



# 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

## Are we selfish?

Somehow at the beginning of each new school year, with each new course, and each new teacher, we become confused. The rush for books, the "threats" put forth by the faculty at first class meetings, the set of new faces that we must learn anew each year, and the early struggle with courses that we seem not to be able to master often causes us to wonder. Is education worth all this? Can we further ourselves more rapidly here than to begin our adult life now in the highly competitive society we live in? We believe that a possible answer to these questions would be forthcoming if we asked ourselves, "Are we thinking of furthering ourselves strictly for the benefit of ourselves?" If so, it is possible that we are wasting our time.

## We are concerned

With the announcement of the atomic explosion in Russia, we, as college students must wake up to the fact that not only western civilization is on shaky ground, but the civilization of the entire world. We are not, as many college journalists, giving the formula for saving the world in three easy lessons—However, we must, no matter how our beliefs are regarding war, realize that this scourge has not been wiped from the earth, and this fact is important to all of us. Though man has tried through the years to separate himself; isolate himself; and exist for himself, he has failed. Now, as never before, we are made to realize that we are bound in a bond that can never be broken with peoples of all the world. Tiny, insignificant incidents in the far corners of the earth now have world-shaking significance. We cannot isolate ourselves. . . Still we ask, "Why should we, college students, above all, be concerned?"—Because on the college generation of today the future of the world may precariously lie.

## Chow for victory

Our football team has been practicing every weekday since September 1. The work is sometimes drudgery, often tiresome and always hard. These practices have resulted in the winning of two hard games and promise to bring victory in many games to come.

It has been requested that the football players be allowed to enter the dining hall at the front of the line, only during the evening meal. Cooperation among the students in this action would allow the players to escape standing in line and allow them to eat without a long wait, thereby helping them to make up the time in studying that they have given on Hobbs' Field.

THE GUILFORDIAN staff feels that the students will cooperate with the football team just as they have with the faculty.

We do not begrudge the team our place in the "chow" line. We only hope that someday they will have a training table with diets especially designed to give them that little extra energy which wins football games.

*Elizabeth Ann Gordon was well liked by her dorm mates in Mary Hobbs Hall and the rest of the student body and faculty. Her untimely death this summer shocked the whole campus. The Guilfordian speaks for the student body in expressing their sincerest sympathy to Liz's family.*

*We also express sympathy to Mrs. Fordham, house mother at Mary Hobbs Hall, because of the recent death of her husband at Fort Pierce, Florida.*

# Short Hops

... with BILL KERR

Freshmen are people too. I know because I've seen some of them pulling the same tricks this year as we did one, two or three years ago. I guess maybe they're human in their own little way. Heard some of the stories about this year's crop? One bright young thing from Founders Hall who had been sent here from her local high school with the idea that she was to become a potential English major threw her plans downstream about 9:45 a.m. a few Mondays ago and is now a somewhat confused music major. Why? Well, the cute young thing had a simple answer in her next letter home: "The line for music majors was much shorter, mother, and I was so tired."

I know you're heard about the little gal who was supposed to check in at the gym for a few rounds of mayhem formally called woman's hockey. She zigged when she should have zagged and consequently was last seen entering the Corinthian columned archways of New North in Cox Hall. Miss Marlette, sitting on Founders' Porch, held her breath for all of five minutes, but at last our little heroine emerged unscathed, of course, but oh so confused. At last reports Miss Marlette was prepared to draw diagrams for all freshman proving that the shortest distance between Founders Hall and the gymnasium is not a curved line by way of Cox Hall. And the little gal? Well, she's dropped the course.

There is a beautiful new Science Building now that would do credit to any college in the country. There's also new cement walks spread over the campus and an addition being tagged on to the library. We still have our dogs, cats and squirrels and not much heat in the morning, but after all we do have brand spanking new little boys rooms in Archdale Hall, and girls, I'll let you in on a little secret: they're done in a simply lovely teal green tile with just the right touch of aqua.

And the food . . . well, it goes without saying that it will be hard for you freshmen to take because you've been used to home cooking and naturally there's just not any comparison between this and what mother makes. But take it from one Senior who's seen more than a few samples of excuses for meals in these past three years; this is darn good chow compared to what we had to put up with before. Mrs. Martin deserves some thanks along those lines because she took this job with two strikes on her and has done a wonderful job in securing King David's cooperation and putting out some fine meals. And praise Allah for Charlie Hendricks; at last he's learned to make coffee that won't scour the lining off the stomach.

And rat court . . . the three fellows who volunteered to help us out the other night deserve more than a pat on the back. Above all, you other freshmen should thank them for upping the prestige of your whole class because you won't find three better sports on the campus. Zebra striped orchids to them too.

Consensus of opinion among the upperclassman arrives at a definite conclusion that this year's crop of gals is the best to pass inspection in some time. It must be something that might have been radioactivated . . . hmmmnnnn.

It's going to be a good year though; somehow you can just sorta feel that it couldn't be anything else. The football team running the split T (eague) is ready and rolling. You freshmen have given a shot in the arm to a dwindling amount of school spirit and, all in all, great things are going to happen . . . Why, even the freshmen reception was a huge success this year . . . which incidentally is all Ben Baker's fault.

And as a parting suggestion for this year's first edition of the campus paper: become a part of campus life; join in with the crowds and hitch on to some of the extra curricular activities . . . you'll get a lot more out of these few years if you do. Someone bent on spreading malicious gossip around quoted me as saying "Study hard, but don't let your studies interfere with your social life." I deny it . . . seriously though, you can do either and make out well in both. Take the necessary time to adjust yourself to a new life; a new life which can be four of the best darn years you'll ever know.

You'll like Guilford, we already like you.

Be not dismayed O seeking eyes  
At that which thou may see  
Nor need thee fear attentive ears  
For that which thou may hear  
And thee O tongue cease not to speak  
Wisdom may yet come forth  
And you O heart haste on to love  
So thou may reap thy dream  
Slow not thy pace O stumbling feet  
The road draws near its end  
Toil on O hands and do thy task  
Thy day of rest is near  
Prepare thyself O feeble soul  
To meet thy God in truth  
And thee O mind give forth thy light  
So none of these may fear.  
—Earl Tyson

## ANGLES . . . by JOE KEIGER

The cracked blare of bugle, the crescendo of hub-bub as the mass seethed about in the darkness enlarging itself, the gustily greeted appearance of the masked band, the subsequent succession of events—the capture, the trial, the penalty performed—the "Rat Court" rides again. Autumn's first academic ride is performed year in and year out on whatever campus freshmen find themselves thrown with more seasoned students.

Horseplay? Yes! Thank goodness, there is no real crime to be punished by these fun-seeking mobs—but the pattern of events they endorse is dangerously parallel to what still occurs too often in the South—and North today. Always the victim is the group or the individual different from the norm. Always the greater the mob, the more violent is the retribution. In numbers the individual seeks to lose

## Ever-Changing Hair Style Noted Here

By JOANNA HIGGINS

There is always a tide in the affairs of the girls at Guilford to switch the hair styles. This annual renaissance of the head dress happens in late summer and is spurred on by a group of auctioneers who start the hair going on its way—Going, going, gone, that is.

Yes, short hair does something to a girl. You know, it duz just about everything! The features of the physiognomy are accentuated. The eyes are outstanding, the nose is prominent, and all the lineaments stand out like miniature stars about the face. (All the glory is gone now.)

However, the hair itself is the main object of attraction in the eyes. Some short locks are brushed upward, giving a look of surprise and innocence, while other clipped curls are turned under to give the face a settled expression and adding just a hint of intelligence.

Also, there is the idea of a duet in this hair snipping contest. This occurs when one side curls up and one side turns under. The owner now has the look of a cross breed between June Allyson and Lana Turner.

Sure 'nuff, Guilford's campus is flaked with short-haired snazars and each one has her own idea on the way hair should be worn. Did I say the way hair really should be worn? Heavens that's easy; on the head, where else?

The Freshman Class entertained (?) the upperclassmen Friday night of Freshman Week. An unidentified Yankee sweated through the master of ceremony's duties. Sorry that this is all to this story, but we left while the trumpet player was blowing "Stardust."

# Have You Met . . .

- Mary Wickersham, "Wick"—Westchester, Pa.  
Class—Freshman.  
Pet peeve—Math.  
Likes—Classical music.  
Favorite pastime—Playing the piano.  
Thinks of Guilford—"It's wonderful."
- Grady Lakey, "Grady"—Booneville, N. C.  
Class—Freshman.  
Pet peeve—Not enough cash or women.  
Likes—Sports.  
Favorite pastime—Music.  
Thinks of Guilford—"Fine school."
- Barbara Hunt, "Bobbie"—New York City.  
Class—Freshman.  
Pet peeve—Shy boys.  
Likes—Angora cats.  
Favorite pastime—Drawing squirrels.  
Thinks of Guilford—"Its a grand place."
- John Shore, "Johnny"—Booneville, N. C.  
Class—Freshman.  
Pet peeve—None.  
Likes—Popular music.  
Favorite pastime—Movies.  
Thinks of Guilford—"Fine."

fear of his own weakness, to lose his sense of man-to-man decency—in short, to lose his individuality. Why else would he don a mask?

Let the merry madness continue to enliven the seats of learning; but from the example draw the knowledge of the potency of a mob in action.

## 'Yo-Yo' Is Denied Chapel Seat; Peeved

By VIRGINIA TOOLE

Everyone who comes to college has a different conception of what it will be like; but these same ideas are quickly changed after a few days of college life, and are still more radically altered when they become veterans of four years or more.

Ann Yarrow, a New Yorker, thinks that Guilford fulfills everything she thought college would be. But then she quietly confesses that she is rather homesick and is counting the days until she can go home again.

Bill "Yo-Yo" Yates, a Thomasville freshman, was quite impressed by the friendliness of all the students at Guilford. "But I don't think they like me very much—I-I-didn't get a chapel seat." Do I hear any offers? If some upperclassman doesn't feel generous, then maybe Dean Lentz can arrange to have an extra chair put on the stage for "Yo-Yo."

Grace Votaw, a Jersey-ite, likes all her teachers so far. She has been seeing the campus from the infirmary. Grace admits that she is still having a hard time getting used to the "you-alls" and the southern drawls. (Wait until she goes home Christmas with one of her own.)

George Geary claims that he is a southern yankee; but the writer thinks that he is just trying to stay out of the Civil War. Why doesn't someone tell him that it was over in 1865? When asked what he thought about his classes, he refused to assert himself. And when asked about the Guilford girls, he made no comment. When asked about rat court, he positively refused to be incriminated. What's wrong? Chicken?

Four years from now, or even four months, it would be interesting to look back to see what these Guilfordians think about their own first impressions. The writer is sure that they will have formed more definite opinions about school—some may not even be printable.

President Lincoln was once taken to task for his attitude toward his enemies.

"Why do you try to make friends of them?" asked an associate. "You should try to destroy them."

"Am I not destroying my enemies," Lincoln gently replied, "when I make them my friends?"