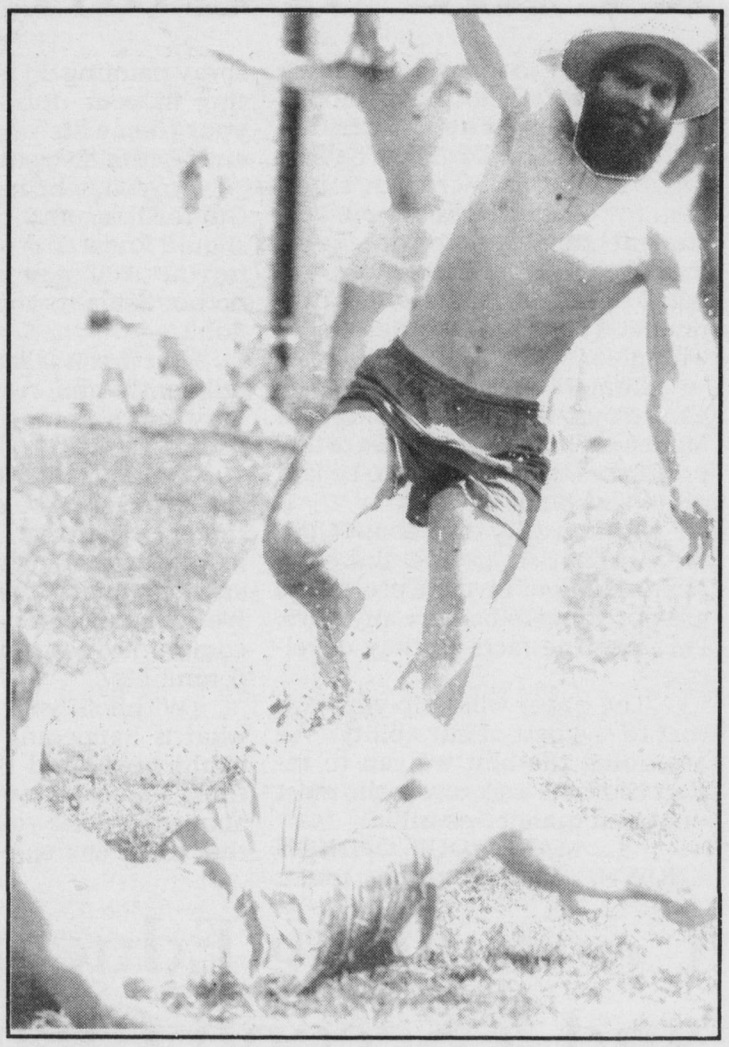

This summer when Max Carter wasn't saving peace in the Middle East or providing all the quotes in our last issue, he was using the Slip-n-Slide as a deadly weapon.

So this page got cut from the freshman edition of the newspaper. Wait...
The first-year edition of the newspaper. Wait...
If you're a transfer student are you a first-year/second-year? If you don't complete enough credits do you become a second-year/first-year?...
Craziness!!!
Email me (riordanol@rascal.guilford.edu) a good word for those freshmen/first-years/frosh and the Guilfordian Editorial Board will give the winner

a free CD from BB's!

Whipped Potatoes!?!

BY ZACK HAMPLE
Staff Writer

They serve the squishy white stuff to us at every meal except breakfast. And now, they think they can get away with disguising their unoriginality by giving it two different names.

What's the deal?

I don't even think it's really "potatoes" as we are told. It's gotta be some reject, insta-potato or "just add water" compound which you'd find in a second-rate nursing home in Boise.

Other than false nutritional purposes, we could put these so-called "potatoes" to better uses. I propose using them to fill the cracks in the pavement on the paths around campus. Perhaps, Union could set up "whipped potato-wrestling" during Serendipity.

I asked ten Guilford College students, "Other than their names, can you tell the difference between the mashed and whipped potatoes served in our cafeteria?" Five said "no" and five said "yes."

The people who claimed that they could detect dissimilarities were unable to provide concrete evidence about the texture or flavor. Instead, they could only compare hypothetical kitchen methods of preparation. One person didn't even know there were two different names for the "potatoes."

All character likenesses have been omitted to protect the innocent, so I can only say that a female sophomore admitted, "I go home when I want to eat mashed potatoes." Not all of us are this lucky. Another sophomore added, "I'm off the meal plan because of those potatoes."

In response to my question, a freshmen lacrosse player shouted furiously, "Hell no! They taste like [expletive deleted]!"