

Sideline Slants

By HERB SCHOELLKOPF

Believe me, this little job of cheerleading isn't as simple as it is made out to be. I'm going to quit and go out for football, it must be easier. In the past two weeks I've not only lost my vocal chords but also 11 pounds, one heel, 26 cents in small change, and all pretense toward any dignity I may have had. The only things I gained were three blisters and a huge cleaning bill.

Balancing the sheet, however, is the great amount of satisfaction, tinted with a little pride, at finally witnessing the rise of some active "school spirit" at dear ol' Guilford. The primeval oak and pine that hold down our hallowed green were no doubt astounded at the display of student enthusiasm at the Friday night pep rally. And the transfer of the morale to the Bowman Gray Stadium on Saturday night proved to the unbelievers that the rally spirit was not just a one-night stand.

The mass response to the cheerleaders' sharp prodding not only moved the students to feverish activity but even reached some of the reserved faculty emotions. One new, and already popular, member was heard to say, "I sure wish I were 10 years younger right now."

We know that the student backing is appreciated, for many members of the team have so expressed themselves to the cheerleaders. On behalf of the latter group, let me congratulate the team for their fine showing Saturday night, and the student body for their solid support. Appreciation goes to the Reynolds High Band, our own proud musical aggregation, Coach Teague for his presence and speech at the pep rally, and to the few freshman fellows who helped get the firewood.

It has been an encouraging and stimulative beginning to a successful year.

C.F.T.P.O.S.S.

Namely, the "Committee for the Promotion of School Spirit"; chairman, Carlyle McKaugan; secretary, Betty Nunn; members, anybody else interested. Right now that includes about 15 students plus Dr. Purdom and Mr. Kent. All told, they are the main ones behind the revolution. You too can be one. Join. Participate. Yell. Act.

Short Slants

A plea from Local 532, Industrious Order of the Gymnasium Custodians Association: Please stay the — off the gym floor with street shoes on. . . A red-hot tip that in formal basketball practice will start in a couple of weeks. . . T. Bray should have worn his helmet with ears at the game, on him it looks good. . . A quiet funeral for the idea, born last year, of a cross-country team this fall. . . Philosphizing, Mr. Feagans may have seen

the student body gone berserk with pep. Quoth he, "And we think the Indians were — crazy." . . A sob, long and wet, for a good cause: won't some good people kindly chip in and get "Ding-Dong" Harvey a new rope for his — bell! . . He's so cracked they ought to call him "Liberty Head."

Introducing The Pigskin Luggers

Bill Powell—Fullback—180lbs. 5' 10"
Bill played his football at Goldsboro High School. He was captain and made honorable mention All State halfback. This is Bill's third year on the varsity, the first being in 1940. The Navy took up the next three and a half years with Bill spending most of his time in the Pacific on the carrier "Intrepid." Bill is a physical education major but hopes to go into professional scouting after graduation. He was the assistant scout master of the local Troop 28 last year. Among his other accomplishments Bill won the Alumni Sportsmanship trophy last year. Bill's hobby is hunting, nothing special, but just anything that gets in the sight of his shot gun.

Jimmy Nantz—End—185 lbs. 6' 2"
Jim is a junior and played for Mount Holly High School before he became a Quaker. This is his third year of varsity football. Jim is a physical education major and says his main interest is studying fine arts. Jim acquired the nickname of "lover" around the campus and it seems the "fine arts" study is confined to women. If he can acquire 30 hours next year, Jim wants to fulfill his ambition to be a coach.

Bob Gordon—Halfback—185 lbs. 6' 1"
Bob came to Guilford in 1946 and is playing his second and final year of football. He transferred from N. C. State after serving three and a half years in the Navy. One of the "Paper Hut" boys, Bob can be seen carrying two fine children in arms, Bobby and Carroll. Bob is a physical education major but spends his spare time off the football field in the "Friendly Corner." He and Joe Winner are co-owners. His ambition is to become a coach although he has not made any definite plans.

Wallace Maulsby—Tailback—180 lbs. 6' 1"
Wally began his football career at Mills Home in Thomasville. This is his second year of varsity ball but he played a year at the Miami Naval Air Station. Along with being a physical education major, Wally

is president of the sophomore class. Coach Newton had Maulsby playing about every position in the backfield last year but has now assigned him to tailback. A ten second man, Wally displayed his ability as a scat back last year with a 95 yard punt return against Lenoir Rhyne and one for 70 yards against Randolph Macon. Maulsby adds more points to his total by kicking extra points. Outside of being a nightly visitor to Hobbs Hall, Wally's ambition is to a coach.

Scum an' Some

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grunt. Gil continues, "I've been trying to beat it in their heads that this place is as much theirs as ours. There's a gang of them in the choir. That looks good, but I've got to convince them that all the school activities are theirs, and that their voice in the affairs is as loud as ours."

"I'm the silent type, I still don't say nothing. She keeps right on. "There's a play due to be cast soon, and I want to see some of the frosh in some of the parts. There's clubs sticking out their index finger all over campus, wiggling, "Come Here," but they aren't attending. Boss, what am I going to do about them?"

I puts an exclamation mark on the sentence I just finished. It looks nice there, nice and important. Then I answers her. "Leave 'em be, gal, leave 'em be. Let 'em find out what they're missing and learn the hard way. Remember, honey, as long as they think we own the campus, we do."

I turn around then just in time to see a book coming my way and duck. After it passes, I realizes that I didn't need to duck. Outside of having no manners, Gilda can't pitch worth a cuss. I starts laughing.

"You no-good so-and-so," she screams. "You mean to sit there on your brain and tell me you don't care anything about them, that you're perfectly willing to let them wander around lonely, unsure of themselves, ignorant of what's to be had?"

That's something else I should have added. Outside of not having no manner, and not pitching worth a cuss, Gilda' got too much of the maternal instinct.

I gets up, puts my hands in my

pockets and walks toward her. I try to make my voice firm, but looking at her, I know it's going to be an effort. Sane and calm, Gil's beau, tiful, but it can't compare to her when she gets riled up. Her eyes are like two flaming matches, newly lit.

"Now you listen to me," I says. "I send you out scouting for dirt for my column, and when you return you come back with dripping eyes and the motherly look beaming out all over you. Forget about the freshmen, they can take care of themselves. Where's that dirt?"

The matches in her eyes are burned down to a glow by now. She's crushed and I almost feel ashamed.

"Sorry, boss, I'll go right out and dig you up some."

"Oh, yeah! Well remind me when you get it deep enough to push you in. I got five minutes to meet the editor's deadline. How much rot do you think you could dig by then? I'll tell you. None!"

I have her where I want her now. She's plumb wiltered. "Boss, I'm sorry," she says.

"Forget it," I answer. "Come on, let's bite into a coke." We start out the door together, but at the head of the steps I stop her. "Wait here," I says, "Until I get to the bottom. I wanta watch you walk down."

"What on earth for," she asks after me. I answer, "Every day, standing in line for meals over there at Founder's, I see girls come down the steps. Some bounce like balls, some sneak like mice, and some come knockkneed and some walk like cowhands. They're dressed up plumb pretty, but walk like the dickens."

I turn around and look up. "O.K., start walking," I says.

Can you imagine a stream of gold pouring down a stairway? That's

the way she walks, and it's beautiful to see. My heart climbs up in my throat, and I swallows it as fast as I can.

She's standing on the last step, looking at me. "Well?" she says.

I grabs her by the hand. "Baby," I says, "let's go get a milkshake."

Registration Hits New All-Time Record

(Continued from Page One)

wait, in reality it went very quickly. It did not take a long here as it does in larger schools, where the process of entering students for classes takes an entire day, both for the student and the faculty. The faculty and the registrar were well pleased with the new system and hope that the students are as satisfied.

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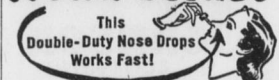
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