

THE GUILFORDIAN

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

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Food for Thought

One thing about the Monogram Club initiations: they certainly are edifying for the dining-hall audience.

Our nomination for 'Man of the Hour' is Dr. Russell Pope, for his Shaw lecture if for no other reason.

And about the Student Affairs Board's point system: we agree with one of our distinguished alumni that the student carrying the most points in a given year should be given a medal, instead of being penalized.

The student budget is coming up for discussion December 9, so get your knives sharpened.

About This Gym, Now

The new gym is on the way!

We realize that that has been the opinion of each student generation since that famous collection was taken up in the early years of the century. We have no hesitation in stating it as a fact because we know that the administration has taken it in hand as Guilford's next immediate goal, and because we know that immediate goals taken in hand by the present administration are as good as realized in the long run.

It will take time. Certainly four or five years, perhaps seven or eight years will pass before the present plan becomes a brick and mortar reality. But we venture to say that progress toward it as a goal is as inevitable and relentless as the much-publicized march of Time itself.

It is extremely probable that all of the present student generation will have passed into Guilford's history before the gym is built. In many ways that is unfortunate, but, whether it is true or not it is no excuse for failure on the part of those now on campus to support it as ably as possible. We do not advocate considerable financial gifts from individual undergraduates; no one who knows as well as we the proverbial pennilessness of the pupil would ever suggest that. But for every one of us there will be occasions when we, each in his own way, can aid the cause. It is in anticipation of those occasions that we urge your wholehearted support of the administration's aims.

Apples to You!

The shiny red apple this week goes to the girls, both student council members and private citizens, who authored the petition recently passed by the faculty. We have long believed that much could be done for Guilford women if they'd just take the bit in their teeth and ask the faculty for what they wanted; and the so-long-prevalent policy of sitting back and waiting for the professors' group to guess what they were after was obviously doomed to failure.

That the faculty would willingly grant any reasonable request must have been self-evident. The solons had nothing to gain by refusing to cooperate. But the effort just made is the first within our personal recollection to be attempted by the WSC—on a matter of general import, at least.

Thanks to their effort, curfew does not ring on Saturdays until 11 p. m. The day of the frenzied effort to get back from the movies before 'Lights out!' is past. There is an excellent possibility of further advances in the near future.

And so, again, our hat is off to the Guilfordians who initiated the movement, and to the faculty who passed it. Keep up the good work!

SECOND-CLASS MATTER

By THE CARRIER

Now that mid-semester's are past (passed), the football season is over and you have nothing to do but sleep, we'll put in a plug for the play which graces the Guilford boards tonight. They do say that Anderson is a great lover on the stage, too.

Thinking of Arms And The Man reminds us—Do your Christmas shopping early, Girls.

Thanksgiving went by with the football season, so of course nobody noticed much when this poetic jewel flashed upon the literary horizon. But it is still there. On the horizon. It won't go away.

Thanksgiving day is here. Thank god. It comes but once a year, Thank god.

Well, the boarding department crossed us up nicely on Homecoming Day. Remember? We came out with a crack about not being able to eat the eggs, and darned if they didn't serve us eggs we COULD eat that very morning. . . . Chenault acquaintance be forgot . . . ?

Three years is a long time, huh? No? Lookie hyar. . . . As usual we were digging up things about people the other day (to print, that is) and we unearthed these literary gems in 'The Gristmill' of November 17, 1934. There were poets in them days:

- 1. 'My faults are many, my crimes are more.'—Earle Maloney.
2. 'Fast is the pace from childhood to man.'—John Ryan.
3. 'We were alone—just we two—above the clouds.'—Ruth Stilson.
And Time staggers on . . .
1. Smat-Boy Maloney—Who among Whos in American Colleges.
2. Poopdeck Pappy Ryan—Who's What on the Gridiron.
3. What's That in the Air!

Seems as if some of you guys and ginchies want to know what's gone with the Dirt Column. Well, we'll tell you. This is it, only there ain't goin' t'be no dirt. No. Our objective is this:—a new enemy every issue. . . .

We hear that Trotter has decided 'definitely' to attend Julliard School of Music next year. Some of the gals think it's aMayingesing.

Contrary to popular opinion, Little Audrey just cried and cried, Tesh, Tesh.

And that reminds us . . . It seems that James (Robert Taylor) Parsons and another inmate of New North—a much less frequent visitor at Mary Hobbs—were leaving there at the same time (ten o'clock, of course) one night a couple of weeks ago. James Robert, whose customary youthful exuberance had been heightened by previous events of the evening, yanked his friend's tie out of his vest. That worthy, in a similar mood, retaliated with a remark which had to do with Mr. Parsons' canine ancestry. Them's fightin' words on Pine St., Philadelphia, and James' lady-friend could not ignore them. She turned upon the uncouth gentleman in hot defense of the fair name of Parsons and exploded, 'I heard what you called him, and I regret it!'

Ripped at Random

Love, the quest
Marriage, the conquest
Divorce, the inquest. —Salemite.

A man with a slender salary should always marry a girl with a small waste.—Carolinian.

The Egyptian Ministry of the Interior has announced that electric advertising space is to be let on the Pyramids.—Radio Digest.

In their declining years, American barbers' chairs are shipped to the Congo where they are used as tribal thrones.—Readers' Digest.

Open Forum

Editor, The Guilfordian:

Slowly but surely I am being driven screwy by the infernal and eternal groanings of Ezra's new pride and joy, the 'God Box.' Twenty-two hours a day (The two hours between one and three a.m. are still open; see Dr. Weis and sign up if you would like to have these.) that low meaning wail pursues me. I go to the library and hide in the stack's most secluded cubbyhole, but find no respite. In vain I try to work in Mr. Parsons' office; the vibrations of the bass notes sobbing forlornly above makes the paper clips on my desk tremble.

I go to Cox, Archdale, King, everywhere, but I cannot escape it; it is useless. Sometimes I want to scream and curse (I'm good at cursing; I pride myself on it.) but so far I have borne up very well. I don't think that I am abnormal—at least not much—because I have heard a number of other students ranting about the same thing. For the good of our mental health, can't something be done?

I suggest a brief recess of red-hot swing music twice a day and once at night, along about midnight. I have heard hymns so much that I often wonder if I am dead; but I know I'm not because in heaven everything is enjoyable and in hell they don't play hymns.

The thing that really floors me, really puts me in the aisles, is the fact that Dr. Beittel has refused Willie Furman and his band a place to rehearse on the grounds that they will disturb those seeking to study. To me this is a crime and not the real reason for keeping Willie and the boys from beating it out. Last year they made progress, this year they have enormous possibilities for success. We need a good band for our own school dances—but no, say the officers of our administration. We mustn't offend the backwoods bygones, at any cost.

Oh, well, what's the use? Sincerely, A.

EVALUATION OF CHAPEL

Editor GUILFORDIAN:

Dear Sir:

Regarding the compulsory chapel programs: I, like most of the other students, am against them in theory; but I am even more opposed to them in practice—at least, as they have been practiced recently. If the best programs the chapel committee can devise must give half the period to the singing of Holy Roller theme songs and negro spirituals, then let's have a new committee!

Of course, I realize that the present organization is composed of the cream (slightly soured, perhaps) of the student body and of our esteemed faculty. However, if it were possible to get just one person with some common sense on the committee, he might be able to show even the cultured 'highbrows' which now make it up that the phrase, 'Variety is the spice of life' has some meaning. It might even be that such a person (oh, but perish the thought!) could do away with the daily temple chant, or have as speaker a militarist or somebody who is neither pacifist nor sociologist.

At least, I hope he could! Sincerely, B.

Editor of THE GUILFORDIAN:

I would like to use the columns of your valuable paper to express my individual appreciation of the job that the chapel committee has done toward improving the tri-weekly convocations about which a few perpetually disgruntled rant and rave. I've been here three years and I think that during that time your system has improved 100 per cent.

Your rearrangement of the seating order; the optional silent meetings in the Hut; the tri-weekly program variety that you have introduced have all lent to my increasing interest in chapel. Maybe I'm different or maybe I think a few open forum contributors are daffy about the subject.

Yours for more of the good stuff, X.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

(The question below was asked of the following students during the week after that which the question concerned. The answer, as the reader will at once remember, is: Monday, Professor Smith (pinch-hitting for President Gobbel of G. C.): 'I Don't Like Stained-Glass'; Wednesday, Tom Taylor: 'World War Poems'; and Friday, Dr. Elbert Russell: 'Church Conferences.' As not all of the students questioned knew that they were talking for publication, their answers are not to be held against them.—Ed.)

Question: What were the chapel programs last week? (November 8-12).

Answers: A. C. WOODROOF, JR. — Monday: 'I think it was that thing about Church and State. You know—that guy that had been to all those conferences and things.' Wednesday: 'I don't know. I'm trying to do Spanish.' Friday: 'I haven't the slightest recollection. Let me alone.'

CLIFFORD FOX—Monday: 'Oh, uh, those spirituals, I think.' Wednesday: 'That must have been the Armistice Day program, I guess. Yeah, that's right.' Friday: 'That was that bird from Duke. You know, the Dean of the School of Religion.'

JACK BURTON—Monday: 'H—, I don't remember.' Wednesday: 'Well, let's see. Wednesday we had those war poems.' Friday: 'We had that ecclesiastical bird that had been to all those church conferences and things. You know. Oh, yes, I do remember Monday, too. It was some guy Smith, from G. C. He had the most pointless speech. It was abstract as h—, it was one of those stock speeches about grasping things or seizing opportunities or something. You know the kind I mean—one of those things that could be given at a birth-control conference or a kindergarten class equally well. Hurry up with that key, Bowman. It's cold out here.'

MOODY STROUD — Monday: 'Elbert Russel, wasn't it? Talked about conferences in Edinborough and all that.' Wednesday: 'That was Tom Taylor.' Friday: 'I don't remember. Have you got a pencil?'

PRISCILLA PALMER—'There was one about a man who quoted people all the time. There was one about a man from Duke—some religious man. There was one about—I've forgotten.'

KATHLEEN LESLIE — Monday: 'Let me see, now. Let me see. Oh, that was Tom Taylor—no that was on Wednesday. Maybe Dr. Beittel made a speech. I dunno. I bet we did sing a hymn, though—we're always singing hymns. Wednesday: 'I said that was Taylor, didn't I?' Friday: 'Something about stained-glass windows or a church or something. Oh, yes—it was a name from a church. He quoted everything he'd ever read before. I guess. Will you sharpen this pencil for me, please?'

A. C. U. WHO'S WHO NAMES STANDOUTS; SEVEN HONORED

(Continued from Page One)

desired for inclusion in this year's edition of the reference book.

Questioned, Mrs. Milner indicated that she would probably send in a list of nominees, although it hardly seemed worthwhile in view of the fact that Guilford's quota is apparently already filled.

Listing in the book has practical as well as sentimental value, since copies are sent to many business houses and used by them in consideration of possible employees. The idea of issuing a reference book of this sort is endorsed by the National Student Federation of America, the Southern Intercollegiate associational for women, and the American Association of State Universities in addition to several other organizations, both of students and of business men.