



# The Guilfordian

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## Death Is So Permanent

Not long ago at a Chapel session, Dr. Ljung requested that students be more careful driving in the vicinity of Guilford College. At the same time he asked that the circle outside Memorial Hall be kept clear of all automobiles except those parked on business.

The second of his suggestions was carried out immediately, indicating the amount of cooperation that can exist between a college and its student body. The informal rule was adopted at once and since that time the driveway outside Memorial Hall has been clear of cars save those that are parked for business purposes.

Unfortunately, Dr. Ljung's imploration regarding the speeding and unorthodox driving of some students has not received an equal amount of participation and these few "cowboys" still ride rampant about the campus. With small children running about that do not realize the dangers of automobiles, it should be the responsibility of each and every driver to be consistently aware of the seriousness of the situation.

The roads adjacent to the college are all narrow and unusually winding. Little tots, engrossed only in their play, should not be expected to comprehend the capabilities of the speeding automobile and its grave danger to them.

So suppose we take stock of the situation and cooperate with the Greensboro Junior Chamber of Commerce, which is now sponsoring a safe driving campaign. Remember that last month Guilford County had the greatest number of fatal accidents of any other county in North Carolina. Let's do our part to keep this accident rate down to the absolute minimum by driving slow, safe and sanely at all times.

## PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE

By AUGUST KADOW

Sometimes when you have tired of the happy Cinderella of the HOMEY LADIES JOURNAL and its fairy tales, or have grown bored with the fact that Dick Hero always falls in love with pretty, poverty-stricken Merry Heroine, or are slightly nauseated because they always live happily-ever-after in a New York apartment (610 Park Ave. 1), go to the library and take out EAST AND WEST by Somerset Maugham. The short stories in this book, Maugham's collected work in this field, are not only well-written and highly readable, but are a great deal more satisfying and refreshing than the run of magazine stories. Or you may even be surprised by the realization that "good" modern literature packs more entertainment per page than "pulp" does. Then again, you may go the way of all rabble, crying "Give me LIBERTY or give me death!"

Frederick Prokosch, who has written many books that exhibit a finely developed understanding of novel technique, has written a novel of New York society, THE IDOLS OF THE CAVE. Unlike most Prokosch's stories, this one has an entirely American setting. It is the story of a group of European refugees in the Bohemian atmosphere of a great metropolis, and is primarily a satire on the empty escapism of their lives. While the book is ingeniously developed and the satire well-aimed, it is not entirely successful. Perhaps the purely analy-

tical and destructive nature of this social satire needs the compensation of a constructive ideology—satire never really serves its purpose without it.

The author of so many historical novels with Biblical backgrounds, Sholem Asch, also returns to America for his latest work. EAST RIVER is a novel of a localized area of New York. Forty-eighth Street from First Avenue to East River, in the early decades of this century. It is highly recommended as an interesting bit of Americana.

While my "pet hate"—the commercial magazine of America—is still fresh in my mind, I should like to announce the publication, in the near future, of a LITTLE MAGAZINES ANTHOLOGY by Vivienne Kech. She has prepared an historical anthology of American Little Magazines material from 1911 to 1946. For the uninitiated it might be worth while to point out that by "little magazines" we mean the non-commercial magazines that have kept literature alive during this century. They include most of the magazines sponsored by universities and private individuals that are devoted to the cause of literature.

And so as the sun sets over the pretty heroine on the cover of COLLECTORS, we leave you with this thought for the week (American Book Week, incidentally)—The commercial magazines will publish anything to get subscribers, even good stories (once in a while).

## SON SPOTS

By DABAGIAN

Cheese is the tie that binds, and Robie sure likes to get us bound early by serving cheese for breakfast. Anyhow, the other morn I got my few most generous grains of sugar and went to the table to which Sgt. Tom Andrew directed me. As I was putting a glass of grapefruit juice to my tender (ask Grace) lips, Gene Kelly and Walt Moon sat on one side of me. Suddenly the juice gagged me and I spluttered it all over the table like a shower. No, it wasn't because We Atwood also sat at the table. That battery acid—ugh! I can't figure that triangle out but I know that whereas We once had a monopoly, he's now tagging along behind Walt. He manages to keep up though; he's got a bike!

This reminds of the ultimatum We issued to Jeanne. His didn't pan out as well as the one Jack Chatham gave to Gerry Garris. Jack takes off weekends for dates elsewhere but tells Gerry: "Date anyone on campus and we've had it." This cut off Walt Mautsby's water cause apparently Gerry knows her master's voice.

Well, most of "Breakfast With Kelly" drifted along although I had to send out for my "longjohns." A couple of sweet gals drifted by and told about the boys who slipped into Founders on Halloween night and made a hotel dick's tour of the joint (with Miss Dixon at one end of the halls and Mr. Kent waiting outside for them to make their appearance. He waited in vain, but I understand "Windy" is getting his paratrooper's jump wings. After the boys disappeared, a check was made under the beds and closets. No men were found. None under Alice's bed either, darn it!

At Ray Burley's room I watched him feed his pet. Jones has his dogs. O'Brien has his wife. Ray has his canary! It's in a nice cage and it's no trouble at all. Ray says it gets just as much to eat as we do! Oops, now I hear that it was taken home because it was suffering from malnutrition. Who isn't?

Heading down the walk from Founders I saw where some jerk had swabbed "Go Guilford" in black paint on the slate walk and had painted black the lamp glasses. With all the cozy places on campus where couples can do their necking, they don't have to do it on that walk, so there was no need to foul up those lamps. As a noted Psych prof said: "Only a character with a simple case of infantilism would do it." Apparently the dope never saw the campus coated with white snow, the yellow light from the lamps casting a mellow hue through the darkness of the night. It's really a beautiful sight. Puts a slow ache in your heart.

See! Now you've got me not only hungry but blue. Blue anyhow. Don't profess to know all the facts about Dr. "Algie's" departure. In fact, if we should ask, we'd probably be told to keep this out of our bubble; to shut up. That's how students are treated. Profs harangue them for juveniles; browbeat them for youngsters. But when they start asking "why" and "how come," they are told to clam up. Anyhow, what we do know is that in a few months Dr. Newlin will be leaving Guilford again and his departure will be a loss to many Guilfordians though there may be a personal gain for a few. "Algie" has a system of teaching foreign to many classes and profs; it keeps you on your toes or on your back. His personality makes for poignant mental behavior. Someone else's gain will be a loss to every Quaker, especially those who will not have him for a TEACHER. That's in caps cause we have plenty of teachers: some harangue, some are wishy-washy, some are candidates for flapper girls. But TEACHERS! They're few and far between on this campus. There ought to be a law against Newlin's leaving.

Curious to know if I'll Hold Your Knitting" Archer sees in Nancy Hyatt what he saw in Joan Kahn. But he's a merciless creature. Virginia Rice was such a sweet girl. That must have been an exciting double-date when Bill Byatt doubled with Bob Clark and Bettina Huston (Oh, Cunco!). There's no love lost tween Bettina and Hyatt.

And poor Horace Hayworth. He sweats out Pinky Fischelles for a half hour every morn so he can have breakfast with her. He takes her on tours of the campus; foots the bills down at the store. But do you know what she wants to know? "What time does Bob Kerr get up in the morning? Who is he dating now? Where does he spend

## REVIEWS PREVIEW

By BENNY BROWN

"The consors didn't like it, but the public did," is one of the many sensational lines of advertisement that made the Howard Hughes production of the run-of-the-mill western, "The Outlaw," break all box office records. The public was actually disappointed after waiting two years to see Jane Russell in this movie. Even the if-it's-dirt-it's-got-to-be-good public was disillusioned and bored and kept waiting for something to happen. It never did! Jane Russell's second "great" picture is "Young Widow." The same half-a-dozen people who liked the western will find this a very stirring drama.

"Blue Skies" has everything except a plot by which one can distinguish a good musical from a so-so one. But if you like the dancing of Fred Astaire, the voice of Bing Crosby, and the looks of Joan Caulfield, you will find the movie worth your while.

M. G. M. bought "A Lion Is In the Streets" for more than a book has ever before sold to the movies. Cast in the picture will be two new stars unheard of before the release of this film.

"Deception," Bette Davis' latest movie, gives her less chance to shine, but it gives Paul Henrid his first chance to play an extremely important role. Cast with Bette Davis and Paul is Claude Rains.

Not long ago a "has been," Linda Darnell, is now one of the best known actresses in Hollywood. She will be Amber in the much talked about movie, "Forever Amber."

Disks to be discussed are those made usually by Capitol with so-so vocals and not even so good bands faintly playing in the background. Frank Sinatra, who records for Columbia, has the best band backing him up of any of the big name vocalists.

The top rhythm number from "Three Little Girls in Blue" is "You make Me Feel So Young." Martha Tilton has recorded it for Capitol with "Somewhere In the Night" which is also from the film.

Kay Kaiser has done the best job of recording "The Old Lampighter" and "Oh Buttermilk Sky." His band is good enough to make me wonder why he doesn't play more tunes on his radio program rather than clutter his hour with silly quiz programs and so much idle jabber.

Vaughn Monroe's recording of "The Things We Did Last Summer" is one of the most popular recordings that he has done recently, but a really fine recording of the song has yet to be released.

Stan Kenton's latest are "It's a Pity to Say Goodnight" and "Intermission Riff." The former has a vocal by June Christy; the latter is an instrumental.

his spare time? Does he go to Hams? Whointhell is she interested in (as if we didn't know)!

Do you wonder what goes when two literary minds get together in the persons of Benny Brown and Shirley Williams?

Talk about guys getting the business when they go off to football trips, "Frisco" Bray and "Red Dog" Turner sure got it when they were away at Lenoir-Rhyne. Jo Carroll and June Lewis took off for King, N. C., even before the team left here, and while "Frisco" and "Red Dog" were getting their derrieres whipped, guess what Jo and June were doing? Courtin', just as big as life, courtin'.

A near riot occurred Wednesday morning when the dietician, (well, she gets paid for being called that, among o. her things) refused to feed about fifty boys because it was 8 a. m. Were they outside the door? No, they were within the dining room. Were they late? No, the sign says "Cafeteria Service—7:20 to 8." That dining room is run like a "con" game: how much can we beat the students out of today! The powers that be never stop to figure that they've got the students cash in advance, so they must feed him regardless of what time he shows up. If they don't feed him, basically they are doing nothing but stealing money from him. It's easy to see why they refuse to let students eat on a meal ticket, pay as you go, plan. They'd probably never get the dining room full except when the stores are closed.

Jim Branson sent this in: "Rip saw, rip saw, rip saw, bang. We are the boys from old Guilford gang: We are rough, we are tough, we are hard to bluff, We are always hungry, and never get enough."

## FACE and FACTS

by FRISCO BRAY

**FACE: Doc Honderk-Jim Rourke**  
**TEA FOR TWO**

Doc: Have you decided what lucky girl you're taking to the game?!

Jim: Yes, three weeks ago; Jean Presnell. You can't imagine how hard it is to get a date with her!

Doc: She keeps you stepping—just guessing. She got a half dozen coaches telling her how to play.

Doc: That's not such a bad system, either. Life is full of little surprises.

Jim: Are you going to the Catawba game with Doc—let me fix you up with Ralph—he will be at least be close enough to blow in your ear.

Doc: Sorry, I'm too young to die. How far is Catawba? I don't suppose I'll be able to go cause we are not allowed to go farther than 25 miles in a car without—sorry, I can go to Catawba! It's all rather foolish after all the long trips I've taken with Doc.

Jim: You had better reconsider. You could make time with Ralph because he's so dumb he thinks a dry dock is a doctor who doesn't drink. Catawba is only 50 miles one way.

(Our conversationalists noticed my presence and Doc hastily covered with: Did it ever occur to you maybe I want to go with Doc?)

What in the world is this business of "blowing in the ear." What's the matter, Doc, aren't you windy enough?

**FACE: Dot Sheffield**  
Tells "Seabiscuit" Coble not to buy a car, "we need a house first."

**FACE: Joy Welborn**  
Should she be wondering why Nubert was complaining about the price of steak he had Sunday, it's cause he had a WC gal at the Jeff Roof. And poor Joy works her heart out at the Pines fixing a splendid Sunday dinner for him!

**FACE: Clinton Talley**  
Arises at four in the morning so he can primp up his hair. Wears a stocking cap on his head at night to train his hair. Why all this? Betty Marshall.

**FACE: Paul Jernigan**  
No wonder you can't get Paul into any more poker games. Marie Orvis keeps him tied up at The Pines until the last minutes of dating time is squeezed out of him . . . or out of her.

**FACE: Skip Reddick**  
While he was away Bill Meyers took his girl Ann Young to the store. These were Skip's words to Bill when he returned: "You can take her to the store, but don't you go any further than that!"

**FACE: Bob Kinch**  
We now know why Kinch, who has scored a touchdown in every game since he started dating Charlotte Edwards, didn't score in the High Point game. She didn't give him enough "inspiration" before that game, huh?

**FACE: Reggie Roberts**  
Just as the bus carrying the football team to Lenoir-Rhyne started pulling away from the gym, someone yelled to Reggie who had been looking feverishly for Jane Wallace: "Hey, Roberts, here's your lost colony!"

**FACE: Marie Elliot**  
She doesn't get to do much dancing at the weekday evening dances. She always goes to the dances stag, but as soon as John Schrum shows up, he cuts in on her and drags her out of the gym for you know what.

**FACE: Betty Nunn**  
She wakes up in the mornings screaming: "Murder! Murder! I haven't studied! Murder!" Try studying, honey, so the rest can sack longer. Oh, Betty, Branson's cut his mustache!

The remainder of my column space I am donating to the writer of Sonspots:

You know, the last time I wrote up what had transpired at a Vet's Club meeting I was threatened with a libel suit by Mrs. Robson, who, in case you didn't know, is supposed to be the dietician around here. Well, that threat sure scared blankly-blank out of me cause I was afraid that she'd collect all of the thirty-five cents I had to my name. But the threat petered out when the President of the club showed her the letter I quoted in the 12 October issue of the Guilfordian. But I'm really scared to write this time because now Grace has given me a huge allowance of fifty cents a week with which I'm to supplement "meals" we get in Pomaine Hall, and what will become of me if I lose that half a buck!!

(Continued on Page Three)