

**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

Member

Associated Collegiate Press



My love she are wend,  
 Her love it are cold,  
 She left me a note  
 Which say I are old.  
 How could it be did?  
 How was it are true?

How was it are true?  
 The note it are plain.  
 With her I are through,  
 She won't go to I,  
 I can't come to she,  
 Don't it awful?

Does your face hurt?  
 No!  
 Well, it's killing me!

What's this about two well-known esteemed seniors eloping with a station wagon?

The man who knows where his wife keeps her nickels has nothing on the man who knows where the maid's quarters are!

Is it true that a newcomer in the guise of a tennis player is deep in the heart of Texas?

**A Slogan for the Bird Club**

Protect our birds: the dove brings peace and the stork brings tax exemptions.

Oh, goodness, Gerda Ungar, the Mecca's best waitress, dropped a tray in the Mary Hobbs dining hall. Fie! For shame!

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

Orchids to Presnells for "Shanty in Old Shantytown." It's really getting a workout!

Little grains of powder,  
 Little drops of paint  
 Make a girl's complexion  
 Look like what it ain't.

Just how many meetings of the Y Conference did you attend, Beville, Chris, Mae, and Shorty? I never knew discussions of religion brought on those deep dark bags under one's eyes.

**The Genealogical History of the Insect Louse:**  
 Adam  
 Had 'em.

Barney and Martin in their platonic friendship have reached the stage of arguing over abnormal psychology.

George Abrams and Peggy Taylor have been furnishing Mary Hobbs with new versions of close harmony.

If it is true about all those women invading Cox, what will happen to the scores of the male sun-bathers?

Why do many airplanes hover over Founders Hall on these hot sunny days?

Definition of intoxication: To feel sophisticated and not be able to pronounce it.  
 —The Log.

Professor: "Why don't you answer me?"  
 Student: "I did, professor, I shook my head."  
 Professor: "You didn't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, did you?"  
 —Exchange.

Yours in calm dignity,  
 Burble and Sturp

**OPEN FORUM**

Dear Editor:

I am writing this letter in an attempt to tell you how much it meant to me to receive The Guilfordian way out here. Any news from the States is welcome, but receiving The Guilfordian was a special pleasure, as it brought back to me the short but enjoyable time I spent at Guilford. It served as an added reminder of how much we, over here, have to look forward to, at the end of the war.

Strict censorship prevents me from going into details about myself. I am well, and hope that all of Guilford is the same.

Thanks again for putting out a swell paper. Best of luck to all of you!

As ever,  
 TOM KANE.

April 18, 1944

Hello, Editor:

While gazing at the Union Building here at Duke, I was surprised to find the good old "Guilford College" emblem chiseled into the stone as one of the decorative features of the building. It certainly gives US a "permanent" position here at Duke. I thought some of the Guilfordians would be interested in this bit of publicity.

Excuse the poor rhetoric and spelling.  
 BERT LEVINE.

**i mortimer**

i mortimer have appointed myself a committee of one to welcome old faces back to the campus victoria is admiring her southern sunburn acquired very recently canine lovers at mary hobbs have adopted two hounds and are feeding them leftover hot dogs and gravy victoria has been losing her beauty sleep lately when the dogs start howling at the moon in the wee small hours i mortimer have started reviewing for my biology final its surprising what you can learn while taking a sunbath dr vicky wasnt the only one who made a junior speech last week this little insect was right behind his program shuffling 3 by 5 cards while speaking on the subject of the survival of the fittest to a select group of insects from guilford college the spring play was a howling success according to our many friends and relations who had reserved seats strange that mr pim reminded them of john barney he is so scatter brained gloria the glowworm is excited about her important part in may day she sits on ruth hollowells crown and lights up the fake stones she has an appointment at the local beauty parlor for a simonize job and face lifting i mortimer am suffering sorely with backache and a sprained foot the sixth one counting from the left i have been fixing the path from founders to mary hobbs so many people didnt come out to help antwerp the ant brought his ground crew and helped dig the ditches along the side to relieve mj and jim lehr a little bourassa was so slow we appointed patty the pinchbug to get behind and push it rained the next day and our work was all for naught but we will persevere as napoleon said in 1844 when jim took pictures of the ones who did come out i mortimer brushed the brick dust and oak rook bark off my jeans and posed on joan kirkhams hoe handle victoria always tells me i have a photogenic face does conover need any more models i must go ask mrs powell for some alcohol to drown my sorrows also my backache i must be fit for boys may day when i escort the queen

**From the Files**

April 1, 1925—Four years ago a few men on campus started the Guilford College Glee Club. Later the orchestra was organized. These two organizations have been working together and this year have produced a program which is of the very highest type. Some critics say that the quality of tone and balance of the club cannot be equalled by any other club of similar size in the state.

November 9, 1821—The spirit of the Y.M.C.A. is constantly accelerating due to a more sincere desire for Christian fellowship. The old dry lecture system has broken down, and a co-operative program is being used instead.

May 17, 1922—Guilford College Glee Club presented its first concert to a large audience of college students and members of the community at Memorial Hall, May 16. The Scotch feature was probably the most popular number and received prolonged applause. The quartette, attired in the picturesque costumes of the Scotch

**QUIPS and QUIRKS**

. . . by three jerks

Another year rolls by: Graduation . . . May Day . . . Exams . . . and our last column. We have enjoyed writing for you, and appreciate your cooperation this year in affording us news.

**Loose Ends:** Dee Waring has become an author . . . he wrote a sequel to "They Were Expendable," only he didn't mean PT boats . . . he meant P. Shoemaker, and ask him why! **Dancing Master Griswald** has invented a new step called the THIRD-BASE-HOP; you should have seen him improving it on first and third on the softball diamond . . . he was thrown off the bag both times. We hear that "Junior" has been offered a contract as base coach for the Yankees . . . "Potsy" may accept. **Lambert** received a letter from Fredricksburg addressed "Mr. Willie Lambert," sounds interesting . . . but with a name like that she should stay in Brooklyn . . . There was a shuffle in the local police department . . . "Sheriff" Kent and "Constable" Hire have everything from a badge to squad cars—the "sheriff's" bike will be equipped with a spotlight and a siren soon—wouldn't the Lone Ranger just love them? It has become so bad that dating couples wear gloves when on West Porch . . . "Cookie" Trice's mother was crying because her daughter had been a wafer so long—for that pun we are now rivaling **Gerhard**—we think that he is the punniest man on the campus . . . Since **Zoot Ota** was caught "wolfing," **Rabbi Goodridge** ought to take warning . . . "Effe" gets caught we'd hate to be wearing his number nines! "The Call of the Wild," or "Spring Is Here," **Bulluck, Esq.** began his yearly wandering among the feminine population—Last year a Washington girl and this year a Washington Hussey—wow! We'll miss having "Father" Pearson around now, and no doubt the girls will miss "Dink"—these alumni just can't stay away, it seems.

**Ray Wood** started things off right this year—**Ellen "Bawston" Hayes** is the gal who used the lasso this time . . . **Jack Wright**, you had better wind your **Ingersoll** before you date **Marg** from now on—the dorms close out here at 11:00, not 11:— . . . Quote **Barney**: "Stabee just isn't the marrying kind." Speaking of quotes, **Lovey** says that "Hank" is quite a man—Well! "Sella" **Abrams** has competition now—"Gypsy Rose Lee" **Casey** is the embarrassed one . . . "Slick," the man with Jimmy Joe's clothes, should swap with the wolf in sheep's clothing—he's been really thrilling the cutie from Star—maybe he wants her to be his guiding light . . . Instead of playing ball with the fellows, **Bourassa** has his own phys. ed. class from 9:40 to 10:00 each night—he has that beautiful moonbeam pallor to prove it, too! . . . Notice: "The Boar and Castle" is now considered "on campus," or appears to be—we think that if it is good enough for "the sheriff," it is good enough for students. **Balzac** and **Beyer** are running a close race for valet and chamber-maid in the dorm—who's gonna win? These Turkish blended fags that **Augie** and **Davie** have been smoking leave a dark brown taste in your mouth, maybe they soaked them in exterminator fluid, who knows? **Wernitz**, the imported wolf from Haverford, is giving **Fletcher, Gray**, and **Hayes** an idea of how it is done in Phillie—just can't understand it!—**Mabeth** has no more reason to go to the library.

Fellows, let's leave our signs (i.e. Yankee Stadium and Centre Hotel) on the sections, we like 'em, even tho they've been up a long, long time—but we hear that the Hire-ups don't like them. **Holland** is in a rut—every girl he goes with gets married—but not to him—Now comes the time when all things end, the year's almost over and so is our column—we've enjoyed it all in all—and hope that there are no hurt feelings—and since we are almost thru we'd like to add that we are glad to see that ex-editor **Bebe Bailey** came down for a visit and the original **Gindrew** came up from Spartanburg to see how the weather was in a good state—poor **Mayor Dixon** fell in the creek last week—now he is actually "all wet." When next year rolls around we may have a dorm for married students—namely **Hartke** and **Bourassa**, and since **Hamp** is learning how to crochet, he and **Warnke** may reserve room space—With that we will leave Guilford for the time being—and with a rousing cheer of "Viva la Queenland!"

Frap, Zim and Stretch.

Highlanders, danced and sang its way into the hearts of the audience. The orchestra played in an especially pleasing manner, reaching its best in "The Wabash Blues" which was encored.

**Hail and Farewell**

Once again it's time for us to say goodbye—this time to '44. As you go forth into the unknown, our best wishes go with you, our faith in you remains. May you look back on your college days with pleasure and play the "do you remember" game. Though widely scattered you will be bound by a tie of Guilford's spirit and we shall look forward to seeing you again. To the rest of you, have a swell vacation. See you in September.

The GUILFORDIAN Staff.

**Thanks, Pal**

The staff of the GUILFORDIAN wishes to thank Jack Wright for making this issue possible. Jack worked until he collected the \$10 of ads that were vital to our dwindling bank account.

Thank you, Jack!

**To the "Y"**

Since congratulations seem to be the theme of the day, we think the "Y" deserves a hand for sponsoring THE WALK project.

Many ideas have been presented but few have been put in action. Our walk that was a dream a few weeks ago is now a reality.

There are blisters and calluses on "the hands you love to touch" from the unaccustomed task of swinging a mattock and digging ditches but we are all contented in knowing that a job has been well done.

Credit goes to Overseer Frank Miles who devoted a good sixteen hours of valuable time to seeing that the shoulders were firm and lined with brick, that the tiling was placed correctly and all the technical details that one learns after three summers of working with a road construction gang.

His crew also demands a word of praise. Those who worked are those who have the true spirit of Guilford and have developed a sense of civic responsibility.

We commend you!

The walk is only one example of the possibilities that lie in united action. We recommend that more organizations sponsor worthwhile projects. With the new year, '44-'45 ahead of us, let us pledge ourselves to the improvement of our campus.