

THE GUILFORDIAN

Entered at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter under the act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

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

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Subscription price ----- \$1.00 per year

1940 Member 1941
 Associated Collegiate Press

Today and Tomorrow

This is Guilford. If you are a freshman you have known it for a few weeks now—and it has seemed much longer. If you are an upperclassman, you still have much to discover.

Each year that you spend here—each day—is no static period of time, no inevitable routine—it is something that you can mold into whatever pattern you are able to shape.

At Guilford you are one of three hundred odd students and faculty. You have come to a campus with a history of individuals—for the small number of its students has been a continual and, we believe, a strong characteristic of the school.

Because of that, each one of you will be an important part of the life that another finds here. That life of yours will be happy or rather dull, pleasant or ugly—as you and others around you make it.

You can take what you have found here—build on it, cherishing the good elements that have already been formed. You can give to Guilford of your strength and receive its worth in return. You can take part in activities that have been formed here or you can begin new groups. You can abide by the existing regulations or you can modify them through judicious questioning—through your student governments, your campus organizations, the college newspaper, the student affairs board, your faculty.

Or you can give your weakness to Guilford—impressing it destructively—and receive its ugliness in return. For the happiness that you find here is made by you and others like you—and your sadness likewise—your actions reflected in another's.

Here's to your year at Guilford—to a good day tomorrow—and the next day *ad infinitum*.

A Gift From Above

Fifteen cheers to the college for coming through with that desperately-needed new piano!

It's a new baby grand, and is now being used in Miss Andrews' studio, releasing the older instrument for general student use in Founders former ping-pong room.

The grand is what has been needed for a long time for meetings of clubs and

OPEN FORUM

Letters addressed to the editor are printed in this column. They may come from students, faculty, or visitors to Guilford. They are the means by which you may put your ideas before the readers of the Guilfordian—the student body and faculty.

Limit your letters in content to subjects pertaining to campus affairs, or anything of interest to Guilford. Limit them in length to the number of words you need to get your idea across.



TO A FROSH

You have to wash his dirty socks;
 You polish all his shoes
 'N' smile 'n' try to like to do
 Whatever he may choose.

Upon your knees you must confess
 You are a lowly worm.
 While he—the lordly master—
 Leers in glee to see you squirm.

With flowery speech you ask a girl
 You've never seen before
 To be your wife—all just to please
 The ogre Sophomore.

And if at night you try to sleep,
 He drags you out of bed
 'N' hauls you off to freshman court
 Or drenches you instead.

But just when you start wondering why
 You came to school at all,
 You realize this is the sport
 That ushers in the fall.

So then you start to lookin' smug,
 Forgetting to be sore,
 Just dreaming of the fun you'll have
 When you're th' Sophomore.
 —The PIONEER.

Father: "Well, son, how are your grades?"
 College boy: "They're under water."
 Father: "What do you mean, 'under water'?"
 College boy: "Below 'C' level."
 —The Akron BUCHELITE

Then there's the sad story about the girl who
 swallowed buckshot. Her hair came out in bangs.
 —The Akron BUCHELITE

Two gals in the Society of Friends class were
 talking. "Have you done any outside reading
 yet?"
 "No, have you?"
 "Well, I took Rufus Jones out over the week-
 end but I brought 'im back untouched."
 —UNIVERSITY LIFE

Why did the old maid only have seven buttons
 on her dress?
 Why because she couldn't fascin-ate!
 —The Akron BUCHELITE

Upper Classman: How did you happen to
 oversleep this a. m.?
 Sleepy Frosh: There are eight of us in the
 house, and the alarm was set for only seven.

"He was kicked out of school for cheating!"
 "How come?"
 "He was caught counting his ribs in a phys-
 iology exam."
 —The Akron BUCHELITE

other organizations and for more informal
 gatherings. Witness the melodies you can
 hear every day before and after meals—the
 more dignified tones of the lover of
 classics—and the very enthusiastic ren-
 derings of the modern "jukebox" lover.

From the Files

October 17, 1933—So we are to have fountains on the campus. That's fine, but we hope the "blessed event" of the fountain isn't as long awaited as has been the hot water in the showers.

November 11, 1933—Music Department Sponsoring "Fine Arts Club" for Self-Expression. It is for those students who are interested in expressing themselves any way they can or want to, such as: playing instruments, singing, aesthetic dancing, and giving readings.

January 13, 1934—There is a tradition that on his last night at the college, a student leaving by request drew his trusty pistol—and pistols were not a regular part of a student's equipment—and fired many shots into the air. The result may be seen today, for his initials still remain, shot into the ceiling of his room in Archdale. ("The Story of Guilford College," Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert.)

February 2, 1935—Far be it from us to take sides in the Dean of Women's recent Purity and Preservation of Chairs in the Dating Parlors Campaign. It seems that some of the students have been so barbarous and so utterly lacking in what we might term respect for aging furniture that said students have considered sitting two together in some single chairs, their only reason being that the chairs were wide enough for two. Such gross violation did not long go unpunished, and daters now sit in one chair apiece with a proper distance between them.

THINGS I LIKE ABOUT GUILFORD

The bustle and rush in the bookstore 'round chapel time—the cheerful clinking of dishes and chatter in the dining-room at lunch—the thin fog that I see over the fields in the early morning—the lights of Mary Hobbs from my window at night—the smell of the evergreens along Founders walk—the hot sun on Mem hall steps as I wait for the afternoon mail to come in.

The feel of a good hot bath after a hard game of hockey—the strange trills that drift from music building windows when the orchestra practices—the rhythm of that one football player who comes up when the others go down—the hardness of the pears behind Hobbs hall—those smells that seep through Mem from the chemistry lab—and formaldehyde from the corpses of done-in sharks and crayfish.

The hail of acorns when a breeze sweeps the trees near the library—maneuvering the path from the middle of Founders walk to King in a blackout—the clean, steamy smell of the laundry on Friday afternoon—that extra hour of grace last Sunday morning when we changed to Standard time—the ad libbing on the outside bulletin board—the smell of the purple ink in Mr. Parson's office—the clatter of the typewriting class in King—the greyness of early morning as I sit typing copy after an all-night session with the Guilfordian.

i mortimer

Ever since the death of peewee—the black ant—and the equally sad departures of filf—the louse—and itchy—the bedbug—from the columns of the Guilfordian and the darker corners of the Guilfordian office four or five years ago, legend has predicted the return of another to take over the duties and the glory of those irrepressible columnists.

Last night as I glared futilely at the empty sheet of yellow paper in my typewriter and the inexorable printers' deadline—Mortimer appeared. Mortimer is a sand flea—his style shows him to be a devoted admirer of the work of the foregoing and of those innumerable masterpieces of the illustrious archy (see Don Marquis): i mortimer having come to the campus many years ago have come of age—I am older than many of you i appreciate the sun and the moon and time marches on gene eliot sleeps he sleeps on sundays one sunday he slept at a meeting of peaceful pacifists they are a gentle folk when they finished their business they went gently away and gene eliot slept now when we use too much electricity no one can blame daylight saving time last sunday i went to church the church was on daylight saving it does not pay to change to standard on sundays now i do not believe in time i will eat and sleep when i desire oh for the life of a newspaper writer and phooey to deadlines

SONSPOTS

By DABAGIAN

Hank Schenk wishes they'd have an Aliumium Collection Week here so he and Calderwood can get swid of that pot she's stuck with. (frosh Swanson to you)

The "sucker" side of the Schoellkopf-Ellison deal was written all over the campus Sunday 21st. (and she's such a swell gal, too).

Maisie Daniels must have reminded her brother that two were company and three . . . so now Ed "Hick" Behre's got competition for Easterbrook.

The encouragement you're giving the "Elkin Flash," El Clinchy, reminds of the saying: "All is in vain if in its wake it leaves but sadness."

Careful, Denmead—the Atlantic City humming bird, Mason Krenn, has had a year and a half of Army life.

When Brad Leete went to date "Wilhemina" Bickley, he got the turndown. "I can't date you on such short notice!" (My, my) and followed that by standing up two other dates.

The passion with which "Our Herb" reads those lines in Eng. 31 is too torrid to be mere impersonal acting. (and how do you like that class, Miss Stafford?)

Which reminds us to note that Carlyn Guy (Herb's roomie) thinks Barbara Clark is sooo nice. (and is doing more than just thinking about it, too).

Roommates reminds us that W. G. Kirkman must have a working agreement with Mimi Prout and Ede Brower.

Amazing, the fury with which the Pickett-Demurjian competition for Hazel Valentine suddenly subsided as of Saturday night, when "steady" Mr. Jessup (Mary Anna's brother) came to call. (and they were such nice mustaches)

Dick Nelson broke the ice for this semester and headed for "W. C." when Peg Watson took up square dancing (??) . . . with a dayhop. (well, they say it's dancing).

Flo Dutton's sudden indiff to Joe Webb only stepped up his initiative: now he's dating Mimi Prout. But don't fret, Flo, there's always that youngster back home.

Got to hand it to "Squirt" Anderson. This year she's got two: one conveniently a dayhop. (and both hold her hand).

Don't call Nancy Nunn "Blondie" . . . she doesn't like it. (O. K. Veronica)

You don't consider truthfulness a virtue, do you, Betty Walker?

Longer football trips will suit J. Parker . . . and Dot Dick too, apparently.

Now that Ray "Tan" has swung over to Elois Mitchell, "Tonto" has an open field with Ruth Harris. (and is making use of it!)

Don't blame the cow that took after you out in the pasture, Meadows and Ott. One attraction's stirring enough . . . but TWO!

Ah! It must be swell to have a roommate with a sister, Joe Lindley.

AMERICA

I
 Those men who crossed the seas
 And made this land their home
 Went forward unafraid
 And faithful to their vision.

II
 They had the pilgrim's look,
 The arms of pioneers;
 They made the great beyond
 Glow in their lives and actions.

III
 And we of later days,
 Who love and praise this land,
 Need faith and courage still,
 And need the glorious vision.

Gerhard Friedrich.