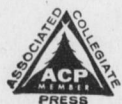


The Guilfordian



Editor-in-Chief Bob Stanger
Managing Editor Carolyn Pipkin
Associate Editor Carolyn Newlyn
Sports Editors Lee Jacobson
Claudette Belton
Business Manager Lee Jacobson
Advertising Manager Frazier Smith
Staff Members—Ann Cox, Ken Douglass,
Beth Eastwood, Dale Embich, Woody
Finley, Bob Hiatt, Alvin Jaffee, Bar-
bara Jinnette, Doug Kerr, Craven
Mackie, Andy McGlamery, Warren
Mitofsky, Clara Montgomery
Exchange Editor Carolyn Robertson
Circulation Manager Leona Schmidt
Art Editor Craven Mackie
Photographers—Stan Bass, Bill Huffling,
Bob Johnson
Faculty Advisor Jackson Burgess



EDITORIAL

Progress on S.C.A. Project

By DICK BROWN

When the entire Freshman Class and a great proportion of the Upperclassmen were asked to aid in the Chapel-Amphitheatre lake project Saturday afternoon and only a handful of men were present to work, I think it can rightly be said that among those present, with special reference to freshmen, are the potential leaders of the Guilford College student body. The Student Christian Association and THE GUILFORDIAN wish to express their appreciation to those men, who, for two and one-half hours worked vigorously and conscientiously, digging post holes, placing posts, and cutting down the grass around the beach front and the road shore line. The names of the personnel who worked on the lake are as follows: Charles H. Atkinson, David Hardin, Bob Iskwitz, Tom Jessup, Jim Martin, Roger Redman, Alcott Smith, Bob Stanger, Samuel O. Walker, Jr., and Phillip L. Welch. With Mr. Coble supervising, we not only got some work done, but also created an atmosphere of friendship as we all came to know one another. Next Saturday comes the big job. It is not going to be difficult, but it will require as many students as possible—both men and women. Mr. Coble has promised to have the Bermuda grass sod cut, and our job will be to lay it on the tiers making up the Chapel. If we students want to feel that we have really contributed something to the college and also create a lasting friendship with each other as we share in working together, then I sincerely think we should support this project.

On Saturday afternoon, at one-thirty, we will meet on the patio of the Student Union Building in work clothes. As was done before, there will be a committee to serve refreshments as the work progresses. Please come out and work, make some new friends, and you will return to your dorm with a great deal of satisfaction in seeing a job completed in a chapel and amphitheatre that we can share together for many years.

Why Not?

Why not have a student organization such as was never seen on the Guilford campus? We have the potential for a highly successful year. Everything lies before us, there for the taking. The elected leaders are full of enthusiasm. A foundation for strong school spirit has been laid.

Why not get in on the Guilfordian's Moustache Contest? Show everybody that you've the spirit and willingness to make this year an unforgettable one.

Why not have an amphitheatre at the lake? If you'll come out and work, we will! No time? Why the time you'll save not shaving will be more than enough to compensate for time spent down by the lake.

Why not make Homecoming Day a time to remember? Combine imagination and hard work into origination dorm decorations and fancy floats for half-time.

Why not show a good sense of values? The most definite sign of maturity is consideration for others. A suggestion for solving the problem of parking on the circle and the grass has been made. "Restrict the privilege of operating automobiles to Juniors and Seniors!" Even if you are a Junior or Senior, you too can find other space for parking your car.

Why not? It's up to you. If nothing happens, it's because you've done nothing!

—R. S.

MEETING OF W.S.G.

(Continued from page one)

placement could be elected by the women students.

The three girls nominated were Clara Montgomery, Janet Smith, and Claudette Belton. It was decided that the election would take place at the mass meeting to be held on the following evening.

At seven-thirty Friday night, all women students, with very few excused, met informally in the large hall of the Student Union building. President Anne Rae Thomas welcomed them and introduced Miss Davis to them. The Dean then spoke to them of her ideas of self government and placed the responsibility of the success or failure of their government with them, depending on the sincerity with which they followed the honor system.

She spoke of other schools where the honor system was not in practice and described the situation of those campuses. The picture, in her opinion, was pretty bad and not at all desirable. She asked for the co-operation of all women students, since they were all automatic members of the Women's Student Government, in maintaining a good government, and making Guilford College a school to be proud of.

The election for treasurer was held at that time by the upperclassmen, and a counting of hands showed that the majority of women students preferred Janet Smith as their treasurer.

At eight-fifteen the meeting which had brought all women students together for one of the few such occasions ended, and the women returned to their various dormitories, with the speech of their Dean still on their minds.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Editor:

An wud like tu tarn over a knew leat in tnet thar book or larnin. Mah teechnr dun sed thet an m a-gunna harta dew a little oetter wid mah book larnin, partik-u-lee en spelin. An ah snore wud like tu help me en her if-en an kud jest get me som larning book et thet thar tancee knew book store. Et shore looks nice en prettee.

Ah esked the man down thar wen wud he have my books tur me. En he sed, "Ah reken et 'l be 'nother 2 or 3 weeks til we kin git some more. First cum first serv."

Well ah wont have to be the only un without a book cuz half of thet klass dont-a-hav one. An sure hope the prof dont make any home work signments til ah kin git one. Ah sure hate tu git behind rite et the beginen of things cuz ah was-a-gunna turn over a knew page en the book this year—thet is, as soon as the book gits here.

Respekful-Lee,

Hopeful

pS. Ah wud use the lie-berry copy but ets the rong addition frum the one we're usen.

Solving the "X"

By ANDY MCGLAMERY

The ten-fifteen bell weakly signaled the end of the second class of the day. Voices rose above the scraping of desk legs, and into the halls poured a swarming mass of beards, lipsticks, khaki pants and cashmeres. There were laughing faces, smiling faces, sad faces, and frowning faces. One beardless face stood out like a sore thumb. His face wore an expression of utter and complete despair, and the blue eyes burned with hate and contempt. In despair the despondent "day hop" threw himself down on the rear steps of King Hall and took from his battered Math book a sheet of paper on which was copied a problem. It read something like this:

"A ten-pound bucket of fifteen-penny nails was dropped from the window of a law firm, located in a brick building, at three o'clock in the afternoon. If each nail fell at the rate of 13 feet per second, how high was the building?"

Obviously the poor fellow had a weak background in mathematics. Anyone with a basic working knowledge of Math could see that by finding the proportion between the ten-pound bucket and the speed of the fifteen-penny nails, the height of the building could easily be found.

If you are also stumped with a problem of higher mathematics, feel free to call on this department for assistance.

One should be fearful only of those things Which have the power to harm one's fellowman— Not of the rest, which give no cause for fear. —The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri Canto II, Inferno

Hill and Dale

By DALE EMBRICK

Hello, it's good to talk to you. Oh, pardon me; may I introduce my partner? His name is Hill and I believe you will enjoy knowing him. He's a very nice little fellow and, in addition to being my cell mate this semester, he is also a big help to me. By the way, my name is Dale. What's yours?

What's that, you say your name is A. Reader? Well, I'm very pleased to know you. Do you always read this paper? I hope you do because we'd like to get to know you better. Hill and I are going to be right here in this column every week and we do hope you'll drop in.

Excuse me. Yes, Hill, I'll tell them!

Hill's been tugging at my coat sleeve; it seems he is all excited over the new Student Union Building and its facilities. He says he can't wait for the new soda fountain to open because he's getting tired of having to walk to the corner every time he wants some ice cream or a soda.

Talking about soda fountains, a funny thing happened to me the other day. I was walking toward the gymnasium from Founders Hall and there was something that just didn't look right. I stopped for a minute and suddenly realized that the old soda shop had completely disappeared and in its place is nothing but a smooth plot of ground sown to grass. In a way I'm glad it's gone because it was an eyesore and there was no more use for it anyhow.

Say, wasn't the gymnasium nicely decorated for the Freshman Reception? It occurred to me that there should be more effort on the part of the upperclassmen to make the Freshmen feel a little more comfortable. I thought it was just too bad that everyone left by eleven o'clock and the orchestra had to play for itself until eleven-thirty.

Extra-curricular activities are just swinging into high gear as you can see by the notices posted everywhere for meetings of all types. By the way, while we're on the subject of extra-curricular activities, Hill mentioned that he overheard some members of the Dramatic Council discussing George Bernard Shaw's plays. I wonder if the Reveler's Club might put on a Shaw play for its fall production? This year is Shaw's 100th anniversary, you know.

Well, I hate to cut this tete-a-tete short but Hill has some homework that he wants me to help him with. He's a freshman, you see, and he is having so much trouble with those nasty freshman courses!

... See you next week, Dale.

Your Rumormate

By BARBARA JINNETTE

Sylvia Fee, Peggy Hawley, and Marva Bowen now step out with the left hand forward since a sparkler has been added on the third finger. Best Wishes!

Wouldn't it be nice if someone gave Herman Clark a jar of cold cream?

It seems that we now have a "goodwill ambassador" to the Orient in our midst.

That old song, "Daddy-O," seems to be regaining popularity in a certain circle on campus.

Speaking of engagement rings, another one or two will be seen on the campus November or December.

The rumor is that Guilford's two famous redheads are finally getting together again.

At the same time, one of the nicest couples we know has called it quits.

Why doesn't some campus girl latch on to Shelton?

One of those popular Hobbs girls has been having some trouble with dates—two showed up on the same night!

Does our sports editor ever contact the Guilford grad who is now a student at Tulane?

FEMALE MUSTACHE MUSING

(Continued from page one)

is different. Wouldn't this give our campus some atmosphere! The question is, do we need it? That is rather obvious to you men?

To describe this unusual contest, if it be well participated, I must use such words as intriguing, "sophisticated" (to quote our editor), different (to say the least), and surely it must be lots of fun!

Groucho Marx depends on his cigar and wit for his status of fame in the entertainment world, but I don't think he would be half as well known if he didn't have the one other trademark so widely advertised on every picture of him.

In case you are wondering to what I am referring (I should hope you have already arrived at the conclusion.) I am talking about a MUSTACHE. Men, you too can be distinguished above all the rest of your kind on this campus. All you need to do, and you necessarily do it anyway if you don't shave, is to grow a MUSTACHE.

So, men, do begin today and show us that you've got some competing spirit and we do want something new to be on this campus once in a while to provide us with some interest.

P. S. To all women who would like to join this contest, all we ask is that you do it to the best of your ability.

The Individual

Have you ever found identical places, Or seen two startlingly similar faces? Some people think it very odd That peas should differ within a pod. I have a character all my own And for myself I shall be known. How horrifying it would be To find another just like me. The thing that I like most to see Is individuality.

BETH EASTWOOD