



# The Guilfordian

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## The Kats Korner

This being our last issue we would like to take this opportunity to thank the various reporters stationed around campus for their contribution. First, to Mary Colie whose sharp eyes have contributed a great deal of Founders news, as well as Jane Kennett who picks up what Mary misses. To the Hobbs representatives, Oglia Herring, Betty Humble and Davia Teague we say thank you for your views and news. To all that have had their past, present and future brought up we hope you don't mind, as two people have actually gotten mad because their names were not mentioned in the last issue. Think how lucky and fortunate you are.

The freshman child so shy and coy  
Admirably stares at the sophomore boy  
Why the sophomore boy has his head in a whirl  
All because of a junior girl  
The junior girl as her slick seran Boldly pursues the senior "man"  
But the senior "man" so dashing and wild  
Secretly loves the freshman child.

Moose Hall seems to be interested in Libby Venable lately. "Moose" is known as the campus lover, of course, so it is no wonder that he is keeping up his reputation.

Florence Brice has wasted no time in acquiring a ring from Sydney Harderson of the Guilford College Community.

Louis Demarco, who left us last year to join the service had a few words with Oglia Herring, his "ald" girl friend, but took Betsy Marklin on a trip to the mountains on Sunday. The others along were Emily Warrick and Mac Privott, Faye Daniels and Charlie Strider, Sue Genz and John Church and Micky Tollefson and "Chuck" Collins.

It seems that since Madeline Myers has her ring back that Gurney Collins is trying to take it off again.

Dot Kiser is expecting to be married on June 2 in Kanapolis to Howard Barefoot. Congratulations!!

Here are the line ups for the May Day exercises: May Queen, Joan Broakings escorted by Joe Breedren; Mae Nicholson, Sam Shugart; Betsy White, Bill White; Betty Venable with Henry Tate; Betsy Bingham, Bill Yates; Elsa Nietza, Reuben Slade; Glenna Fuik, D. C. Butler; Marilyn Linhart, Bob Wilson; Jo Cameron, Bill Baker; Marty Hoops, Aubrey McQuire.

Betty Martin really had her mind on the Junior Senior the other night when she was walking in her sleep. She asked Charlotte Manzella and Beverly Smith to go down to the kitchen and count the dishes that they used for the meal of they wouldn't mind. While standing there in her sleep she took down her hair and went back to bed.

"Yo Yo" Yates told a good joke at the Junior-Senior in his response. It seems two sailors were walking down the street and saw a sweet young thing fresh from the country on the other side of the street. One sailor said to the other, "let's go over and teach her right from wrong." The other, probably the wiser of the two, replied, "you go over and teach her right and then call me over."

Richard Staley was playing and singing some passionate love song in French in the parlor of Founders recently and had gathered large numbers of admirers in doing so. Everything was going fine until unknown persons brought a baby alligator into the crowded room. Screams came up from the frightened people in different directions and all took off to the same. Richard ran so fast, he would have won any track meet. He was found in the kitchen looking for a knife to protect himself. Laura Conan and Mary Colie knocked several people down getting out of the way of the monster—one foot long. There were no casualties only a scared alligator. They say those French love songs will draw anything to the singer, but this is possibly the first time an alligator has been attracted in the history of French love songs.

Merle Tyson took a group of girls home with her recently and with all reports in, everyone really had a wonderful time. Josh Crane and Marty Goetschius are back together after brief troubles. Lucky boy!

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## Please Not Again

Every year about this same time the same dreaded event takes place on Guilford College campus. This memorable event is the distributing of animal fertilizer and composition all over our once sweet smelling campus. Maybe because the animal fertilizer is less expensive than chemical fertilizer is the reason for its use, but why must the students bare the misfortune of having to partake of the noticeable aroma twenty-four hours of the day?

There was a time when it was almost impossible for students to sit on the porch of Founders after meal time. If the fertilizer is needed so badly for the bushes, it would be a good idea to move the bushes down to the lake or some open space and fertilize them to the maximum. If that wouldn't work, the majority of the students could get along without the bushes if the smell must be with them. If it is ever used again, let us hope that every student will be provided with a gas mask or a large nose cold.

I have not planned to put anything controversial into this, my last column, but I feel compelled to bring as much attention upon one problem as possible.

When the safe was robbed last fall, the school began checking to be sure that windows and doors were locked each night. (The old horse and barn door story). The fact that windows and doors were not checked before the safe was robbed denotes only one problem: foolishness.

Recently a fire broke out in Old North. I was one of the earlier arrivals, and was quite shocked to find that the first fire extinguishers we tried did not work. This is not foolishness: this is danger.

Whatever was the cause of the fire makes little difference, as far as this problem is concerned: the dorm could have burned down for lack of working fire extinguishers. After hunting around we finally found some that did work, but perhaps the fire would have been under control much sooner if the first extinguishers we tried had worked.

Recently all the fire extinguishers have been checked and refilled. But that fire is over.

The end of one's senior year is the time when you take stock of a good many things I have thought a lot about the past four, and so have others with whom I've talked. We have had things go wrong, hearts have been broken, ideas torn apart—but we are grateful.

Grateful to our fellow students. Personally I think I shall hold my friendships made at Guilford closer than any others. We came to Guilford alone in the world, and go away knowing we have a place. It's a god feeling.

Grateful to our professors. Maybe I got to know my professors better than some students did: I shall always think of them with respect and friendship.

And grateful to that undefined idea that comes to us when we say "Guilford"—the total of students, teachers, buildings, and a spirit. Wherever I go, these few acres of red clay and brick buildings with white pillars will be a second home.

## Footlight Revue...

By WILLARD PAYNE

Saturday, April 25, the Revelers Club presented, with great success, the comedy, "Goodbye, My Fancy" by Fay Kanin.

The three act comedy with a message, about and to college students as well as to people outside the category, was given with clarity and understanding. The humor of the contrasting characters and the seriousness of their message was interwoven masterfully, and their dilemma was presented with sympathy by the director.

The story is of a congress woman (Anne Newton) who returns to the college she attended to receive an honorary degree. She brings with her, her sophisticated, hard boiled secretary (Frances Petty) who thinks she knows more about her boss than her boss does. Also to be there, to cover the event for Life Magazine, is Matt Cole (Hugh Downing) an almost forgotten lover of the congress woman. It seems that Miss Reed had been expelled from the college when she attended for spending the night out with a man. No one knows who he was, however, the man turns out to be her history professor, James Merrill (Josh Crane) who has now become the president of

the college. She is still much in love with him, she thinks, and intends to marry him. When she first knew him he was a liberal progressive professor and she still thinks of him in that way. However, she is forced to realize that since he has become president he has given over his ideals for the physical outward growth of the school. She has brought with her an anti-war movie to be shown while she is there but he, from pressure by the board of trustees, has decided it is a little radical for the sweet innocent young girls of the college, so it will not be shown. She sees Mr. Merrill's true cowardice and decides to marry the reporter who loves her very much and has been doing all he can to break up the old affair.

I doubt whether there has been a play given here that has been more perfectly cast. Each character, particularly the supporting cast seemed to fit perfectly into part. Marty Burton as the fluttery Miss Schaleford, Betsy B. as the scatter brain Co-ed and Frances Petty as the dry humored sharp tongued secretary were the wonderful comedy highlights.

Ann Newton played her part with ease and confidence. Hugh Downing as the reporter; Jo Cameron as the Agatha Reed of the younger generation, and disillusioned daughter of President Merrill; and Josh Crane as the weak college president, were excellent.

Other members of the production, equally well cast and well presented were Betsy Marklin, Marty Goetschius, Jim Cox, Arthur Black, Beaman Griffin, Evelyn Cline, Margaret Ann White, Ted Brown, Bob Szatkowski, Bill Yates, Betsy Bingham, Doris Ann Davis, and Emma Jean Nichols.

The new set was excellent and showed a great deal of hard work however, I think its brilliant yellow color was distracting.

During the intermission of the play, "Goodbye, My Fancy", there were awards presented to members of the Revelers Club.

Miss Marlette, professor of English, presented to Hugh Downing and Anne Newton, pins for outstanding works in the dramatics club. Both were in the play being given and are outstanding members of the club, both as actors and behind the scene workers.

The most important award given was presented by Mr. Kent, Dean of men, to Jo Cameron as the senior who has been of most service in the club during the last four years.

In Wichita, Kan., the opening of a rent-control office had to be delayed because officials could find no office space.

## Student Suggestions For Next Year

This school year, 1952-53, is almost over and already we are planning for another. We thought that the ideas of the students might be helpful to the administration and the student organizations in their planning for next year, so here are some suggestions that were voiced by the students:

- Girls be allowed to wear beach robes to and from the lake instead of having to put on shorts or dungarees over wet bathing suits.
- More parties between Founders and Mary Hobbs girls.
- Ironing boards on the third floor of Founders hall.
- No chaperones for girls after the first year.
- Monday night dating rule include dating governed by dating cards, not going to the Soda Shop at 9:30 or walking from the library.
- WSG enforce rules or abolish them.
- Be easier on the restrictive students.
- Give special dating privileges for those on the honor roll.
- Inter-dorm phone system.
- More cooperation and more boys in choir.
- A Student Union building with offices for student organizations.
- Finish the recreation room in the gymnasium.
- Rewire and remodel Mary Hobbs.
- A flagstone walk across the circle.
- Lights along the other side of the road from the circle to the corner and a cement walk there.
- Better suppers on Sunday nights (The sandwiches Gils Hollowell makes are better and just as cheap).
- Have the soda shop open on Saturday nights and Sunday nights.
- Announce when the Baseball Team is playing.
- A parlor in the boys' dorm.
- More faculty speakers in chapel.
- Decent prefabs.
- Flower Gardens and better work by the house and grounds committee.
- More activities on week-end. (We all can't go home).
- 11:30 permission for freshmen on Saturday night.
- Required Wednesday chapel for faculty (If we need religion so do they).
- The use of chemical fertilizers (All of us weren't reared on farms).
- movies—and the soda shop open for dancing afterwards.
- Activity between 6:30 and 7:30.
- The gym kept open later at nights.
- More recreation on week-ends—More student interest in organizations.
- Hot water in the boys dorm all the time.
- Guilford boys date Guilford girls instead of G. C. and W. C. girls, mainly for dances.

## Campus Commentary

by Hugh S. Downing

Another issue, another deadline, and so another installment of "Commentary". Seeing as how this will be the last issue of The Guilfordian before summer vacation, I thought I might dwell on a few of my pet peeves in the rather desperate hope that something might be done about it over the summer.

Pet peeve number one: (and I well imagine that I am not alone in this one) What's with this beautiful aroma that we've had drifting around campus for the past few weeks or so? It seems to me that such an overwhelming dose of Corral No. 5, (or as some would have it, Chicken House No. 7) is completely unnecessary. Yes, it's very good for our "beautiful campus", but tell me this... I'm no farmer, and I don't claim to be one but in all my contacts with the tillers of the soil they have always led me to believe that the best time for fertilization is in the Fall, so that the various components would have all winter to work themselves into the soil. At that time of year a good many of us have colds and we can't smell the stuff, and the smell doesn't spread itself quite as easily in cold weather. I should think that a good commercial fertilizer would do a much better job and with much less discomfort to all concerned. I guess someone just cleaned out their stable and offered it to the college cheap, and at the sound of the word "cheap" they lost their tight-fisted heads and bought up all they could for fear that they might possibly lose the chance at a bargain... Smell on Macduff!!!!

Pet peeve number two: (and a time-worn one, too.) Why, why, why... oh why, can't we get a half-way decent water supply in Cox Hall. Nothing is more aggravating, exasperating, or what have you than to come in off the playing fields after an "invigorating" game of softball with the prospect of a nice, hot shower looming in your mind, and as you step into the shower what do you get?... nothing! or if there is any water it amounts to a weak trickle of cold and not one thing more. It's the least we can ask for to have a decent supply of hot water. Can't a little more coal be thrown on the fire so we can live half-decently, or is it that we need a new water

system? If it is the latter, then why the devil can't a new one be put in. I'm sure the school could afford it.

And while we're talking about the plant here at school let's talk about the electrical system. There was a fire down in Old North not too long ago. The administration has chosen to say that it was caused by a cigarette that was thrown down behind a radiator, and that it slipped through a rather infinitesimal crack in the floor, and started the fire that way. Those who were down under, though, tell me that it looked a god bit as though a wire had gotten overloaded, or that it had shorted out in some way, thereby starting the blaze. I'm really a little more inclined to accept the latter story. Don't think that Cox Hall is alone in this though. Mary Hobbs is right in there with us. There's hardly a time when I go over to Mary Hobbs in the evening when the air isn't permeated by the sound of clicking circuit-breakers. They tell me that they can barely turn on enough lights to see and study, when... click... the power goes off.

There are other situations which I could talk about, such as the food in Founders, which, after a brief improvement in quality over the winter, has returned to it's usual atrocious unedibility. However, I think we'll let that go until next year, you have to give these things to the boys in the office rather slowly.