

**THE GUILFORDIAN**

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THE GUILFORDIAN wishes to state that the faculty are to be commended for the unusual speed with which the grades appeared for this semester, even though it was impossible to have them ready before registration since there was no vacation between exams and registration.

Teachers should see a value in the snow that is so deep that it keeps the students on campus, more time for study when there is no temptation from town! We thank you.

Some people think that only those possessing at least a master's degree should attempt to teach in college. This is a debatable question, leaving one with the thought that whether or not he has these extra degrees, he must be a good teacher, interested in the education of his students. Perhaps that is more of an essential than the degree, or perhaps both are necessities. What do you think from a student's standpoint? Should we keep teachers who do not teach?

**Apathy Again?**

Preaching against apathy seems to do no good, if it really is an apathetic group to whom one directs his remarks.

There is a certain apathetic group on campus who apparently do not realize that things they are asked to vote on may affect them. For instance, the budget for 1936-1937 was presented in chapel one day with the provision that 50% of the school must vote in favor of it. From the number of people who attended this chapel, one had a feeling that there wasn't even 50% there. If a student wishes to miss excellent speeches by good speakers in chapel, it is his own affair and loss; but when it comes to a question of voting, everyone should come out to show his approval or disapproval of the issue at hand. Can it be said that we as a student group are really apathetic? Let's show by a little action that we are not.

**Kill or Develop?**

Two billion dollars for veterans of a war eighteen years gone by! This is the latest offering of the government to the already too much expanded budget. Six hundred and five million were spent during the last fiscal year for the veteran administration.

Largest peace time defense fund is asked in bill now pending in the House—\$338,782,232 for the enlargement of the army, to increase its enlisted personnel, as well as that of the National Guard! Fact number two in the merry race to spend money in a warrior's way!

Fact number three is the current plea for economy, the fact that we are spending so much for relief and AAA's and the like, and should economize.

Fact number four is in the form of more taxes for the people of this already greatly taxed nation.

Facts number one, two, and four seem to completely overbalance number three, the plea for economy, and point to the way the country's money is being used. It really shows a lack of a sense of values. Which is the highest value—to spend money to enlarge our facilities for killing the people of other nations with whom we might fight, or is it higher perhaps to utilize this money for the development of our country, its people, its agriculture, and the like? It entirely depends on one's viewpoint! "Do you plan to kill or develop life?" is the question that faces one. We who enter political life or merely the life of a voter will have to face that issue. We must be prepared to answer. Will our answer be the barbarian "Kill" or the civilized "Develop life"?

**Graveyard Watch**

By JOHN McNAIRY

The world was a dim, dark cavern, in which King and Connie were again blinding hot, harsh words at each other—words that rebounded and rang like rifle shots in a hard, bare room. Kit moved his shoulders on the hard wooden bunk, and suddenly he was six again and his brother, Bill, was rocking the rowboat in the hot August sunlight. An alligator's bulbous eyes swished closer and closer and as he bumped the boat, Kit cried out and awoke sweating in the heaving darkness of the Buccaneer's tiny cabin. The boat was rolling to the freshening wind, and an occasional hiss of water slithered off the bow over his head. The hatch rasped back and Connie's blond head appeared in the yellow flicker of the lantern. Kit rubbed his eyes and stretched.

"Four o'clock, Kit," he said. "Your watch—the graveyard watch. You must have thought we put her aground when we hit that last snag—you howled like a stepped-on dog."

Kit blinked sleepily in the yellow glare, and slowly pulled on his sheepskin coat.

"Had a bad dream," he yawned. "How's the wind?"

"It's freshening up, but the lake's full of driftwood coming down on the high water—can't see 'em till it's too late to sheer off. Hope we don't hit a telephone pole or our name's mud. Well, I think I'll hit the hay myself."

Kit stared down into his heavy rubber boots—boots too heavy for water work. If he ever went overboard in them it would be like carrying two anchors. Connie might be able to say up—he swam mostly with his powerful, gorilla arms, but he and King— "Isn't King coming off watch?" he asked.

"I don't give a damn what he— I'm sorry, Kit. I don't know."

Kit stared soberly at Connie's uncompromising back, sighed deeply, and climbed on deck. The whining wind swept the sleep from his brain as soon as he came up. The Buccaneer was close-hauled, pounding the ever-growing waves with bulldog stubbornness, a sheet of spray hissing off the bow at each tugging shock. The shore was a dark, low-lying blur to port and starboard, and far ahead a single, lonely light marked the power camp. King was sprawled on the after deck, the tiller in one bronzed hand, his pipe casting a reddish glow over his lean, brown face.

"You take her, Kit," he said shortly. "I'll try lookout for a while." His usual easy-going manner was gone, and a surly bluntness had taken its place.

"Aren't you going below with Connie?" asked Kit, surprised, lifting his voice. "You'll need that sleep tomorrow."

"No, I told you I'd take lookout; I don't feel sleepy." His rubber boots clumped forward, and Kit dropped on the stern seat, propped himself against the starboard rail and felt exceedingly unhappy. He counted back mentally the years he and King and Connie had been pals—and brooded dolefully. A fish splashed in the ink to starboard, and a bailing can rolled fitfully in the bilge. Far above, the cold, white stars freckled the gloomy sky, a banner of ragged cloud rushed across the white sickle of the new moon, the jib flopped and lashed again before filling taut with a snap. A branch crunched under the keel before King could report it. Another and another, at long intervals, scraped by underneath. A mammoth hulk swept by in the darkness—an uprooted tree from upstream—then quiet reigned again. A blur in the night sky and the red and green running lights marked the airmail, flying high and free overhead. Kit wondered why their friendship couldn't go on likewise.

Suddenly King was on his feet, shouting. His pipe bounced on the deck, spewing hot ashes, and he was leaning far to starboard, his elbow crooked



**THE BATTLE OF EAST AND WEST**  
 Talk about poor bums who haven't a home,  
 Or orphans without any mother.  
 It's a much worse state to have no place to date  
 When you talk to your gallant young lover.

Sunday afternoon at Founders is a sight for sore eyes  
 So many young ladies you'd see,  
 Who patiently sit and intently knit,  
 While saving two chairs, maybe three.

Hard experience has taught these Guilford Co-eds

That an arm chairs' a very rare prize,  
 They know that they'd park on a small window seat

Or sit on the floor otherwise.  
 The coveted position of the girls' ambition

Is a nook called Cozy Corner

Music from a radio and a small wicker bench  
 Will make any young man's heart grow warmer.

The problem has always been very great

For the poor young Founderette dates,  
 Our Hobb's sisters finish their dinner at six

While we start a half an hour later.

If you're very in love or not very hungry

You'll quietly sit in the dark,  
 And miss that famously wonderful Sunday night supper

So that you and the boy friend can spark.

Now when I die very rich and great  
 I'm sure there'll be in my will,

"Buy two hundred armchairs large and wide for Zay,  
 And put a hundred sofas in Phil."

—Anonymous.

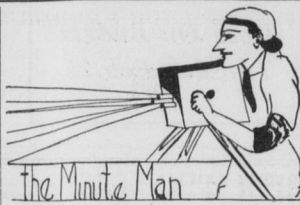
over a shroud, both hands braced on the boat hook. Then Kit saw it in the darkness—a wrecked bridge or trestle, ponderous and deadly in the black water. Then it was upon them—the boat hook skidded and held, but the shroud snapped like a stretched rubber band. King hit the water on his back, clutching wildly for the rail, and the icy black water closed over his heavy seaboots.

Connie was already on deck in stocking feet and shirt; rubbing his eyes, he stared for a long second, then he went over the stern rail in a racing dive and Kit heard his pounding strokes astern, then he was thrown headlong as the wreckage smashed into the bow.

Staggering up, his head spinning crazily from a blow from the main-boom, Kit saw the derelict slide astern. Recoiling from the blow, the Buccaneer swung broadside to the wind. The boat shuddered slowly over on its beam ends black water poured in over the rail, and a welter of pots and pans clattered down the cabin deck.

Kit struggled madly with the taut foresheet, cast the sail loose and then attacked the main sail. It too yielded and streamed out in the wind. With the jib alone flying, Kit turned downwind toward King's far-away voice. Presently, he made them out, and dragged them over the rail, one after the other.

The Buccaneer rolled steadily along in the shifting sunlight; the waves rolled smoothly up astern and fluttered happily on the beam; the sun on the water glittered more cheerfully than ever before; on board, three tired sailors lay on the afterdeck talking leisurely together. King and Connie were debating the relative merits of sail rigs. Kit, smiling contentedly under the white bandage on his forehead, wasn't even listening. He was content—peace reigned over the ship again.



Good morning, Mr. and Miss Guilford, let's go to press. Trust us not to be original. However, we don't always have to be when our constituency come across with one like this. A certain young gentleman on the campus, intimately connected with the Biology department, said recently to a group, "You know how I feel," having reference to a debatable question. And at this juncture a certain young lady of the same ilk (Biol.) put her foot coyly into the corner of her mouth and said, "Yes, I know how he feels, too." "And after that the dark" and confidential agent Itchy left.

i itchy went  
 to the store the other  
 night  
 was i  
 i was  
 and to think a nice little boy like  
 Clarence could make so much time  
 in two dates with a person who  
 had been previously attached  
 and furthermore she has been attached  
 to the most artful  
 romeo on the campus  
 i am figuring

Some boys ask the most embarrassing questions. Don't they, Mary Priscilla!

**A BALLAD OF LUVE WITH A CAP 'L'**

i itchy  
 am always interested in what  
 are called tritely  
 budding romances  
 it has been so long since we have had  
 a real honest to goodness campus love  
 affair that i had begun to despair  
 however a stillson saved as usual the  
 day  
 a new young gentleman  
 has arrived upon the campus  
 and as he is timid he casts a aura  
 decidedly he does  
 and furthermore there is an angle  
 even perhaps a triangle  
 i am hopeful  
 yours  
 itchy  
 p s  
 he knows something about  
 airplanes  
 ho hum

**We Want to Know  
 What You Know**

If any one can answer any of the following questions, will they please give their material to the editor or some member of the staff of the Guilfordian. The more material we can get the better. It is to be used in a survey of the state of North Carolina.

What has this locality to offer that may be of special interest to travelers or students?

What points of historic, natural, scenic, legendary, unusual or amusing interest are found in this locality?

Have you any folk customs, festivals, fairs, singing schools, traditions, stories, colloquialisms, dishes, etc., that are particularly characteristic of your neighborhood or of this neighborhood.

Sparger Robertson, a former student, has accepted a position as assistant cashier in the Surry County Loan and Trust company, Mt. Airy, N. C.

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