

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Business Manager

Have you ever wondered, when you dashed madly into David Parsons' office for advice or information, how he manages to keep so calm and pleasant under the onslaught of the constant stream of individuals which crosses his threshold daily? Well, he's an old hand at managing: At Guilford, where he came from High Point, he had a list of undergraduate activities that practically outstripped the regular courses he took.

He didn't confine himself to one field, but took part in dramatics, athletics, journalism, Christian association, forensics, and governmental organizations. "But you can discount about half of them," said Mr. Parsons, as he handed over the '33 Quaker which he had edited, "for you know the seniors list their own activities." And after graduation, he took over the directorship of Camp Herman, sponsored by the Y. M. C. A., where he had served as counselor during his three college summers.

An honor roll student, Mr. Parsons was offered the opportunity of doing graduate work at Haverford. He had originally planned to follow in his father's footsteps and take up law, but decided in favor of Haverford. He did graduate work there in the field of economics. Returning to the South, David Parsons began teaching secondary school under a former teacher and old friend in High Point. He also worked with the Y. M. C. A. of Greensboro as director of a boys' club.

In 1936 David Parsons was recalled to Guilford college, where he served as secretary of the Centennial committee. That was his undoing, for he's been business manager here ever since.

Mr. Parsons says that, unless the "passage of time has dimmed" his impression, students today are pretty much the same as those of the Guilford of his undergraduate days. Among the things which Guilfordians agitated for during those "dim" years were more social hours—they had a half hour three times a week.

Of course, dancing was prohibited, but they seem to have had an adequate substitute in a game called Snap—a "tear down and drag out" affair. A wonderful twinkle appears in Dave Parsons' eyes as he remembers initiating the innocent freshmen into the intricacies of the game during Freshman week. But we guess you'd better not ask him to demonstrate the technique—he might take you up on it.

over the back fence

By CARRUTHERS and TAYLOR



Since our column for the last edition of this rag did not reach you, our eager and interested readers, we hesitate to bring you (our eager and interested readers, again) this brilliant piece of journalism.

Pome
Toboggan, crew cut, moustache, and Krenn,—
"These Are the Things I Love," says Flinn.

Here's the lowdown about his haircut, told to your favorite columnist by the hummingbird himself: "It was a test of true love."

Plug For Pepsis
"Skin" Parker's theme song on basketball trips is that of Pepsi and Pete, so Jack Hartley tells us while trying to divert our attention from the phone numbers on the blotter. Need we give addresses? Our postmaster tells us that Hartley has had his mail switched to his roommate's box. (See us in our private office, Alice.)

Theme Songs
"I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." Nolan.
"He's I-A in the Army, But A-1 in My Heart." Wanstall.
"Watcha Know, Joe?" Dutton.
"Somebody Loves Me." Bickley (We wonder who).
"I Can't Resist You." Flinn.
"My Buddy." Willis.
"There'll Be Some Changes Made." C. Lewis.
"Jackie Boy." Ott.
"Embraceable You." Ernie.
"Shepherd Serenade." Barden.

Orchids to the "steak party" which has really been carrying out its part in the constructive punishment. We think they have caught the spirit of the thing.

Speshul to our colyum: Mason Krenn has cleaned his room!

Oracle of Today

**The Chestnut Casts His Flambeaux,
And The Flowers**

The chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers Stream from the hawthorn on the wind away, The doors clap to, the pane is blind with showers.

Pass me the can, lad; there's an end of May.

There's one spoilt spring to scant our mortal lot, One season ruined of our little store.

May will be fine next year as like as not: Oh, aye, but then we shall be twenty-four.

We for a certainty are not the first Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed Whatever brute and blackguard made the world.

It is in truth iniquity on high To cheat our sentenced souls of aught they crave.

And mar the merriment as you and I Fare on our long fool's errand to the grave.

Iniquity it is; but pass the can. My lad, no pair of kings our mothers bore: Our only portion is the estate of man: We want the moon, but we shall get no more.

If here today the cloud of thunder lours Tomorrow it will lie on far behests: The flesh will grieve on other bones than ours Soon, and the soul will mourn in other breasts.

The troubles of our proud and angry dust Are from eternity, and shall not fail. Bear them we can, and if we can we must. Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

—A. E. Housman

(Taken from "Modern British Poetry," edited by Louis Untermeyer.)

From the Files

September 13, 1930—Guilford college has established a new department which is to be known as "Personal and Vocational Guidance." Mrs. Milner, formerly of Earlham college, is to act as the director. Her aim in this field is to study the students individually, to give educational and course guidance, and to remedy difficulties which arise among the students through lack of proper director.

September 24, 1930—STUDENT AFFAIRS BOARD HOLDS INITIAL SESSION. The highest point of interest of the board is centered around the success of collecting the Student Activities Fee which was instituted this year. The present situation is that this fee which has long been a goal of the various organizations, will help defray the necessary expense of carrying on student activities; it, being required of all students, will eliminate the possibility of some few paying for the entire expense of any project, and it will enable publications and the Athletic association to work on a firmer foundation. The fee was passed upon by the students in the latter part of the second semester last year, and after meeting the approval of the faculty, it was added to the list of expenses in the catalog of the college.

September 24, 1930—The A Cappella choir, again under the direction of Mr. Noah, is perhaps the most popular class on the campus. It has been gradually growing in number until it now totals 58 voices. A great deal of interest and enthusiasm have been shown from the start, and it is hoped and expected that this will continue.

December 3, 1930—The Carnegie corporation, of New York City, has presented to the Guilford College Library eight thousand dollars, to be used in purchasing books. The conditions of use are that it will extend over a period of four years, and two thousand dollars will be allotted to each year. Valued improvements in the library include the erection of a second floor in the stock room, the addition of many shelves, a complete lighting system which will make the library available for student use in the evening, and a rearrangement of grouping of books.

March 11, 1931—Dean Milner, John Love, and Katy Stucky presented a report from the Social Relations committee Monday morning during chapel period. In an effort to solve the problems arising in the thorough carrying out of the honor system, they are suggesting a time-budget, Academic work, recreation, social hours, and meetings are to be scheduled and the remainder of the time may be used as the student chooses.

GRIST

"I'm outa school again."
"What have you done now?"
"Graduated."

—Ward Belmont Hyphen

"Can you give an example of wasted energy?"
"Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

—Los Angeles Collegian

**What To Do If You Fall Down
On the Dance Floor:**

1. Lie there and pretend that you've fainted.
2. Take out a banky and mop the floor—they will think that you work there.
3. Get up gracefully and they'll think it's part of the dance.

—The Campus Collegian

Prof: "Before we begin this examination, are there any questions?"
Frosh: "What's the use of this course?"

Song—First Week of Second Semester

I think that I shall never see
A D as lovely as a B;
A B whose rounded form is prest
Upon the transcript of the blest.
A D comes easily and yet,
It isn't easy to forget;
D's are made by fools like me,
But only brains can make a B.

—University Life

Oriental Pome

They Nipp-ed us at Manila,
In Hawaii not a chance;
No stab will be our answer
But swift kicks in Japans.

—Bama College

Prof: You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?
Lou: Not in the least, sir, not in the least.

—The Hi-Po

A boy is standing near the door,
His eyes cry out for pity,
For in a moment he must face
The Personnel Committee.

—The Aquinas

Late to bed,
Early to rise,
That's what puts circles
Under your eyes.

—Appalachian.

The little bird sat on a limb,
He flew away . . .
Life's like that,
Here today and gone tomorrow.
The little bird sat on a limb,
He scratched himself . . .
Life's like that,
Lousy!

—The Gamecock

i mortimer

i mortimer am still seeing stars my head whirrs and i reel down the dark passages of many hobbs basement where i have taken refuge it was as long ago as tuesday that **investigating hob neeces tandem providentially ridden to school on that lovely spring day i was surprised and outnumbered by tal neece and ben daniels who mounted the iron steed to which i clung by a miserable spoke and tore down the walks enervated by the preceding stew and beans it was that same day only earlier that i strolled down second floor founders whistling cheerfully a louses love lament i heard tommy weep bitterly as she gasped out her last breath before collapsing** i gathered that her heart had been broken and so i went my way musing on the tender ways of woman alas and alack for my days of footlights and grease paint i moaned as i heard two chickens discussing the new drama to presently descend on guilford foot-boards **manys the day i started the helles of broadway with my heartburning performance of hamlet** or my ravishing romeo whats purdy got that i havent got i muttered under my breath and stalked villainously from the scene i am beginning to chafe under unaccustomed passivity i am at heart a vagabond and already the wanderlust of spring has entered my manly bosom **whither away i asked a centipede as he strolled vigorously amid the leaves with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder to the ends of the earth he replied or rather to the mecca of high point he added as he waved farewell**