



# The Guilfordian

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## Editor's Comments

We, the staff, wish to dedicate this final issue of the year to you, the Guilford seniors. We have tried to give you a paper of which you could be proud. We hope that we have in some way accomplished this goal. To all of you we wish the best of luck in your respective fields of endeavor.

Coaches Teague, Lentz and Cheek deserve a great deal of credit for the well-rounded athletic program they have given Guilford this year. Space limits will not permit giving here the amount of praise these gentlemen deserve. We hope that their future plans to lead Guilford into even higher athletic prominence will materialize.

## College Graduate

Who made the College Graduate? The World, of course. Whether a city or country youngster, the world influenced his personality and character. It aided in his maturity. The world helped to develop his fears and resentments, joys and sorrows, the experience of being bored, annoyed, or contented, and all other manner of emotional response.

Who made the College Graduate? His College, of course. Brought in as a high school graduate, the college set clear his road to maturity which the world so roughly advanced. The college helped develop his likes and dislikes, whether these likes and dislikes were in the realm of athletics, literature, or music. The college helped him on the road to success, by developing an occupational skill, and offering him new outlets for his spare time. Besides maybe sharpening his wit, and taking him out of the world of dream, it influenced him to look at life objectively and not just with the everyday egocentric attitude.

Who made the College Graduate? The Faculty, of course. Besides teaching other men's theories and ideas, they tried to teach him to think without bias, and solve the difficult situations which life presents.

Who made the College Graduate? His Classmates, of course. They, whether they were his friends or enemies, gave him advice. They offered him social outlets. They made him feel wanted. They taught him to accept life as it is, and not try to change it to suit him. They helped tap his way into prominence. They helped to instill in him honesty, and influenced him to challenge hate with love. They helped him to strive for integrity. They had faith in him.

Who made the College Graduate? God, of course. God put him on earth, and gave him the tools. God showed the various routes to take.

Who made the College Graduate? His Mother, of course. She endowed in him her own attributes. She presented him to the world. She entered him in school and made him love life and look ahead.

Who made the College Graduate? His Father, of course. He kept him on the correct road to success. He strengthened his character by showing him right from wrong. He always stood behind him, whether right or wrong.

Who made the College Graduate? The College Graduate, of course. From the world and its fury and the teaching of his college faculty to the love and care of God and his parents came some of the ingredients, but the college graduate himself had the essential greatness. Give another all that and he still wouldn't have a diploma in his hands come graduation day.

## New Era

One of the main stories of this issue announces that the "Guilford—for a Better Tomorrow" program has climbed past the \$700,000 mark. What does this mean?

To us, the students, it means that within the not-too-far-distant future Guilford will construct a new auditorium-chapel, a new women's dormitory, and complete many other needed projects. Among these are a small golf course, and two lakes, one for swimming, and the other for boating.

The near completion of the Development Fund means that Guilford has launched a new era. In fact, it can be labeled an Era of Construction, of which we, the students, when we see the results can be proud.

Yes, Guilford has reached an important point in its uncomparable history; a point which not only the students, but the faculty and alumni can look forward to and be proud that they are part of it.

## MISCELANEA ANGLES

By Cochrane

Let us not say Goodbye—Parting is such sweet sorrow. Besides if I don't pass the comp—I'll be back tomorrow.  
—Me and Shakespeare

The time has arrived . . . as times will. In a few more days a new batch of Guilford graduates will quit their red-brick-towers and charge out upon the great world, where it' claimed that dogs eat dogs. (Bill Phillips once had one that ate onions).

Faced with a summer full of Spanish and Shakespeare, we somehow find it difficult to hand off and howled very loudly about the glory and tradition of the ole place as yet . . . but we would like to sort of dedicate this last (loud cheers) effort to those who compose the tired but triumphant class of '50, and to a great guy, Dr. Milner.

### DRAMAR

For picture of the future we will drop into the Personnel Office of a great industry. It is summer and Musclehead Maloney (a major in freshman chemistry) is being interviewed for a job.

Boss: "I see you have a D average."

M. M.: "I was robbed!"

Boss: "How's your math?"

M. M.: "The reciprocal of the square root of standard deviation."

Boss: "Can you add?"

M. M.: "Nope."

Boss: "Would you like to be a meat cutter?"

M. M.: "Got any frogs?"

Boss: "Humph—Can you speak a foreign language?"

M. M.: "Si."

Boss: "Say something else."

M. M.: "Si, Si."

Boss: "Well, what else can you do?"

M. M.: "In one day I can sleep 14 hours, play thirteen-games of stoobball, neck under Mary Hobb's porch light and learn the history of the United States and Canada for a final."

### NATURE LOVER DEPARTMENT

For those outdoor people we see hunting butterflies and lightning bugs around the campus and cemetery at dusk . . . a short description of some of Guilford's older species of wildlife:

"Senior," Luckius Burmus, a strange creature, suffering from "Senioritis"—which often causes its head to grow larger than its body . . . usually wears four year old clothes and likes to roam at night and sleep in the daytime . . . feeds on freshmen in the fall, and black coffee and typewriter ribbons in the spring . . . the female often catches a male member of the herd and tortures him till bought off with a large diamond.

"Freshman" (Pinheadless Rex) a small, timid creature which sometimes makes low growling noises at upperclassmen . . . especially fond of carrying laundry, and riding rails . . . females are very busy at first, being pursued by unloved juniors . . . during late spring it suddenly begins to walk with a strut and make loud roaring noises.

"Professors" (Flunking Foolium) wears old clothes and feeds on dusty manuscripts and formulas . . . makes a monotonous talking sound which produces sleep or coma in its victims . . . makes extremely learned coughing noises when questioned, and spends its nights trying to design un-answerable questions.

### INCIDENTALS

(By request from the banquet) The greatest thing which Guilford instills in its students is determination. We have often been thrilled to hear:

The English major shout . . . "I will pass math!" and the Chemist shout . . . "I will pass Philosophy!" and the Econ major shout . . . "Help! Help!"

**POME**  
In "Forty-five we started out  
All bright, and young, and gay  
It's "Fifty" now, and we're still here  
And half a mind to stay

We've come to a conclusion  
(though normally we're prudent)  
The weirdest creature known to man  
Must be the Guilford student!

Four years is short or long depending on how you experience it. In their passage my college days were often horribly long, but if since those early September days of 1946 I had been away from Guilford and now in the 1950 spring I had returned, the period would have seemed so short that the changes would be just short of miraculous. The sum of events always seems greater than the parts—here we see the progress step by step, but to revisiting eyes the changes are grasped in one big gasp.

This is what my mind's eye would see if my last memory were of Guilford in 1946. At the corner would be Hollowell's and Talbert's a little weathered wooden shack marked Post Office, and a little white store, the "Bee-Hive." That's all! Friendly Corner, the old College Cleaners, Quaker House, the new Post Office, the Talbert Building, College Cleaners and Laundrette, Evan's, and Mackie Furniture have all sprung up. I would see only mud paths along the avenue of gums and maples leading to the Circle. And on campus I would remember everywhere the vengeful flagstones which would spew water up on your legs for stepping on them. There would be no Soda Shop and no Mem. Annex, no Science Building and no Library addition, and no pre-fabs. The gym's interior would be unfinished and unfurnished and there would be no walks traversing the bare red clay between there and

Cox and Founders. The tile bathrooms in the dorms would be a non-existent and the new offices in Memorial Hall, only plans. I would remember sitting at dining hall tables without butter, without salads, without choice of beverage, without seconds on bread, and sometimes, without eating. If I were just now returning to Guilford this is how I would compare then and now.

And noting the sure and permanent progress, I would look for hundreds of faces I could not find—transient teachers and transient students—a succession of roommates, classmates, gymmates, labmates, and chow-linmates. I would remember pleasantly Pete Moore before the Palestine stint, Dr. Newlin before going to Europe, and Daryl Kent as Dean of Men. I would remember and pay tribute to two who have since left the ranks of active and permanent Guilfordians—Miss Ricks for the dignity and care with which she ran our library, and to a departed friend, Dr. Weis, for the very personal interest and enthusiasm with which he handled the choir and for the gentle way he led me to join this group. There is not time nor space to recall all that Guilford was like in 1946—nor all that it has been and has become in 1950.

When we come back in 1954, we shall certainly be happy if we find among Guilford's timelessness the progress that has marked our four years here.

## ... LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ...

Dear Friend:

I wish to be numbered among those who appreciate the considerable work—and time—devoted to production of our campus newspaper during the past year and the beginning of our new year in student activities.

Those who have not been involved in the numerous details necessary to the collecting, writing, editing, laying-out, proof-reading, printing and distributing a paper would find it informative if not interesting to follow from beginning to end the entire process for a single issue.

Gene Key and his staff deserve in all respects the honor which we usually associate with lettermen in college sports. They do not and would not ask for letters. They sought experience in journalism and the fun of producing a paper which would serve effectively the needs of our campus. They, first of all, would recognize their limitations, based primarily on inexperience. But they should receive maintenance of a high standard for editorial content, attention to page layout, improvement in headline writing, and unusual success in prompt distribution with the cooperation of our old friends, The McCulloch Press, Greensboro printers who have probably given more assistance to Guilford student journalists than anyone on the campus.

I hope we will pledge also our loyalty to the new staff in the hope that it will seek consistently new talent for reporting and feature writing; that it will corner three

They've soda shops in which to play  
And dance to music loud  
But even when the checks are in  
The grave yard gets the crowd.

They sweat and curse the finals  
Then wink and slyly shout  
"I never read a chapter—but  
I faked the ole boy out!"

They head debates in chapel  
With quiet, clean restraint  
But what they say inside the dorms  
would make a sailor faint.

If broke, our hair can grow right on  
Til we can hardly see  
Yet High Point men—can just drop in  
and get theirs cut for free.

In Founders there is always room  
For ducks and homeless cows  
Whose barn got just a wee bit warm  
(though none knows quite how)

You'll find no creatures like them  
On all this broad world's girth  
Those wacky Guilford students  
The greatest gang on earth!

or four of our ablest English majors for proof-reading in which we have often been weak (this is a real test of thoroughness), that it will engage some who have a serious desire to learn the technical aspects of journalism, and finally that it will analyze and make use of the many sources of interesting informative and worthwhile news available on a campus so rich in personalities and events as ours is.

Sincerely,  
J. Floyd Moore, '39

Dear Editor:

Just in case there are some who have not noticed this article in the gym bulletin board, let me quote part of a column from the Johns Hopkins News Letter: This is in reference to the baseball game that was played earlier in the season between Guilford and Johns Hopkins.

... also remarked on the wonderful treatment received of Guilford College. A small Quaker school, Guilford's beautiful campus is set just outside Greensboro, N. C. Friendliness and courtesy abounded at Guilford and it is hoped that this is the beginning of a cordial and continuous athletic relationship between the two schools."

This article was sent to me recently from Johns Hopkins. I think that it brings out the importance of the friendliness and spirit that is so valuable in a school the size of Guilford. Its true that at times the spirit and support of the various teams as well as other campus functions has lagged. However, for the most part, Guilford has been well up in the standings on this score even though low in the win standings. Winning is fine and naturally if a team or group are competing, they should try to excel or be near the top. Guilford athletics offer opportunities for developing many traits that are absolutely necessary in life. Athletics and recreation sometimes are presented as THE way to develop cooperation, loyalty, self-sacrifice, team spirit, and other traits that carry over into all walks of life.

Properly carried on, these traits may be developed by participation and also by support and encouragement of the teams by non-participants. School spirit and interest go a long way toward making a winning team, regardless of the activity.

Last basketball season, Guilford played at a nearby school. There was a good representation of our students who travelled 50 miles in order to support the team. During the game, the other schools' students continually hissed and booed Guilford players on foul shot at

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