

THE GUILFORDIAN

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Guilford College

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Address all communication to THE GUILFORDIAN, Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price \$1.50 per year

Entered at the post office in Guilford College as second class matter

Class Standing

Students lacking one or two hours, or having that much incomplete, are moved back a complete class in standing.

From the nature of things, a second-year student, particularly a boy, could not associate on terms of mutual friendship with members of the freshman class.

To a somewhat less extent the parallel holds through all four years. Class activity and the right to participate therein is inherently the property of a college student.

Perhaps senior standing should be withheld due to graduation activities. The others should not. Yet, are the present seniors being given a square deal? Until this year seniors have been at least "social seniors"—comprehensive or not.

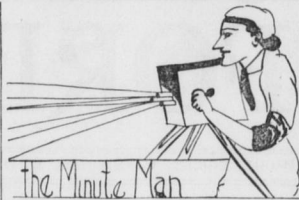
The solution is to restore "social standing." The all-important red tape can be cared for by the class secretaries, so that everyone will be compelled to attend somewhere.

Rat Rules

Going on the theory that, male or female, a rat is a rat, the women and men of the three upper classes of many of our leading colleges handed down a list of rules during this month, decreeing penalties which should adequately subdue the freshmen.

We are convinced that the basic purpose of freshman sessions and rat rules is right. The rules and the sessions the freshmen are put through at the hands of the upper classmen unify the freshman class, develop class spirit, and through it, develop college spirit.

Some term the ratting system as "the most disgusting aspect of college life." We cannot agree with him but we are forced to admit that too often the tradition degenerates into a cheap persecution of the first year student, merely for the fun it affords the upperclassmen.



Beginning the Meditations of pewee, the black ant; being of an irregular irrelevant nature.

folks i am pewee (pee-wee) the black ant i formerly reposed on don marquis packing-box desk and he mistook me for a cockroach i am in g.c. resting my weary antennae and visiting one of my many millions of relatives in founders (as you see i am too weak to press the cap key and i disapprove of punctuation on constitutional grounds)

Guilford sealed the Indians because Guilford knows how. Though the courteous self-sacrificing of Albion Wilson and Worth Hockett, we have learned exactly how that scalping business is done.

Everybody was in there fighting 100 per cent Saturday. Has your throat healed. Both teams played hard, clean football. The Indians could "take it" too—three Big Apparatus had to be carried out and greased, but he came back for more every time.

at 2 o'clock in the morning lately i was awakened by secret sounds and saw miss gainey climbing into a founders window on dr. pardoms shoulders tsk tsk i protest this rude interruption of my slumbers am i pewee due no consideration

If you are not afraid of the Big Black Wolf, face the east, raise your right hand, and say:

"Abraacadabra, Venuskye, Bandannah; I am a member So help me Hannah."

Then you and Ray can sit down to eat your bowl of cereal.

in my more thoughtful moments i have frequently pondered on the extermination of fleas while sunning on a freshmans coat sleeve i heard him say that fleasy dogs should be dosed in fermented corn and freely sprinkled with gravel becoming giddy the fleas pelt each other to death with the stones

Yes, Professor Anscombe, the poison has one virtue.

What Quaker parson told a rare joke in mixed company the other day? Were we embarrassed?

And what faculty members laughed rather more than the titter required by politeness?

Can you imagine why anyone would want to get in the Treasurer's office badly enough to whittle the door down? Everyone that I have seen has been struggling to stay away from that particular section of Mem. Hall!

The freshman girls have Johnny Williams in a panic. In the last report we have him headed for Texas, where he started the other night when he escaped from te library without his books.

The little boy in our "Story of the Little Boy and the Engineer" gets sick, so we must wait until he gets well. We have the pimento sandwich on ice. See next issue.

Proverbs of Naman the Sluggard

1 There abode in the land of Gil a reaper, Naman the Sluggard, and in wielding the scythe none other of the sons of the tribe was like him.

2 Yet for three years he remained in the land, neither sowing nor tilling, but each year he reaped an abundant harvest.

3 And in the fourth year his heart was filled with the gladness of reaping, and he desired that others also should know the joy that was his in reaping without sowing.

4 And the youth of the land gathered he about him, so came they in from the hedges and byways:

5 And there came Elmer the printer's devil, Parmenides the pre-med, and Boaz the busybody.

6 And Naman opened his mouth, and wisdom dropped therefrom as figs from a tree that is laden:

7 Vanity of vanities, said Naman. What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?

8 For the harvest of love is bitterness, and overmuch study is irksome to the brain;

9 Eschew ye, then, that which is laborious; abhor that toil whose only reward is the virtue which it engendereth:

10 For extreme busyness is an abomination unto the Lord.

11 ¶ My years are accomplished, my days are numbered in the fields of Gil.

12 I have counted my wealth, and silver and gold have I none; but that which I have is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

13 Three well-thumbed decks of Author cards; a tri-color set of Rook chips; a pair of loaded dice;

14 Foul-smelling pipes; ticket stubs in profusion; moth-eaten banners and pennants;

15 Yea, and numberless photographs, Forever Yours.

16 ¶ And thinking upon these things, Naman fell silent.

17 Twice did he open his mouth, and the third time he spoke unto them, saying:

18 I have said in mine heart: Go, now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure;

19 And I say unto you, Go thou and do likewise:

20 Yet a little more of idling, and yet a little more to slumber, lying in the noonday sun.

21 The peace of idleness be with you: AMEN.

In and Out

So we are to have fountains on the campus. That's fine, but we hope the "blessed event" of the fountain isn't as long awaited as has been the hot water in the showers.

We never knew there were so many town students until we came to the Guilford-Catawba game.

Tom Wimbish is a "power-house" at W. C. U. N. C. The girls cry for him.

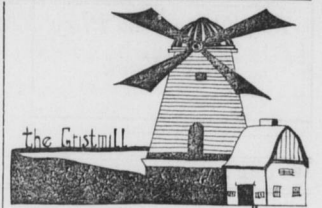
Charles McNeill is the only boy we've ever known who has a bass voice and plays a violin.

Query: Which one of the town students holds the record for having been kicked out of the most colleges? That's hard to decide, boys, hard to decide.

The town students have requested that ash trays be put in "Men's Center" so that they can do their part in the new "Keep Our College Clean" program.

Day student celebrities: Jimmie Applewhite, (crooning tenor) Jack Wimbish, (lady killer) "Big Stuff" Holt Knight, (biggest bull-shooter) Colum Schenk, (prettiest co-ed) Irma Lee Graves, (most talented writer of character sketches)

And that's that for the time being. The town student's bus still runs, and we're surprised.



When the strains of a certain popular theme song come on the air, the denizens of "Radio City" are usually to be found grouped around the numerous sets in their lair, listening "sympathetically" to that program.

Radiolaria

—Good evening, folks—I feel that I know you all too well by now to call you ladies and gentlemen—Tonight the Wire Towel Company, makers of Wire bath towels, present the Hills Brothers in another program of music that satiates. The Hills Brothers, as you know, produce all the effects of the modern dance orchestra without instruments. They imitate trumpets, saxophones, trombones, and tubas, accompanied only by a luted lute—I beg your pardon, I mean a muted lute! They are leaders in their field just as the Wire Towel Company and Wire bath towels are! Remember! No trumpets, no saxes, no trombones, no tubas, and no voices!

—And now, friends, before we are entertained by the Hills Brothers, let me present Judge Lightly, who will speak to you briefly on the subject of Wire bath towels. Judge Lightly.

—(Sonorously) Ah, good evening, ladies and gentlemen, good evening. Tonight I am going to recall the old days. Do you remember when it was customary to take only four or five baths a month. Do you remember the harsh, rough, so-called Turkish towels that one was compelled to use if he wished to be in the swim? Now, all this has been changed. Through the fiendish ingenuity of the Wire Towel Company engineers it is possible to bathe as often as twelve or thirteen times daily with pleasure and comfort if one uses Wire bath towels. Again I say to you, Remember! Try a Wire bath towel and you'll never use another towel. Thank you! Good night!

—Thank you, Judge Lightly. We now return you to your local station for station identification.

—This is Station WICU, Camden, new Joisey, with studios in the Peck-aboo Building, O.K., New York!

—Now for an announcement of the utmost importance and interest to all of our listeners! The Wire Towel Company will give five dollars for the best letter on "Why I Use Wire Bath Towels in Preference to Any Others." Just address your letters to the Wire Towel Company, Keokuk, Michigan. Write tonight, or better still, use a Wire bath towel, and then try to write your letter. Have your letter in by next Chuesday, when the prize-winning one will be read.

—And now, just before we hear the Hills Brothers rendering some of their inimitable music, let me read you this week's prize-winning letter, written by Mrs. Raymond U. Squidge, of Painted Post, New York. Mrs. Squidge writes: "At first I was skeptical about Wire bath towels. However, since using them, may I say that without doubt, Wire bath towels leave a lasting impression on the user." Thank you, Mrs. Squidge. We are happy to award you the prize of five dollars. And thanks to all you other radio listeners who have written to us on how you feel about Wire bath towels.

—And now, friends, our time is up. Remember to tune in again next Chuesday at this same time to hear the Hills Brothers once again in their offerings of imitation music. Try a Wire bath towel and you'll never use another! Goodnight, all. This is the Transcontinental Broadcasting System.

I came, I saw, I took off the bacon. Little Caesar cut one of the Guilford boys out Saturday night....What say, Nell?