

THE GUILFORDIAN

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SON SPOTS

By DABAGIAN

Interest is swelling in the outcome of the pungent Newell Baker-Nancy Miller project. As the tale is woven, Baker, advocate of the girl in every college practice, has an ulterior motive in his pursuit of our fair May Queen. (And some wisecracker wants to know who's doing the pursuing!) Yes, Mrs. Milner, last year's Child Psych notes do come in handy this year, huh, Baker? Minor approaches to the showdown in this affair are made at large dances when the W. C. product makes her appearances. But, the big deal will come off when the May Queen and Court show off their splendor. Will Baker escort Queen Miller, or will his motives have been satisfied?

Vassar's Dr. MacCracken, speaking on compulsory core curriculum: "whenever there's poor teaching and mediocre living, you will find the professors clamoring for compulsion to make students come back to their courses." Have you been converted lately?

"My head just fits your shoulder."
 "Mine does too."
 Oh, lord, Runkle, do ya' mean it?

Peggy Taylor, a senior — that's one who gets a sheepskin to cover one's intellectual nakedness — is spoiling George Abrams, a junior, by frequenting only the Senior Parlor. Supposing next year's victim isn't a Senior? Will George be happy on West Porch? Will Peggy be happy without George? Listen in next September for another nauseating chapter in the lives of Peggy and George in "Life Can Be Uplifting"; or, "This Bench Has Splinters."

All the beauty on this campus isn't among the students only, as some of the boys have discovered. A sign is due on the door to the President's office: "Freddy is MY secretary: MINE, ya' understand!" (Ouu, how I hate you for calling me Freddy.)

Has anyone seen Marg Hollister? Marg's chums threatened her with a cold shower if she didn't arise for breakfast one a.m. Came morning and no Marg to be found. No, no need for Dick Tracy: Marg had spent the night sleeping on the ironing board. Let's see: a 125 pounder on a five pound ironing board: howinthehell did you do it Marg?!

And just which of your roommates needs the diaper service, Mary Ernst? One "section 8" coming up, boys!

It was our fortune (no misfortune) to attend a meeting of the social Committee at which were gathered a partial number of the Social Committee; and, "visiting firemen," who attended for the purpose of voicing constructive ideas. To make a punk story more so, the "firemen" came away with one definite conclusion — that the social activity on this campus is in a stagnant condition due to the apathy of the student body as a whole, who are laboring under the most acute case of defeatism ever dissipated. In a matter of weeks, there will be a dance which will be the key to future social events as sponsored by the Vets. Whether the key will open the door or close it will depend entirely upon the student body. If they support this dance, the door will open to future social activities of grandiose quality supported enthusiastically by the Vets. If the door is closed, it's the general thought that they will do as the travelling salesman: take their trade elsewhere.

You've got to hand it to the Hobbs Girls, they do it up royally. A bunch of males impatiently stomped about on Hobbs porch the eve of Washington's birthday, but were unquestionably impressed by the sublimity and sentiment displayed by the dinner party the girls were having — candlelight, food that would find favor with any connoisseur of table delicacies, coated with inspired group singing. Yup! You've got to hand it to 'em, again and again.

If Reggie Roberts will see Dean Purdom, he might get permission to move his bed to Archdale. Then he won't be separated from Jane Wallace those precious hours from ten to seven. And you make him eat his spinach, Jane!

If Dick Campbell continues writing notes and putting them in Martie Mackie's mailbox, she's liable to up and accept that date offer: car or no car.

So, as the hula dancer would say: "Think I'll put the motion before the house."

CAMPUS PERSONALITY



In case the sketch above doesn't strike you, the personality of the week to us is Clark Wilson, the new treasurer of the Veterans Club, and another of the newly returned Guilfordians. He came to Guilford from September of 1941 through March 1943, then his number came up and he was assigned to heavy weapons in the infantry as soon as he finished basic. He served in the E. T. O. for 16 months and rose to the rank of S/Sgt. While overseas he attended both the Heidleberg University in Germany and the Dundee College of the University of St. Andrews in Scotland. He is very free with his slang and he says, "The faculty and students at both schools bent over backwards to be nice to me, because I was an American G. I." Of course, his personality is such that anyone almost would do the same because it was he and not because he was a soldier.

While at Guilford the first time, he played guard on the varsity football team and is back again to play the same position.

In case you aren't sure which boy I'm describing, he has black wavy hair, ruddy complexion, brown eyes, is around five feet ten inches tall, and is of medium build. He is a junior now and majoring in Economics. He is a member of the Guilford Monogram Club and is very active in the Veterans Club.

He has a cheerful hello for everyone he meets, whether he knows them or not, so that shows us he has the "Old Guilford Spirit" we like to see. We're glad he finds the campus as he puts it "pretty much the same—or back to normal," and we hope he will profit by his return.

Peggy Goode Bishop

i mortimer

i mortimer am exhausted mentally physically and in all my legs ive been dashing about campus with mj and james patton trying to get the quaker pictures taken every morning i hop up bright and early to see if the weather is right for photographic purposes the other day i won in a poker game so i escorted victoria to a poker game so i gallantly escorted victoria to the coop that night her little brother bless the brat came too we got in the door without difficulty but then we stopped short agahst the place was full of people fighting for the counter we climbed up on it andrews' shoulder 33633326 and so arrived safely but i had to hold on so tight to keep from knocked off by the milling throng that i was exhausted when jds smiling face came in view i fell limply down on the counter and was nearly annihilated by tommy obriants fists i want a pepsi he bawled thumping his fist on the counter one pepsi please before i die he wailed piteously only he want the one who died victorias brother met a sad fate did obriant apologize did he look horror stricken did he rush around and give himself up as a second degree murderer he did not ugh he said ugh ugh and wiped his hands on jean parkers coat i dont know what this worlds coming to victoria fainted and fell in kadows ice cream he nearly ate her too but she revived slightly and scrambled over the side of the cup jd saw me lying exhausted before him and his kind face lighted with compassion come little bug he said and picked me up tenderly and carried me carefully and laid me on the floor behind the counter with infinite pity i wont be a moment little bug he said gently and he stole away to get the fly spray my heart overflows with pity for females what am i saying my word what i meant to say was this is a mans world the sooner women find it out the better bring me my slippers and pipe victoria and then evaporate ive got things to do

On the Inside

Like MacArthur, we are back. Between some vitamin extract and Hollowell's to give us the sorely needed pep, wim and wigger, we think that we might have enough strength mustered up to beat on this old typewriter long enough to throw out a columns worth of dirt . . . and we do mean dirt!

We have always heard that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but there is a certain STONE on this campus which gathering some CAMP-BELL and that doesn't look like moss to us.

One act play . . . scene; a court room . . . Characters! the Judge and Frisco Bray.

Judge: Let me warn you Bray. Whatever you say will be held against you.

Bray: Hedy Lamarr.

Slouchy Sarah's Beauty Salon, the home of Non-O-Kink Hair Tonic, Guaranteed to brighten, lighten or straighten that fringe on top. No other hair tonic can make that statement. Recent campus tests have shown that Non-O-Kink is 99 and 44/100% peroxide, lemon juice, and ammonia. Brighten up your outlook on life. (This is a paid advertisement of the Bleachers Club. Head Bleacher, A. K. . . .dow).

We hear that MARTY ROBINSON and LIB PEGRAM are sharing the same unmentionable. It's a good thing that it is one of those two way stretch jobs that modern science has put out to meet war-time demands such as this.

It is a current opinion that the time and concern wasted on the seating of people in the dining hall might be more profitably spent on the quantity and quality of food served. The majority of students didn't come here to keep Hollowell's in business. Palatable food, and plenty of it, is necessary for happy and profitable study . . . 'nuff said.

Theme song for FRANK and DONNA . . . "It's Been a Long, Long Time."

The new Vets have seen more KAHNbat in the G. T. O. (Guilford Theatre of Operations) than they did combat overseas.

And the gold rush of '46 is on . . . nothing like it has been seen since that one in '49. One of the Founders girls has struck it rich. For further details see TEX GRAY, chief digger. Now we know the derivation of hep pet expression . . . "Large charge."

DEBBIE DEVITT got up with a grouch the other morning . . . Surprising! We thought that the Guilford girls ALWAYS slept alone . . . How 'bout that?

If you are very, very quiet and listen very, very closely in Founders dining hall you might be able to hear gentle murmers of laughter from JUNE LEWIS as she so discreetly and delicately expresses her appreciation of almost any feeble old joke . . . so long as it is told by a boy.

There's a light switch in Hobbs that is going to wear out before its time if that whistling doesn't cease at 10:45 every P. M. . . . it's only SUE SHELTON and BEN RUNKLE saying "Good night," . . . and long after ten o'clock, too.

Big Wheel ATWOOD and Little Wheel KELLY . . . it looks like the gears are meshing pretty well.

"But I am THE INA ROLLINS, so will you please hand me that ruler, DR. LJUNG?"

There's many a wreck 'neath a new coat of paint, and if you doubt just drop in at Mary Hobbs some morning right after breakfast.

"Men seek the darkness to do their evil deeds" (to quote MISS DIXON's scripture lesson of the day) so from now on, boys, you had better carry a flash light with you into those dark and unspeakably evil corners . . . no telling what might happen to our precious ones.

And they say that the above mentioned ray of sunshine has a well developed "key-hole eye."

So with that little gem went the last benefits of the last capsule from our last bottle of vitamins.

Strengthless, Breathless and Bloodless

Off-Balance

There are sixty students on the ineligible list at Guilford. This means that these people passed less than nine hours of work with a grade of C during their previous semester. Consequently, these students are allowed no unexcused absences from classes and cannot participate in any major student activities.

This number comprises around one-sixth of the entire student body of the college. Something is wrong somewhere!

Evidently, many students are not spending enough time on their studies. Those who do spend time and are unable to make the grade either do not know how to study properly, or are unable to do college work. The capable ones on the list either lack interest or are just plain lazy.

One of the main purposes of any college is to maintain a certain academic standard. Too many Guilford students are failing to keep this standard high. Where the exact trouble spot is is the main question. Depending upon the individual cases, the student, his schedule of studies, recreation, and other work, and his professors, all may or may not be factors causing him to be on this list.

It simply cannot be stressed enough that every student must take inventory of his own case, decide what needs to be remedied, and then do something about it right away.

Guilford may not resemble a country club, but if an outsider knew that sixty students were practically flunking out, he might shake his head and say, "Did Nathan Hunt found this Quaker college?"

Veterans' Service

A new sign over the former mail room at Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska, now reads, "Veterans' Service."

A coed went in and inquired about some information.

"Oh, no," explained the person in charge, "this is where we fix schedules and help adjust the veterans for coming back to school!"

"I thought this is where they rationed out the vets," the disappointed coed sighed. "Why don't you specify what kind of service they offer?"