

THE GUILFORDIAN

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R. S. V. P.

THE GUILFORDIAN is a student paper—written by students, circulated by students, paid for by students, and censored by students. In attempting to satisfy every element of the student body it is extremely difficult to avoid offending some people at some times.

THOMAS ASHCRAFT,
BERNARD FOSTER.

You'll Want to Give Thanks Next Year

In the last issue of THE GUILFORDIAN we urged the student body to talk up the idea of an extended Thanksgiving holiday. We also ran an account of a joint faculty-student Personnel committee meeting.

Due to conflicting schedules it was found to be impossible to grant the extra Thanksgiving holidays this year unless they were borrowed from the Christmas Vacation. The students were given a chance to declare themselves on the issue and as was expected thumbs went unanimously down.

It was made plain in the discussion of the Personnel group that if the students want a longer holiday next year, they should make themselves heard now.

The schedule of the school year, including the Summer Session, is based on the date of the North Carolina Yearly Meeting. Therefore it is virtually impossible to rearrange the calendar for the year 1938-39.

If "interested students" think that they will still be interested in bird hunting and pleasure pursuits next year now is a good time to petition the powers that be. A timely request would more than likely cause a rearrangement in the calendar for next year, giving Guilford a four-day Thanksgiving week-end.

We Thirst

Lives there a Guilford student who has not felt the pangs of thirst as he pursued the tedious path after the mastery of the arts and sciences?

It's a Lloyd's chance that there is not one among you who has not walked from West campus to Founders' or Archdale in search of that indispensable mixture of hydrogen and oxygen.

Those of us, and there are quite a few, who frequently spend three or four consecutive hours on West campus, either in class, lab or study are well aware of the lack of facilities for satisfying the esophagus. A walk back to the dormitory in search of the tasteless nectar can easily cause a disastrous break in the train of academic thought.

Within the past three years there has been a new water line run to the western side of the campus for protection in case of fire. There are also water pipes in operation in both King and Memorial. It would be a rather simple matter to attach a water fountain in each of these buildings or in a convenient location on the campus.

Such a small improvement is one of many that are pushed into the background by the ever-present and insurmountable objectives of the building program.

Something had ought to be done!

SECOND-CLASS MATTER

BY THE CARRIER

At-the-Dining-Room-Door Department: Guilford men are gentlemen. Yes indeed. They hold doors and always stand aside to let the ladies pass. Never do they elbow one another in their haste to secure an advantageous position at the trough.

History Department: Remember the battleground hike? Heard one Yankee-Rebel combination there arguing about whether the North gave in to the South there or was it the other way around.

Dramatics Department: Seems that Jessup is becoming more involved in the thespic art . . . and artists . . . You may bow, George . . . She came to prompt and remained to pitch.

How-To Department: "I like her. I think she's swell," he told me. "Why?" says I. "I insulted her a couple of times and she caught on right away," he explained.

What happened to the seating arrangement, or didn't the "rude individual" cooperate?

Old-Cynic Department: Maybe it's sour grapes and maybe not, but I wonder if this Who's Who business isn't just another racket.

Traffic Department: Our own Lucky Teter will really be lucky if he stays ahead of the irate gentleman with the legal writ. Now if somebody would just swear out a few more for the other cowboys of the Driveway Proving Grounds . . . because they aren't giving driving lessons to their cousins.

A little unofficial survey to discover the Ideal Guilford Man was conducted recently. P. Chambers, in case you didn't know, emerged as the winner. No competition to speak of, either.

Something-Must-Be-Done Department: Professor Haworth claims that the Colorado river is Ol' Man River, and that's all right with me. But if you recall, he didn't stop there. No. He gave his private Ol' Man River a motto. "Slash and carry," it was. Now look. I like puns, but when they come like that, give me the old "Knock, Knock" game.

CONTEST NOTICE!!!!

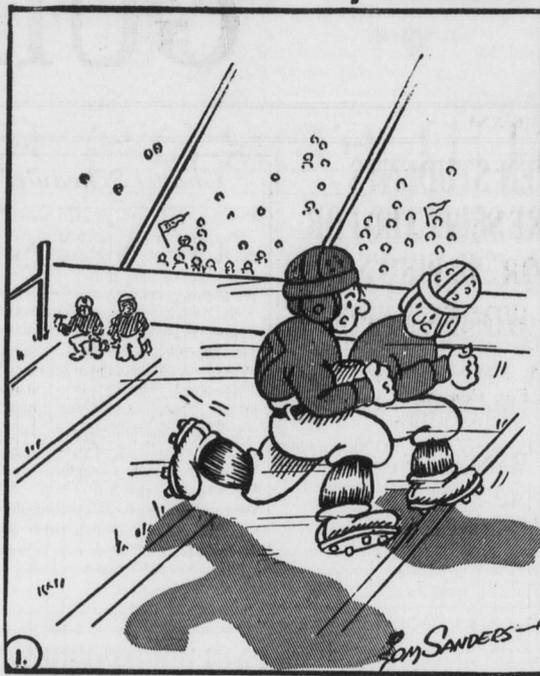
Prizes! Test Your Ingenuity!

The editor of the Guilfordian is offering a prize for the wittiest, most apropos and all-around-best couplet which is sent in to complete the following jingle, which he wrote himself! All you have to do to win a worthwhile prize is to read the jingle carefully, then scrutinize Editor Cann closely as he leaves Founders any evening after supper, and complete the verse! Send all couplets in care of The Carrier, who is to judge the contest. This is the jingle:

My friend the editor, T. A. Cann. Was always strictly an off-campus man 'Til a Jersey girl who bears the name Of a funeral parlor of local fame

Now write the two lines! Win a prize!

CAMPUS STUFF - By SANDERS



"What are you going to do after graduation; run a filling station or be a wrestler?"

Open Forum

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR DAY (Ed.)

Dear Editor:

I have now been at Guilford a number of years, and during these years I have watched with astonishment and pride and approbation the almost miraculous building up and improvement of the physical equipment of the college. During recent years I have seen a professional distillation process going on in which old acquaintances will soon emerge as a new and rarified products to be called Ph.D.'s.

Credit for this splendid development goes almost entirely to Dr. Miller and his cohorts which include not only the teaching staff, but the board of trustees, the business administration and friends of the college. Students have not contributed one iota (the new gym is still a dream) to the betterment of the college along the way of the above mentioned lines—nor is it expected or demanded. They have however, fallen down and failed miserably in maintaining a constructive and up to date social code.

Why do these conditions not change? The campus at large has long realized that many rules are outmoded. Of course there's always the administration proper to blame, but the fault is almost entirely with the whole of the woman's student body. For some queer reason, the fair lassies elect

year after year to office those shy introverted, virtuous "stand-patters" who with all the good will in the world rigorously adhere to all that has gone before them.

In the future, let us plead for saner elections of woman's student government officials. Why not fill every office with a vibrant down-to-the-earth gal—one who has had at least several dates; one who is a well rounded personality in every way; not one whose only claim to distinction is an all "B" record, or the fact that she never speaks or acts unless spoken to.

It is early now—but remember in the next elections. Perhaps I exaggerate.

Signed, I'M A HOG ABOUT IT.

SAD, ISN'T IT?

Dear Editor:

I am a day student and I think the day students are getting a lousy deal as far as the social life on this campus is concerned. If a young man on this campus dates a girl a few times, he is considered the same as engaged to her.

And yet a day student is not allowed to bring an outside date to a campus dance! Campus students are not the only ones who enjoy taking a date to a dance. But can a day student do this at Guilford College? Heck, no!! If they take another boy's girl to a dance, they have committed a scandalous outrage. And that is the way the campus men feel about it.

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