

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Let's Go, Guilford!

Approximately one month and a half has elapsed since Guilford began this academic year. Attitudes which have developed within this time have not always been conducive toward the creation of a good atmosphere.

Gripping may give relief to the soul, but it does not cure the cause of the ailment. The apparent lack of unified action of the students on common problems does not help matters.

The only time that the whole student body is together is in chapel. Other opportune times do arise—namely, pep rallies, social functions, and football games, but not everyone participates.

We become annoyed at policies now practiced. It is natural to want improvement, but we offer no constructive methods. Initiative takes a back seat and the merry-go-round continues to operate. We hear the racket and are taken for a ride, but long to be elsewhere.

The food situation presents a crisis in Mary Hobbs. Students are not getting enough nourishing food and therefore allowances are being spent to supplement the lack of it in the dining room. Every other conversation centers around not having good meals, which in turn leads to lack of energy and malnutrition. Some parents are considering taking their children out of college because of this present situation.

All of this will hurt the reputation of the college unless something is done about it immediately.

Thanksgiving

Maybe it is just the picture of a big turkey or the sight of corn stalks waving that reminds one of that special American holiday known as Thanksgiving, the day set aside for everyone to count his blessings. The humble say that these are countless.

We who are at Guilford have numerous things to be thankful for. If one takes each letter of the alphabet and puts down everything from *a* to *z* that he is thankful for, it is an endless task. The pessimist my scornfully look at the world and say that it is in such a mess that he sees nothing to praise.

College is supposed to be an enriching experience. It serves to open our eyes to

Ask Miss Pickwick

My dear Miss Pickwick:

Others may think they have problems, but theirs are nothing compared to mine. When I think of the shame and humiliations I have endured, I seriously contemplate migrating to the colder regions of Siberia where I can be alone with the polar bears and my woe. Life is one dark vale of tears, and I have come to the end of my rope. I am sure I will never have any happiness in life. I'm not expecting any.

Perhaps I shouldn't have written you, but I have asked the advice of Dorothy Dix three times, and she frankly admits that she has no solution to offer. I have written to every agency for advice that I've ever heard of. I happened to see a Guilfordian one day and I noticed your excellent column in it, so I'm taking the liberty of writing you.

Please lend me your advice on my soul-rending problem. I am at my wit's end!

Yours desperately,
T. Bassingthwaigite, Esq.

Dear T. B., Esq.:

I have never spent such a day of torture in my life. What is your problem? I have read, reread, and read again your passionate appeal. I have tested it for secret message. I have scrutinized it from every angle. Is your problem that you are at your wit's end? If this is what you wrote Miss Dix, I can see why she was unable to help you. Neither can I. If you would like a personal interview, however, my office hours are from 6:30 to 7:30, and from 9:40 to 10:00.

Yours,
P. Pickwick

East Wallowallowford, Ga.

Dearest Prunella:

Your column has helped me so much that I have been trying to think of a way in which I can help you. For two weeks I have been devoting myself exclusively to the task of thinking of some way to benefit you.

Now I have thought up a wonderful thought! I will marry you! I am a good looking widower, age, 52, with six children, age, six to twelve. I have no cook; I have no housekeeper; I have no job; but I am sure you can manage quite well, you are such a wonderful, efficient, independent person!

As we have had no food for nearly a week, due to my concentrated effort to think of ways to make your life happier, could you please hurry down on the next train?

Your devoted husband-to-be,
I. M. Verlazzi

P. S. Could you bring some cigarettes with you? I am all out. The children really smoke more than they should. Thanking you in advance, I remain now and forever—

Isaac Moracco

Attention Mr. Verlazzi:
Think again!

Prunella Pickwick

the appreciation of the finer things in life such as music, literature, and the good deeds done by great people. This does not mean that we should not look at the bad things, but only that we be aware that both exist.

As this Thanksgiving Day approaches, may the spirit of the season touch us all. Not just on the fourth Thursday in November, but on every day of the year, there is time to be thankful.

Chapel Programs

Chapel-going Guilfordians are a critical group. This does not necessarily mean that they are always discriminating or conduct themselves as they know they should. However, the fact remains that they are restless, and perhaps a more varied program is desirable.

Last year several of our chapel speakers were from the outside. Most of them were enthusiastically received by the students, and many of their subjects led to lively and stimulating "bull sessions" after they left. Many Guilfordians would like the opportunity of hearing the Carnegie music collection more frequently.

More variety is needed if chapel programs are to fulfill their purpose.

CAMPUS PERSONALITY



Almost any night in the week, if you seek out the chaperones of the dance, you'll find one of them a sandy-blond, whose hair falls into a "Cocker Spaniel" effect, who is approximately 5 feet and 3 inches tall, who weighs all of 115 pounds, and who has a very fair complexion with blue eyes.

If you questioned her you'd find she is a "Navy-brat" since her father is a Captain in the Navy, now stationed in New Orleans, La. She comes to us from Deep River, Conn. by way of the 48 States. Previous to graduating from High School, she had studied in just about every one of them.

A very shy, retiring person, she makes friends easily and is what we collegiates call a "Bran." Though she's usually seen around campus in a four-some, she has a winning smile and a cheery greeting for all. She is the Managing Editor of the GUILFORDIAN and vice-president of the W. A. A. She serves as representative on the Women's Student Council and is a dependable, trust-worthy member of the senior class.

Around Founders you'll find her every night after 10:00, lounging in "Bea's Alley" struggling with a theme or poem for English, which is her major subject.

By this time all of you must have recognized her, but just in case some new-comer isn't sure—its Marty McLellan.

—Peggy Goode

OPEN FORUM

The editor received a letter from the student leaders of Bennington College, Bennington, Vermont, which suggest ways that American citizens can take action on the question of the control of atomic energy. Excerpts from this communication are published as the editor feels it is an important matter requiring attention.

Dear Friend:

As student officers, members of the student body, and as citizens of the United States, we would like to call on you for consideration of the gravest problem that we, as a nation, have ever faced. The problem is how to keep the United States from leading the world into the most ferocious armament race it has ever seen. The atomic bomb has opened up unlimited possibilities of destruction. Unless the facilities of producing and using this weapon are placed under effective international control, the Great Powers of the world will develop them, in a vain search for security and run blindly into another war

We feel that the college youth of this country should add its voice to that of the nation's foremost scientists, in asking our government for a bold and responsible step toward international control of atomic energy.

The purpose of this letter is to beg your student body to cooperate with Bennington and other American colleges in shouldering the task before us. Enclosed you will find a copy of the petition which our college community sent to President Truman. We urge you to draw up a similar petition and have it endorsed by your student body and faculty. We also ask you to urge all students and faculty to write to their Congressmen, demanding immediate action on the problem.

We cannot state this plea too strongly. Nor can we over-emphasize the duty and responsibility that is placed before us by the problem of the atomic bomb.

(Signed by Student
Leaders at Bennington)

On the Inside

Well, another column is due, so here goes. However, before we start this mess, we would like to say that if anyone has any "dirt" that they would like printed (?), all they have to do is to write a brief sketch of the incident and put it in CAMPUS mail. Address all "communications" to BOX 54. This information will be kept strictly confidential, so don't worry about being "exposed."

Now for the "soil," or shall we say "The Good Earth." What's this we're hearing about the Carte de Jour at "Trickette's Ricketts," (more popularly known as Mary Hobbs?) The editors of this column believe that SOME ACTION SHOULD BE TAKEN, because when residents of that so called "Living Place" are told by their doctors that they are suffering from malnutrition, . . . ! (By the way, we are writing this while guzzling a stiff fifth of v-8 juice.)

Being ignorant peasants of the "soil," we would like to know just what the heck is going on between K. K. K. (Kochrane, Kelly, and Kole) or "I'm Wondering Who's Kissing Her Now."

We hear that Wendell Edgerton is a dollar richer these days. What's the matter, Bruce; losing your technique?

Has anyone seen pen pal Pomeroy lately? If so, will you please notify Tex at once, as she is "greatly concerned."

We hear from reliable sources that Donna has given up her terrariums. She's going in for men now.

God's gift to women, Cappiello (known in New North as Cappy the Shiek) says that he is more than willing to mend all the hearts that "Lover" Baker has broken. Anybody got a needle?

Chazz McCaskill is really hitting the books these days. Quote McCaskill: "Mark my words, that **Forever Amber** is going to be a best seller one of these days."

While attending the Inter-Racial meeting at Duke, Augie Kadow "accidentally" set fire to Dr. Hohn's car. This incident led to the re-writing of the title of a popular song; "I Don't Want To Set Your Car On Fire, I Just Want To Start A Flame In Your Door."

Well, guess that's about all for now. Don't forget about what we said at the beginning of this masterpiece. We are going to print the diet of a tape-worm, but with food conditions the way they are, the heck with the diet; bring on the worm!

LAGO AND MOOLIO—MOOLIO

i mortimer

i mortimer have been hearing from all sides that two giddy seniors were masquerading as victoria and me at the halloween dance i know i am not a handsome cockroach by any means but i do hate for people to get the wrong idea speaking of the prizes i like candy too how about a cut m j and snaki i got to the dance late but i saw mary butler she reminded me of my aunt martitia tumble bug who was famous in 1933 as a star in the chicago worlds fair she was manager of the flea circus victoria tells me that the fashion now is for sweaters to be worn inside with a broad leather belt for decoration why did she have to tell me that i can see it for myself who put the car on founders porch i sat in it for three hours waiting for the owner to come to drive it off but none came cubther the caterpillar and i celebrated halloween in a big way we got on top of a little brick wall and pushed acorns of water over on victoria and betty beetle i never laughed so much in all my life have any of you boys ever seen a girl with her make up streaked and her pompadour soaked boy victoria packs a wicked glare she hasnt spoken to me for four days but she will i think the moon will be full tonight and if norm and mary lee and ben and nancy will give us a little room on the benches we will look at moons through trees too i went to chapel for the first time the other day on the brim of dr milner new hat and i was appalled at what i saw did the freshmen stand back and wait meekly for the seniors to stalk out they did not after everyone was safely out of the building the seniors gravely and sadly marched forth i think something should be done so does victoria thanksgiving will be here pretty soon i can hardly wait if anyone is interested at all in the digestion and appetite of a literary minded cockroach i like lots of sage in my turkey dressing