

THE GUILFORDIAN

Published semi-monthly during the school year by the students of Guilford College.

Editor-in-Chief Robert Register
Managing Editor Tobey Laitin
Business Manager Armstead Estes

Editorial Staff—L. M. Gideon, Roy Leake, and Joe Crescenzo.

Sports Staff—Paul Carruthers, Fred Taylor, Helen Louise Brown, and Helen Lyon.

Business Staff—Dolly White, Edna Earle Edgerton, Dorothy Edgerton, Marion Ralls, and Jean McAllister.

Reporters—Jessie Joyner, Robert Rohr, Marjorie Neill, Cesca Fanning, John Hobby, John Downing, Bette Bailey, Barbara Anderson, Honey Gray, Shirley Ware, Mildred McCrary, Talmadge Neece, Winifred Ellis, Corinne Field, Nancy Graves, Hazel Key, Rosaleen Leslie, Elois Mitchell, and Mary Winter.

Faculty Advisers—William O. Sulter, Dorothy L. Gilbert, and Philip W. Furnas.

Subscription price \$1.00 per year

1940 Member 1941
Associated Collegiate Press

In Memoriam

The memorial to Dr. Russell Pope, late head of the French department, reveals the man. The college has printed as its November bulletin (issued, however, only this January) a slender volume in memory of the Guilford professor who died in Greensboro last summer.

Miss Gilbert, an intimate associate of Dr. Pope in several writing projects and an accomplished author in her own right, manages in her essay to epitomize a man that too few of us who were his fellows and students came to know.

The essay, particularly, in "Within a Quaker College" shows this man to us: the Brooklyn boy discovering the sea, sailing to fill his desire; the infantry lieutenant fighting in France; the lover of earth walking the farm; the business man, the capable manager.

The poems in the memorial, being of the essence, do not show one these several facets of the man. They were written by the mystic. And it is the mystic one remembers most clearly when "Within a Quaker College" has been read and reread.

It is a memorial both delicate and durable, intimate and perspective. Those who have given it to us are to be sincerely thanked.

This is the dedication of the volume which is the summing up: "Guilford college presents these poems to her friends in memory of their author Russell Pope who though he now walks the road lit by the Invisible Sun is forever present within this Quaker college."



For a whole month scandal has been accumulating with no one to report it to the aged, the infirm, and those who just don't get around. What good is scandal if people don't hear about it, I always say?

Exams or no exams—romance shows no sign new semester perhaps—Why, just t'other day I of slack. A few changes of partners for the saw Charlotte Lewis and Stan Woodward cozily enjoying a game of honeymoon bridge, in a local ground-beef-and-java establishment.

And have you noticed the jaunty air that McMillan has assumed since Christmas—ain't it



great to be free, Mac? Sure, we hear you clucking!

Then there is the new pooch, Jezebel, to be counted in on the deal. Just between us dogs, what's so fascinating about this Woodward guy, anyway?

Speaking of pooches, I want to extend my deepest sympathy to Flunkie, the pride of the Binford domicile. Also, Flunkie, remember, hereafter, don't walk where Betty Locke wants to sit. It ain't healthy.

I often wonder: Why doesn't Claire Potter incorporate? "Claire Potter Court"—captain of the guard, Bill Gwyn; alternate, John Mendinhall; Gentlemen-in-waiting—plenty—the line forms on the right.

And incidentally, it is rumored about that Bill can't see any point in Claire's having an entourage of two chaperones when she has a date with him.

Seen in King hall—Little Lauten looking "sabotage" most convincingly while Bill Nafe and Rachel Fortune hold hands under a philosophy notebook. Don't tell a soul but I have heard that both Rachel and Bill wish that he (Bill) had nerve enough to ask her for a date.

And speaking of sabotage: If you see Mr. Lyman Edward Hodgkin wandering around looking like an accident looking for a place to happen, you might hazard a guess that he "happened" to be in Founders when High Point Bob Wilson made an unexpected appearance—mightn't you?

And speaking of Wilsons: It would seem that our Bob had a limited Xmas budget. Anyhow Barbara was included out, for a month or so. And now he finds matters complicated by the presence of Fred Taylor. —And speaking of Bob, what is going to happen to Bob Garrett? He seems to be having trouble again. What with Buck Hines' comeback and a "Danny Boy" threat. Romance is so unstable these days.

A most cordial welcome back to the campus to Berk Fontaine and Roberta Shepherd. We have missed you.

Note: Dear Steve, it is rumored that Peggy has ways and means of dealing with double-crossers.

I think I shall entitle my column for the next issue "Night Life at Guilford." If any of you flash camera fiends can furnish me with typical illustrations, shoot 'em in. I'll see what I can arrange.

From the Files

October 4, 1922—At the faculty meeting Friday evening, the average grade required for graduation was placed at 75 per cent. This is doubtless welcome news to present and prospective students at Guilford college, for the former average grade required, 81 per cent, caused not a few qualms in many hearts.

November 29, 1922—After three months of patient waiting the senior class announces the arrival of the electric time and signal system. Instead of the erratic clock and bell now at Founders we will have a large electrically operated master clock guaranteed not to vary more than two minutes per year.

February 14, 1923—More than 100 ardent Guilfordians gathered together Friday night, February 9, at the second annual banquet of alumni, alumnae, and friends of the college. It was announced that of the \$150,000 which Guilford county must raise for the endowment fund (set at \$500,000), Greensboro would attempt the raising of one-half that sum, \$75,000, along with the Guilford college community.

Oracle of Today

QUAKER COLLEGE

(From "Within a Quaker College")

If I could lift my eyes
To meet thine own,
And know that bliss
Which centers in their quiet depths,
I could go forth
To live each hour,
Beside still waters
Or the moving tide,
A life so constant
To thy memory,
That men would pause
To talk with me,
Although not knowing
Whence I came,
Till I had told them
I had been with thee.—Russell Pope.



I'm through with women—they cheat and lie,
They prey on us males until the day they die;
They tease us, torment us, and drive us to sin—
Say, who was that blond that just walked in?
—(Polaris).

"What have you done," Saint Peter asked, "that I should admit you here?"
"I ran a paper," the editor said, "at my school for one long year."
Saint Peter pityingly shook his head, and gravely rang the bell,
"Come in, you poor thing, select a harp, you've had your share of —."

I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree,
But take this poem and like it, see, 'cause I ain't goin' to send no tree.

European Song Hit Parade:
1. When the Bombers Come Back to Picadilly.
2. Begin the Barrage. 3. Beat Me, Ajax, Three to the Bottom. 4. Heil, Heil, the Gang's All Here. 5. Torpedo Junction. 6. Gumbont Serenade. 7. Tanks for Everything. 8. Whispering Blasts. 9. The Call of the Cannon. 10. All This and Hitler, Too.—(Tech Pep).

"Romeo, my Romeo, where art thou, Romeo?"
"I'm in the balcony; it's cheaper."—(J. Bird).

Co-ed (writing): "I won't write any more, dear, my roommate is reading over my shoulder."
Roommate: "You're a liar."—(A. B.).

the STUFF By CRESCENZO

We had a long, long list of resolutions and the last one was to have a good column. Oh, well, we broke the others.

Patriotism
"No more of these southern dudes for me," says Charlotte Lewis, "my Yankee dude'll do."

Short story—Should we lick'er?
Boy on campus: What a pretty rose you have there.
Girl on campus: I wish it were Four Roses.

We liked Chester Ryan's answer to our query as to the whereabouts of Dr. Milner. Chester said, "He's out in California prospecting."

We all have something to look forward to. The Macon-Monsees nuptials will be held on February 30, 1950, it was officially announced at Mary Hobbs at 1 p. m. of yesteryear. We'll go if we can find some one to take care of our seven kids.

Did we tell you about the time that Boston had a time keeping time at a basketball game? Ask referee Larry Menghetti. Slick, eh, Nick?

Hobby came up to us and said, "Joe, it ain't who's who at Guilford but who's through at Guilford." We said we were interested in Who's News. Question: Which is the lou... worst?

During Xmas vacation we verified a mathematical truth. Now we're sure that two pints make one quote. Objective observation is wonderful.

Galen Feild, Guilford's inveterate jay-walker, is making goo-goo eyes at Snooky Pooky Smith, Guilford's cutest blond. Ask Friedrich for details.

The Patzig-Cummings rift has taken a new drift. While Patzig sleeps, Albert creeps to the music building and writes heaps of songs to sing to Shirley early in the morning. We know they'll be reunited, so when our new composer gives her his next melody, she'll give him the air.

Theme song for Charlotte Speare: She's only a Bird in a Guilford cage.

She: You remind me of Marlowe.
We, (elated): Ah, we're a great dramatist?
She: No, you have a mighty line.

Dear Helen,
A good movie to see is "Third Finger, Left Hand."
P. S.—Take Cesca with you.

Question: Why do they call the place where Larry dates—Peacock Alley—when, within a stone's throw, where Solly dates, is Guilford Heights? It's a quickie, ain't it, Nickie?

And now, we come to the place where we've run out of stuff. By the time our next column is out, marks will be out and we believe we'll take a little vacation. We've giving Larry Polder a tryout as a guest artist. Here goes: (The censor marks are ours.)

BOSTON BEAMS (Our Title)

Atmosphere in General
The way to enjoy an exam—shower and shave a la Feild.

Next item censored.
Won't somebody tell Dr. (censored).

Ruth Harris and Ray Tannenbaum—I shan't say a word.

(Censored.)
Next item unimportant.

Cupid's Corner
Bob Hudkin's new heart throb, Gay W.
We thought it was Henry Ausband and Clela Stevens. We thought,
... Harry Nace ...

Pictures on the Bureau
Gene Elliot—R. B.
"Red" Stephenson—E. M. C.
Joe Merlau—too many to count.
Frank Ausband—V. C.

That's good stuff, ain't it?
If it ain't a killer
At least it's a filler.