Al Umnus Says Time and Guilford Eternal

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Al Umus is the pseudonym for a graduate who was a regular columnist on our staff for over two years. He is presently studying the human side of hu-mans at a distant school. Those who remember his columns should have little difficulty re-membering his real name which is not given here for reasons various and sundry.

Scum and Some ... By Al Umnus

I look at Gilda, You remember her, Gilda, part Hedy Lamarr, part Lana Turner, and the rest, the stuff you put in your coffee after you add cream. Sure, you remember her. Me dirt-digging partner, me slave, me harem-in-one number, me pigeon. Yeh, I look at Gilda. Then I ease out a long sigh.

"S'matter, boss?" A kiss curve coming into her lips when she says, "boss," I think about taking ad-vantage of it but The Pink Rat is full, it's pretty late and I'm tired. Nothing, beast," I mutter. "Noth-

in . . ." "You make me sick!" You've been sitting there for the past 15 min-utes with that pin-head cerebrum of yours 60 light years in stellar space. And when I ask a simple question, turn the heart deal to Motherly Attitude-Extra-Sympathe-tic, all I get is, "Nothin." Temper always throws a sunset in her eyes. The blazing kind. "I was thinking, hahv." I app

The blazing kind. "I was thinking, baby," I an-swer." Bringing cats and empty milk bottles in and winding the clock backwards. The cob-web-spinning-the spider sort of thing. Let's get out of here!" The air smalls advant

Spinning the spher sort of thirds-Let's get out of here !" The air smells cleaner outside, and down the street a baby whiri-wind plays with a rattler of leaves. I hear Gilda's feet erunching the sandy sidewalk, light and gentle. Turn left, then right and on. Grass now, blenching brown with green roots. We come to a monument to somebody and stop and sit on its base. Across the park, street lights guard a thoroughfare. Behind one is a maple, beautifully strip-teas-ing. A glitter of red and gold and green caught half-lifted in air. And suddenly I'm thinking of

ing. A glitter of red and gold and green caught half-lifted in air. And suddenly I'm thinking of other maples, flipping the memory pages backward faster now to last year, the one before that and furth-er. Another school, another place. I forget Gilda, the monument, the park, as if I had stretched one hand across the miles and touched something like—gold and followed, amoeba—like, that hand. I 'could see it plainly now. The kiss-me-quick-tree, the fader, drab entrance to King, the magnolias in front of Founders. My old room, my roommate, my friends. The walks with shower bath slabs when it rained. Stuffed peppers, always stuffed peppers, The plot of seeded red mud they called "Parson's Folly." The rasping dry throats of water fancets, The barn burning, the games when hearts ran high and temperatures low. The gossipy friendliness so complete that every-one knew even when you changed underwear. The span of distant water, fat Court and The Sacred

Hollowell's

Dog of Siberia, High Point, Char-lie's Hallowed Hall of sinkers and java with somebody's foot-prints on the outside walls. T-tissue streaming from trees. M-3, the monastery of science, S. A. B. The stage, the plays, the post-drama massacre. The atoms of work and fun to make up an A-bomb called "Happiness." And all the beloved characters, faculty and students who created such, intermingled like spice.

I feel warm fingers clasping mine and I remember Gilda. I look at ber, and even in the dimness, her yes are shiny. I hope the fact Yee got a cold takes care of the vetness in mine.

We get up and I light a fag while she watches me. "It was a grand place, wasn't it, boss?"

"Whatd'ya mean, grand place? I was thinking about the posterior lamella of the lumbo-dorsal fasela," I lie. I take a deep drag on the clg and the smoke hits bottom and curls back.

curls back. "Oh, you make me sick . . .," she starts out again, but I stop her and kiss her. Later when we break for air, I shake her. "Make that past tense present, haby, Guilford IS a grand place." That much I'm certain is eternal. That and Tucker's and Time.

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GREATER GREENS

Willamette University Adopts Cheating Rules

Adopts Cheating Rules Salem, Ore.—(I.P.)—A resolution designed to provide uniform control of cheating problems on the campus of Wilamette University has been adopted by the faculty. The reso-lution, along with other rules and regulations, has been put into a new administrative handbook that will be issued to all students this year. The resolution says, in effect, that any student who is charged with cheating has committed an act of dishonesty against the university, and therefore he will be dealt with by the discipline committee rather than the individual professor con-cerned. The student will be turned over to the committee after the pro-fessor has reported the case to the appropriate dean. Dean Raymond Withey, who an-mounced the measure, pointed out that in the past there have been unfair situations in which the pum-ishment for two different students has varied for the same offense.



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THE GUILFORDIAN

These students will represent Guilford College at the North Caro-lina Student Legislature from December 1 through 3. They are (left) to right): front row, Sam Baker and John Clark: second row, J. D. Kaltreider and Garland Rakestraw; back row, James T. Benjamin, Morton Salkind, and Dan Hardison. Absent when the picture was taken were Betty Jane Hughes and Ellis Love.

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