

**THE GUILFORDIAN**

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**To Guilford—**

Here's to a bunch of boys who are tops. Here's to the boys who may get licked but go into a game and come out fighting and are ready to do it again.

And here's to the school that is behind them—the school that's not worried about the final score—the score that the newspapers print.

Our score is something not so tangible as that. It is a story of a fighting spirit, of patience and faith and honest sweat. It is the story of the boys who faced Elon; the boys who, heavily outweighed, with the odds against them, fought hard and fairly and came out on top, as far as we are concerned.

Behind that story is a spirit that has been here since Guilford's days as New Garden boarding school, and one that will always remain here despite superficial changes.

It is something of the fighting spirit of the football squad. It is, indeed, akin to the Quaker concept of the Inner Light. For to us, at Guilford, it is the spirit that is important, not outward show. Material wealth and vast accumulations of stone and steel are not to be scorned. But they alone are of little value. With them must go the spirit that makes a school a place to live for four years, a place to remember forever; with them must go the scholastic achievement and communal feeling which are after all the bases on which a school exists; with them must be the realization that materialism is to be put in its proper place—that there is plenty of room for blue jeans and hard work, and that this is the place for both.

This then is Guilford—a warmth, a friendliness, a knowledge of the good things of life.

It is a Guilford where we are glad for the boys to go into a game and fight, and where we will fight with them as long as they are in the game.

We must show that we are truly in possession of that spirit. We must show that we are worthy of its possession. For we hold in our hands a great privilege. We must not let the spirit which has made that privilege, sleep and dwindle in our keeping, so that in the future there will be less of Guilford to offer to others.

We remember the stands in Memorial stadium on Thanksgiving day. We remember the emptiness and the efforts of the



**More on Girls**

Girls can never change their natures; That is quite beyond their reach. Once a girl is born a lemon She can never be a peach. But the law of compensation— That is what I like to preach. You can always squeeze a lemon, But just try to squeeze a peach.

Professor: "I forgot my umbrella this morning."

Wife: "When did you realize you had forgotten it?"

Professor: "Well, I missed it when I raised my hand to close it after the rain stopped."  
—Penn Chronicle

I think that I shall never see A column like an acorn tree; For, although both from nuts are born, The tree has leaves, the column corn.  
—The Aquin.

War never determines who is right—only who is left.

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame trembled as I looked into her eyes. Her body shook with intensity as our lips met, and her chin vibrated and my body shuddered as I held her to me. The moral of this story is: Never kiss a girl in a flivver with the engine running.  
—Quaker Campus.

The restaurant advertised rapid service, but didn't give it. A patron gave an order, waited patiently, and fell asleep. She awoke to hear the waitress's voice, asking: "Did you order this sundae?" "Gracious," exclaimed Betty Thones in dismay, "what day's this?"  
—The Tiger Rag

"Hello, who is this speaking?" "Watt." "What?" "Yes, Watt's my name." "What?" "My name's John Watt." "John What?" "Yes, you're right; are you Mr. Jones?" "No, I'm Knott." "Listen, will you tell me your name?" "I'm Knott." "Who are you?" "Will Knott." "Why not?" "No, not Why Knott, Will Knott." And so on, ad infinitum.  
—Quaker Campus.

**Perfect Date**  
She doesn't eat much. She's good looking. She doesn't eat much. She's a good dancer. She doesn't eat much.  
—The Aquin.

Healthy: "Don't you think sea travel is broadening?" Seasick: "I'll say! It's bringing out things I never knew I had in me."

"I'm knee deep in love with you." "All right, I'll put you on my wading list."  
—Akron Buchtelite.

COLLEGE BARBER SHOP—Work done while you wait.  
—The Guilfordian, 1917.

few who attended. We remember thinking that there was fighting on the field but there was not backing. And we fervently hoped that it was a lie.

**Oracle of Today**

**SPIRIT OF GUILFORD**

They say—who, dreamless, sleep In neighboring field— "Let us build here. Here let us build. God wills we build At Guilford."

First a House for Him Whom now we know—in part— A House for Him Whose Hand englobes the world. Whose aura, in concentric circles clear, Belts crystal space, And every rolling sphere.

But always, Man has said, "We would see God." And so, with lofty brow And fearless eye, Across the trembling midnight sky, He scanned the fleeing Pleiades.

Yet over Time and Thought and Space, Poured from his own delirious heart Such flood of golden tone, Such wistful art Of color and of line! He fancied more than ever he could prove: Yet sought to name it, Saying in each different tongue, "It came from Love."

To these and kindred thoughts We welcome you, From whatsoever soil you sprang, Of whatsoever woman born.

Here, by their fiat, Who, in dreamless sleep, Rest there in yonder field, Unfettered Science meets With pensive Art, And bids the Seeker Find the Whole, Of which all Thought and Tongues Are but the lesser part.

—Reprinted from "Within a Quaker College," by Russell Pope, edited by Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert.

**From the Files**

**March 8, 1922**—The Guilford college Glee club was organized Wednesday evening by an enthusiastic group of men, who unanimously elected Miss Byrd as director, and outlined plans for the organization and its work. As plans stand at this time the club will be composed of a chorus and orchestra, and a feature department. The club plans to schedule public performances in the communities of Guilford and adjoining counties. The management is planning some high class productions that will be ready for presentation in May.

**October 20, 1915**—Some boys have recently organized a club to be known as the "Guilford Pep Club." The purpose of this club is to develop a better organized cheering force, and in so doing to get more pep into the games and develop more college spirit.

**May 13, 1931**—I am afraid I shall never give up my habit of late rising. For, after all, is there any advantage in getting up early? A chicken obeys the adage of "Early to bed and early to rise" all of his life, and finally his head is cut off and he is made into a pie; while the owl, said to be the wisest of birds, stays up all night, sleeps all day, lives to a ripe old age, and is never eaten.

**October 4, 1929**—"The greatest blur in the sunshine of our happiness is often the shadow of ourselves." It often makes for greater happiness if we, with strict honesty, regard ourselves objectively, and study each desire, motive and ambition set forth against the clear light of reason. To speak in the popular vernacular, "don't kid yourself into believing that you are always right just because you are you; and don't blame somebody else if a shadow crosses your path—look closer, maybe it is your own."

**March 21, 1926**—A learned senior on his graduation day was asked what he had learned in the survey courses during his four-year stay here. He rendered this brilliant dissertation: **Geology**

In geology we studied all about everything except anything.

**Psychology**  
Psychology is a crisp course. All you have to do is about two hours a day reading and one hour a day memorizing, and you are bound to make at least an F.

**POPPYCOCK**

By NANCY GRAVES

**We Wonder:**

Who some of those strange people were at the Monogram dance. W. C. girls, no doubt. Ah Me!

Who that lovely woman with Mr. Parsons really is.

If Herbie Pearson is really engaged to a girl back home.

Where all the stags were at the Monogram dance.

What we will get on that psych 21 test, and what we got on the history 21 test.

If it's wise to carry a torch for a girl that's dynamite.

Why money is such an elusive thing.

Roy Smith wonders why Virginia Chapin stood him up the night of November 24th.

It certainly was good to see Betty Locke back on campus. It nearly started a riot in Founders when she got there. Someone on a quiet Thanksgiving morn disrupted the dorm by yelling, "Betty Locke's here!" Then Cesca leaped from the shower to bath robe scattering soap and towels the length of the hall. Betty sang "Sleep, Holy Babe" in choir practice in a way to make a lump in your throat.

**Betty Flinn's Lament:**

The life of a college freshman Is certainly not the worst. I wish that I were a freshman, Then I could leave chapel first.

In vain Dr. Purdom was trying to get Mary Sowler to answer her own question as to what comes after trillion. "What is the word for four?" Silence. "What is every fourth year?" Came the dawn! With a light in her eye and joy in her heart she shouted, "Leap Year!"

How sad! How true! Teachers do have such a hard time getting answers from their pupils. In geology class Claire Potter and Tom Purdy, who happened to be sitting together, were caught slightly off guard when "Miss Potter, what percent of it is there in air?" Blank dismay! . . . murmur . . . "About 70%." "Almost, Miss Potter, but what is it exactly?" "78%." "That's right. And now, Miss Potter, what gas is that?" "I don't know, sir." Goodness, Tom, couldn't you be more explicit?

Ben Runkle has been ruined, and by a scheming female! Yes, it's true! If you don't believe it, ask him, or anyone else in Restoration drama class. Maisie, explain this to us, please.

**LETTER**

**Dear Replogle:**  
There is more danger than meets the eye at W. C. If you want to go there yourself, all right; but don't lead any other of our virtuous young men astray.

Grimly yours,  
Founders Hall.

Art Melville says we wronged him in the column last week. He was not, he states, reciting his piece at the top of his lungs. It's just that he has a very deep bass voice that carries well.

**TELEPHONE SAGA**

You ring up Cox—it's life or death; You ask for Joe with bated breath. The name is called from tier to tier, Then relayed back—He isn't here.

**i mortimer**

i mortimer went to choir last week and skated on top of dr weis head in time to the music i was standing on barbara clarks shoulder she did not know it she moved when the picture was taken and i am blurred speaking of the choir i wish demurjian would either join the house of david or he wouldnt i no longer know whether to look for a beard or not a beard when i am looking for demurjian hurricane is also having hair trouble i found him walking to the barber shop one day the next time i saw him his ears were lowered why do people cut their hair in winter when the wind begins to blow i said as the wind blew me into the depths of dr victorius cello talk about jonah and the whale i said to the cockroach who shared my fate