



The Guilfordian

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Editor-in-Chief Carlyle McKaughan
Business Manager John Charles Kusch
Associate Editors Alan Hamilton, Audrey C. Schepps
Photographers—James Patton, Don Troxler, Bob White.
Feature Staff—Jerry Allen, Benny Brown, Jack Dabagian, J. W. McCracken, Steve Schafer.
Business Staff—Harold Atwood, B. G. Edwards, Barbara Katz, Jane Wallace, Doris Willard.
Circulation—Judy Gains, Julia White, Sarah Arnold.
Sports Staff—L. J. Coward, Sol Kennedy, John Presnell, George Short, Marianne Victorious.
News Staff—George Abrams, G. C. Billard, David Hadley, Bettina Huston, Barbara McFarland, Jeanne Van Leer, Jack White.
Faculty Advisers—Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert, David Parsons.
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Editor's Comments . . .

A word of thanks to a deserving guy with a thankless job in our midst. Tom Andrew, the head waiter in the dining hall, with the cooperation of Mr. Parsons has been instrumental in securing a few improvements in the appearance of the food . . . the salads on separate plates, liquid vegetables in individual dishes, and more recently, the choice of two vegetables, with the possibility of a choice of meat in the near future.

The straight dope on the two new temporary buildings taking form on campus . . . the one directly behind Mem. Hall is to be used for offices and classrooms. The one adjacent to Founders is to be used for classrooms until the emergency need for additional ones has subsided . . . it will then be converted to a full-fledged Co-op with soda fountain, juke box, lounge, etc. . . . no official conversion date.

With the national telephone situation making headlines in the daily papers, one might rightly be led to believe that the campus lines are also affected by the strike. This isn't the case, for our communication system has always been long distance . . . (by foot). There have been several suggestions as to possible remedies . . . a campus switchboard, operated by the school for all phones on the campus . . . a "telephone watch" system similar to the one inaugurated in Founders recently. (This may be quite practical in Founders but the residents of Archdale and Cox have probably had enough extra duty in recent years) . . . a possible additional fee included in the dormitory rent to cover the expense of employing a student to act as operator in each dorm . . . an extension in each section of Cox and on each floor of Archdale, Founders and Mary Hobbs . . . any more suggestions?

There have been several suggestions proposed for a smoking room for the girls which sound reasonable and practical. It is safe to say that 40 per cent of the women on campus smoke when the opportunity presents itself. Why should the girls have to hide or break rules to do something that is socially acceptable at home? Possibly the new Co-op will offer some solution to this smouldering problem.

Where is the name for the gymnasium that now adorns our campus? One of the topics on the agenda of a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees was to select a suitable name for this building . . . we are still waiting.

Where is the Guilford College student spirit? It is definitely lacking among a majority of the students, possibly because in the past few years there have not been enough advancing school activities to bolster the student morale. Now that we have winning teams in every athletic endeavor, and a building program under way to enlarge the campus, it is safe to say that Guilford is a growing institution of learning. Why should students fail to properly support this school as they should? Students of other colleges respect the name of Guilford College in the athletic and scholastic fields. Every student is a part of this college. Get behind the school and make it the school that you will be proud to attend!

Candidly Speaking . . .

By J. W. McCracken

It is a depressingly obvious fact that the Dramatic Council is all but one finger in her tomb. Neglect is leading to her complete destruction. Neglect in a capital sense is due to the Dramatic Council which thrives under the impression that the sum of its duties is to merely select a play, send off for it, cast it, and then wash their hands of the whole affair; and neglect in a smaller sense is due to Guilford herself.

Dramatics is one of the best forms of publicity. A school that has a well-developed dramatic department, one that chooses excellent plays and strives earnestly to present them in their fullness, is a school that is not only cognizant of the excellent form of self-advertising, but distinctly encourages its students in

their efforts along this line. Guilford does this to a large extent. She is generous with her funds but her interest stops there. She turns the rest of the arrangements over to the council, glad to be rid of a trying responsibility.

Consider the last play that was given, "The Importance of Being Earnest." Oscar Wilde is packed with delicious humor, but this falls inadequate when presented with the modern dress and the pitifully inept set with which his play was given. Stage properties are sadly lacking. And when the cast begged for more sufficient, badly needed mediums, their cries to the council were alive, in name only, not in actions. Don't get me wrong. My tonpce is off to the cast for making
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The March of Progress

With the publication of the first issue of THE GUILFORDIAN "on time" and under new editorship, the editor wishes to inform the readers of the schedule of publication for the two remaining issues in the current scholastic year. The new GUILFORDIAN will appear on May 9th and 23rd. It will be noted that the dates given all appear on Friday, giving the students ample opportunity to read the bi-weekly before leaving for the week end, or in the case of day-hops, before the last class on Friday.

The day-students may secure their copy of THE GUILFORDIAN in the room just outside of Dr. Ljung's office by noon of the above-mentioned dates, and the campus students' copies will appear in their mail boxes around the same time.

After reading "The Bed Is Made" and "Past and Future" in the last issue of this publication, the new editors are led to believe that there is nothing to be gained in trying to improve the college paper, and that THE GUILFORDIAN can not be published on time as proposed.

It is evident to everyone that has read previous issues of the Guilford College paper that it has improved during the past year. Not willing to wait for the favorable comments from the students and other readers, the two editorials mentioned above were written so that no one would fail to notice the improvement made. Childish "pats on the back" are somewhat antiquated and should have no place on the front page of a college paper. There is always room for improvement.

The policy and duty of the college paper will be to present the news of student activities on and off campus in a way that is most appealing to the reader. Any constructive criticism to improve THE GUILFORDIAN will be appreciated and should be addressed to the editor.

EDITOR

Justification of Ignorance

By Jerry Allen

Professor Van Cluk was sampling freshman English themes when he turned toward me and gaily chuckled, "Undergraduate sour grapes are indeed a rare vintage!" Realizing that this remark strained my limited powers of understanding, he handed a paper to me and added, "Read this . . . it will illustrate my point."

I read the theme carefully. It was entitled, "Justification of Ignorance" . . . under which Professor Cluk red-pencilled, "Or Rationalization of 4D's" . . .

The author started with a question . . . "What is your aim in life? Happiness, to be sure. Then why do you waste your time by attending college? I'll attempt proving that a degree, far from being a prerequisite to happiness, is a certain down payment towards mental chaos.

"Before entering Guilford, I knew little, and cared less, about the ultimate nature of the universe . . . the sun came up . . . the sun went down . . . it rained in Florida . . . and snowed in Carolina. Mathematics was a butcher's device: if bologna went up in price, he sliced it thinner . . . there were never any problems of half-pennies or minus amounts!"

"When my number came up in the draft, I kissed my mother . . . kissed my gal . . . kissed my kid sister and went the way of all flesh . . . but now, as I study History, my sacrifices seem foolish and my Econ. professor definitely proved that by helping win the war I ushered in a prosperity, which will inevitably take the shirt off my shrapnel-scarred back by bringing in a depression. Depressions, he drawled, and prosperity are closer than Daphnis and Chloe. . . At home, I danced and pranced with lassies who thought of Rye in terms of bread loaves . . . in college, need anything be said?"

"Before matriculation, I was happy in my belief that Allegro was the sister play to Antigone . . . and that Wagner was the famous 'Honus' who cavorted at shortstop for the Pirates in 1900 . . . but, alas, my music instructor spends her time and expends my self-control by fortississimo and andanting me through the world of emotional noise . . .

"Never did I dream that people slaughtered each other over theological subtleties . . . now, I'm approaching Atheism. After all, it's difficult to sanction a faith that survived by dissecting heretics, barbecuing unbelievers and their fellow brethren who were endowed with the ability to think for themselves.

"What fate befell the world's greatest minds? Socrates was given an Athenian Mickey Finn . . . Paul was killed while Nero Heifitzed his fiddle . . . Nietzsche became insane . . . Spinoza wore himself out by grinding lenses . . . Sir Thomas More added a notch to the executioner's block in the Tower of London . . . and poor Einstein is too broke to afford a haircut!"

"And what did their teachings accomplish? Nietzsche gave Nazism its philosophical basis . . . More's socialistic views were incorporated into Karl Marx's doctrine of having everyone share the same cud . . . and Einstein's theories have led to the manufacture of the hideous Atomic bomb.

"Statisticians point with pride to the fact that 80 per cent of our higher income groups are made up of college-trained people. Infallible on the surface . . . but do they realize that most of our pre-war students came from these higher income groups anyway; there was no GI bill . . . and by the simple medium of staying in their already above-average social class, they remain in this higher category?"

"What advantage is it to be a member of the economic elite? Their suicide and insanity rate is twice that of the ordinary peon . . . and their divorce rate is gauged on Manville's scale of social incompatibility.

"Is one dissatisfied with a Ford if a Buick is never seen? Hash makes a delicious hors d'oeuvre to gourmets who are ignorant of caviar. Knowledge of greener pastures is dangerous . . . coveting better things makes one a Faustus or a Shylock. How many youngsters have left the valley of their ancestors . . . only to go plunging to defeat down that mountain which descends to what they thought would be Utopia?"

"College has been defined as a place where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. As far as I'm concerned, the veneer which our professors attempt to apply . . . is poisonous, and a poor bulwark against the scuffing which we'll get from the 'outer' world of 'ignorance' . . ."

The author's theme ended here . . . I laughed with Professor Van Cluk . . . and went out . . . thoroughly prepared to explain my lack of preparation for the coming class . . . and completely justified to maintain my mental stupor.

FACE and FACT

By DABAGIAN

FACE: Very red!!

The face of Hank Pollack when pigeons (the kind that fly) at Gulfstream Race Track in Florida found him more attractive than the horses.

FACE: Newell Baker

After berating the rest of the boys for being too free with their money, Newell up and dropped a cool twenty to what was supposed to be a duffer on a golf course. He was a duffer for fifteen holes . . . but on those last three!

FACE: Bob Benbow

He wanted to know if Gwen Kinney took a shower after his date with her. This date took place while Barbara Katz was still at home. Guess her spell over Bob is strictly the "on location" quality.

FACE: Jane Wallace

Her long standing romance with Reggie Roberts is busting up cause a date back home doesn't like it. However, this break up is to be a gradual one. Reggie is still going to eat his meals with her: she makes a wonderful dietician, doesn't she, Reggie?

FACE: Walt Moon

His combo with BG Edwards has split. Of course, "anytime you are feelin lonesome, Walt, I'll walk down to the store with you."

FACE: Earl Wertz Dunkle

What? You don't know "Dunkle"? He's the guy that's making a fast pitch with MJ Sweeten now.

FACE: Jean Kelley

Girls in Founders can always tell when Jean is on the prowl. When she returns to the dorm and starts asking numerous questions about the guy, such as Bobby Clark, and wants to know if the girls think "he" likes her, then KELLY IS ON THE MAKE . . . beg pardon, ON THE MARCH!

FACE: AFSC Chapel Speaker

Now how can you have sympathy for a group that pours precious liquor down a pig's throat. Better to let the pig drive the jeep and drink the liquor yourself, huh?

FACE: Burt Distler

Didn't take him long to get over Doris Wormser's vamoose from Guilford. Betty Nunn is now paying the price for his popularity.

FACE: "Toad" Davis

Let's go to town, "Toad?"

FACE: Melvin Willis

Ah! Two Jerseyites come to the state of the long needle pine to do their courtin! Jean Philbrook's the other half.

FACE: Al Capriello

What say, lover, let's make a trip to Burlington? 'Tis said that Al's trips to Burlington to see "Huggin' and Chalkin'" vex Yvonne no end.

FACE: George Abrams

It was very sweet of George to take his ex-girl friend's sister, Ann Taylor, out to dinner and show, wasn't it, Jerry?

SON SPOTS

By DABAGIAN

The time has come when two inevitables must occur. One of these is that Sonspots must be brought to a close as far as the Guilfordian is concerned; and, the second, we must reminisce. Many have probably wondered the how-come of the name Sonspots. Well, one soft summer evening when yours truly was a lowly freshman (and believe me, in those days freshman were really lowly), a group of boys which included lanky Deaver Shell, "Little Algie" Newlin, the stoic, Wilson Byrd (who for some odd reason wasn't with his Priz), the overfervent Buck Hines, an the viscous Harry Nace, were strolling down that wonderful tar road that used to lead to Clyde Pleasant's, now Hollowell's. Suddenly the tall Deaver Shell stuck out the arm that pitched many great games for the game but consistently losing Guilford nine, and grabbed the freshman by the throat. "Son," he said, "Let us tell you the facts of life." Henceforth and forthwith it became Son. The "spots" was stuck on there by Editor Tobey Latin who not only stuck the "spots" on there, but after the column got a little rough even for a dandy, knocked the "spots" right out of the paper.

Guilford of the pre-war era was the one you've heard so much about in the line of sports. It was the Guilford that always got the heck knocked out of it. As "Ace" Hudkins used to say: "I always got up from the ground, spit out a load of dirt and said: 'Well, I've got character anyway!'" It was the Guilford when two cheers were learned every year: "Hold that line" and Block

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