

THE GUILFORDIAN

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GRIST

They told me that back-slapping ends with rush week, but it doesn't. It just moves farther down. —Owl

Women's styles may change, but their designs are always the same. —Tar an' Feathers

First Co-ed: "I didn't accept Bob the first time he proposed."
Second Co-ed: "No, dear; you weren't there." —Lyre

Darkie: "What fo dat doctah comin outa yo house?"

Darkie No. 2: "I dunno, but ah think ah's got a little inking." —Yellowjacket

And we've just found what ghosts live on. They eat shrouded wheat. —Buccaneer

This is
One of
Those
Things
That you have to read
Clear down to here
To find out it's just
Another one of
Those
Things. —Wautaugan

High heels, according to Christopher Morley, were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.

Student (in car, to sweet young thing): "Pardon me—er—but—"

S. Y. T.: "No, you haven't met me at Palm Beach, Newport, or Saranac Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the New York Express last Tuesday afternoon. I know I'm good-looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a street car; I don't want a lift, and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a 220-pound fiancée waiting for me. Now, were you going to say something?"

Student (in car): "Yes, darn it; your slip's showing." —Scripts 'n Pranks

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub,
Unsanitary, wasn't it?
—Rammer Jammer

Down in front—DOWN IN FRONT!
Meekly: "What's down there?" —Sundial

i mortimer

I mortimer am amazed miracles are revolutionizing our faculty i was sleeping behind a door to get a little draught one hot night when of a sudden there came a knock at first hesitant then loud insistent the scientist threw open his door and lo and behold entered a beggar face concealed by dark glasses waving a tin cup and brandishing a cane woefully he cried his troubles i could only sob in sympathy ch the sorry plight of the philosopher let us all contribute our pennies ere we meet him tapping the pavements at elm and market chemical warfare has seized the chemist he'll soon be grounding compounds in a lonic junior grade costume here he comes schlyer shock of the week however is p w furnas renovated study witness its glass enclosed bookcase ruffled curtains cushioned chairs and rug on the floor a more sequestered nook in which to comfortably flunk the ensuing orals oh the anticipated joys of exam week with blue books to fill books to read term papers to write diplomas to the lucky few then as giddy pope says people to see places to go things to do i will hibernate to yankeeland for the summer so farewell to all you i wont be seeing it has been fun dogging your steps have a pleasant vacation think of your old pal mortimer sometime and dont forget to come back.

We wish you the best of luck in time to come, but we cannot say goodbye because we know you will come back.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

BY STABEE



D. STANFIELD

OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

Several of us Guilfordians have been interested in the "Y" Organization this year, although we have been unable to participate in its internal organization. It is for this reason we would like to take this opportunity to make some observations.

We believe that the adoption of open attendance to all cabinet meetings would have some desired results. Perhaps there would be greater participation in the meetings themselves and their functions which use the aid of non-cabinet members; this in turn might lead to the discovery of a more varied group of leaders.

Jean Thomas
Allyn Peters

Dear Students:

We think that if a person is reminded about a thing often enough, he will soon become conscious of it. It seems to us that if a person would think twice before he "lights up," and be sure that he was smoking where he should, it would make a better impression for him as well as other people.

Our smoking rules were made for a purpose. There are a few fellows who do not think, or do not care, where nor when they smoke. WHEN you smoke does not matter, but WHERE does. These rules are not faculty-made, nor dictated, but were drawn up by a group of students a few years ago, for students' use. Some people say that rules were made to be broken; if that is your impression, then go ahead and infringe—it shows what kind of fellow you are.

No organization can run smoothly without cooperation. Ours is no exception. We ask your whole-hearted support in our policies, for it is YOUR student government. We do not make it work; you do that. Won't you please try a little harder in this respect?
Respectfully yours,
Men's Student Government

From the Files

May 8, 1939—Chapel Schedule—David H. Parsons, Jr., spoke on "The Larger Guilford Family."

May 17, 1922—We propose that the following shall come before the House: Oatmeal or Cream of Wheat shall not be served to Guilford College students more than once every two weeks.

April 18, 1917—The men who furnish heat and hot water in Cox and Archdale seem to enjoy the warmth of spring long before the boys can conveniently adapt themselves to the chilly circumstances that such hot-blooded firemen seem inclined to force upon them.

May 22, 1923—Baseball season closes with the Davidson game. "Block" Smith and George Ferrell proved to be valuable players. Smith came through twenty games with only one error to his credit.

May 16, 1936—Plans have been completed for the two annual social events which will take place this afternoon and tonight: the freshman-sophomore picnic to be held near the college pond this afternoon and the junior-senior banquet will take place at the Jefferson Standard Club tonight at 7:30.

QUIPS and QUIRKS

By TWO JERKS

Although this plug will make the sophomores more conceited than they are, here are rosebuds to those upperclassmen who planned the freshman-sophomore day program—even though the tables were turned upon the sassy sophs. Speaking of the picnic, wasn't Pettijohn lucky?

This column understood that Pringle played first base for Guilford, but Goodridge insists that he's pitching. The "Rock" has been worrying me for a plug—here you are, "Rock"—now Snipes has nothing on you.

This psychology can be measured by a Ruler: A little bird was hopping down the street, and he saw a sausage. He immediately ate it. The little bird, quite proud of himself, began to chirp. But suddenly a cat came upon the scene, and devoured the little bird. Moral: Keep your mouth shut when you are full of baloney.

Haworth and McBane have the urge to travel. They were talking about this subject the other day, and when they returned to their rooms one night they found that their furniture had gotten the urge also—for there were

four bare walls—and no more!

The big brother instinct that was introduced during freshman week seems to have stuck with a few people. Have you noticed how Big Brother Levine takes up for, and watches over, Little Brother Shaffer? Quite cozy, eh, fellows?

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Do you have the spirit of Award Day? Molly Smith: You must learn to distinguish a German F from an S. The German (12) class was much embarrassed when Fraulein Smith blurted forth, "Ah, du bist ein Aff!"—but mistook the F's for S's... be more careful, Fraulein!

It seems to us that a waiter's primary job is waiting tables, and talking to Iris secondary. What do you think, Marriner?

The long courtship of Smith and Weisman has broken up. Now it is Weisman and Scott, but Smith wasn't discouraged, he got Merrill. Bullock, the biology major, who is going to take Comparative in summer school, believes in starting his studying early. He and Cynthia took a hike together last Sunday to look at the Flora and Fauna(?)

Stop! Have you seen a red light on Guilford's campus lately? Maybe Dee Waring, Levine, Shaffer, and Co. are studying the effect of infra-red rays upon the individual as a whole. Requestfully yours—we also think that engaged couples should be allowed some privacy—after all, they deserve it, for you're only in love once, at least it is a standing rule around Guilford.

Some people on this campus have fine spirits—but we would appreciate it if they would guzzle them off the campus. Do you want a beautiful tan? If so, send the top of a Wheaties box and \$10 in war stamps to "Yankee Stadium Beach Club," Ziggy O'Leary, President. Your suntan will be sent to you by return mail—some of these Founders' girls have found this method very satisfactory (saves hose, you know) eh, Craven?—right, Hubbard? Speaking of Founders, just because Pettijohn has two faces doesn't mean she has a twin.

The war reached the campus during the past few weeks. Dr. Ljung is entering the Navy on May 28. Guilford is losing a mighty good professor—good luck, Dr. Ljung.

The two boys from Southern California should take lessons from Rover, the collier who also chases squirrels—HE caught one.

Song dedications:
To Mr. Pancoast: "Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'."
To Bill Bowman: "Can't Get Out of This Mood."
To John Haworth: "Seven Beers With the Wrong Woman."
To Grace McMurray after her dream of Tannenbaum: "I Had the Craziest Dream."
To D. W. from F. M.: "I Want a Tall Skinny Papa."
From us to you: "So long for a while."
Oscar and Joe

The Honor System

A privilege was granted to Guilford students some years ago. A trust was placed in their keeping. That privilege and that trust was the Honor system. The Student government places its confidence in us, and we must uphold their faith.

What good is derived from cheating? One may get a high grade but in a year a high grade will mean little or nothing, while the fact that you cheated will be remembered. You aren't deceiving your classmates, they know when you cheat. And students have little respect for those who don't play fair. You might gain a passing mark, but in doing so, you will have lost something so valuable that it is not replaceable.

Exams begin a week from today. Let us prove to those who gave us this privilege that we are worthy of the trust they place in us.

A Word to the Seniors...

In approximately two weeks you will have left Guilford. Four years ago you came here, and now that spent time will soon become a recollection to be cherished in many places at many different times. What will you stop to remember? Will it be the mad scramble at the post office just before the 10:20 bell when the chapel speaker hasn't run over, the dogwood trees heavy with bloom by the library windows, the spirit of the football team through frequent defeats? Some of you will recall "Y" retreats in the pasture, the battleground and the moonlight hikes, Mrs. Milner knowing ALL about EVERYTHING. And can you forget the hamburgers at Clyde's before the meat rationing, and the black mud splashing from under flagstones after the spring rains? Remember the kiss-me-quick trees, the thrilling Monogram dances, boys' may day, Dr. Williams' yawning Philosophy class, and Gerhard saying "please" instead of "you're welcome" across the librarian's desk. And how about the "serious" bull sessions at 3 o'clock in the morning, the feeling of peacefulness at silent meeting, the trees along the entrance drive, the harsh noise of multitudes of typewriters pecking the dark hours away before term paper deadlines, the campus wrapped in a soft blanket of snow... and, oh, the millions of other things that each of you cherishes in particular. We will miss you.