

The Guilfordian



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Editor-in-Chief	Harry L. Johnson, Jr.
Managing Editor	Morton Salkind
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Business Staff	Carolyn Cornatzer, Betsy White
Photographers	Paul Metzger, Carlisle Huckabee
Faculty Advisor	Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert
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A Challenge

It has just begun. You who are graduating seniors are not at the end, but at the end of the beginning. You have been trained for many years, now, by those prepared to train you. But your education must not stop now. Even if you are not planning to attend a graduate school, you must and undoubtedly will continue your education. For education is not just something that comes from books. It is an experience which lasts a lifetime.

However, it is one thing to let your education come to you, and an entirely different thing to go and get it for yourself. We cannot live without getting some sort of an education. But if we are really to enjoy life to its fullest, we must continue the pursuit of knowledge. We must continue to look for the new, and obtain an understanding of the old.

Our country is in desperate need of intelligent leaders in every field. Many men are giving their lives for a free people. They face death, because they know they are there so that you may have that freedom of speech, religion, press, and freedom from want that is our heritage. Yet, this freedom cannot exist without able, God-fearing leaders. A peaceful world is not an impossibility. At present, however, the picture is grim. Dr. F. C. Shepard, formerly of this school, now at the University of North Carolina, once said that as long as two countries are calling each other names, there is nothing to worry about. It is when they begin choosing their words, being careful not to step on each other's toes, continued Dr. Shepard, that the situation is serious.

If another world war comes, many men with keen brains will die. Possibly, some of us here now will have to go. But those of us who remain must use our intelligence, and work for a wider understanding and a wider knowledge of the other peoples of the world.

You who have completed your work within these old walls have a challenge to meet. The wheels of the world must continue to turn, regardless of how much they rust, or how much they are damaged by the ravishes of war. It is your duty to keep those wheels going. The future of the world depends upon your continued work. You are not through . . . you have just begun.

. . . For Thou Art With Me

With a world so uncertain, a future so full of doubt, we feel that our humble words and blundering thoughts are greatly inadequate to give hope to those who are in need of it. So, to the graduates, the men who are wondering if and when they may be called by their country, and to their wives, sweethearts and families, go these words from the lips of one far wiser than any of us shall ever be:

*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

POST SCRIPTS

by EDWARD N. POST

"Time flies, art alone endures." Darned if that statement isn't true . . . we see it at this point more than ever in our lives.

For us seniors time has really flown the wings off our college career. Although we faced comps, speeches, finals and thesis troubles, we loved it . . . when it was over, of course; that's life. We seniors—sometimes called freshmen with darker beards and expert water-throwers—are supposed to have absorbed a bit of that "art." Yet not just the Mona Lisa, or what Sacrates or Chaucer said about this or that, but something intangible—how to live with our fellowman; how to keep the ever-changing, ever-climbing blood pressure below the boiling point; how to joke and be laughed at.

That's the art which should endure; the "art" which time will develop. This "art," like the painting Mona Lisa, whose beauty intensifies with age, is hardly a sterile thing. It can intensify itself; it has to develop . . .

This brings to mind an editorial we scratched last commencement time. It's title, "College Graduate." In this we wanted to describe the factors which help make the graduate. We came to the conclusion that:

The World made the college graduate, of course.

Whether a city or country youngster, the sometimes cruel and other times happy world influenced his

personality and character. It aided in his maturity, developed his fears and resentments, joys and sorrows, the experience of being bored, annoyed or contented . . .

The 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 to develop his likes and dislikes, whether these 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 dreams it influenced him to look at life objectively and not just with the everyday egocentric attitude . . .

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 can present . . .

His Classmates, of course.

They, whether they were his friends or enemies, gave him advice. They offered him social outlets and made him feel wanted. The ytaught him to accept life as it is, not try to change it to suit him. His classmates helped tap his way into prominence, instill in him honesty, and influenced him to challenge hate with love. Finally, they had faith in him . . .

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The Spector

By Darrell Peeler

It has been a good year—a wonderful year. For some of us, it is the last year at Guilford, a year that used-to-be, a warm fond thing to be treasured always.

It started off like any other "normal" year. A hundred and sixty-two scared freshmen arrived one week in mid-September and went shakily through the receptions and lectures. Later in the week the upperclassmen flooded in, and after the initial scramble things settled down once more to a dull roar. It looked like a good year—the dorms were full, and the Indian summer nights were fine for serenading and for whatever else is pleasant to do on warm nights.

There were the usual things—rat courts and mothball races and water fights and the scramble for the freshman girls. We went to work, then, in earnest, but there was fun to be had—the Freshman Dance; Homecoming; the night when little Phil Feeney snatched up his own fumble and dived across and we beat the king of the small colleges 21-20. Emory-Henry will not soon forget that night, nor will we. We were one jubilant crowd of Quakers that night—the thrill of a lifetime.

More games stand out, and hayrides, and plays, and dances—Sadie Hawkins day and the big Christmas Dance. It seemed that the Korean war would be over by Christmas. But it wasn't.

In January we knew. We were no longer fighting an isolated summer-storm war. The hot war was on and we were the firemen. Second semester we had forty less enrollment. The guys were signing up in bunches, and every day the long envelopes with the thin sheets of white paper came.

"You are hereby directed to report—"

Nobody knew just what to do—enlist or stay? The bull sessions raged long hours, and the girls walked a little closer to their guys in the evenings. Nobody knew just what to do—in troubled times nobody does—or seems to.

Spring came early, bringing an easing of the tension, a feeling that maybe, somehow, some way, things would work out. We lost a few more guys; there was talk of commissions at the end if one could only finish school. Coach Lentz and Eddie Teague were called back in, wiping out our coaching staff. But we closed the ranks and things went along as they normally would.

Spring brought with it the usual rash of weddings and engagements and the beginnings of new love, and the rumble of war took second place to these and the spring play and graduation. May Day, with its loveliness, came and went, leaving a memory like the memory of a first orchid.

We suddenly realized that graduation was only days off, and with the realization came the sudden pang of empathic loneliness for those who have been so close.

Those flames of friendship will never die. They, and not sooty brick, are the heart and soul of Guilford. The knowledge we have shared and the loves we have known are the body of Guilford, the bone and sinew of the giant Ideals, who will forever be our servant and our master.

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Destination Unknown . . .



Josh-N-Along

By JOSH CRANE

AGAIN . . . It has come again: the saddest of all glad times. Within the ivy-covered walls, beneath the stately, shading trees, the inaudible yet ever-present refrain majestically resounds through the sacred Silence: "Hallowed be fair Guilford's name . . ." And under the porticoes, down the halls, the faint, haunting echo comes: ". . . old Grads never die; they . . . just . . . fade away . . ."

And the laughs you hear are nervous and forced and hollow.

—Oh, it's the same old thing! It happens every year. You have seen them come and then be gone. And it's always the same—and it's always new—and it's always . . . the saddest of all glad times . . .

REMEMBRANCE

But then, when they're gone—what then? What of this clan so recently called Seniors, so lately called Grads, so soon called Alumni—what of them?

When passing years, strange faces, and new friends have filled their lives, what will they remember? What will they remember—of us—of the Guilford they now love so dearly?

Will they remember the Thanksgivings and the trips to

Hanging Rock? Or will they remember the camp-fire worship services down in the pasture and "Climbing Jacob's Ladder" under the stars?

Will they remember the time they put the cow in Founders? Or will they recall what some chapel speaker said one time about life and living?

Will they remember the football games, the basketball games, the exciting baseball games? Or will they sometimes think of the many little things that they can recall about this friend or that which mark him as "Christian"?

Will they remember how they used to gather in one of the rooms in the dorm and sing the old, the new Hillbilly, and sometimes the "rough" songs with someone strumming on a guitar? Or will they pause to think of how the choir used to sing "Beautiful Savior"?

And just what have we given them to remember Guilford by?

VALE!

We hope that they will remember the good times, the best times, the all too few little serious times that really count—times that they will need to remember—times that will be of help to them . . .

So, goodbye—goodbye, dear old friends . . .

Letters . . .

April 29, 1951

Editor, The Guilfordian, Dear Harry:

May I, through THE GUILFORDIAN, express my most sincere and appreciative thanks to all who helped so much in presenting the Spring Play. I believe that those people who saw the production will join with me in complimenting the cast and crew for the many long and tedious hours demanded of them; may I for my own part thank them for their patience and endurance with their director.

One other thing that pleased me was the gratifying spirit of cooperation which was so predominant among the college officials and the faculty. Without their help and forbearance the play would have been just another play with a framework rather than the example of college-student cooperative spirit which I believe developed. What I am trying to say, Harry, is that I like to think that the production accomplished so much more than just what the audience saw on the surface. So again may I express my grateful thanks to those who helped us in any way at all.

Sincerely,
William L. Kerr.