



The Guilfordian

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Editor-in-Chief	Gene S. Key
Managing Editor	Ward B. Threatt
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Typist	Bobby Marshall
Photographer	James Kaltreider
Faculty Adviser	Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert
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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

A Good Job

At the time of this dissertation, two play reviews are forthcoming to THE GUILDFORDIAN. We are not play reviewers, so we don't know what they are going to say. However, we did see the play and we are going to say a few words. Maybe you will have three play reviews . . .

We enjoyed the play. It wasn't Broadway; it did not cause people to go out shouting from housetops; and it didn't cause reporters to run madly for the telephones and yell, "Stop, the presses, I have the biggest story of the day." However, I think that one Bill Kerr, one Clifford Goodman, one Edward Burrows, and the rest of the group did a good job. It's difficult to put on a good play at Guilford; perhaps a little more difficult than to put out a few GUILDFORDIANS, a Quaker, or to stage a dance. Like these forementioned, it comes in the realm of extra-curricular activities rather than in the curriculum, so the participants burn up their own time. Also, the student body is small; resources are the same.

We have noticed some class absences on the part of the director and other participants due to the work involved in staging the play. This will cost them "blood" in grades, but we feel that a little praise will make them feel it was a worthy sacrifice. We hope our play reviewers take this into consideration.

Anyway, it was a good presentation, for the large audience kept applauding until the cast had reappeared two times. They are the real critics.

Are We Right?

Exactly five issues ago, the editors of THE GUILDFORDIAN stated its editorial policy. It contained statements to these effects: "No gripes will be considered as a basis for an editorial, unless it is the concern of the student body as a whole . . ."; "Editorials will not be signed"; and "the editorial staff takes full responsibility for editorials printed."

This policy has caused some criticism, but for the main part it has erased difficulties too numerous to mention. However, we have been accosted several times with requests for editorials on "Why don't they heat the place up?"; "The dessert was too sweet"; "Blast the faculty for not cooperating"; "Write an editorial criticizing unfair treatment of football players"; and others.

Now, the editorial policy of THE GUILDFORDIAN is not one of appeasement and soft-soaping. We have, on occasions, been ready to attack certain so-called problems in response to student comment, but the comment died so quickly that the issue proved just another peeve that someone did a good job "talking up."

We might as well get to the point, so here goes. There is a problem that concerns all of us. It does not deal with the above problems. It does, however, deal with toilet tissue in trees, painted sidewalks, and a one-third empty auditorium which stared a speaker in the face who has trouble seating the throngs who file in to hear him at a place much larger than Guilford College.

Why couldn't the "decorating" of the campus have waited until after the Founders Day event, a dignified occasion? Certainly, it was not a good excuse for what we term a prank. Then the respectful, dignified members of the student body would not have had to walk around red-faced as visitors filed on the campus.

No wonder our grievances are considered adolescent. How would we have felt if members of the faculty had come to Greensboro and booted at the student home-coming parade? This would have been a parallel situation.

How can we expect our faculty members to consider us as adults?

**The Guilfordian congratulates
AL JOHNS and BILL TOPPING
on receiving All North State honors.**

ANGLES...by JOE KEIGER

I guess we all at one time or another get the newspaper habit. It's certainly one way to get the kick that starts the day's wheels to grinding. Each morning I force myself awake bright and early ("Oh yeah?" says his roommate) to await with bated breath ("Snores," says his roomie) our Daily News runner's dash into the idyllic Cox quiet, his offering to "plop" at our door.

Ah! Those first page headlines have just the wallop to jar all drowsiness from our brains. Now we can really get down to serious matters . . . first the comics (what wisdom in the Kigmy system of world peace); the sports (what philosophers and savants are the Monday Morning Quarterbacks in their columns); and then, perhaps, a glance at the latest on the V.P.'s "secret" honeymoon, or Rita's experiment in miscegenation, or H. R. H. Princess Margaret Rose's latest cigar-

ete. It was a spark from this infamous cig that started a long line of deliberation ending in the profound question: Hasn't H. R. H. Great-Grandmother Victoria been dead quite some time?

The philosopher in me rises and answers most pedantically: The masses seek to climb the highest mountains vicariously through the spotlighted, glittering personalities. They seek an ideal and know that they aren't finding it. They are thus righteously shocked when it is learned that the shining ones are only human and have fallen. Their reaction immediately is to weld the scissors, drape the statues, and seek to impose new ideas on the shoulders of someone besides themselves.

In rereading this journal of early morning activity, I've decided it must've been written by someone else because who has known me to rise before classtime?

Short Hops

...with BILL KERR

super-sensitive of mild criticism it's their own fault.

To get right down to brass tacks for a paragraph or so, let me explain that this column is a type of feature that is written to please anyone who reads it and to dispel anyone who doesn't care to read it. It's not a dirt column by any means, but at the same time I try to keep it rolling along with a whole lot of things about nothing . . . sure I'll admit it . . . but people seem to like it, and any time anyone else would rather take on the responsibility of writing it — then let 'em holler. Meanwhile I write whatever I care to and apologize to no one. If my efforts aren't appreciated, then I'll be fired . . . and oh yes, Carolina by thirteen over the valiant Virginia vigilantes.

Found out one thing anyway after last edition . . . many "peoples" read this assorted drivel. I know because many "peoples" jumped all over me verbally and practically physically after the last issue in which I made a few references to "rah-rah" Carolina. Must've rubbed fur the wrong way, because it was not appreciated. However, it wasn't meant to be in any way derogatory to what I consider one of the best teams in the South; if people are

'Happiest Years' Well Presented by Group

By ELEANOR CORNEILSON

To the Guilford College Dramatic Council under the leadership of Cliff Goodman, Bill Kerr, Ann Raliford and Mr. Burrows, much praise is due for a job well done.

The presentation of "The Happiest Years," a comedy which centered about young married yet and his many problems with his wife's family and securing an education, kept the audience in an attentive and rollicking mood last Saturday night in Memorial Hall.

Bill Kerr, who not only directed the production but had to undergo study for two of the male roles, finally playing the part of the young veteran, did an excellent job with both of his duties.

Larry Lambeth, one of Greensboro's most capable actors, who played the kindly old father, stole the show with his steady and strong characterization throughout, and his rhythmic handling of lines and stage movements was an aid to the others in the cast. Larry did seem to grow older in the last two acts, and to have an English accent at times which did not fit the part.

Daga Hammond, the domineering mother-in-law, gave a highly creditable performance. Her outstanding scene was when she was presented a "jack-in-the-box" as a gift in front of the entire family. While the others laughed, Daga kept her expression of disgust and anger.

Betty Jane Hughes looked lovely on the stage, and knew her lines with exactness. Her best scenes were with Karl Reinhardt, but there were times when she did not quite convince us with her portrayal of the young bride.

Charlotte Manzella, in the role of the spinster librarian, and Betty Lou Hayworth and Bobby Wall as the relatives from Georgia, provided the audience with many chuckles in their superb performances.

Carolyn Lee, who appears to be a promising little actress, and Karl Reinhardt, in supporting roles, played their characters very well.

Although the dialogue had been checked so as to prevent any criticism, the players deserve credit for their capable handling of the lines.

The make-up on Cooke Hammond and Carolyn Lee could have been improved, but a word of praise is due to the lighting and sound effects department composed of Bill Bright, Herb Petty, and Al Connor.

We hope that Guilford College will accept this play and realize the work behind it, and may the Dramatic Council continue once again to rebuild their organization. This was an excellent beginning.

MISCELLANEA

By Cochran

"It's perfectly monstrous the way people go about nowadays saying things against one, behind one's back, that are absolutely and entirely true."

Oscar Wilde

AMAZING FACTS

Keeping up with the wheels of progress, Mary Hobbs has been presented a brand new, high speed ejector, flexible fire escape . . . complete with bar to tie it to, and a couple of "Tarzan" books. One thing for sure: with a little lard on that rope, Guilford's fire drills could be famous the world over. One thing worries us, though: our little sister-in-law lives up there . . . eating Hobbs' rich diet . . . and that rope's only about three inches thick . . . could be a "world-shaking" drill all right.

By the time our poetic effort about how "One-Wing" Scruggs had corralled Smith, hit the presses, he had turned her loose and hooked Janie Crews. Oh, well, if he'd had two arms he probably would've grabbed both of them anyway.

Mae Nicholson and Jim Vogie finally had a separation . . . which lasted all of a day or so, we hear. Tough luck, men.

McKenzie let his payments lapse, so we don't have to mention his being in the library this time.

FOR HISTORY 37

Demosthenes led the Greek nation. In history, a man of high station.

His jaws he could flap

With rocks in his yap—

A geological interpretation?

WE WONDER

What's happened to Guilford? Previously a dirt columnist could keep one ear open and gather enough material to write a second "Flaming Youth" . . . now we can't make a nickel. Everybody around here is either dating quietly or quietly not dating. Do you know Fuzzy Yoder wasn't even in trouble last week.

We could mention the budding bliss between Walt Burdsall and Nancy Jenkins, that Jo Butner is trying to ease Skip's enforced library staff, that Al Milner takes Shiny Williams to football games, or that Ed Berry is seen with Ellie Cornelison . . . but who wants to read things like that? Fooey . . .

Now, if Karl Reinhardt would just axe-murder Edith Hoffman instead of taking her for walks; if Betty Jane Hughes' (supposedly steady with Jim Alexander) unknown date for the ball game should turn out to be Dr. Ljung, or if the chapel committee could stick a red Communist in among the religious speakers . . . this job could get downright interesting.

Thanksgiving comes a-roaring in; We wonder as it passes,
Is one free day really worth
Six of non-cut classes?

WE'VE HEARD

Customer: "Hey, Charlie, how's the coffee?"

Charlie Hollowell: "You should know, you drank some of it last week."

That Bill Browning was looking for a quiet little girl when he ran into Anne Reece.

That Marianna Victorius has already invited Conrad Wilson to escort her in the May court (must like that man)!

That a bunch of guys in Yankee Stadium are already boasting that their candidate will walk off with the Christmas Queen contest.

Most people go to classes
For knowledge wide and deep,
But seniors go to most of them
Because they need the sleep.

Success . . . this is the first time in one year and three months that Bill Kerr's name has not been used in this column . . . maybe the boy's getting old.

A green Irishman was sent by his employer to take charge of a Jewish funeral, and upon making his report to his "Boss," Pat says: "That's a curious custom the Jews have of placing a \$20 gold piece in the right hand of the corpse."

"Why, that is to pay his way over the River Jordan."

"Well," says Pat, "if that's the case the Hebrew will have to swim, because I swiped the \$20."

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow. But everywhere that Mary went, twas the calves that stole the show.