

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Every Man to His Humour

If you haven't any potentialities, if you're not fundamentally a scientist, an economist, a sociologist, a home economist, or even a philosopher, then be an English major. This is the popular conception of the carefree languid life led by the feigned lover of literature.

But to us few earnest English majors, life is more than occasional series of rapid glances at Elizabethan plays and Baconian essays. While we do not set laboratories on fire with scalding liquids bubbling away in unguarded test tubes, we spend our afternoons grinding out lengthy bibliographies and outlines for term papers in Eng. 41 on such rambling, abstract ideas as low life in London as observed in the writings of Thomas Dekker, and in Eng. 23, the influence of the Spanish picaresque novel on the English picaresque novel. This kills two courses with one stone, your Spanish books fitting neatly into the compact scheme of Dr. Hayes' outside reading for Spanish 41.

Oh, and if you're planning to graduate with an A.B. in English your weekly presence is requested at the home of Dr. Philip Furnas, your department head and major professor.—that Satan who greets his drama class with: "I smell brimstone; anyone been to hell?"

Sometimes he expects you to give a talk, in preparation for which you spend several days and nights perusing the PMLA's (and others—at least three) to seek out the most unintelligible, technical, and scholarly article by a recognized authority, preferably one whose Ph.D. is recognized by Harvard alumni, so you will be sure to strike a favorable note upon the mind of your professor. This is not apple polishing; it is just a gentle way of recalling to "his" mind the good ole days at Harvard.

After everyone has become sufficiently bored with your speech and yawning is exhibited 100%, Dr. Furnas decides to treat you all to peanuts from a homegrown plant, served on a dinner plate to prevent the falling of mud on the carpet. At Mrs. Furnas' suggestion he spreads newspapers on the rug and you curl up by the fire to shell the nuts which you are informed have been roasted for an hour or two on the radiator. It's almost like your childhood days at the circus—if you only had a bottle of pop and some crackerjack! And they call us English majors!

G R I S T

Visitor: "How old are you, sonny?"
Boston boy: "That's hard to say, sir. According to my latest school tests, I have a psychological age of 11 and a moral age of 10. Anatomically, I'm 7; mentally, I'm 9. But I suppose you refer to my chronological age. That's 8—but nobody pays any attention to that these days!"

—The Collegian

The difference between a bachelor and a married man is that when a bachelor walks the floor with a baby he's dancing.

—The Akron Buchelite

Professor Macy: "Mr. Bales, what is your idea of civilization?"

George Bales: "It's a good idea, Mr. Macy; someone ought to start it."

—The Crescent

Maybe the idea of the street car companies is to make people stand up for themselves.

—Capital Chimes

Walking along on a frosty morning, Billy noticed his breath on the cold air.

"Look, mother," said he, "I am dusty inside."

—The Tiger Rag

Thomas A. Edison was undoubtedly the greatest inventor the United States has ever known. He invented the phonograph and radio so that people would sit up half the night and burn his electric light bulbs.

—The Akron Buchelite

Even after the football season is over, students will hang around the college till warm weather sets in.

—Capital Chimes

Definitions:

Chlorine—a night club personality.
Barium—what you do to a corpse.
Nitrate—special price on telegrams and telephones after dark.

From the Files

April 19, 1917—At the recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the college, it was definitely decided that two new sections should be built to Cox Hall. These sections will be like the present center sections and will accommodate about fifty students.

October 9, 1918—Guilford after a long period of immunity has at last succumbed to the prevailing fad. A few cases of Spanish influenza have appeared among the boys and as a result the health authorities have placed the college under a strict quarantine. No one will be permitted to enter or leave the campus, and the day students must either board at the college or not attend classes.

March 29, 1922—Friday morning in chapel Mr. Ogburn of Greensboro spoke on the use of tobacco. In the beginning he offered a five-dollar bill to anyone who could give a good reason for using tobacco. There was no reason offered.

November 30, 1921—Guilford tasted the dregs of defeat in the final game of the season played at Elon on Thanksgiving day. It was the first time in the history of football between the two institutions that Elon has been able to cross the Quaker goal line. Score was 7-0.

November 16, 1921—On Wednesday evening, November 9, the International Relations club met in Memorial hall with Professor Anscombe presiding. The evening was spent in a discussion of our recent allies, Italy and France.

February 25, 1930—Not since the days of Job has an invalid received so much attention or aroused so much comment as has Mr. Furnas in the course of the last three or four weeks. All the students at Guilford pray nightly for his speedy recovery and prompt return to his duties here.

March 19, 1930—February 26 was Guilford's annual clean-up day—headed by Mr. Purdom. The students and faculty followed the custom established many years ago. At eight o'clock the big bell called everyone out to the front of Founders hall. Boys and girls seized the rakes and brush brooms and went to work with a vengeance.

November 6, 1936—Miss Katherine C. Ricks, the Guilford librarian, recently took a trip north in the interest of the library. The object of the trip was to find methods used in other libraries of classifying and cataloguing Quaker books and to secure by exchanges periodicals needed to complete the files.

i mortimer

i mortimer am wounded mentally and physically dr williams shook his fists very threateningly the other day because he was not mentioned in the orchestra writup on the front page of the last issue he is afraid we will not remember he played the trombone in last nights concert his threats almost took the form of a strangling when dr weis moved me back to the brass section where i nearly got wrapped around the slide of the glittering trombone what does a fiddler do when being attacked by a villainous brass fortissimo i ask myself there is no escape but of late i am contemplating catching a corner of the curtain that almost envelopes me when the back stage breezes blow and swinging right out the back door with great gusto i do not really think anyone would miss me cause dr williams knows the music pretty well now he can play overtures operas symphonies excerpts and even selections we practiced a piece or maybe it was an overture that i never saw and when i asked him how long we had been playing it he said off and on for three years he certainly is a veteran member of the chamber orchestra i did not realize it before ill bet he can trace the fountainheads of all operas in chronological order too he is a brilliant man especially a philosopher and a musician it is too bad he is not a scientist then he could be an honorary member of the senior science society that illustrious little group of hobbs brain preservers pope pegrum meculough white weisgerber warnke with honorary members dr and mrs campbell they even send out formal dinner invitations inked with all their names and fancy asterisks after the names of the two guests to denote high honorary rank but as i commented to victoria who felt blue cause she got left out of the secret society i think it is only a very public way of apple polishing

SENSATIONS

By RUDY and PINK

As Jim Andrews was eating his Boston baked beans he found a poor little innocent fly. Upon calling Crooks to the table, the conversation was like this:

"Waiter, there's a fly in my beans."
"Why, the poor little insect must have lost his balance. He was sitting on the rim of the bowl when I brought it in."

○

Why the freshmen go on west porch to do their petting:
"My roommate says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty."

"Well, personally, I don't enjoy a large audience either."

○

Geology Prof.: "How can you tell whether this river is of old or recent formation?"

Freshman: "That's easy; this is a young river—you can see that its bed is still wet."

○

Freshman: "I wonder why women don't grow mustaches?"

Upperclassman: "Did you ever see the grass grow on a race track?"

○

Stanfield, you must be a good crutch—we see that Helen Lewis can't stand up without you. . . . We believe that Joe McBane is the only boy on campus that can keep three girls on the string at once (on the same campus) . . . Did you ever think that you would hear anything like this from Eleanor Beittel: "I hate you; all you want is what you can get out of me." (Nice thing to work for.) . . . A hint to any of the boys that have cars—Hazel Bradshaw says she will make it interesting for a ride to town. . . . Sapp is paying us \$5.50 to say, "Emmert is a Ginzo." . . . C. Phillips must have something up her sleeve—she can keep six boys sitting around her in the middle of the campus during the middle of the afternoon. . . . Mrs. Milner had company in Psy. 21 class the other day, we're told . . . It was a cat-strolling nonchalantly around the stage. We didn't see it, though, 'cause only a 13-year-old would pay any attention to anything like that. . . . "Padregay" Snipes, the Oklahoma Indian, cultivated a new friendship coming from Richmond Sunday morning (a drunk)—ask him about it . . . Hurwitz played hard to get; he was afraid to shake hands with the guy.

○

A word of advice to the girls who sit at the table with Aggie (Hi) Lou: Let her walk out first. If you don't, one of these days somebody is gonna get trampled going out the door.

○

"What a splendid fit!" the tailor said, as they carried the epileptic out of the shop.

○

We love to say things about people, but we find it impossible to for various reasons . . . if Nell Hubbard will hurry and light on one of those many boys she has on the chase, maybe we can talk about her . . .

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West porch conversation: "Hold my hand."
"One thing at a time, baby."

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ORACLE of TODAY

Bliss Carman (1861-1929), Canadian by birth but living in the United States for many years, was on the editorial staff of New York and Chicago newspapers. Shortly before his death he was crowned as Canada's major poet by the Canadian Authors' association.

A VAGABOND SONG

Bliss Carman

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.