



The Guilfordian

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Outside of Class

With JERRY ALLEN

A sage once remarked that the only way to know a man is through his hobbies. Off hand, I can't remember the name of said sage, but the moaning cry of a bewildered freshman to the effect of "Aren't any Profs human?" led me into investigating this debatable question, and now, after two weeks of research, I've come to the conclusion that, once shorn of all necessary academic airs, they're as normal as the proverbial doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. . . .

Mrs. Milner does not spend all of her spare time by tracing afferent college pressures into their logical or illogical efferent endings, on the contrary, most of her leisure moments are spent in preparing and delivering lectures. These lectures are given to all sorts of vocational and educational groups, the subjects varying with the whims, desires and above all, the needs of her audience. These lectures are delivered without fear of having embryo physicists throwing verbal boomerangs at her Gestalt-like "postulates"

Many a legend is centered around the absent-mindedness of Dr. Furnas. It's rumored that after he fell down a flight of stairs, he turned to an amazed onlooker and asked, "What was that noise?" "This 'habit' hinders his chess playing . . . a friend related, "why, I was witness to a match between Dr. Furnas and a fellow faculty member; when I noticed that he was very uneasy and looked annoyed . . . he kept twitching and moving . . . twitching and moving . . . until at last, I asked him why he looked so ill at ease . . ." Dr. Furnas replied, "I can't stand opponents who take hours to move . . ." It took us ten minutes to convince him that it was his move . . . and that he had forgotten that his opponent had moved . . . and was waiting on him! Besides chess, Dr. Furnas enjoys dreaming up all sorts of Verne-like inventions, one of which is an horizontal escalator that would carry shoppers around department store counters.

Mr. Feagans has done quite a bit of stamp collecting and is the ever eager home repairer. He'll fix anything . . . and if in the process of carpentry, he smashes a digit or fingernail . . . the piano bears the brunt of his anger, as the notes of "You broke the only thumb that ever loved you" . . . float forth. . . .

His philosophical cohort, Mr. Kent, professes having no hobby except reading books. He reads all sorts of books . . . but not unlike other discriminating readers, he detests "Who-dunnit" novels. The thought of racking your brain for 500 pages only to discover that the victim died of old age . . . is too

much for anyone . . . no less a forgiving philosopher.

Mrs. Dunstan's foreign language background finds another outlet besides teaching, namely: Culinary concocting. Besides attempting to reproduce the delicacies of Riviera chefs, she invents all sorts of foreign dishes. Her husband has often fled to the refuge of the Dixie Diner after spying a plate of tamales, grits and fried rice! She refuses to divulge the exact recipes of her pet discoveries, fearing vengeance at the hands of Gourmet, Inc. (of which Lauritz Melchior is honorary president.) After eating those enlory pasted dishes, Mrs. Dunstan takes to the hills . . . hoping to walk off any put on weight. Hiking has always been a favorite of hers, and on occasions, she and her outdoor friends have walked as much as eight miles into Carolina countryside.

My next interview was the easiest of all, for it deals with husband and wife. Once Mrs. Woodhouse got started . . . well, here's the choicest details! Mr. Woodhouse is a fiend for football and tennis. An observer watching the touch football games on Hobbs Field can't help noticing the dodging legs of a seemingly unathletic halfback, as he dances past would-be tacklers. The tacklers, she added, are frozen into submission by the inevitable threat of meeting Mr. Woodhouse in class. In his undergraduates days, he was a member of the debating and tennis teams. His interest in dramatics came to a climax when he had a half minute walk-on role in King Lear. Again she added, "The play was a great success" . . . one wonders why?

Mrs. Woodhouse is interested in Girl Scout activities and once was a bona-fide member of the Campfire Girls. Before qualifying for this senior organization, she belonged to the Blue Bird Club, which is equivalent to the famous Cub Scouts of America. Although she boasts of playing a wicked game of golf, her husband is quick to point out that Byron Nelson is still king of the links . . . and will continue to reign, in spite of the game score she talks about incessantly. But a woman must have the last word and without batting an eye she said, "He played the lead in 'Henry Aldrich,' a part which still plays havoc with his daily activities. . . ."

And so I took leave of the golfer and frustrated Barrymore, only to run smack into an arrowhead (which found me to be quite an enviable target) . . . Dr. Newlin starts his classes with a series of lectures on the various Indian tribes in eastern states and in the commonwealth of North Carolina. This fondness for Indian lore can be traced back to his boyhood days, when he collected arrowheads and bows. Some of these arrowheads are very valuable . . . since they were found in the dreamland of anthropologists, namely . . . the bleak, barren wilderness of an area called Virginia.

(Continued Next Issue)

Editorially Speaking . . .

By the time this issue of THE GUILFORDIAN rolls off the press, almost every student on the campus will have been approached by members of the faculty and heads of the Men's and Women's Student Government. These group discussions were greatly needed to clarify a few of the rules on the campus . . . a few rules which we the students have not been adhering to.

One of the foremost issues concerned the abuse of the honor system . . . it is hoped that the words, "Trust cannot be gained overnight but may be lost" will not be forgotten.

Another current problem discussed was that of the actions of couples in and around the vicinity of Founders Hall . . . it is not a grave situation . . . but improvements can be made . . . if the parlors are not to be used in the evening during dating hours, then they should be locked.

The non-smoking rule around the campus was again brought to light . . . it is a traditional rule at Guilford that smoking be prohibited . . . "light the lantern around Cox and Archdale."

It is your writer's opinion that a closer relation should be established between the dining hall and the athletic department . . . our guests the other night had great difficulty in securing that "after the game" meal which is always given to visitors.

Pro's and Con's . . . a salute to the men in Archdale in their effort to bring back a little spirit to the Guilford campus . . . a plan is already under way to open the spare room in Archdale for recreational activities . . . dead against the idea of the "Barney Oldfield" drivers who persist in driving on the campus . . . the Veterans' contribution to the Greensboro Memorial drive was a feather in their cap . . . how about setting aside one Saturday afternoon in the near future for a campus clean-up drive? A little effort on the part of several hundred would ready the area for spring . . . thanks to the efforts of the administrator in helping the dining hall crisis . . . terrific scorns to the refereeing in recent basketball games. Can't letters be written to the league headquarters?

Deepest appreciation to those students who donated to the purse which sent Melvin Willis on his way home to attend the funeral of his mother. Our heartfelt sympathy, Melvin.

EDITOR

Should the Tail Wag the Dog?

A few things have happened during these past few weeks which make us wonder exactly what an education is supposed to accomplish. Until a few years ago it was conventional to study in college for four years and then leave with a degree, ready and eager to make a mark in the outer world.

Whatever degrees of idealism we may possess, the fact remains that we all hope some day to have a wealth that is of material value. An A.B. or B.S. previously was a kind of stepping stone toward a responsible position and, if the individual was ambitious, marked that man for potential executive abilities and a comfortable salary.

We wonder what the founders of Georgia College would say if they learned that one of their alumni had signed a contract with a corporation which will pay him \$25,000 for four to five months' work per annum during the next four years—and with all probability of raising that yearly sum to between \$50,000 and \$75,000—as a result of an "extra-curricular" activity—football!

Understand that we do not deplore this sort of college training. Rather, we congratulate the individual concerned, for he is a boy who came from a poor family and fought for every bit of the wealth and security he has attained. It is no discredit to him or any of his college friends that he should realize such a profit from his degree. He is right in taking every advantage of the opportunities offered.

But has a student in a military academy the right to ask a leave of absence so that he might take equal advantage of a reputation gained on the gridiron? Should he be allowed to receive a comprehensive general education at the expense of the government, a salary of \$780 a year, subsistence and allowance of \$300 for uniforms and other expenses—and then evade the obligation he owes the government in return?

There the line should be drawn and convention strictly adhered to, for that man has already signed his contract—a contract that calls for eight years of service to his country. Why should he be allowed to make thousands of dollars while his fellow classmen march through Europe? Secretary of War Patterson should be commended on his refusal of leaves of absence for this type request; but at the same time it is almost deplorable that he even considered such a request at all. W. L. K.

Reviews and Previews

By Benny Brown

Raymond Chandler's "Lady in The Lake" introduces to the screen a new technique for maintaining realistic thrills and suspense. The camera plays the part of Chandler's detective, Phillip Marlowe, so that the ticket buyer fights with the villain, solves the crime, and makes love to the heroine. When the camera extends its arm to pick up a cigarette or to open a door, it is Robert Montgomery's hand you see. The only time he is shown is when, at the beginning of the film, Montgomery explains briefly what it is all about, and when his reflection is seen in a mirror. Audrey Trotter is the girl who kisses the camera.

Ernest Hemingway's novels have been the source of several excellent movies. Recently two films have been released based on his short stories. The first, "The Killers," is Hemingway's famous story of gangland treachery which makes tense film melodramas. The second is taken

from "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," and its title has been changed to "The Macomber Affair." Starring in this story based on Africa's big game hunters are Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett and Robert Preston.

Humphrey Bogart, whose latest films have cast him with Lauren Bacall, plays opposite Elizabeth Scott in his most recent movie, "Dead Reckoning." If Elizabeth Scott doesn't make moviegoers forget there ever was a Bacall it will be because they prefer girls less beautiful, less talented, and with less sex appeal. But Bacall looks enough like Scott to play all of Scott's hangover scenes.

To say that Dinah Shore is responsible for the rhythmic lyrics of "I'll Close My Eyes" and "My Bel Ami" is enough said. She records for Columbia who also recently released Kay Kyser's "Managuna,

FACE and FACTS

by FRISCO BRAY

FACE: Darwin Hawley
 This daytop has made it known that he's going to give Wally Maulsby a "hard time" for the attentions of Jitter Hauser.

FACE: John Schopp
 Since Jimmy Ellis has turned his attentions to Virginia Wright (WC-UNC), John has had an open path to Beth Fredericks.

FACE: Ed Alexander
 Has to keep up a very fast pace to keep ahead of Tina "Don't Call Me Earnestine" Raiford, who makes no secret about her feelings.

FACE: Carlyle McCowan
 Ever since his buddy Jack Hunt got a new Chrysler, Charlotte Edwards no longer has time for him.

FACE: Jimmy Nantz
 Midge Ridge is still giving him a very hard time. For example, she went to a weekday intermural basketball game with Jim and while he was observing other things, she took off with Walt Moon. Jim had to make a fast dash to catch up with them.

FACE: Walt Moon
 Though he has been pouring out his heart- troubles to BG Edwards, we have been told to keep an eye out for a deal covering Schrum's gal Marie Elliot. Walt has been recognized as one of the boys on campus who definitely needs "help."

FACE: Reducing Class.
 Conducted by Jo Gorenflo, the following girls are members of a class for reducing you know what: Babs Katz, Phyllis Stevens, Nancy Hyatt, Ina Rollins, and any other gals who are courting waiters. Meaning what?

FACE: Frank Mason Buie
 Just call him "Precious."

FACE: Barbara Pierson
 After having "stood up" Bill Kerr, with the excuse that she was ill, this new blonde from Miami showed up at the store feeling as good as she looks. Right now she is getting the rush from Jack Wyatt, Herb Scholkoft and that consistent starter who never gets to the finish line, Wes Atwood.

FACE: Bill Kerr
 Having built the reputation of being a "jumper" who moves from one gal to another, Kerr moved in on the two new gals Babs Pierson and Marie Kelley most promptly. How long before you move out, Bill?

FACE: Bettina Huston
 "Good things must come to an end," she said as she told about she and Roy Cuneo having come to the end of that blissful trail.

FACE: M. J. Sweeten
 Is helping Clark Wilson forget his sorrows now that his roommate Horace Haworth is back from his trip and is again taking up all of Pinky Fischeles' time. Beware of Eushy Henshaw, Clark.

FACE: "Form" Presnell
 Part of a triple date which included Lilly-Hyatt (what! again?) Wyatt-Pierson, they pulled into Friberg's to "gass" up. "Form" remained outside with Debbie Devitt apparently to catch up with the rest or just to get ahead.

FACE: David "Gismo" Ferguson
 From Detroit, he's your competition for Barbara Pierson, boys. But of course, absence makes the heart grow fonder . . . for someone else.

ROUND-UP:
 Harold Atwood has taken over Howie Kaufman's blonde. Bob Benbow was feeding extra containers of milk to Katz's face, but she's tossed him 'cause she "doesn't want to get serious."

Roy Christianson was a tragic figure cause he couldn't date Pris Nichols who was restricted for ONE long day for dating during exams. Lib Hare caught them.

Nicaragua" and "That's the Beginning of the End."

Benny Goodman's clarinet gets a good workout in "Hora Staccato" which was originally written by Heifetz for his violin. On the flip-over Eve Young does a good job in the vocals for "Man Here Plays Fine Piano."

The rich harmonics of the Les Brown aggregation make "My Number One Dream Came True" and "You Should Have Told Me" good listening. The soft tenor sax parts help to carry the first number and Doris Day's vocalizing on both sides is excellent.

Woody Herman's latest recordings are "Stars Fall on Alabama" and "Sidewalks of Cuba." The latter is all instrumental with a touch of South American Rhythm.

Gene Krupa has recorded "There is no Breez" and "Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did" for Columbia. This is one of the best popular records out at this date.