



The Guilfordian

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Editor-in-Chief William L. Kerr
Business Manager John Charles Rush
Managing Editor—Jerome Allen.
Contributing Editors—Adrian Brodeur, J. W. McCracken.
Business Staff—David Holland, Garland Rakestraw, James Warren
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Sports Editor—Herbert Schoellkopf, Roy Cuneo, Marianne Victorius
Photographers—James Patton, Donald Troxler.
Faculty Advisers—Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert, David Parsons.

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"Editorial expression shapes public opinion only if it adheres to the right, if it serves the public interest, if it is fearless, vigorous, unprejudiced and persistent; if it adheres to a reasonable policy well-grounded in experience and unassailable in purpose. Such editorial expression is effective if it comes from an independent, free, solvent newspaper, which has won the confidence of its field and is beyond the reach of selfish interests."—Arthur C. Johnson

Editorially

Situations other than strictly orthodox ones often crop up about Guilford's campus. We believe the present editorial status of THE GUILFORDIAN to be one of the oddest that we have heard about for some time, however. Technically, your paper has been without an editor for the past ten days. Officially, an editor was finally approved by the Student Affairs Board meeting last night.

Now this editor has a position which he did not campaign for, and took only after the elected editor realized the responsibilities and effort involved and resigned. It is customary to preface the initial editorial effort with a statement outlining the views and policies of the newly elected dynasty. We have been trying to think of a few suitable things to say in regard to this, and have finally decided to let the above quotation speak for us.

A few things we do wish to emphasize. As long as the present editor is charged with the preparation and publication of THE GUILFORDIAN, the views and policies will be his own. He will work with all and any organizations and parties, but he will not work for any. He will print news, features and editorials as he sees it; not as someone else would desire him to see it. He will not always be impartial to questions discussed, but will print any reply to said questions if they are worthy of publication.

He will seek to improve and strengthen relations between student and faculty. He will seek advice and help, for he is the first to admit that advice and help are needed so that the paper may progress. He will endeavor to give you the paper you want; in return for that he will ask your collective and individual cooperation.

Tribute to Coach Doak

(The editorial reprinted below was published in the Greensboro Daily News on the morning of Homecoming Day. Although the majority of students have read it, we believe that the Guilfordian subscribers might deeply appreciate the creditable light in which Guilford College stands.—Editor.)

In these days of commercialized collegiate sports it is refreshing to find an occasional exponent of the manly arts that is not as much concerned about gate receipts as other byproducts of athletic events. Guilford College is one of the few remaining institutions that has not been contaminated by over-emphasis on intercollegiate athletics. And while the Quaker school apparently has no aspirations to be a member of the Big Five or Southern Conference, it has done right well in collegiate competition over the years. We are thinking particularly of its contributions to the major leagues.

Today is Guilford's home-coming which will pay special tribute to the late Robert S. Doak, one-time Quaker coach who saw to it without the benefit of large "educational funds" that his alma mater was no pushover on the diamond, gridiron and basketball court. Our recollection is that Coach Bob did a very creditable job in the 11 years he coached at Guilford, and we know that his presence at games and on the practice field symbolized a loyalty and personal interest that bigtime sports prima donnas do not always possess.

Guilford College and her like may never gain the plaudits of screaming maniacs in vast stadiums, but in the end their contributions to really worthwhile things will rank along with those of universities that pack 'em in every Saturday of the football season. We humbly salute the spirit of Bob Doak and his kind who play the game for the game's sake.

College officials have declined to state whether or not it is true that the National Painters Union of America has demanded that all Guilford students should be made to join its ranks. Community cleaners are experimenting with compounds—all supposedly guaranteeing the removal of red paint from garments.

Local aviation enthusiasts are seriously thinking of petitioning Catawba students to send a fleet of "Blue Bombers" over Guilford's campus the morning of November 14.

Which reminds us that Psych 21 students experimented with color wheels last week. It's a cinch that most of the football players are thoroughly color blind, for who ever heard of a fellow seeing "red" when the paint was a distinct "blue"?

And isn't it too bad that a beaten team can't take a drubbing (and that it was) without stooping to bad sportsmanship. Football precedence the country over has always honored the winning team by giving the ball to the captain or coach. Several purple panthers (lower case please Mr. Printer) had different ideas though. Eventually the Quakers regained the ball—for keeps. Not content with the physical loss on the field and the moral loss after the game, a few stalwart panthers players jumped upon an aged and otherwise unidentified Guilford roofer who had blatantly remarked, "Well, High Point's had it." The truth must have hurt the paining panthers, for this verbal abuse was just too much to take and consequently—the gentleman was the recipient of a few ill meant swings. Luckily, the one sided engagement was broken up by the guardians and custodians of the law.

Oh well, we know who the better team is. Wonder how many High Point fans saw "blue" after the game?

A slight switch in tempo and we find ourselves staring at the ques-

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tionaire which was sent to Guilford members of "Who's Who" asking them to please fill it out and return so that an indication of opinions of responsible future leaders could be adequately formed. One question was "What do you attribute as the greatest cause for the increased number of divorces in America?" A fine question sir, and certainly undeserving of the witty answer of my roommate; to wit, "Unhappy marriages."

These varsity sweaters that Monogram members are sporting these days are quite in harmony with the scarlet, maroon, and golden touch of the fall leaves drifting about the campus. Guilford at its gaudiest—that's Autumn.

Chapel speakers are improving, aren't they? If they continue to be of the same quality as the last few, it might not be necessary to visit the local pre-Chapel seminar in order to devour the necessary three cups of black coffee unconditionally guaranteed to keep one awake. They don't always work though, do they?

Orchids to Jack White and Hank Harvey for offering to tackle a job which isn't any too easy. Rather than sit in the comfortable stands with a date these Saturday nights, Jack and Hank are portraying the spirit of Guilford along the sidelines where they are dressed as a Quaker man and woman. It's not as easy as it looks; consequently the posies. Consider yourselves orchided fellows.

Our idea of a definition to end all definitions is the one which the English 55 (Journalism) textbook gives as the definition of "Journalist." Believe it or not, but on page three, paragraph three, the

black and white type naively (?) says, "Journalists are those who engage in journalism." So there you are, or have you your own private nomination for the "Order of the Purple Grapefruit?"

Throckmorton Thistlewhistle has been identified as the vicious culprit who initiated the rumor that students dining in Founders will henceforth come to meals with pencil and paper so that they may write down their orders and show them to the waiters—thus dispensing with unnecessary noise.

We weren't there, but have heard that Jane had her tray snatched away from her the other morning just as she sat down. The story is that she was knitting and dropped a stitch. Much too much noise, it seems.

The whole thing seemed rather foolish. It's a downright shame when students are threatened with loss of a meal (and such a loss) simply because they have an outburst of school spirit and raise their voices at one meal. A smile instead of a scorn would have halted the fun, but the situation was not handled properly.

Someone remarked to me at Tucker's after the game that he expected to see a hand clutch at his coke bottle and hamburger any minute and drag it away into the kitchen. Seems the gang was happily (and how rightfully so) chanting, "We beat High Point, we beat High Point."

And lastly—this whole paper was written on a four days notice to the editor that he had been designated as such. So how about giving us a break this issue and not tearing us completely apart? Give us a chance, give us some advice, and most of all, give us some workers, and we'll promise in turn to give you the very best that we can. It might not be the best, but it will be our best.

Sandpaper

By "FRISCO" BRAY

High Point!—They came—They saw—But they didn't Conquer! (yak, yak). That's just about the full story, save for a few extra curricular activities by several "Dempsey" minded fans on both sides and a little harsh language from Coach James directed to his Panthers at James' end. Incidentally Coach Newton has recaptured his lost youth—Chapman, High Points "Tigerman" of the line, only blasted "Stud" and "Harpo" but Al Johns' drop kicked all his pearly teeth over the 40 yard line—Gordon was true to his tag, "Flash"—The line was Great! The managers were Great! Teague, Lentz and Newton, were Great! And the dear ole Quakers were feelin' Great because we really "Greated" those Panthers...

Now back to the "down to earth drama" of "Row of Life" ("down to earth": slang for "dirt")—These Twins, what'a headache, we're always askin' which one?, and so, which one is dating Jimmy Coble? or is it just a "put-ti-put?" "No Sakie Up" Rusack takes time out from six man football to dance a short and light fantastic with Bunny Graham.

Rembrandts, and Quakers—and Painting Things Red! There is a morale to this story "One should never 'Rat' on one's partners, should one?" Which brings up another little matter—What's happened to the "loyal" Quakers, and that unprejudiced attitude? Is it fair for Student Government officials to slip the word to other officials, that "This little student went to market and his little student went to town, and this little student (no a bad little student!) should be watched all the way home?" Taint the ole Sol-id system, no sir! And how about some pencil sharpeners for King Hall?

Fair Haired Regie Roberts glides around with Pat Wheeler while Scott whistles I'm "Sneakin' in" or "He's on the way out," anyway the tune's the same—Dios Mio, has Poglioli gone south of the border? Si? Barbara Blair says, "Phil (Feeny), lets Jitter-bug," but says he, "You jitter-bug, I'll just vibrate!" Wheeeeee!—Say Ben, Got something to be bound? OR Are you bound to get something? Babs Rosika should soon have him neatly rapped in morocco! or something, by now! Rober Covington, (one of Lentz's big 'guns to be in basket ball) and Jody Brimball (Bill McCormick's sweet lil' morsel) are both recovering from rather serious appendectomies—Get well Quick!

Ten Easy Lessons on How Not to Win That Girl

If Lucy Estrin had kept a diary when she was a student at Oberlin College, her life would be much easier these days. For Lucy writes a dating column appearing in a national magazine—two pages of advice for the uncertain male.

The questions Miss Estrin deals with range from "Should I go steady in my freshman year?" to "How can I say it's all off?"

In her Varsity Magazine articles, Lucy's arrived at ten major dating faults of college men. First, Joe-who's-not-in-the-know is late. He comes with no excuse, an off-hand greeting, and a lounging disregard for the furniture (2). And he's made no plans for the evening (3).

The girl stammers a suggestion while trying to get into her wrap without assistance. They walk out

(she opens the door) (4), and catch a bus (he climbs in first) (5).

At the hotel where they dine and dance, the devastating date looks at every passing girl (6), occasionally remembers to tell his own girl that she looks "sensational." He orders without consulting her (7)—and then, in a Charles Boyer tone of voice, begins a detailed review of all the conquests he's ever made.

Finally he whips his gal to the dance-floor. He jitterbugs while everyone else fox-trots, and tries out a few routines that no American girl has ever learned (2). When he meets a friend on the floor, he doesn't introduce the girl he's escorting (9). And when he leaves her at the door after a brief tussle he says, "So long, kid. See you some time." "That," says Lucy Estrin, "is ten—and out!"

Ad-Libbing With Allen

A recent anthropology journal has announced the discovery of some Paleolithic Panther remains, in and around and ever that famous memorial stadium of Greensboro. The skeleton of these panthers, leads authorities to claim that they had the brain capacity of snails, and the backbones of amoebas. Parallel to the unearthing of these panther remains was the discovery of some smelling salts containers, some brass knuckles, and three Turkish towels, all of which were spotted with purple blood, and purple tears. Another strange discovery was the fossilized remains of a purple jersey, which had the handprints of a man, described as being 6'5" and weighing 200 pounds, imbedded upon it. Further excavation is being one in the hope of finding out the reason for this species' sudden disappearance from the biological world. One eminent anthropologist has expressed a belief that at long last, there is a tangible basis for assuming the presence of a 'missing link'...

P. S. Not that I like being 'atty,' boys... but doesn't the name of that last institution we met on the gridiron sound like an Indian reservation? Something like 'Low Creek' or 'Deep Valley'...?

P. S. Just goes to show that a high point can be a low spot...

A local sports prophet by the name of James Obstacle was heard mumbling this prayer as he paid off bets to loyal Quakerites...

"Paying off bets" . . . or "Why doesn't money stretch?"

"I would make me glad if we but had

A more elastic currency; The kind we get, It stretches not, At least it stretches not for me.

Give me a 'bit' So made that it

Will be full of tensile oil That when I pay it As a bet

I'll duly gain from the recoil.

A rubber dime At pay-off time

If it would stretch to quarter size, Would suit my whim

Beneath a grim Joe Guilford's avaricious eyes.

Give me a five That's so alive,

So springy and resilient, That when I lend It to a friend

It will return whence it had went.

And So I say And thus I pray

For him who'll take our treasury, And give me soon

That needed been A more elastic currency.