

THE GUILFORDIAN

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A Step Forward

The question of the subsidization of Guilford football has been shoved around in the Greensboro papers for some time. One editorial theory has been that we will abandon inter-collegiate sports altogether and turn to an intra-mural program; another hints that subsidization must and will come and that very soon.

We do not think either opinion is the correct one. But as much as we would like to "put the scribes straight" we find it is impossible. That is because we know little or nothing about the plans now going forward for Guilford athletics. We think it would not be unwise for the higher-ups to give the students an inkling of future plans. Certainly it would be much safer than to allow all sorts of rumors to be tossed about, verbally and editorially.

Such administration-student confidence would give real and valuable significance to such a discussion as the freshman class sponsored last Thursday. The freshmen worked out a panel discussion which proved that students can talk intelligently about such matters. It was definitely a stride along the right road.

The Piano Progresses

The studio piano which was but a myth three weeks ago is on its way to becoming an actuality on Guilford campus.

Definite pledges have been made by two student organizations. The German club will give \$6 toward the purchase of the instrument, and THE GUILFORDIAN has set aside \$12.

Final statistics have come through the office of David Parsons, business manager: Dealer's price on a Mason and Hamlin piano of this type (the grand piano in the auditorium is of this make) will be cut 10%. The instrument will definitely cost \$238.50, the administration maintaining its pledge to pay half of the cost.

The balance which must be covered by student organizations is \$101.25. The cost will include a carriage with rubber tires for moving it about campus, and will cover delivery charges.

Pledges regarding the piano should be made through Mr. Parsons or the Editor of THE GUILFORDIAN.

The majority of student organizations, who have student activity fees at their disposal, have been silent. It is hoped that they will respond to this need. T. L.

College Spring : 1941

When the nights are clear one can see his path well enough to walk in sparse woods, the branches of trees being bare. The half-moon was bright last Saturday night, not bright enough to drown the stars but enough to dimly illumine the path on which I walked. I didn't start out to follow the track; I didn't even know it was there. But I got to the Milners' on time, which proved to be too early; and so I turned away to look for a wagon-road which used to run along the adjacent fields.

The road wasn't there. It had been ploughed over when the new houses in the pines were completed. Going toward the water tank, though, I found a narrow path leading over the furrowed ground. It led past the black tank, into the fringe of trees between the Milner road and the Ragsdale house, and to the front of the Binford house. Having walked its length I came back to where it dipped into the trees and stood beneath a great oak, waiting for the guests to pass by to the Milners. Meanwhile I watched the lights of the college in the southwest and the pastureland rising black to the horizon in the east.

The Great Dipper was unusually brilliant and pointed its handle directly into the pines above the new houses. The lights in the gym went on; they are a faint blue from a distance.

Then in the west I saw a luminous cloud. It spread a strange and soft light in the sky. I wondered if it were a cloud. It was shaped like one, the size of one: no bigger in the sky than a house is on the ground. As I watched it, it faded, becoming a dim blot. Turning to go I found another in the east, reaching from the moon to the horizon, casting a pink haze about the moon. While I watched it all faded. The Daily News explained it next day as an ice fog.

But I wondered a great deal what it was while it was there, and was glad that I was alone. It made me think of signs of the Last Day I had heard of. It made me think of the aurora borealis and of the war. Despite its peculiar beauty one could not contemplate it as one would contemplate, let us say, "art for art's sake." One was afraid for a moment, thinking "This is beautiful but ominous, and well it should be." One associated the cold little fear with a greater one. I thought of the war.

A preacher I sometimes hear in the morning over the radio as I dress for school would say that the light was of God and for the benefit of sinful man. Perhaps A. E. Housman, who, unlike the parson, is unfortunately dead, would have said something like this:

To east and west the heavens burn;
Earth burns beneath the span.
Grim mockery the skies return.
How play the Gods with man!

Neither the preacher's all-mighty God or the poet's vindictive Gods which are Fate offers the answer to the plight of men slaughtering men, of the outer ripples of the vortex which cause a casual walker to see an "ice fog" and think of war and feel fear. Most of us are distrustful of the supernatural. We are prone sometime to veer toward the parson when we say a "To hell with the Germans" or an unmodified "God bless America." But otherwise we view the whole mess pretty much as man-made. That is good, I think; but we must remember. If we don't some men become Huns and some men Heroes; if we don't we may hail a light in the sky as a dire portent for our Enemy and be strangely afraid for ourselves. R. R.



They say as how the favorite story at Marquette these days concerns the campus romeo who went to a fraternity convention and after three days wired the local girl: "Having a swell time. Wish you were her."—(Associated Collegiate Press)

A sensible girl is more sensible than she looks, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.—(Bernstien)

Which recalls the story about Ben Runkle, who dreamed he was eating shredded wheat and woke up to find half the mattress gone.—(Quaker Campus)

And then there was the freshman who tried to spell a Bronx cheer.—(The Tiger Rag)

Wanted: Middle aged woman.—(Agricultural Review)
For goodness sakes!—(Guilfordian)

Imagine the plight of the University of Michigan when the only key to the lost and found office was lost.—(The Utah Chronicle)

Woman's place is in your hair.—(The Current Sauce)

The Typographical Error

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly.

You can hunt until you're dizzy, but it somehow will get by.

Till the forms are off the presses it is strange how still it keeps;

It shrinks down in a corner and it never stirs or peeps,

That typographical error, too small for human eyes,

Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.

The editor stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and groans;

The copy reader drops his head upon his hands and moans—

The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean can be,

But that typographical error is the only thing you see.

—(Mountain Eagle)

Then there was the freshman who asked if a bacteria was the rear entrance of a cafeteria.—(Ibid.)

According to headlines in the Akron "Buchtelite," "High Tor" will be presented at the University of Akron. Alas, little do they know.

A divinity student named Tweedle
Refused to accept his degree;
Said he, "It's bad enough being Tweedle
Without being Tweedle, D. D."
—(Northeastern News)

Oracle of Today

EVENING THOUGHTS

Man's eyes are oft so dull, he does not even see
The marvels that surround him everywhere.
High stands above the ground the beauty of a tree,
And birds glide warbling through the evening air.

Of goodness, friendly strength, and firm creative will
We know as little as a boy of grace
When suddenly his soul grows strangely tense and still
Before the glory of a human face.

Sometimes I think of God as of an artist's hand
That patiently has moulded you and me.
May our hearts keep strong, may our lives expand,
May our eyes be pure enough to see.
Gerhard Friedrich

the STUFF By CRESCENZO

We're tuning our vocal cords to sing our swan song, so we feel we ought to write something to remember us by. When readers see our column we want them to ask, "Is this the space that launched a thousand quips?" so here goes.

Criticism

After our undying devotion to our public, we hate to admit it, but we have been unduly criticized. One teacher says we use lousy English, another says we may become a literary lunatic, another says we'll wind up writing *ADVCE TO THE LOVELORN* under the name of Dorothea Dixon, Gideon says we're giving our column to the poets, and Dewees says we ain't writing anything worth reading. Them's harsh words, pardners.

Short Story (to Critic No. 1):

Just before Meibohm was going to practice teach, his critic teacher said to her students, "Our new teacher's name is Winfred Meibohm." The boys perked up and one asked, "Is she pretty?"

Cliff: O. K. I'll come out anyway and find someone.

Drama (to Critic No. 2):

Act I (over telephone)

Cliff: Hello. Is this Doris Lane?

Dolly: Yes, this is Dolly White.

Cliff: How about a date tonite?

Dolly: I can't make it. I have to study.

Cliff: O. K. I'll come out anyway and find someone.

Act 2 (Hobbs hall)

Cliff: I'm sorry you have to study, Doris.

Doris: I don't have to study.

Cliff: Don't kid me, go ahead and study.

Doris: What are you going to do?

Cliff: I think I'll date Dolly White.

Act 3 (same)

Dolly (with books): I'm sorry, Cliff.

Cliff: Do you have to study, too?

Dolly: Sure, didn't I tell you?

Cliff: What is this, anyhow?

Dolly: What are you going to do?

Cliff (seeing the light): I think I'll date Doris Lane.

Curtain

Gay play, eh?

Advice (to Critic No. 3):

R. Starr won't have to pay Boston to date Prout to keep her mind off Runkle because Runkle has his mind on Edelweisse. Then, too, a note a day makes the measles pay.

In Defense of Poetry

Dear Luther:

When we started writing our columns we made a non-aggression pact. This seems to have gone the way of all such pacts, for you have invaded our happy home. We don't mind giving our column to the poets, but when people come up to us and say that the only good thing is the poem, we feel that we are losing our grip. Mr. Gideon, we feel that you are too conservative. Our column is really going to the dogs.
Sincerely,
Would-be.

Of Mice and Men

In any issue there are two types of men—those for it and those against it. Between them, in apathy, are the mice, or better still, the middle-of-the-rodents.

Now, Phil, ain't that worth reading?

Don McAuslan says he is so much in love that he would marry if he could, but he can't, so he won't. Don was always good on the court, anyway. Ouch!!

M. Bailey was out in the cold one nite last week. That's better than a lot of us. We're always out in the cold.

M. Denmead tells us that her boy back home has lost 20 pounds since she's been away. We guess that's O.K., 'cause she's probably gained 21 since she's been here. Ask Clyde.

Chester (in library): What do you say, Gerhard?

G. F.: Nothing. I have learned to be quiet in the library.

Dear Julia:

Do you realize that on campus we're the only couple left who started romancing at the beginning of the year? The boys call me Dagwood. What should I do? I'll print your answer in the next column.

We're liable to write anything in our last column, so be sure to buy your copy early.