

THE GUILFORDIAN

Published semi-monthly by the students of Guilford College during the school year except during examinations and holiday periods.

Member North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

Editor-in-Chief Frances Alexander
 Managing Editor Marguerite Neave
 Assistant Managing Editor Charlotte Parker
 Business Manager John Bradshaw

SPECIAL EDITORS

Feature Editors James McAdams, Charlotte Parker
 Sports Editor Earle Maloney
 Alumni Editor Miss Era Lasley
 Assistant Alumni Editor Mary Bryant
 Society Editor Rebecca Weant
 Typing Editor Geraldine MacLean
 Art Editor Claude Dunnagan

REPORTERS

Naomi Binford Margaret Olmstead
 John Hollowell Marvin Sykes
 Mary Alma Coltrane James McAdams
 Rodman Scott Helen Traegar
 Sam Smith Pete Moore
 Milton Anderson

SECRETARIAL STAFF

Cora Worth Parker Ellen Niblock
 Mary Priscilla Blouch

Circulation Manager Richard Binford
 Assistant Circulation Manager Thomas Ashcraft
 Assistant Business Manager James Parsons

FACULTY ADVISORS

Philip Furnas Dorothy Gilbert

Address all communications to THE GUILFORDIAN
 Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price \$1.50 per year

Entered at the post office in Guilford College as second class matter

A Project?

Plans for Guilford's Centennial, which occurs next year, are being developed on every side and by every group. By next year we will see rising from the old lovely school an even greater Guilford, one with greater possibilities because of greater equipment to facilitate development.

Every group that has ever been interested in or part of Guilford is working with all its might toward the centennial year. Some groups are making one definite thing as their project and theirs alone. It will be their pride to have established a memorial building or a memorial fund.

It is not only alumni and those outsiders who are interested in Guilford who are to participate in this developmental process, but perhaps we, as a student body, can in the near future work on the development of a project. All the other groups are responding with unity, loyalty, and enthusiasm. When our chance comes in the very near future to back up a project which ought to be dear to our hearts, let us do so. Meanwhile let us commend these other groups which are trying to make their projects come true.

Are we interested in guests, speakers, or teams or whatever they may be? Let's show our interest in them. Perhaps the Pep Committee or some other such organization could make the teams feel comfortably at home. All of us can show our friendliness to speakers by commenting on their speeches. To each his part in being a friend.

The choir is a strong Guilford advertisement. We are proud of it.

A two-year Emergency Peace Campaign is to be launched April 21 to mobilize the nation's sentiment for peace into a force strong enough to keep America from going to war. People from every kind of group are taking part in it from a prominent member of the American Friends' Service Committee to the wife of the President of the United States. There will be speaking tours all over the country. Youth is interested. Are we? Will we participate in an emergency peace campaign?

Isolation Again

On Saturday afternoons, almost all of Guilford goes to town, or attempts to go to town. It is the play day of the week. Although there is a school bus for regular riders, and there are buses coming out from Greensboro, neither provides a way for this tide of students to get to Greensboro.

With these two factors it would seem that this icy floc of isolation could be broken up. There is a huge group of students wanting transportation and there is transportation in the form of two bus systems. Why can't these two things which seem necessary for each other's welfare be brought on speaking terms?

We are sure that a bus needs people to transport. Why can't one of two things happen? Why can't the bus company from Greensboro send out a bus around one o'clock Saturday afternoon and send another one back around five or five-thirty? Or, if possible, why can't the Guilford College bus make two trips on Saturday afternoons taking people into Greensboro and back?

You who have the transportation, come, and we will give you the people!

An Illusion

By ANSA JEAN BONHAM

The breathless whirl of impressions which was engulfing me settled to a slower pace—cleared as I concentrated on crystallizing to some semblance of sanity my little part of the world.

Over my head hung a heavily embroidered white silk canopy. Fragile gold chairs and odd little seats bordered one side of the room. A towering mirror reflected the deep rose of the rug, the tapestry resplendent with metallic glimmerings vitiated by the splinters of an early morning sun which slipped through the white blinds at the window.

Obsequious murmurings reach my ear—too vague as yet to incur thought on my part. The babblings persist, but in a language that is not mine. French, perhaps, but a queer French. Two men appear at the bedside dressed in Seventeenth or Eighteenth century costumes; I do not know which. Evidently they are of noble rank. Their attitude to the hovering servants makes their self-esteem patently tangible. The two offer to help me dress. In a daze I don the accoutrements of a courtesan of the glorious days of the Grand Monarch. Gold encrustations on my uniform weight it pleasantly.

One of the lackeys apparently attending me gives me a morocco notebook containing my engagements for the day. Too bewildered to grasp the meaning of it all, I only hope they attribute my dullness to an especially heavy sleep.

As minutes pass I enter into the spirit of things and learn as much as I can by watching the other's actions and not too immobile expressions. Conducting myself in as dictatorial manner as I can assume, I avoid several embarrassing predicaments. It is only with difficulty that I can understand the strange tongue so I hardly dare speak it. Again I manage by seeming indolent, presumably after a grand ball last evening. I can't seem to remember, but it must have been a great occasion as it forms so large a part of the conversation between the nobles.

Two lackeys precede me through immense glass doors which open into a corridor as luxurious as the room we have just left. At the farther end there is a circular gallery from which spiral two grand marble staircases.

Again I am impressed with the deference shown me by nobles as well as servants. But here comes one who strikes a harsh, ear-shattering note. He is ugly, dressed in an unflattering, stiff white garment. The huge bunch of keys in his hand presages but one thing. With a meaningful glare he keeps putting foot after foot on a course leading directly to me. No! Don't take me now—I won't go!

We Want to Know

Dear "We Want to Know" Editor:
 I want to know whether it is permissible to use one's left hand in the following situation. I am in the act of cutting some delicious steak. My left hand holds a fork, prongs down, which is keeping the meat in place. With my right hand, I hold a knife which is cutting its way through the juicy flesh. After successfully hewing away, I am ready to eat. Now, may I keep the fork in my left hand when I use it to carry the cut morsel of food to my mouth? A complicated maneuver of changing the fork to my right hand after every cutting is exhaustive and seems unnecessary. I would like your opinion.
 MUCH PERPLEXED.

Dear Much Perplexed:
 Emily Post in her description of the necessary table manners states that one may use one's left hand in the situation you mentioned. Simplicity, rather than complexity, combined with neatness and courtesy, appears to be the essence of good manners in this, as in other situations.

Editor of "We Want to Know."
 Wealth is more equitably distributed among married men than among bachelors, says a recent survey.

Ripped at Random

From the "Among the Masters" column of the *Daily Dartmouth*, we glean the following contribution of an art professor:

"The
 Sky-
 Scraper
 Is a
 Wonder
 To all
 A thing
 To admire
 Beyond
 Question

But oh! down below where pedestrians go
 It certainly adds to congestion!"

Heard at a dance: "You'd be a swell dancer if it weren't for two things—your feet."—*The Susquehanna*.

"Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears," observes the *Annapolis Log*.

POEM

Jack
 And Mary
 Went to pick
 Violets
 But
 Mary's little brother
 Came along
 And so
 They
 Picked violets.
 —*The Vanderbilt Hustler*.

According to an investigation at Harvard, the average student carries exactly 22 cents on his person.—*University of Delaware Review*.

A columnist of the *Los Angeles Junior Collegian* tells the one about the professor who was having much difficulty in getting the attention of the class, which seemed very restless and disorderly. Finally, in exasperation he shouted, "Order, please!"

"Hot beef sandwich," came an absent-minded voice from the rear of the room.

The University of Toronto reports that 75 percent of those applying to the date bureau ask for brunettes. However, at the date bureau of Occidental college, 25 cents for redheads, 15 cents for blondes, and 10 cents for brunettes are the prices charged.—*The Pitt News*.

Football players at the University of Pittsburgh are now receiving foreign language credit for English, according to the *Penn State Froth*.

It might even be interesting to some to know that Hal Kemp is the only orchestra leader known to have insulted King Edward VIII but that was way back when he was only the Prince of Wales. It seems that in England there is a custom that the orchestra continues to play as long as a member of the royalty is on the floor. Hal thought the Prince was leaving. P. S.—They later made up and the Prince actually played the drums for Hal on one occasion.

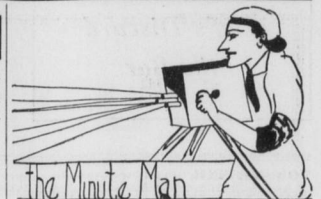
A Harvard zoologist risked his life to enter his burning home the other day. He was after a set of corrected exam papers.

Antiquated "band-box" gymnasiums are to blame for the mediocre brand of basketball played in New England, says Al McCoy, coach of Northeastern university, Boston.—*A. C. P.*

MEMO AND ZIPPER
 RING BOOKS
 For Students

Jos. J. Stone & Co.
 Printers and Stationers

225 S. Davie
 GREENSBORO



Ah! Oh! and Ouch! It is truly a sad day and greatly to be rued, (no, not rude). "Our veribest daystudent," the tall, dark, and handsome, has just gone out for the dramatics council, and been gone out for by that gay, tempestuous, deceiver of the male heart among the Guilford day students, Guilford's Public Flirt No. 1, who can boast that there has never been a pie without her finger, never an airpilot without her questions, and never an eligible male without her. In her freshman year, seven campus men walked the path that leads to destruction, (that date cost me four bucks), realization, (Ohwhata chump! turned out to be), or cozy corner.

i was quite
 taken aback
 the other day
 i heard our edin chief
 use the term scoop
 but she did not mean
 our bus mgr
 i hope

Question: Who is "Pinky" in center section?

i itchy do not pretend
 to frequent the biology
 lab
 however
 i had a long communion
 with the skeleton
 who resides therein
 i am amazed

ON HAVING MUMPS

A car in the night
 A speck of racing light
 Pushing darkness,
 Dashing, leaping
 Then gone.

Slowly comes the night
 Like soft rain
 Drenching the hills
 Slowly comes the night
 Bringing you.

Like a writhing thing in black slime I wiggle my last and die; the stench of my crawling body permeates the air.

Somebody said:
 "Yesterday is gone, you have today, and tomorrow may never come."

"I'll probably go to hell, but I'll be on a white horse."

"Silence is good defense."

"A kiss is something that should happen when nothing else could happen."

"My sweetheart—he is dead, and his Mither ain't born yet."

"A word to the wise is sufficient, but several sentences have been wasted on you."

Fraternities at the University of California at Los Angeles have gone on record as opposing the abolition of compulsory military training.

Get Your
 SCHOOL
 SUPPLIES
 Where You Get
 YOUR MAIL
 THE
 Bookstore