

THE GUILFORDIAN

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SECOND-CLASS MATTER

BY THE CARRIER

Just three weeks till Christmas; 24 shopping days or don't you care?

Speaking of vacations, let me recall to your attentions the regulations regarding absences on page 4 of the college catalogue: "Students are allowed no absences, except those excused by the deans during the week before and the week after vacation." That rule holds for two weeks because Thanksgiving day, in case you hadn't noticed, was a vacation. So, no cuts. I move, Mr. Chairman, that we be consistent about this thing and make that rule apply to Sundays. They're just as important.

The Dramateurs got away with a considerably neutered version of Crichton, if you remember the movie.

Pink Hill Taylor and Paulshoro Perian are about to complete their practice teaching at G'boro Hi. They did their grading on the curve. The girls, that is.

Been having fun with the new Personnel BULLETin lately. The arrangement of some of the names is wonderful. We have Angel, Angel, Ashcraft, for instance. Or take (if possible) a more bucolic combination:—Bray Bullock. Consider the Carter, Case. Or Fair, Fanning, or Ford Fortune, or French Fry. Gaunt Gehrke makes my hair stand up. Hartley, Hazzard has a menacing sound, too. Seeing Labberton Laitin Lane wouldn't surprise anybody more than Lauten, Leach. Leavel Lebenstein might fool you, tho, even more than Loftin Lyon. You have to skip Pollard to get Planson Potts, but it's worth it. Swift Taylor is more than somewhat misleading, while Teller, Tesh seems unnecessary. Now of course if you want to carry this thing to extremes you can note that the middle names of both the Wheelers is Christine, or that certain initials spell such things as MEN, DEW, JAW, FEW, RAW, IEN. Oh, dear yes, the personnel bulletin is fun. Now I think I'll go get measured for a straight-jacket.

And speaking of What's-In-A-Name, Melissa, I'll have to know, is the Greek word for bee. Ouch. Dan is Hebrew for "A Judge." Ezra, (Hebrew) means "Help." No comment.

Lauten didn't hit what he was aiming at with the cocoa. I demand an apology.

Math Dept. If six men working 8 hours a day can dig a ditch from Cox to Founders, how long will it take 8 men to get heat in Cox Hall if Dave Parsons spends three-fourths as much time staring into the ditch as Scoop Bradshaw spends. (Hint: Sundays and holidays don't count.)

Applesauce - for - the - Gander Dept.: After averaging six hours a day with Glickman year before last, Fair Swain started going about with a girl named Cope. Myra proves able to a-ham, cope with the situation.

My friend, the Editor, T. A. Camm wishes to announce that he is again Strictly an off-campus man.

Poetic Justice Dept. Wheeler and Wilson had a beautiful excuse the other night and didn't have a chance to use it. There WAS a flat tire.

Quote the Editor
 We agree that he was maladjusted.

Just before that 7-7 tie Our Boys walloped out with Not-So-Easy-T.-C.: the Carrier was heard going about muttering:

"It isn't raining rain to me, It's raining violence."

Rich man, poor man, room-mate, room-mate.

CAMPUS STUFF - By SANDERS



"I said to bring a Rushee—Not a Russian"

OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

As a day student I greeted the letter in the Open Forum columns with joy. The author of the letter has accurately given an account of the social situation as it affects the daydodgers. He has treated frankly with a subject avoided by everyone except the day students themselves, who thirst however mildly, for a taste of real campus life. However, there are certain aspects which he either doesn't know about or he forgot to mention. May I add my two cents worth for our cause?

First: A day student doesn't have to date somebody else's steady to be considered a heel—he merely has to look at her twice. I speak from years of experience. Only last year I cast an appreciative eye at a Jersey damsel one day in King hall. Her campus fiancé spied my puerile efforts and snorting brimstone and fire he charged up to threaten me bodily injury. As he outweighed me double, I graciously let the incident pass. To get more up to date: The other day I playfully clucked a yawning stretching blond under the chin with a forefinger after class had just ended. Immediately her better half, who had been sitting only a few seats away was in front of me Wolfing and glaring—but he is a pretty good friend of mine and he did not strike me. I have brooded over these and other incidents and have at last come to the conclusion that nothing is wrong with me, but it is the social set-up that is screwy. Moral: If you value life and limb don't finagle with the stamped, tagged, and claimed campus female product. Item two: Day students of any hue or color, regardless of any previous condition or servitude may take off-campus dates to any campus function they like *except dances*. Why this drastic, dogmatic, uncompromising rule? Many day students don't know of this stern rule and not a few of their considerable embarrassment have been tossed out by a duty bound dean or social committee. Why can't we bring town girls to our school dances? Most of us are moderately proud of Guilford, but our advances are met with a stern, inexorable rule. We are being made temporary bachelors. Dancing is the only social activity with a broad inviting scope, and yet we don't have much chance for enjoying it. After a year or two of going to campus dances as stags, most of us go to Woman's College where our talents are appreciated. Moral: Let

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LOOSE ENDS

By ROBERT REGISTER

Some of this stuff is subtle. We might go so far as to say quite subtle. If, after close scrutiny—mind you we do say close scrutiny—the value of a line is not apparent to you; yea, verily, if it does not titillate your jocular vein, my friend, we fear that your synapses are slipping. Question your first impression! Strive to be a savant! If a certain bit strikes you as—well, may we say "raw"?—look again, delve into the depths of said profound pun. If it seems gross, it is because you interpret it grossly. If it is subtle, we commend you on your subtlety.

Join the Dagwood club! Only one qualification essential: one must date one girl a week. Simple? Ask Lentz who leads the scoring with 100% in the monogamy column; Pearson, 85%; Dagwood; Perian; French; and Crascenzo.

Dr. Pope: "I once taught in an insane asylum brighter than this class." Anonymous: "Why the demotion, Doctor?"

To a "Dayslop":
 My boy, your touching epistle was not only a fervent plea, it was a revelation.

Lauten (after the deluge): "It wasn't sweet enough anyway."
 Rebuttal by Who-Got-the-Raspberry: "You didn't pass it to the sugar."
 Ashcan to Taylor: "Piece!" Taylor to Cam: "And . . ." Passing pacifist prof: "Amen, brother!"

Betty Edwards: The girl with the R.S.V.P. eyes.

Those who know call W. C. U. N. C. an institution of yearning.

Suggested reading:
 Goldberg—"Listen the Wind"
 Ashcraft-Marquis—"Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady."
 Day Hops—"Men Without Women."
 Crescenzo—"All This and Heaven Too."

Not that we object, but it's a cinch that any discerning Chinaman would be impressed by the way our girls boycott the silk industry.

Title of Compilation of '38 D. T. statistics: "Of Mars—an' Men" or "Well, Wells, Welles."

Good Marks

at Guilford give a certain amount of prestige to the student who attains the heights of academic nirvana. Note the honor roll and the privileges attached thereto. The Grade handlers could add a little more prestige to the A and B class and save themselves some time if the upper, upper class marks were dropped in the campus mail.

The Ordeal

of getting grades is bad enough under the best of circumstances. This waiting around the office of the Dean of Men like the proverbial Grant around Richmond waiting a turn doesn't better circumstances any for the male recipients of the achievement arabics.

We admit that the practice of a short interview with the Dean is a good practice in "Friendly Education". It is also a time consuming practice. The Dean and his corps of assistants could save several score hours of student time if a calendar for appointments could be posted, permitting the men to sign for a definite time. The prevailing "come and wait for twenty" order is rather provoking.

The Dean of Women has been using the appointment method and naturally, it works.

"All Is Not Gold, etc."

Progressive education involves many phases of culture which are not subjected to the harrowing ingenuity of appearing on quarterly report cards. Even many of us who climb the honor roll Pisa after coming to intimate terms with the mid-night oil, have been known to succumb to wishful thinking, and in our more creative moments transform in our mind's eye the dull mid-night oil into the bright lights of Broadway. But how few of us realize that we would be no more capable of understanding and interpreting Broadway than we were able to understand the enigmatic chapel speakers when we first became a part of Guilford College. Drama, art, music—knowledge and appreciation of these aesthetic values are no more innate in us than is the diagramming of sentences.

We have recently been subjected to a progressive educational program in regard to our school plays. Beginning with *Arms and the Man* last year, we progressed to the *Pot Boiler*, in which we had to substitute a little imaginative power for the usual scenery. This year, in the *Admiral Crichton*, we found, much to the distaste of many of us, that the hero and the heroine didn't get married in the end—but they seldom do on Broadway.

In the field of art, some of us shake our heads over Alice Murphy's supposedly valuable presentation of *The Subway*, which is on display in Founders. We don't like subways in pictures. We've been looking at trees and babies on our calendars all our lives, and therefore subways don't constitute a part of our conception of art.

Subways—Admiral Crichton's—they are not a part of our everyday experience and it is therefore hard for us to consider them as aesthetic productions—but they are what we meet on the coveted Broadway—and they are an integral part of our progressive education.

F. H.