

THE GUILFORDIAN

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SECOND-CLASS MATTER

BY THE CARRIER

Guilford College, November 12, 1938

Dear, Dear Readers:

This week I am taking a vacation from my usual stint (no pun please) of dishing the dirt. You know, quarter tests and stuff! The column this time is done by a great artist whose sense of humor has gained some note. I just want to warn any enemies he may make this week that I'll be happy to attend to you when I get through vacationing.

Lovingly yours, THE CARRIER.

We think you succeeded in impressing the Alumni, Mrs. Milner.

Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Ford roadster stolen at Guilford College! The auto has New York tags. Believed to be the work of "Klepto" Goldberg and her mob, Spike Allen and Gat Caulfield. If this car is seen please report to Dagwood Latham. That is all.

WHO KILLED STEVE TREADWAY?

They say Sleeper "beats 'em off with a club" back home. Bet he didn't know he had a silent love until "Goldie" made Caulfield blush.

The day I read my Ancient History lesson last month, I discovered that way back about 500 B. C. some old Assyrian figured out the length of the year and only missed it 26 minutes. He was probably a student figuring the time 'till Christmas.

Howlett Allen White

Harris Acree Weant

Here is T. A. Cann's latest one. He tells about a farmer who made a set of raw-hide traces for his team and went to haul a load of wood. While he was putting the timber on his wagon there was quite a shower. Going back to the farm he walked alongside of his horses and when he got there he and the horses were alone. Long thin pieces of raw-hide stretched back into the darkness. He unhitched the team and tied the traces to an apple tree near the house. During the night it stopped raining and a brisk breeze sprang up. The next morning, when the farmer came out of the house, (so the story goes) the load of wood was just coming into the barnyard.

Quotations from the Greek (Pappas): I know I'm dumb but I can back it up.

Letter from a mother: "Went shopping—I got a dress and a hat; Jane a hat and a small camera, and Henry got tired."

"It's hard for a psychologist to put his feelings into formulas," says Dr. Pope. No harder than getting formulas into your feelings is it Doc?

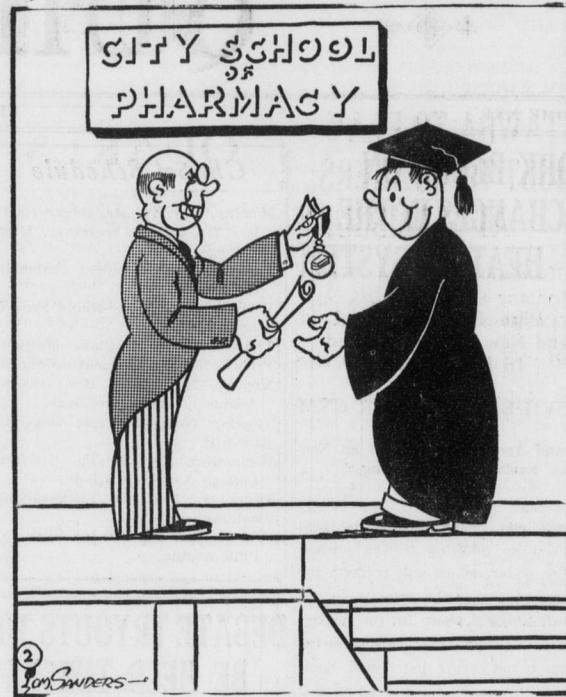
Did you ever notice how Kattie Ricks looks through your books if you leave them on the library steps? Perhaps some of our young hopefuls have been helping themselves to books on Sociology 24. (Marriage to you know.)

Wonder what makes Manghetti inspect all of the Model T's on campus. Some call it madness, but we call it love.

It seems that Mary Hobbs Hall of late is the is the traditional "melting pot". Some of us remember when...

And doesn't that T. Eugene Taylor thing he is a whiz with the gals from his native state? "All except one", says Richmond's contribution Bertha (I've always got an answer) Fitzgerald. We say HAW, T.

CAMPUS STUFF - By SANDERS



"And with your diploma, Mr. Blotts, I wish to award you this medal for the highest average in Sandwich Making"

OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor: In your last issue you invited correspondence addressed to your staff rather than Faculty Row. Here is a response.

In the article about the selection of seven students by Dean Beittel for the Student Who's Who, five of these students are prominent members of the Guilford A Capella Choir which was consistently omitted throughout the enumeration of organizations. We wonder why?

Cordially yours, E. H. F. WEIS.

(Thank you for the letter, Doctor. We regret that we did not mention the Choir. It was due to an oversight on our part and to a hastily written story.—Ed.)

Dear Editor: Why do Yankees teach the southerners to dance? Most of us will never experience the culturally enlightening environs of the north. Why does our social committee select northern dance teachers for southern students? Why not have both sections presented? Why not teach the form of dancing that is being done at the Country club dances and at other dances in and about Greensboro?

Guilford students of both sexes are notoriously poor dancers. How's about "preparing for the life after college" stuff?

Signed, I WANNA APPLE.

Dear Editor: I greeted your crusading editorial page in the last issue with pleasure. There were three chips on as many shoulders there and I agreed with all of the worthy causes. I think the day students are getting a raw deal socially. I agree that out of date Women Student Government rules do not promote or facilitate the easy pitching (has nothing to do with pictures) that many of us covetously long for. I, too, side with your militant editor who wrote the editorial agitating for a water fountain on the west side of the campus.

May I add my own cause to the list of other worthies. I modestly make this suggestion with all the sobriety that should go with a serious, constructive, worth-while project. Please, can't we have the men's rest rooms in King and Founders' halls labeled as such. Now, I admit that I haven't been here

(Continued on Page Four)

LOOSE ENDS

By ROBERT REGISTER

"Loose Ends" is a new feature for the editorial page beginning with this issue. It replaces the old Ripped at Random, and will be compiled by Robert Register.—Editor.)

Title: Hems and Haws at Home-Coming, or, If It's Libel Make the Most of It.

"Isn't Garness the cutest papa?"

"Henry Clay . . . literature. . . Gee whiz! why not the Wes Raleigh Spanish Club?"

"So that's Betty Locke; Whew-w-w!"

" . . . And he's going to Switzerland next semester." "Yes, he's just the type that would; he looks so diplomatic."

"Smith . . . Smith. . . Let me see. There was a Smith here in '16."

"What's happened to Hines?" "Oh, he sprained a regulation."

"Vanech . . . Menghetti . . . Patzig . . . Pappas . . . Crescenzo . . . Say, what has Notre Dame got that we ain't got?"

"Oh, Mis-ter Pancoast, you're the same old flatterer!"

"Have all the runners finished?" "If one hasn't Parker bribed him."

"What we need is a good, first-class, drum-majororess."

"Say, Bill, have you seen that blonde with Ketchum?" "Yeah, but he saw me comin'."

"Jimmy has told me so-o-o much about you, Mr. Lung."

"Well, we ain't impregnable; look what happened to Pitt."

"Shorty, who is that player?" "Lentz. Baby, he's good. Why in that High Point game. . . ." "Isn't he cute?"

"Elmer, do you think that President Milner will throw out the first ball?" "Well, there we was, on their two yard line. Tilson took the ball and. . . ."

"It's about time they barbecued the gym!"

If the Japanese dispose of all the Chinese entirely, what will become of the laundry business? — Oregon Emerald.

Reflect and Retrospect

One thing that Alumni President Paul S. Nunn said last Saturday morning in the convocation program made an impression that seems to remain. Pointing briefly to the fact that a college consists of three different units, administration, students, and alumni, he said in effect that alumni are more gravely to be concerned with the worth of the institution. A dissatisfied student or faculty member may go elsewhere, he said, but a graduate can not change his alma mater in quite the same fashion.

One of the questions which is stimulated by President Nunn's statement is: What attitudes do former students take concerning contemporary activities of the administration and students? And another, "What do students think about relations with alumni and with the college?"

We do not believe a student can acquire in one year or two a feeling of acquaintance with the Guilford College that has developed in spite of severe handicaps during more than a century. The students who touch the surface of acquaintance with the Guilford Spirit, as we like to think of it, barely learn the mechanics of the college life, and fail, indeed, to search for the experiences which devoted men years ago and every year since then went through to make the institution what it is, has been, and now is.

One of the best ways we know to acquire something of the meaning of our college is actually to find what others, older than we, did and thought when they were students here. How many alumni did we talk with last Saturday? How many will we learn to know as they visit the campus from time to time? On Charter Day, January 13? An Alumni Day and Commencement next spring? And, to freshmen, during the next three or four years?

Few things are more delightful than to look through dusty old volumes of THE GUILFORDIAN or The Quaker, which Miss Ricks guards in the vault; to catch a glimpse of a struggling co-educational boarding school, by contact with Miss Gilbert's enjoyable history, or "The Story of Guilford College," a 40-page account written by Miss Gilbert four years ago. Then there are college bulletins of infinite variety. It is surprising what a small amount of time and effort is really necessary to establish a genuine acquaintance with our college!

J. F. M.

Don't Get Personal . . .

Youthful defenders of the oldest civilization in the world told Greensboro students this week that they could preserve their civilization against the aggression of the Japanese nation—but they could not preserve it against world aggression.

The fact that Americans are furnishing 54.4% of the armaments used should arouse American youth to an active interest in the economic sanctions of which Dr. Yin and Miss Liu spoke.

But China's sorrow is comfortably hidden behind a vast ocean—and "economic sanctions" is a broad, impersonal term in which we can believe without much effort.

And when Dr. Yin and Miss Liu speak of boycott of Japanese goods—ties, and stockings, which furnish the dollars that make aggression possible but lack that impersonal touch that we crave—well, it is easier to brand this as "emotionalism" and retire into our abstract belief in economic sanctions.

F. H.