

**THE GUILFORDIAN**

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**Until We Meet Again**

A week from now most of us will be immersed brain-deep in exams; two weeks from now, many of us will be home—others will be preparing to take part in the graduation exercises in one way or another, or else simply staying around to see the show.

Three months from now, most of us will be back, once more settling down to the business of acquiring an education.

But one group will not be back—a very important group and one that we will miss in all phases of our campus life—the class of '42.

You freshmen especially will remember your first week here, and how these seniors lent you a helping hand and showed you the ropes—explained all the new, queer *do's* and *don't's* of campus life.

This coming week we will honor the seniors at special chapel programs—in this way we try to show a little of the appreciation that we feel for the graduating class.

On the morning of June 1, the seniors will receive their diplomas. On that day they will cease to be college students, and will become men and women of the world, completely on their own.

And we know that they will make good men and women, because we have worked with them and played with them and know that they "have what it takes."

We do not wish to say "Goodbye" to the seniors—we know we do not have to, because they will be coming back to see us often, and will be as much a part of us then as they have ever been.

So instead we say, "Until we meet again"—and may it be soon.

**"Raise My Right Hand . . ."**

Most of us are spending all our spare time now worrying about our examinations. Have we read enough of the right things? Have we listened enough and written enough? What on earth is that man going to ask us?

But we are not too busy to stop and think for just a moment that with examinations comes the old question of honor system. When we take our finals there will be no professor, no proctor in the room to watch us as we write.

The college takes it for granted—as they should take it for granted—that we will write our exams and not worry about what anyone else in the room is doing.

Let us promise ourselves that we will show the faculty that their trust in us is merited, and that we are as adult as they believe us to be.

**TAR HEEL**

"I'm a Tar Heel born  
And a Tar Heel bred.  
And when I'm gone  
I'll be a Tar Heel dead."

So Miss Maud L. Gainey says, and if you don't believe it, just ask her some day if she's a northerner—then run for your life. She was born and lived her early life on a cotton farm, "Lodebar," in Cumberland county, about 10 miles southeast of Fayetteville, on the Cape Fear river.

Miss Gainey, known to most of the students as the lady who takes all your money that Clyde doesn't get, has been in continuous service for the college longer than any one else on the staff. She came as a stenographer in 1901; subsequently she became secretary to the president, and in 1917 she was elected treasurer. She has remained at Guilford in this capacity, and is now completing her forty-first year here.

It was luck, she says, that brought her to Guilford. While taking a business course at Woman's college, she sat next to President Hobbs' wife's sister in the dining room, and impressed the lady enough that she recommended her to President Hobbs for the job as stenographer.

Miss Gainey must have shown her aptitude for business even when she was a little thing following her Daddy over the farm, for she used to go over the weekly pay for the cotton pickers with him. Furthermore, when her father was saving a nest egg towards building a new wing on the house for his wife, he gave the gold coins to her to keep.

"We had ever so many good times on the river," Miss Gainey says. She learned to swim by the "swim or else" method. The river was deep by their landing, but farther upstream it was shallow. Her father would take Miss Gainey and her three sisters and two brothers out in the middle of the shallow water, head them towards the landing, and tell them to keep going until they reached it. The children learned to swim, all right.

However, horseback riding was Miss Gainey's favorite sport. She spent many a day riding over the country on a saddle horse that her sister had trained, with her friend and guardian, a shepherd dog, trotting along beside her.

Miss Gainey's love of sports has not waned. She attends the baseball and basketball games regularly, and gets more of a kick out of them than most of us.

Miss Gainey likes to spend her vacations in Fayetteville, where one of her brothers and two sisters still live. The present occupations of our treasurer's family prove them to be an original group—no two of them are doing the same thing. One is Home Demonstration Agent, one is a Methodist deaconess, and one is teaching at Kansas State college, and has written a book on soil bacteriology which can be found in our library.

Hot tip—if you want Miss Gainey in a hurry, and she's not in her office or at a game, you'll probably find her listening to Fred Waring—"the best radio program on the air."

**i mortimer**

i mortimer am very tired because it is getting late but i must say a few words since this is the last issue of this year and who knows by next year i may have been caught in the draft and contracted pneumonia **i mortimer was sitting on one of dr williams test papers** the other day diligently reading it when suddenly i found myself hurtling through the air i wondered what could be the matter **i discovered that dr williams was merely returning the paper to its rightful owner some people are so playful i thought as i regained my equilibrium** some time ago i mortimer was wandering around the campus philosophizing as it were when i heard mackie frye ask somebody if a potato closed its eyes when it saw the salad dressing i mortimer thought to tell him but just then **i met that other great philosopher drinkus daiilus** journeying storeward as always and followed in his illustrious steps by the way i just dont understand all i hear about this shock treatment ray tannenbaum dissertates on all the time **how is it given and why** i mortimer have been shocked but it has never done much for me i mortimer am looking forward to may day this afternoon i have been watching some of the girls practise my goodness i didnt know we had such talent and im still not very sure by the way have you ever seen girls in tails well the collegium musicum is now composed of such **i mortimer am an old fashioned flea and i do not approve** well the night is waning and so is my strength farewell

**From the Files**

**November 28, 1917**—On Saturday evening, November 24, an amusing comedy, "A Girl in a Thousand" was staged in Memorial hall under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. Although the play is an annual event, representatives in charge of this one are to be commended for this excellent "comedy for the serious people."

**November 28, 1917**—An ad: "Why leave the campus to have your barber work done? See Stanfield, room 12, Archdale hall." [Even in 1917!]

**January 30, 1918**—Guilfordians will learn with the greatest pleasure that Governor Bickett will deliver the address to this year's graduating class. Bickett made quite an impression on Guilford students when he visited the college during his campaign for governor.

**May 15, 1918**—Fourteen games, two defeats, one tie is the record that Bob Doak's hustling Quaker boys made for the season that came to a close on May 4. A record that gives Guilford the same honor that she bore last year, the state championship. The title to both North and South Carolina championship is claimed by the Quakers with average of .846. From the championship of 1917, these five were on duty, Zachary, pitcher; Ballinger, catcher; Marlette, shortstop; A. I. Newland, third base; and Reddick, first base.

**January 20, 1914**—Guilfordians will be pleased to know that very important improvements are now being made on the college campus; as the erection of an entrance gate and the preparation for sowing grass on the land in front of the buildings extending to the main road running east and west, including the old baseball ground. The donation was made by Mr. Samuel Hill, of Seattle, Washington. Mr. Hill is a distinguished friend of the college.

**September 30, 1933**—Dean Clyde A. Milner, of Guilford college, left for Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn., where he is going to spend eight months working for a doctor's degree. His work will consist of a dissertation on the "Preparation and Function of a Dean," this being subject to change. While there he will also have to pass examinations in German, French and Latin.

**October 17, 1933**—The marshalls selected at the last faculty meeting were: George Silur, Bill Edgerton, Priscilla White, George Parker, Julia Blair Hodgins, and Martha Taylor.

**October 28, 1933**—The faculty recommended David Parsons, '33, and William Edgerton, '34, as applicants for the Rhodes Scholarships. The scholarships provide for three years of study at Oxford university.

**G R I S T**

"I'll bet you were mad when you ran over that skunk."  
"Mad? I was highly incensed!"

Seaman, third enlistment: "Seasick, Buddy?"  
Seaman, first enlistment: "No, but I'd hate to yawn."

"How much did it take in round figures to produce this show?"  
"Twenty-six."

The oracle told Latus that if he had a son it would kill him.  
A census taker is a man that goes from house to house increasing the population.

Wife: "Darling, tomorrow is our wedding anniversary. Shall I kill the turkey?"  
Hubby: "The turkey! What did he have to do with it?"

He: Honestly, honey, you're the first girl I've ever loved.  
She: You must think I don't realize that.

A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.  
Well—now I see why I flunked my last exam.

Dr. Williams: "Wake up!"  
Sleepy: "Can't."  
Dr. Williams: "Why not?"  
Sleepy: "Ain't asleep."

Great minds run in the same channels—so do little pigs.

—The Crescent

**Tattle Tale Gray**

By SALLY GRAY

Tal Neece has remarked of a certain girl on campus that she doesn't care at all for herself but she certainly loves her fellow man. We wish to contradict that statement—I do not.

censored, by the Duke of Archdale, of Dink Dail.

The literary effort for the week is presented by Rixie Hunter:

When a fellow has work to do,  
When his roommate becomes his foe  
Engaged in a one man rendezvous,  
Oh! for the doctrine of Rousseau.

When things are bitter that once were sweet,  
And it isn't imagination,  
When rubber won't stretch and ends won't meet,  
To heck with civilization.

But alas! comes spring and picnics.  
Tis back to nature—unrationed,  
Where harmony reigns and everything clicks  
Untampered by education.

Ah! then life is but a vapor;  
Dreamy, floating freight.  
But through thy leaky shade, O nature  
I fear t'will evaporate.

Oh, despicable contamination!  
(Grass stain on my pants)  
And (scratch) what do ye pursue? domestication?  
You restless little ants.

'Tis lucky there's a nearby lake  
Where one can wash one's feet.  
(I just stepped in the shortcake.)  
Let's go home and eat.

Things go on about this campus that some of the people at Founders are slow to learn about. For instance I know some one who was shocked when she saw the first aid class giving artificial respiration in east parlor. Well the least they could do is give it sitting up. (Maybe they should use a barrel, I've heard it's very useful.)

This column reminds me of that **shortberry straweake** we get for dessert on Sundays.

We have decided what the modern dance class looks like in their costumes. Just like a bunch of bags with a lot of "sucks"-appeal. Now don't you think so?

The end of school approaches and some of us will return next year to tempt fate again. If any of you wits—or half wits either—think you have a nose for news and other people's business please contribute to the Guilfordian one dirt column. Thank you so much.

**OPEN FORUM**

Editor, the Guilfordian:  
At the meeting of the Fine Arts club on Wednesday, May 13, the question came up as to what the purpose of the club is.

I believe that the majority of the students think the club has been established merely for those students majoring in music, or taking voice or piano lessons, or in any other way interested in music.

This was not the original purpose of the club. It is called the Fine Arts club, and is meant to be just that. It was intended for students interested in any form of art.

It is true that the majority of the activities within the club are in the field of music, but I believe this is because the students do not realize that other arts are supposed to be represented also.

The members of the club have expressed an interest in readings, or talks on different forms of art—painting, sculpturing, dancing, and all the many other forms of artistic expression. It has been suggested that the club plan in the future programs which will include at least one example of some art other than music.

In this way the club hopes to meet the interests of a greater number of students, and to fulfil its original purpose.

Patricia Lockwood