red, Annie Evelyn, Bowman—Ben, Tommy, Maggie—Weasel, Joe, Beaky—Ed, Snow, Strunks—Petra, Kathleen, Dagwood—Deaton, Bettie Mae, Johnson—Weyll, Weyll, Weyll... Word comes that our ex-ed, has been having petticoat trouble on a neighboring campus—they say she married a C. I. O. organizer—and to think, after all that walking, tsk, tsk... Moody Stroud is an energetic little fellow, isn't he?...

Linden White has proved that "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander"... her first initial is Dorothy... Oh, yeah, let's see... Pause for thinking... portrait of a gigolo... quiet residential street... little white dog... red-headed boy... red moustache... glasses... ginch on arm—packages in other arm... grin on boy's face... smile on girl's face... pretty young girl... pretty innocent smile... they say it was love at first sight...

SHADOWS OF THESES OBSCURE SHEEPSKINS (Continued from Page One)

month's time of Welfare Agencies of Greensboro, a job on which he had been working fervently for three years. Ruth Stilson maintains a bored, detached air now whenever anything trivial like managing spring plays, etc., calls her from her Personality Traits of Aviators.

An unheard of stillness is now reigning in all senior rooms; and an unheard of vagueness permeates their answer to the query, "Are you graduating in June?" So be gentle, underclassmen, and remember when your sheepskin is trembling in the spring breezes, uncertain whether it will receive a seal or not, you may grow vague and inarticulate, too.

The average coed wears 9.68 square feet of lipstick each year.

Open Forum

Red-Blooded Guilfordians

EDITOR, THE GUILFORDIAN:

I'd like to compliment the Guilford chapter of the A. S. U. on the firm stand it is taking with the administration. The students in American colleges have been altogether too lenient in dealing with Cordell and Franklin and it is high time the boys were put in their places.

After all, the present government can't afford to kowtow to the evil forces of finance capital. Youth must be considered! The leaders of tomorrow must begin to lead now! And for that reason, the demand phrased by the Union and signed by many determined Guilfordians, directing U. S. foreign policy, is a very favorable sign.

After all, what do the corrupt politicians in Washington know about running a government? In the years which they have been devoting to their careers they have lost the freshness of outlook that the average college student has. More than that, many of them are practically illiterate, having got no further with their education than high school and never having had the advantage of mature advice from an emancipated professor in an institution of higher learning.

Oh, stalwart heroes of youth! Do not falter! Many are the problems which you must face, and solve, immediately. Washington, bewildered, is waiting for orders. You must not disappoint our nation's non-plussed leaders.

Personally, I wish you'd deal with the problem of getting hot water in the men's dormitory some time within the next couple of weeks.

Sincerely, IDEALIST.

DOWN BROADWAY

By Fred Wittner and Mel Adams (ACP Correspondents)

Small Talk in a Big Town Skinnay Ennis, fresh from a featured role in Paramount's "College Swing," is the latest drummer-outer to forsake the traps for a baton... Skinnay will debut with his own band at the swank Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills April 14...

Roommate of Hal Kemp at the University of North Carolina, Skinnay helped Hal organize his original band on the same campus and stayed with it for 12 years, eventually achieving fame in his own right for his intimate style of vocal delivery... Also rehearsing his own band at present is Gene Krupa, former Benny Goodman cymbal-beater...

National feature syndicates are after the column circulation left open by the death of O. O. McIntyre... to date, Columnists Walter Winchell and Charles Driscoll seem to have grabbed the most papers... Broadway boasts two Phi Betas in its ranks—Arthur Schwartz, the tune scribbler, and Wilbur Hatch, veteran musical director who earned his key at the University of Chicago while he was working his way through school in campus band.

Luscious Lucius Funnier of recent New Yorker profiles was the two-part one (no play intended) on Lucius Beebe, N. Y. Herald Tribune dandy who writes about cafe society in his column, "This New York," "Lucious Lucius," as Winchell calls him, was tossed out of Yale in 1924, graduated from Harvard in 1927, which is a record parlay of some sort. Of the two schools, the one that gave him the proverbial "gate" is the one that holds a soft spot in his heart. What distinguishes Lucius from the common clay of New York scribes is his private income of \$50,000 or more annually, and an inheritance of a half-million.

As if that weren't sufficient, he is tall and handsome, has a penchant for the fancier things of life, and earns more dollars writing about New York's trivialities than nine-tenths of his serious colleagues.

Another All-American Band Bein' as how we want to be way ahead of all those All-American teams that will drive you batty next November, we're jumping the gun seven months in advance and giving you an All-American band in Frankie Masters' NBC crew. Frankie, himself, is a DU from Indiana, as are Dick Kissinger, his portly bass player, and Don Woodville. Howard Barkell hails from Chicago, while Nebraska is represented in fiddler Abe Hill and trombone-slider Ralph Cosey. Vocalist "Scat" Powell hails from the SAE house at Oklahoma, and Carl Bean claims Drake for his alma mater. Not to be forgotten is Walter Hirsch, who does the dirty work as Masters' personal representative. Walter, a Sigma Nu from Michigan, was a member of Fielding "Hurry Up" Yost's immortal football teams, and rated Walter Camp All-American mention.

In Review Three new plays that opened this week and still haven't closed are "Schoolhouse On the Lot," a take-off



Lin Lee Looks at Life

The old pronounce youth To be a woeful tragedy, As though unaware That it is not incurable.

Youth returns the compliment While future turns to present, Present becomes past, And we are old. Surprise!

Whistlin' Jim

(An almost-short-enough biographical sketch of anyone of several folksy rymesters.) Born with a whistler's heart, was Jim. They say when his dad first looked at him

He whistled.

And I guess that Jim must have liked the sound For when he began to toddle 'round He began to whistle.

He kept it up all through his life, In days of peace and in days of strife He whistled.

Any time—morning, night or noon, You could tell his thoughts just by the tune He whistled.

If he was prodded by Sorrow's urge Why, then it was a funeral dirge He whistled.

Or, if he was happy, say The time was quick and the tune was gay

That he whistled.

He whistled much of a man to talk, When his neighbors hurt him he didn't squawk; Just whistled.

He lived his life and he made mistakes— The same ones everybody makes, But he whistled.

And we forgive his little slips, He died with a pucker on his lips From whistlin'.

And I'll bet when he joined the Heavenly Choir, And they gave him a harp, or maybe a lyre, He traded it in for a whistle.

King Kong

Creature, said to be the heir Of rebel spirits In whose untamed bodies Raced and roared The living passions of a youthful race, You are but half alive.

The name you bear Has known a gaudy history, Colored by a varied crew Of vagabonds Who answered with abandon The wild fierce call of love, And knew the gnawing, prodding claw Of hate.

Half human, half machine You give yourself to nothing But remain a dull, inadequate Excuse for life; Each governed act decries The pallor of your blood, When errant will to love Is born within your sluggish, God-like soul, You do not revel in the Natural splendor of its depths, And madly, freely, gloriously plunge— Oh no, you write a poem instead!

Spring Is Taken Too

Today I walked with someone else Thru beauty, Today I watched with him, The gay sky and the frail wisp that melts Into thin air with the low wind—and the dim coolness of woods in May. For it is May you know, And never one as sweet, But it's late, and the dogwood fades and the spring flowers at my feet, hidden by strong young blades of new grass, are so soon bowing a bit,

on Hollywood's precocious young darlings by Joseph A. Fields and Jerome Chodorov; "Whiteoaks," Mazo de la Roche's adaptation of her own novel, "Whiteoaks of Jalna," with Ethel Barrymore; and "All the Living," a three-acter concerned with state institutionalism and the various types of mental abnormality that give you too much room for thought in your abnormal psych course... budding playwrights showing signs of promise can qualify for one of 15 \$1,000 fellowships held on tap by the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America in New York... committee in charge of awards includes Frank Crowninshield, John Golden, Burns Mantle, George Kaufman and Sidney Howard... Golden recently tendered five \$1,000 scholarships to the Guild.

Food for Thought

Who wants May flowers? Judging by the vanishing ranks of the lisle-hoscites, Japan has won the war on the Guilford front.

They've decided to hold the regular April peace strike in the afternoon this year, so it won't interfere with classes.

When we consider the recent influx of refujews to the United States, we wonder if there's room in Palestine for a few extra Americans.

What with spring in the air and lightly turning fancies and whatnot, there's hardly anybody in the man's dormitory before 10 o'clock any more.

For good all-around entertainment, nothing can equal helping a friend anticipate a junior speech.

Perhaps last Monday's temperance lectures would have been more effective if she'd had a few good solid hangers in her background.

Policy

At the top of this column you will observe that there have been changes made in the major officers of the staff. It is conventional and somewhat necessary for future reference that a new staff declare its policy to the readers it serves. Last year our predecessors outlined a policy "that we will stand for and will continue to stand for during years to come." We don't intend to change the major principles of this policy. Here and now we say that we will support constructive reforms on and about the campus; that we will print student opinion if it is not obscene, libelous or overlong, and if the author will make himself known to us. We will strive for friendly relations between THE GUILFORDIAN and organizations and individuals. We shall forbear, as much as possible, making personal crimination but if we tell you that your tire is flat, we will at least offer a hand at the pump. We will support the second century program of the College with all our might because we know that it is for the benefit of the students and faculty, our supporters, that such a program has been instituted.

Hail the Anthologists!

Elsewhere in this issue of THE GUILFORDIAN we have an account of the anthology which is being published by the Creative Writing class of last semester. In it will be the cream of the products of the campus literary inclinees who have, under the consistent prodding of Professor Marshall, succeeded in turning out miles of words in poetry, prose and blank verse.

The idea of such a publication has been a dormant spark in the dark recesses of our mind since coming to Guilford and especially after having read several copies of a publication existing on a neighboring campus. If such a magazine contained the best of student thoughts expressed in the methods and meters, charcoals and cuts, literary aspirations and artistic creations, we think that it would "enhance the value of Guilford" for such of us as would be Carl Sandburg, Edna St. Vincent Millays or who have you.

With the members of our faculty whose names stand out so boldly between the book ends to guide us and a sufficient amount of time between publication dates we feel that material of the desired quality would always be on hand. But as has so often been the case, even with many of the immortals of American literature, the great filthy demon Lucre raises his ugly head and so goes our spark of ambition.

Tribute to Thespis

We'd like to take time off from our tedious editorial duties to tip a battered felt to the Dramatic Council. Of the organizations on campus whose appropriations were increased in the recently approved budget of student affairs funds for next year, few have done more to deserve a raise than has been done by the campus Barrymores in the year now drawing to a close.

In the first place, "Arms and the Man," the fall production, was technically the best production which we have ever seen at Guilford. From an artistic point of view there have been others which have equalled the Shaw play, but the stage mechanics of the production were near perfection.

The one-act plays scheduled for next Saturday night have been selected with an eye to novel and forceful potentialities of presentation. In planning to put on plays which dispense with the formality of scenery, the local producers are in step with the recent trend toward impressionism in stage technique suggested by the Orson Welles "Julius Caesar" and Thornton Wilder's "Our Town."

With an eye to their extended budget, the council is planning a more ambitious program for 1938-1939. More power to it!

D. T. C.