



The Guilfordian

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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

On policy

It is standard procedure for the editor of the GUILFORDIAN to set down the policy his paper will follow while he is in office. The GUILFORDIAN in succeeding issues will follow a strict policy agreed to by members of the editorial staff. Editorials will not be signed or initialed. All comments should be addressed to the editors. The editors accept full responsibility for all editorials printed. The GUILFORDIAN will not have any "gripe" as the basis for an editorial. Any issue arising that is not considered the concern of the students as a whole will not be considered. The GUILFORDIAN earnestly solicits any comments from students, alumni, and faculty members.

Or had you noticed?

While we're in a good mood, we wish to call to your attention an accomplishment that rates much praise.

When we learned that Paul Lentz had been appointed Dean of Men this year, we were surprised. We just couldn't picture this good-natured gentleman as dean. But, as you know, we soon found out. He has taken this extra duty (on top of an already sufficient number) in stride, and has quietly gone about performing the duties of this office with the understanding and patience that is required for such a task. Somehow, we aren't as reluctant to go to Memorial Annex with a problem . . . and we don't mean by this that it is easier to get away with anything!

Dean Lentz, for a well-done job that requires much work and brings little praise, we congratulate you!

Teague

On Saturday, April 16, as we picked up our morning paper and turned to the sports page, we gasped, were pleased, and let forth a sigh of relief.

This, we are sure, was the reaction of all Guilford College students and faculty. For wasn't "Eddie" Teague the person we all were hoping would be selected as our new athletic director? Of course when the story was released and the tension of waiting many weeks for the announcement was over, we were relieved. The story in the Greensboro Daily News was read by all of us, and we were impressed with the past record and future plans of a promising young man whom we are fortunate to have in our midst.

But out of this huge story came a small paragraph which we noticed, and which stuck fast in our minds. In what was probably his highest moment in life, this man did not forget, in his look into the future, that the main purpose of a physical education department is Physical Education. Though, certainly, he even then realized that his success would be measured by the number of wins compared to the number of losses of his team, he still maintained that a strong intramural program was equally as important as intercollegiate success.

This is the Eddie Teague that participates in intramural sports with the non-varsity athletes; that dons his mask and umpires softball games; of whom we have heard a number of students say about a number of courses, "I wish Teague could teach that course"; and who still can wield the stick of discipline and make the boys love it.

With our feeling of happiness, there is a feeling of regret. For we know, and we must understand, that Eddie's time is more valuable; that his time for us, as individuals, will be more limited. But, nevertheless, we feel that we, as a part of Guilford College, are recipients of a great fortune.

Eddie Teague, we welcome and congratulate you in your new position.

Just Thinking

... By HARRY JOHNSON

It was quite evident during football season, and as much so during basketball. Just let the opposing team get a little lead, and we have a funny way, here at Guilford, of shutting up like clams. I was somewhat aware of that same thing at the High Point baseball game. At the very beginning of the game, the increasingly popular "Hup-two-three-four" was stalking out all over Hobbs Field as the H. P. pitcher strode up to the mound.

Then, in the bottom of the second, the Panthers crossed the plate three times. When the pitcher walked up in the following inning, there was not a sound from the crowded bleachers—crowded with Guilfordians, that is.

It seems to me that if we're going to ride the opposing team, the time to do it is when it needs to be upset. As long as the Quakers are doing okay, there doesn't seem to me to be as much reason for the "riding" as there is when we're on the short end of the score.

And, too, "Jase" got all kinds of support when we were holding High Point scoreless. But in the fourth inning of that particular game, when Guilford was still holding a Goose egg score and the Panthers were sporting a fat three runs, "Jase" did all the pitching alone. The proverbial "Chatter" just wasn't there.

Last Sunday afternoon I stopped over in Winston-Salem to see the tail end of the Greensboro Pat-Winston-Salem Cards' Carolina League tilt. The Cards were behind 5-2. When the Pats came in to bat in the top of the eighth, the Cards' pitcher received the greatest kind of support. Actually, there was more noise in support of the Cards when they were in the red than when they were tied. There wasn't any of that "given-up" spirit that seems to prevail when our Quakers begin trailing in any of the major sports. In the last two games Guilford's diamond men have played off (at the time of this writing, they have come from behind to win the game). The TEAM has the spirit to win. Now it's up to us, Mr. and Mrs. Spectator, to give them the support the team deserves because of that spirit.

Guilford meets Lenoir Rhyne at Hobbs Field this afternoon, and A.C.C. tomorrow afternoon, same place. Let's do our part toward winning these and the rest of the home games. Whoever is pitching, it's our job to give him, and his teammates, every bit of support that we can. And that goes for next year's football and basketball, too. We've got a good baseball crew this spring, and good prospects for the other two major sports next year. Are they going to get all-out support, or mediocre "winning support?"

CANDIDLY SPEAKING . . .

... j. wm. mccracken

I have stated this before in a letter printed in the student handbook, and I think it worthwhile to repeat it again, that participation in extra-curricular activities in college is fully as important as the studies one pursues. Although I admit freely that the two are often not very compatible, that often one must neglect one of them for the other, there is more to be derived from the combination than words can tell.

Perhaps, from you students that read this column, there will come the cry, "There is no time," or "What have organizations to offer me?" As to the first statement let me say that there is always time for what you want and are willing enough to do. Sometimes it may seem that you yourself will have to manufacture it, but there will be time if you arrange it. As to your second statement, the question, let me answer that your organizations have everything to offer you. They will develop your potentialities as nothing you may read in a book can. They will develop initiative, leadership, dependability and an imaginative mind. And not only will they aid you inwardly, but outwardly, also.

Let me cite an instance. Pre-medical students were asked in their interviews with the various Committees on Admissions to different medical schools what they (students) did in the form of extra-curricular activities. The Committees usually had this information in their hands, and the process was merely a check. One of the committees of a near-by school told a friend of mine that he personally could not deem a student who had a straight "A" average and nothing else to back it up, as a good candidate for medicine. They are all looking for men and women who not only have high scholastic averages but also outstanding in the organizations of their colleges or universities. They want all-round individuals, not those who shoot off at a tangent here and there, or fall in the average, sluggish class.

And so it is, or will be, in any field that you may venture when you graduate. The queries will come, "What did you do in extra-curricular activities when you were in college? Your hobby is reading? Knitting? Nothing much? Sorry. You see, we want men and women who have proved themselves, who have initiative, leadership, dependability, a mind that's alive and quick." They will write back to this institution for confirmation of the facts, also. And your major and minor professors will know what you have done. So don't shoot the bull—it won't work.

How well I remember what Dr. Campbell asked us during my freshman year. She said, "Are you here

for education or a diploma?" There is a great difference between the two. The latter can be burned, destroyed, but the former will live, because it is inside you. Laugh and answer, "A diploma," and continue as you are, and you'll swallow your words someday. Their taste is not as pleasant as their sound.

The job behind the colleges today as always is to equip young men and women to take their proper roles as leaders in future communities. But it's not their job alone. It's your job, too. And it's your money, or your parents', guardians' or the government's that you're spending. College is a nine-month's bargain sale. How many did you, or are you going to continue to miss?

We know
It unwise
To criticize
Our fellow-man,
Before becoming
Overbold.
Remember, Sir,
We all came
From the same
Mold.
Nevertheless,
In spite of mothers,
Some are moulder
Than others.
—"Michigan State News"

Straight From the Horse's Mouth

By Jerry and Carl

Guilford's intrepid Quakers have just scored another stunning upset. Last week we met the bad Baptists of Mars Hill College in an "all holds barred" "we can do anything better than you" contest, and left them wallowing in their own iniquity. The Baptists made a strong bid with their six-inch must'n't touch rule, but Guilford met them by taking "More Beer" off the juke box, slammed into the lead with talk-to-him-too-long-on-Monday-night and you've had it and coasted to an easy victory by proving their point with Monday night's "arrests." What we wanta know is, will the people make extra "loco amor" (Spanish for short smooch) on Tuesday or just all collapse from a night of enforced study.

The last act of our great dramatic production fell through this week. "Two Gun" Presnell was supposed to stretch "Muscles" Kerr's limp body beside "Riverboat" Dunkles when the two brutes met at the K.K.K. (both thinking they were dating Nettie), but Presnell went and loused up by staying home . . . it's probably for the best; since Kerr found out his legs were bigger than Bill Oden's, he's been a hard man to stop.

Somebody told Patty Simpson those other people here were boys, too, and Jim Miller is sorta un-happy . . . but Patty looked happy talking to Jase 'tother night.

Speaking of happy, we don't think Beverly was when Anne Raiford dated Tyson, even with Bob Fowler to console her . . . and Anne also

Have You Met . . .

Bill Byrd (Wheel)

Freshmen . . . good guy . . . buy anyone a "coke" . . . helps pass out Mr. Payne's . . . frogs . . . youngest member of freshman class . . . yet . . . loves all women . . .

Betty Roberson: Freshman . . . cute girl . . . good personality . . . Davidson College . . . sister to Roxie . . . school spirit.

Bobby Carson (Smily)
Sophomore . . . pride of Pilot Mountain . . . got it bad . . . dates day and night . . . personality . . . lover of battleground haven . . . autos not fast enough . . . always looking for a short cut . . .

Jean Sheetz: Sophomore . . . good girl . . . never in a bad mood . . . looks happy . . . dresses neat . . . like her old man, "she doesn't like people."

Dick Hoyle (Sparkie)
Junior . . . expert on all matters . . . Chevroletitis . . . philosopher . . . small in size, but impressive in character . . . he's lovely, he's happy, he's engaged . . . to Caroline . . . I'll fix it cheaper . . . buy a '41 cheaper in Philly . . .

Kent Tilley (Flexy)
Senior . . . stomach in . . . chest out . . . chin in . . . tombstone salesman . . . "June in January" . . . something in Winston . . . green and cream flash with pipe . . . loves Eeon and Alma . . .

THE FRUITFUL WALK

By EARL TYSON

The night is filled with mystical things
As I wander slowly beneath the skies—
L longing for peace that prayer alone can bring,
Immortal peace, the peace that never dies.

As though led by a hand, strong and clean—
I chanc'd upon that lonely one
Kneeling in prayer before his God;
my King.
I knelt with him—Not a stranger;
my son.

The prayer I prayed was a simple one,
Not filled with lovely words, or theme—
Not asking for riches or a miracle
be done;
Just one request of God,—this prayer
I sing—

Oh, Love divine, glow in my eyes!
Make me more like him that looks above,
Kneel in prayer beneath the skies—
Seeking strength, renewed faith,
needed love.

managed to throw a little gloom into Nancy Parker's life by doing the campus with Joe Mitchell too—always good for a paragraph, that gal!

Yarborough saved our asking Betty Jo to straighten up by taking things in hand with Mary Tetter (the situation—not Mary).

Glad to see the Soda Shop cow-girls getting along . . . Nina Walton walking with Bobby Furnas, Polly Van sliding from Bobby Carson's chit-chat to John Schopp's, Anne Reese cutting rugs with Baker's brother (the single one), and Nat Ethridge in a fast card game with J. T. "The Traitor" Venable. Also noticed that Tut Sherrill has answered the call of spring and paired up with Barbara Scott . . . his younger but even bigger brother is dating a little gal in town, and if you were Bobby Clark what in the world would you do about it?

We'd like to see more of the John Jones-Ornstein combo, partly 'cause they're nice people and partly to see if genius is hereditary.

Poor Bettina is confused again. Her Arab is back, Al Milner is still here; and the faculty is strictly Zionist in this case.

Diamond Jim Hawley's brother has already moved into collegiate circles with Peggy Tweddell, and Peggy and June got mushy and gave the boys a chicken for Easter . . . and that cleans us out till our next scout report.

Parting notes: Congrats to the Valear twins for taking Winston's Tōni vote.