

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Let Us Give Thanks

For the past several years it has been customary for Guilford students and faculty to take only one day for Thanksgiving holiday. Usually there has been a big dinner and a football game or some other sort of entertainment to attract the students. Those who live within a convenient radius have been in the habit of going home for the day. Those who stayed on campus have "enjoyed" a half-hearted holiday.

Due to nation-wide practice, the Thanksgiving holiday has been extended into a "Thanksgiving Week-end." Most institutions of learning, both public and private, declare a holiday from Wednesday afternoon through Sunday. Consequently, the four days of Thanksgiving week-end, have become virtually an institution throughout the country.

Recently interested students on the campus concerned with the lack of fall holidays, presented the matter of extending Thanksgiving to the various classes in order to get the consensus of opinion. All reports showed that the students were unanimously in favor of an extended holiday. Letters from each class, voicing approval of the plan, have been sent to the Personnel Committee. The committee has agreed to give the request due consideration and speaks with a note of encouragement.

Whether they agree to extend the extra three days or not remains to be seen. Common sense, however, tells us that they will take no positive action unless that they feel the great majority of the student body is concerned. If you haven't thought about how you will spend your Thanksgiving, get to thinking—and acting. Talk up the possibilities of a Thanksgiving at home with the folks or away with friends. Mention your desire to the powers that be, and let's make this desire for a short vacation into a reality. We deserve it.

You've Paid; Now . . .

Considerable interest has been displayed in the conduct of student activities on the campus from points of view of both students and faculty. Extra-curricular activities reached the stage several years ago at which an effort was made to finance the various undertakings through a student fund, to be administered by the students, with faculty consultation, according to specified plans.

The Student Affairs board resulted from the efforts of interested persons, and now it is delegated with the responsibility of supervising student activities and the money provided by students for these activities. The board has served the student body in apparent usefulness, it is conceded without hesitation, but there is doubt about the degree of genuine interest exhibited by students themselves concerning the successful administration of these student activities and the expenditure of money paid by each individual student.

Upwards of \$5,000 is an amount which demands serious consideration. The party paid by one student may not be summarily large, but the total receipts from 350 students is a lot of money! It seems to be practical to say that "I want to know where my share is going."

Seniors who have given little thought to the situation during early years in school begin to wonder what has been done with their \$15.00 (\$60.00 for four years). Freshmen who study the situation now will show a more intelligent ability to spend wisely. It may appear a personal problem, and it certainly should be a concern of the student body as a whole.

J. F. M.

SECOND-CLASS MATTER

BY
THE CARRIER

The other night I picked up a campus receiver, to make a business call you understand, and I butted into a delightful conversation. I wrote this on the wall while I waited: Is anybody's face red? I hope . . .

**I've seen peculiar sights,
 I've heard peculiar sounds,
 In my few days and nights
 I think I've been the rounds.
 But one thing always gets me,
 I'm very free to own:
 It simply just upsets me—
 That kiss on the telephone. . .**

Labberton and Harris want to advertise for dates. Look 'em over, boys.

I gather from Mrs. Milner's "European Impressions" report that she kept listening for people to drop things. Like feathers and pins and stuff. Hear anybody drop a course, Mrs. Milner?

Last week some lassie wanted to swap seats with Miss K. Prez. Belttel. Men involved: K. Morris, Little Snag, McDonald and Ashcan. Three guesses.

Priss Blouch entered a formal protest (more protest than formal) about the late Alexander's reported attendance at Briggs Dental School. "Taint so. He's at Havvahd. Oops, Bed pahdon.

George, The Greek, Pappas wrote a torrid love letter to his gal and a dutiful one to his ma. Then he put them in the wrong envelopes and mailed them. Wonder who was more surprised.

Claypoole has his ring back. The combination of Snow Camp and Mount Holly always seemed so sort of festive too. Shucks!

Colin went to W. C. the other night in just a dressing gown. No reciprocal action has been taken.

If you, too, have noticed the philosophical air assumed by Prez. Perian of late it's because Goldie Goldberg told him he had an intellectual face. Like Dr. Pope, says she.

**Add Little Limericks for Little People In History and Poley Sigh
 You had better darnsight try
 To learn all the data
 On irrelevant matta
 Or take an "F" from Algie I.**

Even before the cross country season is over, Aiston is receiving his share of the Laura's.

Whew, wasn't that last one awful? Meibohm gave us that. I think it's jealousy.

President Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago observed that every great change in American Education has been achieved over the dead bodies of countless professors. Well, Dr. Hutchins, in the immortal words of Groncho Marx, I can't think of a pleasanter way to travel.

Chandler won a fall from Man Mountain Van Eck a few days back. Haw!

**Little Miss Ott
 Sat at the spot
 The social committee gave her;
 Along came a Souder
 And sat down beside her
 And messed up the seating arrangement.**

What awful stuff! But it fills space.

Allmen!
 Allmen!
 Allmen! Coctay Hoy
 Yits Kitty, Bim Bim
 YEAH TEAM!

Open Forum

THE INEVITABLE

Dear Editor:
 Could you tell me through the valuable columns of your valuable paper just what has caused the Founder's Food (pronounced Foo) to take such a spiral-like nose dive into the depths of vitamin degradation?

Is it customary to feed the Freshmen passable good meals through their period of homesickness and then drop down into a groove for the remaining eight months?

Every time I stand in front of the mirror I cannot fail to remind myself that I am slowly starving to death.

This stuff, so lovingly called stungullion, by the upperclassmen simply won't go down and those liquid eggs in cute little glass containers make me think of the "Hurry! Jason" ditty.

Simple logic should tell the gustatory artists who hold sway in the culinary department that food that is not eaten when brought out twice won't go down when served thrice. My motto is "Down with Guilford food" and I don't mean literally.

OFTEN HUNGRY.

Editor, THE GUILFORDIAN:

If you will recall, there was a general campus election last spring. Those of us who were here and voted took a great deal of interest in the proceedings. The officers of Y. M. C. A., President of Woman's Student Government, House Presidents, and Editor-in-Chief of our prize sometimes monthly, sometimes . . . paper, all of these have received much attention.

The candidates for office on the Debates Council received about as much attention as would a prospective dog-catcher in a presidential election. I hasten to add that there is no analogy between Debate Council and the dog-catcher, though I dare say, to three-quarters of the students here the distinction is rather vague. The student body simply was not made aware of the existence or at best the life of such an organization.

Surprise though it may be, Guilford was represented by a debating team at the South Atlantic Forensic meet last year; and in spite of isolation and sophomore speeches, will be represented this year. Because of the uninformed student body, last year's recruits had but five weeks to prepare for competition with the south's best schools. Not an organization on the campus packed so much work in such a short time as did the four boys who gabbed for Guilford. They received no publicity when they tackled the uninviting task; they received no publicity when they boned over problems that would have stumped an expert economist; they received no publicity when they had finished a tough job.

As this school's premier purveyor of propaganda, surely THE GUILFORDIAN

RIPPED AT RANDOM

By DOT CHAPPEL

I'd rather see it raining pitchforks than hailing taxicabs.

Accidents can be made to happen.

He plays a fair game of golf if you watch him.

Gotta wooden whistle
 But it wooden whistle
 Gotta lead whistle
 But they wooden lead me whistle
 Gotta steel whistle
 But they steel wooden lead me whistle
 Gotta tin whistle
 And now I tin whistle.

For one armed drivers: "You can't pay attention to your brakes when your mind is on your clutch."

A. Am I driving too fast?
 B. No, you're flying too low.

Gossip columnists are the spies of life.

A woman should hold on to her youth, but not while she's driving.

Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.

Child: A stomach entirely surrounded by curiosity.

The skin you love to touch is usually covered up.

Indignant coed: I'll give you just 45 minutes to get your hand off my knee.

COUNCIL CHOOSES "CRICHTON" FOR FIRST FALL PLAY

(Continued From Page One)

are excellent and the opportunity for colorful and novel stage settings will prove a technical challenge to the Play Production class. Crichton, smooth suave butler in the household of Lord Loam, to be played by equally suave T. Taylor, resents his master's forcing equality upon him and the other servants once a month in a library tea. Liberalistic, well-meaning Lord Loam maintains that class barriers are unnatural to the consternation of his three daughters and Crichton. Wrecked on a desert island, his lordship is proved wrong in a series of humorous situations by which Crichton, himself, becomes king of the little group. Love between Crichton and Lady Mary, beautiful elder daughter flourishes under island conditions. The return to England and to the old ways of life furnish a dramatic final act.

can wield some influence, or at least institute some degree of enlightenment. And the student body can do with some enlightenment.

Yours,
 DEBATER.

Down Broadway

"How I'll Miss You When the Summer Is Gone" would ordinarily be an appropriate theme for the Broadway front at this time, but this being the eve of the New York World's Fair, bigger and better things are in store for band fans who visit Gotham during the next nine months.

Never before has Broadway assembled such a galaxy of name bands. King Benny Goodman will be at the Waldorf, Tommy Dorsey at the New Yorker, Off-the-Cob Kyser at the Penn, Larry Clinton at the International Casino, Ted Lewis at the Casa Manana, Eddy Duchin at the Plaza, Will Osborne at Glen Island Casino, Sammy Kaye at the Commodore and Russ Morgan at the Paradise restaurant.

Out Chicago way, Hal Kemp, the suave sender of sophisticated syncopation will dish out his telegraphic rhythms at the Drake hotel, commencing October 8, Buddy Rogers is slated

for the Hotel Sherman same time, Guy Lombardo already installed at the Palmer House, and Bob Crosby at the Blackhawk. Jan Garber is slated to take over the baton from Bobcat Crosby early in November.

On Western shores, Skinny Ennis cuts loose with his new band at the super-swank Mark Hopkins hotel in San Francisco and Bunny Berigan is headed for the Palomar. Of all the former band vocalists and instrumentalists to debut as maestro during the past six months, Ennis is the first to come through a commercial. You'll hear him on Bob Hope's new show Tuesdays over NBC-Red. That, and his Mark Hopkins stunt, coupled with a new juicy Victor recording contract is not so bad for a young'un in the baton-waving business. Another fairly new maestro to rate a rave is Larry Clinton who now holds contracts for appearances on the Tommy Riggs and Bob Benchly shows.