

THE GUILFORDIAN

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PARTING PHILOSOPHY

This, my swan song, I dedicate to those who, for lack of something better to do, have been readers of this column. For three years I have dabbled in the affairs of the GUILFORDIAN; for half of that time I have written trivial gossip about these and those and people about the campus. I have seen three editors come and go—all radically different personalities—and have seen their thoughts and ideas reflected in the content of the paper. It has been great fun. And now the old days are gone; you have a new editor; and I am through.

In this last column, may I tell you that it does not make, nor has it ever made, a personal darn to me who dates whom, how much woolfing goes on in West porch, nor who holds hands in the library; matters of which I have



taken notice amount to little—the affairs that last attract little attention. Of course, I have had fun ribbing those whose romantic episodes have been complicated enough or conspicuous enough to make good copy. And I admit that I have derived a malicious pleasure in the squirming of a few miscreants when their deeds came to light in print, although I would object to being classed as a moralist.

In confessing my sins, I must admit that I have at times been guilty of stretching a point or two in the interest of readability. I have occasionally allowed a downright untruth to slip in. But after all, it wasn't important, was it?

A new columnist is taking over this week. For the next year Dabagian will tell you whether Cosca is having boy trouble or the twins are giving someone the run-around. It's nice work. I wish him luck.

Maybe you wonder why I should take up space with such sentimentality. Some of you won't understand. Others, I hope, will understand. You lower classmen don't know yet what a difference in perspective a year or two can make. From the lofty heights of the senior class it appears that the kids are younger, the ideas are wackier, and the school in general is going to pot. I suppose every graduate has felt that feeling. Already I feel like an old grad. I'll miss the old school. Goodbye, now.

remember that they will add greatly to our material facilities—one must remember that we must not be limited to the material.

We hope that with larger facilities it will not be felt necessary to enlarge the student body, and so destroy the distinctive qualities of Guilford which are inherent in her size.

We hope that we shall not forget to make more important improvements—those which concern the educational aims of our institution; while athletic activities are an important part of our college, we must remember that they are a part, and not a whole.

SONSPOTS

By DABAGIAN

The editor said to make it witty . . . like Joe's. She also said to use the "dirt" subtly . . . like Joe's. (Imagine me subtle!!) Don't make it like Gideon's . . . like Joe's. (Gosh! There just ain't no place for us guys with individuality, is there?)

The height of conceit—Archdale's "Arches" sitting on the bench with their backs to the circle road. (How's that for wit? pause I agree with you.)

Dying swan song for students whose "loving duckie daddies" graduate this spring: "Where Do I Go From You?" (I'll bite, Miss Clinchy—where?)

And how is our sweet Honey Gray these days, Gaither C. Frye, Jr.; Any more house parties?

How's this for subtleness: for the first time in ages Guilford is corrupted by a campus check; for the first time in, well, for the first time Bill Denham & Co. are where they belong. (Subtle?)

Look, you Simon Legree in skirts, how about letting me be my dumb, outspoken self? I can! Wow! Let me at that keyboard!

Presenting laurels to Betty Marshall who is the only girl able to (publicly) string three men at one time. Lucky girl! Sigh, sigh! Ralls, "Boston," and the inimitable Pickett. Sigh, sigh.

As a rule, quoted quotes are quotable, so here goes: "But listen, Buddy, she says I'm still the only guy on campus that's kissed her." (How about off campus, Ray Tannenbaum?)

Here's how it would look in headlines: KIRKMAN OUTSTARS STARR Isn't there a saying, Carolyn Prout, that faint heart never won fair maiden?

This one's for hemisphere defense: Uncle Sam hopes that Marg Pierson and Emery got everything smoothed out. That's gratitude for you! Here he and our Navy are down there defending these Latin-Americans like Juan too!

Speaking of defense: recommended for an Army commission, Alice "Mel" Ott for her tactful womaneuvers of Easter week-end. (Keep the home fires burning, la, la, la.)

Stamey fiddles while Frazier burns; for that matter, Stamey fiddles while Hudkins burns.

(Ah! But Cherryville is a long ways from Jersey, isn't it, Tommy?)

Come to think of it, Eleanor. Wolden's got no kick coming. Not with all those women's "pics" and addresses under his desk glass.

BLARNEY

By PALDER

We caught Hughes "Zero" Davis the day before his tennis trip, when he was dissociated from his off-key Archdale barbershop quartet and in a reminiscent mood.

There is nothing like a man to his trade; talk to a politician and he will talk about politics. Well, when you talk with the mainstay and captain of our championship tennis team, you can be sure that tennis will be his topic.

"Zero" tells us how he and Stokes Rawlins as kids about eight years ago hung around the various playgrounds in Greensboro, borrowed some old tennis rackets, and began to horse around the tennis courts.

Without any particular incentive, horseplay turned into real skill. The results appeared in the summer of '36 when "Zero" won the Greensboro junior singles championship which he retained for three years. During the past three years he has worked in the recreation department of Greensboro as tennis director for playgrounds.

Prime among "Zero's" memories was the time when he played with Eddie Alloo, one of the ranking tennis stars of the country, and when Teddie Burwell beat him out for number one place in North Carolina.

From the Files

September 29, 1926—The most important factors in this cultivation of feminine physical alertness is the new girls' athletic director, Miss Dorothy Gilbert, a graduate of Earlham college and graduate student at Columbia university. She will also have charge of the girls' physical education. Under her capable directorship the prospects for good teams in field hockey, tennis, basketball, and track, in their proper seasons, seem bright indeed.

September 29, 1926—123 Balm. Guilford is my college; I shall not go elsewhere. It maketh me to get down and study; it leatheth me beside hard labor. It restoreth my intellect, it leatheth me in the paths of education for its name's sake. Yea, though I study both day and night, I make little progress; for I am homesick; English and algebra, they trouble me. I prepare for them in the presence of difficulty; they annoy my brains with labor. My mind runneth over. Surely D's and E's shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell at Guilford College forever.

September 29, 1926 On Saturday, September 25th, at Durham, Guilford College opened her football season with Duke university as an opponent. It was poor football weather, the excessive heat causing the players to lose from five to ten pounds each from perspiration.

December 8, 1926—GUILFORD IS RECOGNIZED. Now a Member of the Southern Association of Colleges. PRESIDENT BINFORD SUCCESSFUL IN HIS TOIL FOR GUILFORD. Eligibility Made Possible by Persistent Constructive Work of President Binford and Patrons of College.

December 8, 1926—Scott Parker, Circulation Manager "Quaker," Guilford College, N. C. Dear Sir: Enclosed please find check for \$2.00 as deposit on the 1927 QUAKER. The remainder of the price of \$5.00 I will pay on delivery. Yours truly,

December 23, 1926—Upon entering the dining room for the banquet Saturday evening one of the students evidently thought for a while that he had been transported to another world. He regained consciousness when he saw one of the familiar landmarks. "Well, the old sugar-bowl looks natural, anyway," he said.

January 12, 1927—During the holidays several improvements were made on and about the campus. A slice was taken off Dr. Ott's office to give extra space for the new location of the post office and an office for Prof. Turner, business manager. The dining room floor of Founders was well waxed and the porch floor of Memorial hall was painted. Also, a new class room and a room for organic lab were made in the basement of Memorial hall.

GRIST

Syracuse athletes are barred from competition if they marry during the school year, unless the ceremony takes place during a holiday such as Christmas or Easter.

When the automatic bell system went out of order at Memphis State, the master clock tried hard to cover its face with its hands.

—The Tiger Rag.

Roses are red,
 Violets are blue,
 Orchids were \$1.50,

I wonder—could dandelions have looked nice on you.—The Appalachian.

Now I lay me down to rest,
 Thinking of tomorrow's test;
 If I should flunk instead of pass,
 I pray the same for all the class.

—The Tattler.

Prayer of the student whose teacher marks on the curve. (Guilfordian).

Prof. (To student coming in late): "You should have been here at nine."
 Student: "Why, what happened?"

A shoe salesman is a poor guy that is always out on the end of a limb.—Quaker Campus.

Students spend 21,000 hours a year standing in registration lines.

Blotter: Something you look for while the ink dries.—Greenville Piedmont.

Have you heard of the mathematically-minded little acorn who said when he had grown up, "Ge-om-e-try!"

The New Mexico "Lobo" has several unusual titles for their columns among which is "Soil Conservation Service," the dirt column.

Freshman Laurels

It's getting along toward exam week and graduation; it is late enough for us to look back on the past school year, and to be able to say, "It's been a good year."

Into the past year has gone the work of those outside and inside the college. We would like to stick close to home, pointing out the activities of this year's freshman class.

Disregarding potential contributions to Guilford as individuals, we feel that as a class they have already added constructively to campus life in their revival of the decadent class meeting.

Their work in this respect concerns many of the student and faculty groups. It is work which supplements the seasonal productions of the Dramatic council, the offerings of the regular chapel and lecture series programs.

It is of a different nature, less smoothly done, but having a spontaneous quality. It is, we believe, an intimate part of the school.

Talent for the dramatic skits—melodrama, pantomime, and farce written by students—has been drawn from the ranks of all four classes. Faculty and student body have joined in the quiz programs of various natures and the several musical performances.

This type of class meeting is apt to remain peculiar to the freshmen of future years. As the class progresses, members drop out; it becomes less of an entity than at first. Studies become more exacting, upperclassmen must meet more stringent requirements.

Such a meeting as this should be continued; it can be the testing ground for the abilities of all students, and of common interest to both professor and student.

A Building Proposal

The new Guilford Bulletin, printed this March, features a map of the college, between the last page and the back cover. It includes the present buildings and athletic fields, the women's athletic field which will definitely be constructed this summer, and several proposed improvements—another girl's dormitory, a golf course, a lake.

It is indeed promising that these looked-for additions are taking shape. One must