



# The Guilfordian

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**Typists** ..... Joan Brookings, Richard Collins, Karl Reinhardt  
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## No Play

Why haven't we had a play this semester?

The Dramatic Council produced a play near the end of the first semester and at that time had plans for another to be presented this spring. The group had the assets—money, actors, and a competent faculty adviser, Mr. Burrows, plus adequate equipment. In spite of having all these assets, the past Dramatic Council has not produced a play this semester, and one isn't scheduled.

A play to us is an intricate and a necessary part of any college program. To us it is almost as necessary as a football or a baseball game. In the production of a play, teamwork and competitive spirit are developed.

Those on the Council who should know the reasons stated that there hasn't been a play because of many complicated factors. Among those listed was *lack of cooperation*.

We, the eager public, hope that teamwork can be achieved by the recently elected Dramatic Council leaders. We hope that they will be able to promote many clean and well written plays. We, the staff, wish the new Council luck, and hereby notify it that we will support it in any way possible so that it may continue the Guilford Thespian tradition.

## Veterans

The enrollment of World War II veterans has been steadily decreasing throughout the nation's colleges and universities.

Many of our national newspapers have unmercifully condemned the veteran. They have criticized his grades, conduct and personal characteristics, thus lowering his ego.

True, a great many veterans withdrew from college; however, most of these youths had and have legitimate excuses which include marriage and family obligations. Others have dropped from school because of grades, or maybe college life just didn't agree with them. Isn't withdrawal from college natural, a thing which can occur during any period, during depression or prosperity? Some students are just not prepared psychologically or mentally for the college work.

Rather than be literally torn apart, the college veteran should be complimented for his achievements and have his misdeeds forgotten. The average G.I. has graduated with a creditable record, and he helped to develop competitive spirit in such extra-curricular activities as dramatics, athletics, and politics.

They, the veterans, received a great opportunity to advance themselves. Some of the fortunate did not fulfill their early scholastic ambitions, yet a large number skillfully applied themselves to college life. We hope that those who already have and those who will receive their diplomas will do as well in their respective fields of endeavor as they did at Guilford.

## The Critic

If your profession is that of a businessman, teacher, or if you hold any other position, what prompts an individual to criticize you? Does it mean that you have crossed someone's path? Did something which didn't agree with his philosophy hurt his ego? Or does it mean that you haven't fulfilled your obligation?

We, the average college students, must realize that we cannot through our future lives please everyone. There will always be the person who feels that he can do a better job, when if he should have the opportunity, he would not do it as well.

No matter where we travel, we can always find a person who will criticize the most proficient person. You will hear him say, "I could have done a better job." "They should build this or that."

If we are the one who makes a blunder, then when someone else makes a similar mistake we must be the person who looks for the brighter side rather than be the critic. If someone crosses our path or does a job which doesn't approach our standards, whether he is right or wrong, we must not publicly condemn him. Rather, we should give him the benefit of the doubt, and help him in any way possible.

## Pulling Strings . . .

I guess we've all seen the headlines of the past few days: "Russians Shoot Down Unarmed U. S. Plane," etc. Yes, a serious incident did occur. The State Department sent a strong note to Moscow, which was rejected completely. And Congress has voted decorations to the ten men who are missing. Well, does it look as if we're heading toward war? I, for one, think we ought to believe neither those who immediately answer yes to that question, nor those who cry "war-monger."

I still firmly believe that the Russian people do not want war; I know the Americans do not. I'd like to be able to finish my college education and not have to fight a war. Do any of you remember Guilford's campus during the war? Hardly a man anywhere in sight. Did we get anything out of the last war except bitter memories, new graves, and a tremendous national debt (something like \$6,000 per family)? For that matter, what does anyone ever get out of war?

I think that it's about time the people did something. 1950 is an election year. A good way to start is by voting intelligently. It's a shame when less than 40 per cent of the eligible voters vote, yet that happened in an Illinois senatorial primary election last week. It would be wonderful if we'd get some men in the government who know how to handle the Russians *peacefully*.

I've been thinking of what Mr. Dabney White said in chapel the other day. I think he's got something. Sure he's idealistic, but so was democracy, and free enterprise, and even the school system. Think of the wonderful advances we could

make if we spent \$10,000,000,000 a year on research. That one and ten zeros looks like an awful lot of money, doesn't it?

Just think, no more depressions, and no more wars. When you get out of college, there's a job waiting for you. No more beans, or C-rations, or V-mail. No more telegrams from the War Department. Just a good job, security, and peace. And to think that an idea like that originated in Greensboro, and we heard about it at Guilford.

## ANGLES

. . . by JOE KEIGER

The other night there was a bit of moist excitement on the campus. Under the guise of a competition in the sport of water-slinging, two bucket brigades did quite a commendable job of watering our sparse grass. It is really good to know that in this season of budding beauty the student body looks around and sees the potentialities for idyllic beauty on our campus and undertakes so cooperatively to speed the process.

Dropping the sarcastic note, there is a very simple thing that can be done to promote the beauty of the grounds. Give those bare spots a chance—grass seeds are tiny, red clay is brick-hard, and the gay young blades of spring are rather tender. Look at your feet; then look at some new grass — now is that a fair match? After all, we suffer composite gas for the grass's sake all day long — what's so unpleasant about taking a few extra steps for the grass's sake, too?

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . .

Dear Editor:

As you know, the Guilford College Dramatic Council is not sponsoring a play on the campus this second semester. It is not the purpose of this letter to discuss the whys and wherefores of this situation, but rather to make a suggestion.

In 1948 and 1949 when no student plays were presented here, the Dramatic Council sponsored the Barter Theater and student admission was paid for by funds previously allocated to the Council by the regular March budget vote.

Each student pays a certain fee each year to the Dramatic Council and expects to be rewarded with two plays. It seems only fair that the 103 seniors who graduate this year should realize in some way the value of their contribution a year ago in March.

As mentioned before, there will be no Spring play at Guilford. But, in these next six weeks, there will be fine dramatics interpretations at Greensboro College, Woman's College and at the Greensboro Little Theater. I have talked to the faculty adviser, Dr. Furnas and have asked him of the possibility of having Guilford students presenting their student activities card at the door for any one of these plays and then having the Business Manager of that particular group bill the Dramatic Council. It has been my experience that there are usually thirty to fifty Guilfordians who attend these plays and the cost would be nominal, but, at the same time each student would have had the opportunity of taking advantage of the money he has spent.

I trust you might bring this matter before the Student Affairs Committee at your earliest opportunity so that Guilford College students interested in dramatics might enjoy a play before the close of the school year.

Sincerely,  
Bill Kerr.

Dear Editor:

I heard a remark the other day that the silent meetings in chapel were a little tiresome. I found out later that that person sits in the back of chapel. I have that misfortune also—I sit on the back row. I've been told we have some very interesting programs but I don't know too much about them.

It's really not as bad as all that. Now and then there is a speaker with a powerful voice who manages to shout a few words to us back there. But when our speaker is a charming young lady we strain our ears but catch not a word.

Wouldn't it be nice if we had a public address system in chapel

all the time? No one would go to sleep and maybe a few more people would know what's going on around this campus.

Chapel programs usually begin with a hymn. No one sings—or few people hum along. Again we, in the rear ranks, are left out. Why? No Hymnals.

Hopefully yours,  
Hope Fox.

Dear Editor:

There are many things about Guilford that I like, but one thing I think is lacking is school spirit not only in the support of the athletic teams but in other college functions also.

The lack of support of the athletic teams is the one that is closest to me. I want to cite several examples where it is lacking. I don't think I'll ever forget the reception the team received when we came back from beating Randolph-Macon by three touchdowns. The whole school turned out to welcome the victorious team and the boys greatly appreciated it. But where was the spirit when one week later the same team came back this time beaten by the great Emory and Henry team, a team which was one of the greatest in the South? The boys played just as hard and at the end of three quarters led the Wasps 7-6. Yet as is always the breaks of the game one team had to win and that night we were the losers to the tune of 27-7. This situation can be multiplied many times.

Many students at Guilford don't realize that the school allows less for athletics than any other school in the North States Conference (\$3700). This goes to buy equipment. The money for scholarships come from the Alumni. Coach Teague is operating against terrific odds and yet the team was much better than last year's.

Finally I want to point out the fine work Coach Cheek is doing with the basketball team. Any time during the day you will find him working on the ball field to make it a thing of beauty and one which any team would be proud to play on.

Yet, during the ball game, how many of us don't support the team. There are those of us who would rather either go to a movie or sit and criticize the players or coach. If you think you can do better than those on the field, come out for the team.

I feel that better support of the teams will get us in the mood and perhaps this will lead to more support of other college functions.

Sincerely,  
Jim Finch.

## MISCELANEA

By Cochrane

Pure water is the best gift that man to man can bring.  
—The Spectator, 1899

It seems an awful shame. With half of the Tar Heel state burning to a frazzle in forest fires, the best-trained water warfare squads in the country have to stay home and study for finals. Bob "I Cover the Water-front" Yarborough informs us that the last siege uncovered secret weapons which completely outmoded the old watergun-filled-with-Eau-de-Lilac of previous years. Most dreaded is the "Salerno Soak," dousing George Powell through an open window . . . at least George dreads it most. Another neat trick is that of catching heavy boys stuck in windows and pulling both ends at once—but this will probably be voted out, like poison gas.

How my poor head aches this morning  
It seems some water struck it.  
This H2O is awful hard  
When still inside the bucket.

### WE WONDER

. . . whether Reinhardt or Staley will win the red hot contest for chief escort to the Boys' May King (whose name must be withheld).  
. . . if Senator McCarthy will visit us soon. Every time poor Mr. Burrows starts a lecture about the Russian threat somebody outside winds up that ditch-digger . . . and, from the sound of it, starts cutting through the bones of those who chose death to Econ. finals.  
. . . how Bob Ertl managed to take all those gals from Founders to the play at W. C. — leaving out only Holly Heissner, who was his date! (Bob wonders about this too.)

Satterthwaite grinds his teeth  
And glowers from afar  
While Barbara Hunt looks happy  
Driving Bowman's car.

In keeping with our sports information program we present a few more widely used terms. We also wish to hotly deny the opinion held by our reading public (wife, sister-in-law, and the editor) that our baseball terms confused the ball club into losing their heads against Elon.

### TENNIS

Racket . . . something the men make a lot of when they serenade the women.

Court . . . something Guilfordians did before they all got engaged.

Lousy wind . . . don't know exactly what it means, but every time Bo Small makes a bad shot he hollers it.

Flander's Flash . . . performed by Miss Charlotte, this consists of leaping four feet in the air, flutter kicking with both feet—and hitting a drive that has been known to kill innocent bystanders in their tracks and knock bricks out of the gym.

### TRACK

Shot put . . . really a golf term—"I drove it 300 yards and then missed a shot put."

Discus . . . in reference to one's quality average—"I'd druther not discuss it."

Pole Vaulter . . . terms of violence—"If Vaulter steals my toothpaste again I'll pole-Vaulter in the snoot."

Hurdle . . . something like jumping fences. Phil Crutchfield having once courted a girl whose father owned a shotgun, is the school star.

The dirt is full of rich manure  
And it's full of grass as well,  
But new piles now surround King  
Hall

And the air is full of smell.

### INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

Beginning at the end . . . Fred Church takes Ginny Toole home to meet his folks. The next step is to offer to cook her a good meal—and then, bloozy, you're hooked.

Understand Gene Key and Mike Draughton are contesting for the "Guilford's Henpecked Husband" title. We'd like to enter but our wife won't let us.

That Jessup girl is a great help to this column . . . seems that Jim Finch is the big (if we may use the expression) man in her life at the moment, or at least he asks for dates earlier.

Oh, summer school is simply grand  
With many pleasures near at hand.  
The tennis courts are always full,  
To get in swimming one needs pull.  
There'll be a dozen girls at least  
(Though most of them are usually "beasts")

But you can get the fun you need;  
It's simple—if you like to read.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Carl (Henry Wadsworthless Longfellow) Cochrane believed at printing time that this was his worst; however, we disagree.