

THE YELLOW FEVER

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Editor-in-Chief . . . not "Frankenstein"
Business Manager . . . not "White Zombie"
Reporters You'd Be Surprised

Guilford students, nevermore
Let yellow fever scare ye;
Who gripes at this has worse in store,
So give a long RAZZBERRY.
CHORUS: Pft! Pft! Pft! Pft!
So give a loud RAZZBERRY!
11th Century Ballad.

The Yellow Fever

With this issue, the staff brings forth its illegitimate brain child—THE YELLOW FEVER SHEET. Herein you will find news about everyone; distinguished members of the faculty and lowly freshman. None are spared. It has been "laid on thick" in several instances. It might be that some will take offense. We hope that this will not be true. The spirit of the whole affair is as the spirit of a world-weary, work laden staff on a Roman Holiday. We fought to keep your paper for you last year when some would dispense with it. We have worked this year to raise its standards. For the first time in history the GULFORDIAN has not added a cent to the debt that grew year after year under preceding managements. No red marks have been added to the wrong side of the ledger.

After such a valiant effort it is not only fair that we should take one issue and cut up a bit with it? It is our only means of enjoying ourselves at your expense and at the expense of each other, for you will notice that even fellow members on the staff have taken it on the chin. We know that some would have misunderstood and we take this mean of eclaireissement. And after reading this, if you are still sore about getting the raspberry in the YELLOW FEVER, we can only say that we are very, very sorry and that we take it all back. (Oh, yeah?)

The Grape

Our Tri-Centurian—Over-Seer of the Mentorial Manor, came out with the most astonishing statement in chapel the other morning. He had stolen a grape off of his Aunt's back porch many years ago, and his conscience has been hurting him ever since; hence the confession. To put things in a nutshell, his past was catching up with him, so to speak; else we never would have had such an outburst of passion by our Financial Wizard.

Last spring we had the most auspicious vacation in the history of the college, but the time off this past summer was without doubt the winner of all such lapses.

When we returned we found that our Beloved Economist had broken into our closets by smashing the locks, yet the fellows had procured permission to lock their belongings in those dungeons where the rats play tag at night and the moths lay eggs in good clothes. Our clothes

and other personal belongings were strewn fore and aft, and gave all the appearances that "Moses" had thrown a forward pass to John the Baptist and that the latter in going over the goal line had hit our beautiful mahogany bedstead and lost his personal attire.

Our once radiant palace of sunshine was now a dismal—blackhole with spider webs hanging in many forms from the ceiling. The floor was covered with a gray blanket called dust in which our worldly possessions helped to absorb. Imagine our disgust with such a leader.

The college has the right to enter our rooms if they so desire but they do not have the right to break into our things and leave them strewn around so as any one can come into our rooms and help themselves.

In that respect they are no better than a "second-story" man of one of our large cities.

We do not blame the fellows that our Financial Wizard hired to do the "job," but we most certainly blame him for letting such a thing occur.

No two fellows in College can afford to lose nearly \$100 worth of their possessions, yet such was the case. What will the Tri-Centurian say? Nothing, for he knows what has been said is true.

The Honor System

Honesty at Guilford College is a thing of the past when it comes to final exams. We are not kidding ourselves when we say that the professors have the honor and the students have the system. The students don't meet their professors halfway and never will till they get over the idea of just passing a course and not trying to get anything out of it that will be a benefit to them in the future. The future seems to be the thing farthest from their minds.

The honor system seems to have lost its purpose. It should have been something big, something when you look back to, you could point to with pride and feel that it was a job well done. Yet it is not the case, for the students here are not giving it a chance to help develop their characters to a higher level of honesty.

It is a known fact that certain students will congregate in the basement of King Hall while exams are on and ask one another enlightening questions that will help them pass their particular course. They do not seem to realize that they are doing themselves an injustice as well as their professor. Their idea is to get through by hook or crook, regardless of what the faculty opinion may be of them.

The professor is your leader who is trying to make a real man or woman out of you, if you will only give him the chance. He does his best to "play ball" with you in a fair and square way. What do you do? Nothing but do your level best to do him by the preparation of elaborate ponies to be used in helping you to pass this or that exam.

It is a known fact that a certain professor who had just finished writing out his final and locked it

safely in his car had the exam lifted in a most glorious manner by three students when he was visiting another of the fellows in the dorm. What happened? Why, those three vandals got underneath his car, shoved up the floor boards, and rolled down a window so they could unlock his car. It is needless to say that they got the exam. That night, bull sessions were in progress in both the men's and women's dorms. Even then certain students couldn't pass the exam even though they had fifteen hours to work on it.

Later in the year this professor happened to see one of those vandals opening a car by the same way and remarked that he must have gotten his exam by the same method. The professor was right.

Today that fellow hasn't a job for it is said that the college will not give him a recommendation on account of his past experiences of lifting final exams. Do you want to be in the same predicament when you finish college? Well, then think things over between now and the last of January.

There are very few students in college today who realize that the seed of dishonesty once sown in college will follow you through life. After you graduate from college and try to get a position the first thing they want to know about you is, can you be trusted? If you can't your fate will be the same as the fellow mentioned above unless you can prove that the past opinions were a mistake, which is generally not the case.

Freshmen, you are taking your first final exams the last of January. A good start will mean a great deal to you and even if a course or two are flunked you'll be the winner. The good-will of the faculty and your fellow students is something that every one in college desires. Here is your chance, don't throw it away. You will be sorry afterwards.

Our Bell System

As Guilford College progresses in its modernistic program, the executive of the Institution deems it necessary to change the system of bells to something more modern and satisfactory—the century-old system.

Our previous system was too systematic and too many people got to class on time—even "Hank" Turner got to classes once in a while before they were half over. The Profs. weren't having enough work to do marking up tardy cuts, according to the enormous salaries they receive.

Not enough classes were cutting the Prof. if he was five minutes late—now it works perfectly.

No time was lost explaining to the Prof. the "Why" or "How come" you were late. And, you know, wasting time is a requirement of an A grade modern school.

An electric system was not expensive enough—it is much more expensive to pay a person for his perfectly good time to rush over to Founders and ring the Old Stand-By.

There is one advantage of the new system: more people sleep through breakfast and go to less classes—too, there is no battery to be charged just once in a great while—it is much easier to wind a clock every night. There is also the possibility of lengthening the hours of the bell-ringer (for 45 more dollars), provide him with ye old brass lantern and bugle so that he may tell the hours all through the night.—All Is Well!



Buenos dias, amigos! We greet you officially for the first time as the new Quips editor. May our regime be as successful as our predecessor's!

Election being over, we can all sit back and allow the incoming party to disperse Old Men Depression. After all the pre-election ballyhoo they certainly don't need any help. And all this goes to show of just how much value college straw votes are. Despite all the more or less ridiculous showing of enthusiasm in the chapel on the morning of the vote, the real election returns surprised no one (except the Mears).

And here's one for you to figure out. Little Hamilton Moore was born in Belgium at 1:30 p. m., yet the news of her birth was in the noon edition of the Kansas City papers on the same day.

Up at Carleton College in Minnesota the "leggers" are called "apple polishers."

One of the freshmen sent for a lot of salesman's sample Xmas cards which he plans to use personally.

In a chapel exercise at Catawba on Friday, October 21 the famous "Uncle Charlie" Moran said that he is still coaching because he "enjoys coaching Southern boys." Take a look at the program of the G. C. Catawba game. On the starting line-up we find Miller at left guard. He comes from Pennsylvania. Vaniewsky, the center, is from New Jersey. Williams, at right guard, lives in Illinois. Garland, at right tackle, hails from New York. Quarterback Witmer is another Pennsylvanian. Big old Appanaitis, at right half, calls Illinois home, and Cesareo, the fullback, is another Jerseyite. Of the squad of 20 on the program five men are from Pennsylvania, two from New Jersey, three from Illinois, and two from New York.

So, "Unk," old boy, we say—HOOEY!

The great scientist, Einstein, says: "School is to develop first of all the man, the character—and not merely his brains." (We still can't find an excuse for the co-eds.)

Just to carry on the crusade—the curtains are STILL upside down in the students' parlor. (Won't somebody please do something about that?)

"The Lenoir-Rhynean" printed an article on the disappearance of Joe Bear, Lenoir-Rhyné's mascot, on the night of the L-R.—G. C. game. We'd like to suggest that they question their cooks. Those sandwiches they fed the team after the game were tough enough to have been bear—or armadillo!

Just to add to your collitch education:

Opium is used to cure colic; Elon was founded in 1889 (a mere infant); Einrieh Frivoldszkey was a Hungarian naturalist and was born at Satoraljouhely in 1799. (Who cares?) The Star-Spangled Banner is on page 248 of the Hymnal for American Youth. E. C. T. C.'s coach went to Guilford. Norman Thomas carried five universities in

The Water System

This being the time of Thanksgiving, it is only meet and right that we should give due consideration to something that deeply concerns the lives of all of us here at Guilford. We refer to the water system. The deep artesian wells, the efficient pumping equipment, with its tireless engines, are the cynosure of all who behold them. These ceaselessly throbbing pumps force the clear, limpid water, sweeter than the waters of Siloam, through the elaborate intricacies of the brass piping with a pressure comparable to that of the Rocky Mountain jet which, when he thrust his sword through it, broke the arm of the soldier who was a member of Fremont's exploratory expedition to California.

The bountiful supply of this ambrosia of nature is a delight to the godly, for is not cleanliness next to godliness?

The sparkling transparency of this liquid with which the powers that be have seen fit to bless us recalls to mind that earliest declension, which we, as Latin students were compelled to learn. Who does not remember "aqua pura?"

Aqua pura! The hot and weary traveler, creeping painfully and slowly over the shimmering, sun-baked desert, thirsts as does the panting hart after living waters such as these. Living waters have been likened unto truth, and brightly beaming truth alone can show that the waters are living.

Only the romantic past can furnish us with instances of water and water supplies equal to ours. The well of Jacob is the ancient prototype of these, our ever-gushing springs. Only the aqueducts of the Eternal City, which exist to this day, are comparable to our water supply system. Niobe's tears were not so pure as these crystalline liquors, nor were the waters of Babylon as nearly living as ours are.

We should give thanks to the gods who dwell on high Olympus for this, their most plenteous gift to us.

FESTIVE SCENE IN THE COLLEGE DINING ROOM

(Continued from Page One)

onto Mr. Benzanson, who is quite duly alarmed.

At the faculty table Mr. Pancoast and Miss Ricks seem to be the only members of the faculty who were able to get through the mob at the entrance. Finally the other members of the faculty straggle in and begin their daily wranglings about politics.

As the first group of boys are leaving the dining room, they meet the majority of girls just entering. They look as if they have had to rush too much, for they replace bobby pins and fasten hooks as they come in.

With the waiter's impatient looks as a command, everyone rushes the meal and file out of the dining room looking more tired then they did when they entered.

We understand that the southern social atmosphere is much too frigid for a certain "femme la Jersey." Never let this be said of southern gentlemen. Fireman, warm this child.

straw votes. (Ha! Ha!) There are only 50 men in the state of New Jersey who can enforce prohibition. There are a lot of back copies of Ladies' Home Journal in the stack room. According to the architects, Archdale Hall is the most beautiful building on the campus. The choir will be gone for 12 or 13 days on the trip up north. (Praise Allah) The "co-eds" at N. C. C. W. are called Tom Cats on their own campus.

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WELCOME, STUDENTS

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