

Let's Get Behind The Football Team

There were—was it three or four people out to see the team off last Thursday morning? Two faculty members and two students—four people out of 350 to see our football boys off to a game with the Haverford eleven—no cheering, no singing, not many goodbyes or goodlucks—just the busload of them going off to play a game up North.

Our boys may be too light for their opponents, they may be handicapped by old equipment and too many lost games behind them—there's no need to hinder them further by lack of school spirit.

You students who talk disparagingly about the defeats of Guilford's football team—the work's not done by the boys alone. Come on out and get behind them and do some pushing. You cheerleaders come on out and do some cheerleading. It's your school and your team—and it's your victory or loss as well as theirs.

Founders Gets to Work

Next week four girls will start to keep telephone in Founders hall, as part of a work schedule. Their hours, which will total about eight hours a day, will partially relieve a bad situation which has existed since the beginning of the year.

Until now, Founders girls have been asked to cooperate by answering the phone as much as possible, especially if they were on the first or second floor when it rang.

This worked out rather badly. Often, there were no more than one or two girls in the building when the phone rang; sometimes it rang for more than 15 minutes before it was answered. It was hard to run down from second or third floor.

Instead of this indefinite situation, Founders girls will be asked to keep the telephone. The number of girls in the dormitory will naturally limit the amount of time each girl must spend. Some of those girls who get all the telephone calls shouldn't mind waiting around for them.

Perhaps then there won't be a mad dash from the end of third floor hall to get to the phone before it stops ringing.

How About A Band?

Two weeks before homecoming day a call went out for musicians to get together and form a band for the homecoming football game. Did we have a band on homecoming day? We did not.

On campus we have two trumpet players, three saxophone players, two clarinetists, and a trombone player. They all have instruments.

There are boys here who can play a drum, if one could be found.

With such a nucleus, a small but adequate band could be started. There would be a lack of volume, but we would have what we need.

We all know what good music means at a football game—it adds to the spirit of the players and spectators as much as cheering does.

How about it, musicians? Will we have a band for the next home game?

A Word for the Chamber Orchestra

The strains of Strauss, Bizet, Tchaikowsky, and Schubert still linger—two weeks after the chamber orchestra's performance with "Spring Dance."

We don't know whether it was the influx of outside players who are responsible for the superb performance—but we rather doubt it.

We think that the players on the whole are much better this year than last—they've lost a certain brassy quality that was too characteristic of them.

We'd like to hear some more from them.



(This is the first in a series of campus caricatures by Emory Culclasure, staff artist.)

OPEN FORUM

New Orleans Army Air Base, New Orleans, Louisiana October 17, 1941.

Dear Editor:

Just in case you have a space in your next issue of the Guilfordian, I believe that this will strike you as funny, and then it should solve a mystery.

Several letters that you Guilfordians mailed this week will have been a long ways before reaching their destination, and then they will have been postmarked at New Orleans whereas they should have had the Guilford postmark on them. So if some of your friends from home inquire how you happened to be in New Orleans when you mailed their letters you will be able to give an explanation after reading this.

Yesterday I received the Guilford Bulletin. Somewhere between the college post office and Guilford station, several letters slipped into the envelope with the bulletin and remained there until I opened the bulletin here in New Orleans. Imagine my surprise. There were four letters within. I remember the addresses on only two of them. One was to Mrs. Rohr, Tenafly, New Jersey. This I guessed was from Bob Rohr to his mother. Another was a card to a Miss Franklin at Greensboro college from Phil Dewees; rather out of the way, don't you think, from Guilford college to Greensboro college via New Orleans. The letters have been mailed and should reach their destinations at a very early date unless they become involved with another large envelope along the way somewhere.

I certainly do miss Guilford this year. However, I am liking the Air Corps just fine and New Orleans is truly a wonderful place. Best regards to all of you, and may this year be one of success.

Yours very truly, ROBERT BAILEY.

GRIST

University of Wisconsin co-eds use enough lipstick annually to paint four good-sized barns! The average co-ed covers 9.68 square feet of lipstick in a year! —The Western Graphic.

She was only a real estate man's daughter, but he loved her lots. —The Fordham Ram.

A woman is nothing but a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair.

A man is nothing but a brag, a groan, and a tank of air. —Penn Chronicle.

The major menaces on the highways are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumping, and indiscriminate spooning. To put it briefly, hic, hike, and hug. —The Hi-Po.

As an undergraduate Gary Cooper was denied membership in the dramatic society at Grinnell college, Iowa, on grounds he couldn't act. Maybe there is some chance for our future in the motion pictures!!

A special scholarship is maintained at Dartmouth college for a "Religious Man from Missouri." —The Appalachian.

Father: "It is time for that young man to go home now."

Suitor: "Your father is an old crank!"

Father: "When you don't have a self-starter a crank comes in handy."

—The Tiger Rag.

Mrs. Flo Cow entered the Flindley Flairy and drank a bottle of milk; and while she was

SONSPOTS

By DABAGIAN

DABAGIAN VS. TOBEY

(Editorial Note: Dabagian is being foiled by the ruthless pencil of the proofreader. This issue of Sonspots is a matter of policy. Sonny Boy is just entering the ring for a battle with Tugboat Tobey. Proceeds will go to public charities. Get your radios tuned for a blow by blow description from a ringside seat.)

Of late, various comments have been made to me by various people: some who are louses, some queers, some O. K., and some swell. (The word "louse" will probably never see the light of publication 'cause dear Tobey believes that there are other words of equal vehemence to call a person who haughtily rides past—in an empty car—a couple of stranded fellow students as did Ede Brower. (Surprises never cease, do they, Son?) But why be vague and half-way about things like that? I've been taught to call a spade a spade—and a louse a louse.

These comments which have dripped in dealt mainly and only with what we honestly and frankly call . . . the dirt column! From away up thar' in the hills of Mass. came word from the illustrious Betty Locke, whom most of us will never forget, to this effect: that the SONSPOTS was sure knockin' 'em, but "remember, Jack, they're still human." At times we wonder.

From Appalachian, the college whose teams convince me and our guys who take the beating that we should either subsidize or fold up, came indirectly the message that a former Guilfordian had received our little sheet and that it was still as it always was (and always will be, I guess) not a newspaper but a couple of pages of history. Take, for instance, the Claire Potter case. Last year she used to raise heaps of dust in this column, and yet this year she's just "last month's edition." Of course, she's trying very hard to break into type again by not dating anyone else (except Carlyn Guy) just to prove to some joker named Purdy that she can be "True" to him if he'll go "Steady" with her. (Ed. Note: This is the stuff that packs too mean a wallop. The point is whittled too fine, the attack has no humor, no mercy.)

If it's because these pages are kept as a form of history of campus life that my sweet editor doesn't want "dirt" in the dirt column, she needn't fret. By the time the paper comes out, the "dirt" is ancient history anyhow. Under such circumstances, we could point out what most of the campus has already noticed—like Otto Shenk spreading his poisonality in the direction of Wilhelmina Bickley. (Ed Note: This is of the more harmless sort. But we miss the jovial smile, the genial ribbing.)

But then comes the comment from closer to home which is more affecting 'cause it comes from the editor herself who certainly did do some "affecting" to the last issue of SONSPOTS (We just don't call it GUILFORDIAN any more: why be modest?) She's as constant and consistent with her demand for humor or wit in the column as "Scoop" is with the lack of hot water in the me'n's showers; and boy! if you don't think that's not consistent, just try to take a shower around six p.m.!

Well, after hearing nothing but the demand for humor for weeks, we began to wonder just what the stuff really was. According to Webster, it's a fluid or juice conceived as entering into the constitution of the body and determining a person's temperament: UNQUOTE. Well! if humor is a juice, why not just have it served for breakfast, and let a spade be called a spade in the "dirt" column!

... Sonny Boy sure got some mean punches in there, folks, but he left himself wide open too many times. People just don't like to have their toes mashed in, especially in print.

As far as history goes, you just try putting out a paper every two weeks, with your deadline necessarily at least a day before the date of publication. But that last hit pretty close to home.

Sonny Boy just won't be humorous—it's either the Murderous Mr. Murdstone of David Copperfield fame or the caustic knife of an Alexander Pope that suits his fancy. He faces the world with the gloomy countenance of the Angel.

We're all for hitting above the belt—combining some of the lightsome overtones of a Crescenzo with the profound knowledge of the campus on the part of Dabagian. How about it, boys? Sorry, it's no dice, Sonny Boy.

drinking the milk she sang, "It All Comes Back to Me Now."

—The Archdale Weekly.

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From the Files

November 29, 1922—After three months of patient waiting the senior class announces the arrival of the electric time and signal system. Instead of the erratic clock and bell now at Founders we will have a large electrically operated master clock guaranteed not to vary more than two minutes per year. Secondary clocks controlled by electrical impulses from the master clock will be placed in Memorial, New Garden, and Cox halls. Electric bells placed in each building will give the signals for class periods and meals.

June 9, 1920—On Tuesday morning, June 1st, the "Letter Men" on the campus were called together by Coach Doak. At this meeting a tentative organization of a club which shall be known as "The Wearers of the 'G' Club" was formed. Anyone who has won a "G" is eligible for membership. We are planning to hold annually a banquet which all letter men will be invited to attend. The purpose of the club is to keep old Guilford in close touch with present student athletics of Guilford and to know that there are alumni and old students throughout the entire state that are really interested in what kind of records Guilford makes. Through this club the students hope to meet the alumni at least once a year and arouse in them again old Guilford spirit.

September 29, 1915—On Friday afternoon, September 24, from 4:30 to 6 o'clock, the members of the Y. W. C. A. entertained the visiting conference delegation and the Y. M. C. A. cabinet. The campus was decorated with sofa pillows and pennants of the colleges represented. As each visitor appeared on the scene he was given a little grey book entitled Quakermaids.

October 6, 1915—At the beginning of the collegiate year 1915-16, a mass meeting of the boys and part of the faculty met in Memorial hall for the purpose of choosing a method of government for the year. Previous to last year the students had been under faculty rule, but a year ago it was decided to give the students a trial at self-government. The two methods were brought before the meeting and explained. The trial of the year before had proven, to both faculty and students, that student government was the best form of government for the college, therefore this method was chosen for the ensuing year.

i mortimer

i mortimer was disturbed by the drops of water which submerged me last sunday night i looked way up and there passed along the hall a great shadow in a blanket it was ole deep river warnke what a splash she made i meditated as i slipped and slid and swam into mrs powells office it was dark there as dark as it was in the parlors the night mrs anderson came along with her candles ah for the days of the pioneer i sighed as i collided with a spider who had come up from the cellar to investigate