

**THE GUILFORDIAN**

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**Love Unrequited**

I love he,  
 He loves she,  
 She ain't me;  
 That's why  
 Me and he  
 Ain't we!

—West Pointer

Recent independent non-commercial surveys show definite trends along communistic lines. The rapid-fire growth of the "Share the Man Campaign," starting with one or two enterprising commando-ettes soon gained enormous momentum. The last straw-poll indicated that the frenzied maneuverings of the former "one and onlies" had won a temporary victory but the challengers, fresh and with increasing vigor, are racing with good odds.

The saddest words of tongue or pen  
 Are just these four—There are no men!

It seems that **Roxie Jane** is tying knots with the heart strings of several of the campus lads, to say nothing of enlisted men! Date-less girls are just waiting for the day when she'll settle down to one and leave the rest for the general public.

It was down in the parlor they started to kiss—  
 Who did?  
 Certainly not a Guilford girl!  
 A bashful young lad and a blushing young miss,  
 And ALL  
 The girls looked 'round the corner.  
 She placed her arms about him, they loudly did  
 kiss  
 But look!  
 Who's that coming up with a frown?  
 They rudely were seized in the midst of their  
 bliss—  
 She got  
 Four house cuts and a campus,  
 While he  
 Went to W. C.

**Sir Jackas' Wright** has started again his quarterly perambulations around campus in his eternal quest for the holy frail.

The brizzes, the brizzes,  
 They blow through the trizzes,  
 They whizzes and whizzes  
 Wherever they plizzes,  
 They give folkzes snizzes,  
 All sorts of dizzesses—  
 (dizzgusting, izzu' it?)

Definition of niece—a place where girls should wear their skirts below.

**Senta Amon** deserves a lot of credit for the amount of time and work she has been putting in on her thesis at Duke University. Latest reports are that it is to be entitled, "How to Tell a Wolf from a Fox."

Passionately yours,  
**Curdle and Rot.**

responsibility and be particularly efficient and capable.

We want to warn you against voting for just your friends or for the "jolly good fellow" who is everyone's friend but will do no work. Vote for leaders who will work conscientiously and try to meet and understand their problems instead of pushing them onto someone else's shoulders. Remember you will have to follow these leaders for the rest of this year and the next so cast your vote with an eye on the future. And don't forget to vote!

M. H.

**CAMPUS PERSONALITIES**

by Stabee I.G. New York



**BALLAD OF THREE MEN**

Ah, he's a skipper fine, they said,  
 To guard the starboard plank;  
 They put him in a suit of blue—  
 Lieutenant was his rank.

No longer master of his class  
 To theorize on x, y, z,  
 And castigate philosophers  
 Who sought the "Power to be."

To say that truth is this and that,  
 A circled dot upon the board,  
 That all opposed are blundering fools—  
 This officer abhorred.

The fountainheads of truth for him  
 Are found in two plus two—  
 No Plato shouted in his ear  
 Of what and how to do.

He got dressed up and headed west.  
 The PT boats went zooming by—  
 And on warm San Diego sands,  
 The physicist did lie.

He listened to a radio  
 And lived a life of ease.  
 When Gracie joked and Frankie crooned,  
 A voice said "This way, please."

And so this Caliban consents  
 To seek new playground space.  
 It's up the coast to Boston town—  
 A swift destroyer race!

And all this time upon a rock  
 The chemist-officer is found—  
 The sky is blue, the waters deep  
 That surge upon the sound.

Lieutenant junior grade he is,  
 That handsome tweed-roughed man,  
 The esquire of our campus once,  
 Beau Brummel of the land.

He mixed his chemicals with pride,  
 Con founding all who entered there.  
 His hat an iron-ruled domain—  
 Your ignorance lay bare!

We sent the forth to war—three men—  
 A private and lieutenants two,  
 Pedantic circle, trilogy  
 Of wit, and scorn, and truth—

The moral is—don't fret your time  
 On Plato, math, or chemistry.  
 Let Queenie exercise your brain,  
 Your forte-psychology!

B. B.

**QUIPS and QUIRKS**

By TWO JERKS

Another issue rolls around and we haul out our battered typewriter, put on our thinking caps, and sit down to summarize and elaborate on the happenings of the past two or three weeks. Theme song of the Monogram Club: "Red Tails in the Sunset." Three new members to the Spanish Club have just been announced, **El Lobo Thomas**, **El Lobo Ota**, and **El Lobo Bourassa**, and these gentlemen certainly have lived up to their Casanova reputations. Now that **Jimmy Joe** has departed for the Air Corps (we really miss him), **Slick Gamble** has come into his own, no one but **Wood** could even come close to matching his nineteen suits and eight pairs of shoes.

In answer to your request, **Miss Korn**, we are sorry to inform you that the Guilford College Telephone Company cannot run a private line from your room to the New North Suite, so the fellows in Old North again pledge their loyalty, support, and undying devotion, and will continue delivering your messages to your "Darling 'leetle' **Eddie**." Our campus is honored to have the original model of the duckpin, namely, one "**Junior**" **Grissold**, **Haworth** and **Walsh** are completely overjoyed about going together again; in fact, they make it a public demonstration, car lights and everything. It's a lucky thing for "**Big Jawny**" that he has the lower bunk, for he couldn't have made it to the top one last Sunday night after dating **Jean**.

If anyone wants a nice job, "**Bubbles**" **Beyer** is in the market for a valet. He just can't seem to appreciate the fact that the fellows won't aid him in putting on his coat, and when he knocks at their doors, he isn't invited in and treated like the Prince of Wales. Silence reigns in our dining hall until the thundering twitter of feminine voices is heard, spasmodic reactions, of course. It seems as if the women would tuck their shirt tails in because one showing is enough. **Dick Tracy** isn't the only one who has a "Flat Top" on his hands—look at **Clyde**. We wonder if "**Omar**" is having a hard time to get material to spread over his column. That column is really something to marvel at; in fact, some people consider "**Omar's**" column to be the most outstanding one on the campus.

We noticed in the past issues of the "Inquiring Reporter" that people complain about the two "dirt columns." Well, we'd be willing to bet our bottom dollar that those hypocrites read the columns first—because if they didn't read 'em, how would they know what to complain about? Kinda like the old saying that an empty wagon is the one that rattles the most.

Note to **Dottie Gilbert**: N. Mendenhall was in the hospital for six weeks after laying the cornerstone for Memorial Hall. This important historical note was omitted in your treatise of G. C. Quote **Bourassa** to **Martie**: "Meet me down at the pawn shop . . ." **Esther Demeo** has been quoted as saying that she wishes the summer school would hurry up and get here—where the ratio of men to women is three to one. She did O.K. on that count, from what we remember about her last summer. Ah me, for the life of the "Sweetheart of 101."

We believe that the clamping down on the smoking rules will tend to protect our beautiful forests around the college. For many years disastrous fires have broken out—but now the song the girls sing is "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire," rather than "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." That's all for this issue, and we hope that after everyone reads our column we'll be around for the next one.

**Stretch and Frap.**

**i mortimer**

i mortimer am becoming a prominent personage of late mr hire mistook me for an ink spot but on investigating further decided i was a guilfordian whose character should be investigated for my special benefit he went into one of his scences and pulled the family skeleton out of the closet between i and victoria and you we think he enjoys analyzing the feminine elements did you know that mary hobbs missed their fire drill the other night because fuki locked hazel jo in the john so she could ring the bell i laughed till my antennae trembled when i saw ashean martie robinson and bobbie williams trying to fix dixons flat tires but they did, it and got a free ride what is this victorian generation coming to everyone is trying to get sunburned so as to look real glamorous but so far they are fooling only themselves the lotion

smelled nice and attracted my country cousins i and victoria were out walking the other day when a big red fire bug whizzed by victoria had dots on the spot but has recovered and will live the dangerous biped turned into hughes brown in a red shirt astride a noisy gas consuming contraption he thinks he is beau brummel we have decided that ben brown is on a permanent furlough he spends so much time at founders victoria is giving a tea tomorrow for scoop in the linen closet victoria has been having a gay time with all the brothers visiting on campus it pays to have friends i and victoria will miss sailor pres down at his little store but we are drying our tears and wishing him the best of luck victoria thinks the queens new suit is becoming but i like kadows plaid shirt i and victoria are eating spinach to get energy so we can pull botanical specimens on the tennis courts