



# The Guilfordian

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**Editor-in-Chief** ..... Carlyle McKaughan  
**Business Manager** ..... John Charles Rush  
**Associate Editors**—Ray Pearman, Ed Brown.  
**Business Staff**—David Holliday, Garland Rakestraw, M. J. Sweeten, Jim Warren, Barbara Winslow.  
**Circulation**—Julia White.  
**Feature Staff**—Jerry Allen, Benny Brown.  
**News Staff**—Barbara Blair, Beverly Utley.  
**Editorial**—Ray Pearman, J. W. McCracken.  
**Sports Staff**—L. J. Coward, Roy Cuneo, Herb Schoellkopf, Marianne Victorius.  
**Photographer**—James Patton.  
**Faculty Advisers**—Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert, David Parsons.

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## Editor's Comments . . .

With the first issue of THE GUILFORDIAN for the scholastic year of 1947-48, the editors wish to welcome all new students to the campus and say "glad to see you back" to the returning students. With the enrollment figures rising close to the 600 mark, Guilford begins the greatest year in its one hundred and eleven year history.

### School Spirit

The football season was ushered in at the Quaker school in fine fashion last week by the excellent pep-rally on Friday night. As verified by some of the older students and alumni of this institution, the rally indicated student spirit that prevailed way back when . . . In the past few years (very few) the teams representing Guilford in all sports have come through in fine style, but they lacked the student support that is so necessary for a winning team. If anyone doubts the necessity, ask any of the coaches for their opinion.

During the war years and several years previous, football teams were made up of the brutes averaging around 165 pounds. Guilford scored one touchdown over a period of several years and never came close to winning a game for what seemed to be ages. With all the depression that existed in the sport circles, the student spirit ran as high as if the team was unbeaten. The boys played hard and the supporters cheered vigorously, even in the face of defeat.

Last year Guilford had its best team in many years but the spirit of the students was practically nil. Why? No one seems to know the answer.

An anonymous group of students formed a committee this year to promote a school spirit that will parallel the spirit shown by the teams that represent the school. You have probably seen some of the efforts of this group's activities in a well planned pep rally and in the organization of a band that has been needed for ages. You will continue to see progress if everyone continues to cooperate.

When our teams are on the small end of the score board (as in the football game last Saturday night), they need your support much more than when they are winning. It is much easier to support a winning team than a losing one. If the spirit continues to run as high in the future as it did last week, Guilford will have many more winning teams.

Good school spirit doesn't end with loud cheers on the athletic fields and at pep rallies. It goes much farther than that. Student participation in and support of the various organizations and functions on campus is equally important. All too often we are tempted to let the other fellow inter into the extra curricular activities. This is the one phase of student spirit that is so sadly lacking at Guilford.

Many students have talent for the stage but there has been very little interest shown when the dramatic council announces play try-outs. We have a wealth of talent on campus but a definite recession of interest.

The number of men attending the veterans club meetings is very small. With the number of veterans on campus this year, such a club could easily be a very strong pillar in the student government structure.

THE GUILFORDIAN is probably the best example of the lack of school spirit at Guilford. At the beginning of school, when an invitation was extended to all students to contribute to the publication, approximately twelve of the nearly 600 on campus accepted. There are many more who could contribute a great deal if only they had the interest and initiative.

There shouldn't be just a few students participating actively in the campus organizations, everyone should take part in as many organizations as possible. Similarly, no one group or organization would be the most powerful on campus for a democratic student government is one that has full representation from the entire student body, not just a few.

Guilford offers ample opportunity for every student to air their talents and abilities with some group on campus. If everyone will take an active interest in at least one organization and continue to show good spirit at the athletic encounters, everyone will benefit from a larger and better Guilford College.

## ADAM vs. EVE

**Bouncing Eyeballs . . .**  
 All the boys on the campus have been chasing their eyeballs, while at the same time they are trying to do the impossible fete of catching Barbara Kosicka.

**Mad Triangle . . .**  
 They're off; We're watching to see who breaks the tape first for 'Andy' Anderson, Joe or Windy. Don't spare the horses.

**New But Ageing . . .**  
 Ruth Hine and Cecil Winslow are newcomers to the campus, but as far as their romance has gone, Rigor Mortis has already set in.

**Long Distance . . .**  
 But Jack Hunt's married life is still on solid ground.

**Cheering in the New Year . . .**  
 As a rule, Jimmy Nantz never completes a year with the same girl, but let's hope Rodney (cheerleader) Schellenger keeps 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' in line.

**Green Pastures . . .**  
 Guilford won't be the same this year without the flames of Tommy Andrew and Red Dog Turner. We wouldn't be surprised to find them leaving campus on a 'safar.' Happy hunting?

**For Whom the Bell Tolls . . .**  
 'The Harvey Girls,' as they are known, can start to form a line at the side door of Founders Hall. He's there at the end of every period. Round one coming up!

**Side Tracked . . .**  
 We don't know who started it, but Schrum and Marie Elliott are going their opposite ways and we fear that never the twain shall meet.

**Seeing Double . . .**  
 As long as Ed Alexander and Bill Cleaver cooperate, they will have a date with the twins, Flo and Alice. There's no guarantee that they will get the right gal tho!

**Home, Sweet Home . . .**  
 You'd think that all these folks miss the ol' institution: B. G. Edwards, Nancy Hyatt, Clark Wilson, Norma Toomes, Teenie Raiford, Dot Sheffield, Marty Mackie, Joe Leak, Bill Byatt, and the Hartleys.

**Dr. Victorius, the Magnet . . .**  
 It can't be love that is bringing Bill Cavan back, so it must be those econ courses.

**'Doe', the Night Owl . . .**  
 The little green Ford still seems to stall at the right moment.

**Carolina Bound . . .**  
 M. J. Sweeten lost her heart at Carolina this past summer. O' you brute, Jackson.

THE SNAKES

## Trash and Cobwebs

By Ray Pearman

### Behind Bars

Here is advice for the speedsters around the campus. I was riding along one day minding my own business when all of a sudden a big black car came whizzing up behind me, behind King Hall to be exact. Now, I explained to the young officer that it was all a mistake (being late for class that is) and if he would only let me free, one case of Almond Joys he would receive. But do you think for a minute that he would do this little favor for me, no, oh no! He wanted blood or a promotion.

So, I go to the courthouse. In the meantime a young woman student had offered her services (she brought someone's little boy up to represent my son, no less.) At the courthouse she began wailing, "Officer this is the first time Raymond has ever been arrested," while I sat in the corner trying to thumb through a "How To Be a Cop" book, but all to no avail.

Thirty dollars, a pain in the neck, and minor embarrassment is the price paid. Be seen' ye, behind bars that is.

### The Iceman Cometh

Fred Bray and squaw now have a place to live, at least that is my observation. In fact it's a mansion compared to the tree-house I live in, but to get back to the story. Fred invited me down one day (if I would carry a house full of furniture down for him, being a pal, and afraid that he might not speak to me again, I did.)

Poor Jo was scrubbing the floor, washing dishes, and throwing ice cubes to one of the boarders when the mighty "Frisco" comes in, "give me a sandwich and a slug of milk," he says and begins to show me around the place. A very lovely house, they just had it painted and are planning to make a den and all the other "stuff" that goes with marriage. Well here's my hat off to Fred and Jo for taking a heavy load and making the best of it.

## Ad-Libbing With Allen

Before registration week or ("please arrive on Monday morning in preparation for applying for permission so that you can fill out additional forms before standing in line on Wednesday in order to sign up on Saturday") is a memory, allow me to graphically doodle along . . . in an attempt to recreate the chaotic spirit of freshman week.

Yours truly is a senior now . . .

It's been six years since people sneered freshman at me . . . so I might mix up some of the following details, all of which is another way of justifying my prolonged stay at alma mater . . .

In order to diplomatically waste your time while our college Shylocks test the resiliency (bouncing quotient) of student checks . . . tests are given to one and all. Said exams are made up by Ph.D.'s who are seeking to establish a line of demarcation among idiots, imbeciles and morons. Your thoughts are not allowed to flow freely, but are squashed into specified periods of time . . . the end of which . . . is known by having a dignified proctor scream and stomp . . . while her sophomore assistants seditiously race around . . . daring any cringing newcomer to advance illegally to Section 34858596. Part 485967044, Paragraph 9, entitled "Fitting Pentagons into Squares" by mental juxtaposition. The exam itself reads like a conversation between Einstein and Aristotle . . . you're asked to give the principal parts of six Mongolian verbs . . . to identify classic authors by comparing conjunctions which are extracted from their novels . . . to classify all plant life according to their respective powers of pollination.

After spouting your ignorance . . . the faculty gets their chance. Speeches are made 'On disinfecting College Dorms' . . . 'On Returning Library books without paying fines . . . 'On Preventing Ptomaine Poisoning' . . . 'On Buzzing Mates at Founders' . . . 'On the Historical Significance of that oak tree near the moss tree next to the rock on the way to the Battle of Guilford Court House where Nat Greene fought'.

Wisdom ceases . . . our college chant is hymned . . . and then our waiters and cooks come upon the stage and their theme song from dish pan alley entitled, "A Little Touch of Affliction" by Rodgers, Robeson and Hammerstein.

### THE MUSE CALLS . . .

#### A Poem: "Insecticide" or "Flies in Founders Foodorium"

Little musca domestica upon the wall  
 Ain't you got no heart at all?  
 Must you shag upon mah nose  
 Every time I start to doze?  
 What brash courage makes you fly  
 Centimeters from mah eye?  
 Can it be you wish to die?  
 Noisy insect, I believe  
 'Tis for love that's lost you grieve!  
 It was the hapless housefly maid  
 Who spoiled my glass of lemonade  
 By taking an unwelcomed wade.  
 So, though timid once, and wary  
 Here you would no longer tarry.  
 Now you long for hari-kari.  
 Pitiful invertebrate.  
 I can help you find your mate  
 With a painless plat  
 Like that:  
 Splat!

There will be a slight pause while the muse is muted by poetry lovers.

Our Yale correspondent reports that undergrads have been influenced by the new styles brought over from Smith. Eel-skinned loafers have replaced boon-dockers . . . canary colored slacks are gradually replacing those once fashionable khakis . . . and the ever perennial pork-pie hat has been outmoded by striped berets which illustrate the cubist movement in chapeau's.

For those warm prom evenings, a sponge lined shirt with weaved in Mum in recommended.

And now . . . a touch of the pathetic!

The dramatic council has announced plans for the presentation of "You Can't Take It With You," on the evening of December 5. Their members urge all students who are interested in stage craft and acting to please contact Beth Fredericks. We have had some plays that would've made Ibsen pirouette in his grave . . . and we have witnessed others that were well above in presentation. Last semester's performance of "Arsenic and Old Lace" was appreciated by all with the inevitable exception of a few "moralists" who believe that holding a girl's hand is a manifestation of man's original sin. They can rest in peace however, for this semester's play has been approved by the "committee on the suppression of vice in Guilford county" . . . and has, heavens forbid, played in Boston.

Until next time, I leave you with this thought . . .

The first to gripe about conditions or events at Guilford . . . are the last to be seen or heard . . . when work has to be done which involves missing an opportunity to sip a coke and bombastically debunk our institution to their eager-eared partners, whose guiding motto is "Why isn't something done?"

## Scum an' Some

By J. W. McCracken

I hear Gilda Guilford climbing up the steps to my den and come in without knocking. That's the way she always comes in. Gilda is beautiful in a flaming way, there's something about her that demands a second look, but she ain't got no manners.

I'm pecking away at the keys and I don't look up. I hear her make her way across the rug and hit the sofa with a plop. I keeps on pecking. I hear her let out a long sigh and I reach for a fag. I light it and

glance at the page I've been pecking on. It smells to high heavens. It hasn't even got the bones to put the meat on latter.

I says to Gilda, "Where you been wasting my time?" She don't say the first thing that pops into her mind. She's smart. She says, "Out looking over the crowd of freshmen." I don't say nothing.

"Boss," she adds, "You know something? They're still scared, a lot of them. I think they're scared 'cause they got the notion that this place belongs to us upperclassmen."

I take another drag on my fag and it gives me strength enough to

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