



The Guilfordian

Entered at Guilford College, N. C., as second class matter under the act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

Published semi-monthly during the school year by the students of Guilford College.

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- Subscription Price \$1.00 per year

"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

Tribute To Miss Marlette

"Are the Guilford women so hard to manage and so finicky about who has the final say on all their doings that it is impossible to keep one Dean of Women who satisfies and is satisfied for any length of time at Guilford?" This question has been raised by faculty and students alike, has been pro'd and con'd repeatedly, and the answer, prior to this fall term, unknown.

But, with September and the opening of school came Miss Mildred Marlette to supervise the women students. Her picture and a slight bit of information appeared in the Freshman Bulletin, and during the first week there was much speculation among the Founders and Mary Hobbs girls as to "how this one will turn out." But, Miss Marlette proved during the month of September just how the situation would be.

When the boys were having their annual "freshman initiation" one night and were ordered to serenade the women's dorms, there was quite a bit of racket going on inside as well as out. One of the girls met the new Dean in the hall of Founders (well after 11:00) and asked, timidly, "Just what is going on out there?" She (Miss M.) sighed, smiled with resignation, and said, "Freshman initiation." To her, it was obviously something that had to wear itself out and although the sooner the better, she let it ride.

Many girls who, in other years, quaked at the thought of going to the Dean's office, now stop in to talk to Miss Marlette of their own accord. She is understanding without being gushy, and has as quick a wit as any girl on campus. I wonder if she realizes how much the Founders girls appreciate her tact in absenting herself after the "five of" bell rings at night. This practice makes them realize that she trusts them to see to it that no men are in the halls late, and they do not feel that someone is constantly "watching over" them.

B. A. P.

Editorially Speaking . . .

By the time this issue of THE GUILFORDIAN rolls off the press, every member of the student body and members of the faculty will have been asked to contribute to the annual Community Chest Campaign . . . let's hope that you have all given, and given generously.

A current problem with some of the girls on campus is the inability to get later than 11 o'clock permission after a football game . . . I sympathize . . . but doubt if anything will be done.

The ban against smoking on campus has been kicked around since this column struck its first comma, and for the most part, the boys on campus have adhered to it, particularly since last spring. As you all know, the Soda Shop is a place where students gather, get a bite to eat, a coke, and sit back and relax for a few seconds from the campus grind. The first thing a fellow wants when he sits down is a fag . . . he looks up and finds a "No Smoking" sign staring him in the face. It is hereby hoped that the proper authorities have noticed the splendid cooperation of the guys on campus in regards to smoking, and will ease up enough to make the Soda Shop the place it should be . . .

Here's a plug for the Vets' Carnival . . . the Veterans have one of the hardest working outfits on campus and deserve a good turnout.

Orchids to Miss Marlette for being so friendly . . . it's been a long time since a faculty member took a genuine interest in campus doings.

. . . and scallions to the person responsible for the condition of the bathrooms in Cox . . . it must be fun to get up in the morning and decide whether it will be the gym or Archdale . . . not much difference.

How about some extra support for the team? The players like someone else besides the referees watching them knock themselves out . . . that goes for the faculty, too. Does the student body have priority on seats at the Stadium?

Deepest sympathy from the students and THE GUILFORDIAN staff to Sam Lynch on the death of his grandfather.

EDITOR

Fire Calls

By Frisco Bray

Have another slug and let's roll with no drinky and no smoky!! Bettina "Everyday I want you just a little bit more" Huston-Bob Clark-Bill Phillips . . . you figure this one out. Al Johns has caught Mary McCormick with his lasso (line, get it??) but Bill Cleaver was over in Winston holding her hand while she was sick. Stop the music . . . what's that? Suzanne (cocktail party) Marcus thinks Europe shows better possibilities than Guilford. May be wrong, but Nature Boy is still perchy. Tuttle's got a girl. Corny wishes she had a man . . . still mingling with the multitudes. Mary Hobbs loss-Greensboro's gain . . . Dot McCormick and Vernon Smith. Congrats to mama and papa Jarvis and that beautiful bouncing girl. Oh, yes, while we're on the subject Tom and Maisie Riddle were blessed with a baby this summer, he's seven years old, has the cutest long, pointed ears and tail. His name is Hobby and he's the cutest Lil' dog on campus.

To those girls who have new diamonds on their fingers and their dearly beloved who will soon have brass rings in their noses, we offer our sincere congrats . . . among them are Gail Schaffer and Ray Pearman, Inge Lonerich and Brad Snipes.

Freshmen Nancy Jenkins and Ray Jennings are being seen together mucho . . . but we hear Ray is also being sure he's seen the "crop" before he commits himself. Roxie III . . . Betty Roberson . . . and Jase Ralls seem to have an interest in common, in each other! That, we grant, is a pretty good beginning.

Jeanne Walton didn't take a chance on not finding a fellow after she came to Guilford—played it smart and latched onto Harry Johnson before she came to ye old institution. What's it with Rudy Craven and Wilda Briles?? Boys, you ain't got a chance, 'cause Jean Smith has eyes only for that soldier that comes to see her all the time.

Cutie Venutis eyes still roll with "Hot Lips" . . . (doesn't realize what she's missing). The Moon still shines bright over Betty Nunn. My heart belongs to Flanders' Kerr should know that ice will sometimes melt . . . slowly!!!

They say Ed Skinner is using boxes of candy to cut out Peggy Fogleman's other guy from Burlington . . . candy can't help a sore thumb (from buzzing for hours on end) and help prevent Wally Maulsby from sightseeing on West Porch with Peggy. Hum-m-m, could be expensive for Ed or a broken heart for "Jitter."

Leap year, yes! June Nelson has requested Darwin Hawley in marriage . . . Ada Wayne "You call everybody darling" Stuart is back in the harness again after a short fling. Rodney just can't find time for marriage, Lilly.

Bill George and Phyl Stevens have settled into a state of domesticity, while others are looking for their "ideal mate." Which brings to mind the fact that Jean Carroll's affections are bubbling madly for Sam "Robert Mitchum" Lynch . . . could prove to be interesting? Could the death of two bird dogs down in "Passion Flats" have anything to do with Tom Jones selling hot dogs in the dorms? Not satisfied with one fan club at WC, Tom Evans has a female contingent out at Memorial Stadium every football game.

For a passing thought—who is the mysterious hunchback? That's all the excitement for now, but wait 'til the GI checks come in!!

Pitching Platters

"More Moore" is the batt'ery of boosters on campuses over the states as "Wild Bill" Moore and his master men jump to the top of the stack on Jukes. Mr. Moore's aggregation spots Paul Williams and his baritone sax hitting a few high notes on "Harlem on Parade" and "We're Gonna Rock" waxed on the new Savoy discs. Most students remember Williams' sax from the old "Thirty-five thirty" days.

The latest word from the Greensboro Youth Center is that Stan Kenton, and Dizzy Gillespie will roll into Greensboro in November. Mr. Kenton is expected to hold forth over a jam session for standing room only, come November twenty-seventh, while Dizzy, top hop trum-

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CANDIDLY SPEAKING . . .

. . . j. wm. mccracken

I was talking to a freshman the other day. It doesn't matter who he was. That's not important. The thing that rang the bell was what he said. He may not hit the honor roll in books, but, in my opinion, he's on it, in common sense. He was as smart as they come when he said,

"In these campus elections you've talking about which are going to be held this year, I'm going to look long and hard at the nominees when I see them. I know we freshmen don't have a chance to vote for all that you upperclassmen do, but we'll have our chance at some nominees. Maybe they'll be good-looking as all get out, or maybe they'll put Gravel Gertie and B. O. Plenty in the shade, but what they like isn't what's going to matter to me when I cast my votes. It's what they've done that I can find out by asking around that's going to matter. If some of the nominees are going to be really big wheels, I'd like to see them in action and hear what they've got to say for themselves. And I'd like to see those people who have the initiative and ability to fill the jobs, get them."

The fellow was right. He wouldn't count too much in the fall elections, but when the spring elections came around, he would. But he has a splendid idea. When he votes, he won't be satisfied by looking at the

candidates and seeing who's got the best-looking clothes, who's got the best grin, who's nicest to look at. He knows that underneath these, many times, there lies little else. He's just hungry to see that people who can handle the various posts, hold them.

Maybe what he said won't mean as much to you as it did to me. But he was one guy I was really glad to see on campus. He's going to go places. He didn't realize it, but he is really an important person, for he is the type who will not only judge carefully and vote likewise, but whom other students will probably vote wisely for when he's nominated to a position. He's a fellow who realizes that his votes aren't merely pieces of paper, but figures that tally in a line-up. If he continues in the line he's started, he will be, without his being aware of it, a kind of student, citizen and leader that the U. S. holds a rain-check on.

Perhaps his votes in years to come will be weapons against intolerance, injustice and misunderstanding, three of the greatest evils in existence. And by his votes, the people whom he helps elect will be not only his leaders, but his servants. To me, he's got the real spark of democracy. To me, he's not only a big part in this college campus, this community—but in America's future.

Straight From the Horse's Mouth

With the first issue of the Guilfordian, comes the birth of a new column for your pleasure or displeasure.

A quick coverage of summer school . . . of interest only to the upperclassmen:

The polio epidemic hit Carolina and hit hard this summer. Nothing worse than a bad scare at Guilford College, thank the Lord. Public parks and lakes closed, throwing Bill George and Tom Bray out of work, Bray claiming it was all one big plot against him.

All Guilfordians will remember this summer as the one when the local mailman brought around the famous (or infamous?) "purity letter." The paragraph stating the school's policy on the use of intoxi-

cating beverages had a lot of people confused. Hank Harvey wasn't sure if he should get rid of his after-shave lotion.

The big event of the season was Al Poggli's wedding reception at the Plantation Club. Entertainment was provided by Gale Craddock, who made like Sinatra, and Clary Weston, who reminded old timers of the one and only Pug Whiteheart.

Pinkie Fischelis spent a goodly portion of her time riding around in a large, black Packard with a Persian Lamb floor covering. Understand it's been traded in for a '49 Packard Town and Country. Haven't seen it parked near Founders yet. Didn't Duckor and Pettingell's course include a winter semester, Pinkie?

Here's a number made for laughs . . . Marshall Presnell pulled the best one in years. After driving through campus in the waning days of SS in a lovely, lovely convertible, he has to end up in a ditch. Instead of being real smart, Form, of all the cars streaming down the highway picks out one with an official looking seal on the side and flags it down. The sad story ends up in court with a kindly judge suspending Form's license for twelve months . . . "Oh, what it might have been!"

At the end of summer school, we visualized a new science building in front of King and modernized bathrooms in Cox. Somewhere, somehow, something went wrong. The bathrooms . . . oh brother! It was great when a dozen or so fellows came down with a mysterious ailment (some call it Roberson's disease) and won't it be fun when the snow comes?

Poor dejected, rejected Bill Kerr . . . broke up with the girl he hustled about this summer anticipating return. But Charlotte told him good-bye . . . too bad there's no song called "Charlotte of My Heart," huh Bill? And what ever happened to the McCracken-Strang affair?

A nickname phobia has hit the campus . . . take a look at these, Harry "Lambchop" Roeske, Darwin "Punkin" Hawley, Harold "Gaylord" Lilly . . . sometimes known as Joe Robert "Paddy-Bear" Clark and Corny "I want a man" Hodgkin. Emif said?

Football games undoubtedly have been the "driest" ever seen. Frankly though, I think the three cutest cheerleaders are Alyce Valaer, Joe Gamble and Fuzzy Yoder.

One romance that should succeed is the Ruth Hino—Jimmy Mann couplet. They at least have one thing in common . . . they both love Jimmy.

Carl Cochrane came up with a good one. To Shannon MacKenzie, he said, "Mac, if half your mouth was brains, you'd be a genius."

Most of us were eagerly looking forward to the next installment of the Sally Goodrich-Brantly Greeson soap opera. Would Brantly divorce his wife or would he give up Sally? Would Sally drop biology and become a music major? Would Mrs. Greeson shoot Sally? Alas! Sally went back to her biology. Oh, well,

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Have You Met . . .

Wajech T. W. Dajani

Wajech Dajani is from an old Mohammedan family. They have lived in Jerusalem for 800 years and are the custodians of King David's tomb and the place of the Last Supper.

Mr. Dajani graduated from the Al-Ummah High School in Jerusalem. He has had four years of college, two at the Universal College of Aley, in Lebanon, and two at Colorado State College.

He arrived in America in September 1946. He has seen much of this country and the world, which is reflected in his interesting answers to a few questions.

When asked what impressed him the most since his arrival in America, Dajani said the economic security offered to the average American family made the biggest impression.

"I was surprised at the difference between regulations and restrictions here as compared with other parts of the United States" was his answer to a question pertaining to the girls' rules on this campus. Dajani said he could not judge on the fairness of the rules, but he said, "I'm pretty sure that the girls themselves would not appreciate very much having chaperones especially when the chaperone has no date."

When questioned about collegiate sports in America as compared to those in Jerusalem, he answered "The major collegiate sport here is football. At home it is also called football, but you would call it soccer."

"Are American girls as pretty as those at home?" When this question was put before him, Dajani smiled and replied, "You don't care whom you put in a jam, do you?"

The last question, concerning his opinion on the "New Look," brought this answer, "First I objected highly, but I guess now I am accustomed to it and rather like it."

Wajech Dajani is only one of the many interesting students on campus and you will meet another in the next issue of the paper.