

The Return of the Naive

By CRAVEN MACKIE

It was deathly quiet in her room high up on the third floor of Merry Hogg's Hall, a dormitory at a small southern college, where she lay, sleeping. She was a beautiful girl, with beautiful hair, beautiful lips, beautiful complexion and astounding eyes, not to speak of her physique.

Everything was quiet except for the haunting sound of the rain beating on the roof overhead. It was very late at night. Not a single light burned on campus, except for those on the main walk which were operated automatically.

The sleep in which she was bound; sleep which knits up the raveled sleeve of care, was a deep sleep in a world of darkness, an evasion of reality. It had lasted for hours now . . . on and on . . . almost like death itself.

Suddenly, her sleep was interrupted; interrupted by a gentle rapping on the front door of the dormitory. She raised her head from the pillow and listened. Yes . . . there it was again! She very quietly got out of bed and cautiously made her way to the door, through the hallway, and down the steps to the main entrance. Not once did she need to turn on a light, so well did she know her way through the dorm.

The door was locked, but she knew a secret way to open it. Turning the rusty old knob, she tapped upon a particular spot on the door a given number of times, and the door flew open with great force.

Outside the sky had cleared and with the opening of the door, moonlight flooded the hall. She could see him standing there in his overcoat. He seemed to be looking at her, too.

They stood there for a long time saying nothing. At last he said, "I had to come. You don't know how lonely it gets back in the dorm at night. It's terrible."

She grasped his hand and he came into the hall. She closed the door. They looked at each other for a long time saying nothing.

At last they walked into the parlor and sat down together.

He said, "I just can't go back to that horrible place. I'll never go back over there."

She replied, "Oh, but darling, why are you talking this way? Didn't they fix your room up? How about the new furniture and all. You can't be unhappy about your dorm now."

"Oh, it is wonderful. It's so bright and cheerful and all. But there's more to it than the mere physical surroundings. It's something intangible. Something you can't put your hands on."

"What?"
"We don't have any hot water."
"Is that what you came for?"
"No. I wanted to be with you. I must forget the little things that make life miserable. Somewhere, I must find happiness again . . . happiness as I knew when I was a mere child."

"Oh, how often have I said we must learn to grow up. Forget your past. Put away these childhood desires. Face the world as it really is."

"You must help me. I cannot do it alone."

"We will help each other. That is the only way to fully comprehend the truth."

They gazed deeply into each others eyes for a long period of time saying absolutely nothing. At last, he broke that lengthy interval of silence with these questions:

"Do you think I should be here? Everything is so quiet. I feel as if I'm doing something wrong. Don't keep anything from me. Tell me if I'm not supposed to be here. Shouldn't we turn on a light?"

"To answer your questions completely, I must first examine the sociological aspects. How do I feel about these questions personally? How would most realistic college men and women face this normal, realistic situation? Besides, the sun will soon rise from behind the Jefferson Standard Building."

"I just can't stand to see the sun rise on another day, a day just like all the rest, full of burden and pain. Save me from those bonds. Tell me you love me."

"I wish I could. But I'm afraid that my mind does not know my heart. I must admit, though, there is something about you that's likable."

"What subtle meaning is inferred here? Have you been reading T. S. Eliot again? Should these words, that seem so meaningless, be music to mine ear? By the way, I just remembered, I brought something for you. It's a present."

He reached inside his overcoat and brought forth a box wrapped in maroon and gray striped paper.

"Oh, what is it?" she exclaimed.

"It's a box of taffy that the boys in the dorm made. We are selling boxes of taffy to raise some money for the building fund."

"That's wonderful."

"Next week we are going to sell bird seed. It's all for the school spirit. I can hardly wait until they finish the new Howard Johnson's on campus."

For a few moments, neither of them spoke. Then she said, "You all must really have a good time over there in your dorm, making taffy and all. I wish we girls had

that kind of spirit and organization."

"Well, there are times when we have pretty much fun. But . . ."

She interrupted him, "We don't have any co-operation. We never really enjoy life as we should. College women are always reasoning their way out of fun. I can't stand it here. It's making me sick, sick, sick."

"Well, I . . . er . . ."

"May I go with you, darling, back to that gay life in your own newly redecorated dormitory. Let's get away from Merry Hogg's Hall. Will you let me go with you?"

"Well, sure, I don't see why not?"

Together they left the parlor, and she turned for one more fleeting glimpse of the interior of her old dorm. For a moment they simply stood, gazing in awe at the Renaissance Architecture (mixed with a slight bit of Byzantine) and then, turning, they went on their way.

Campus Views

By KEN DOUGLASS

Question: What is your opinion concerning smoking in the new Student Union?

Henry Mitchell—Senior: I feel that smoking should be permitted in the Student Union because of the fact that it is a building constructed for the enjoyment of the students. Also, I feel that it is an imposition on those who enjoy smoking to ask them to refrain from doing so in a building which is mainly for their pleasure and relaxation.

Kaye Burton—Freshman: As far as I am concerned, I see no reason why students should not be allowed to smoke in the Student Union. The main purpose of the building is for the enjoyment of the students, and since many students enjoy smoking, I can see nothing wrong with it.

Gordon Haight—Junior: I feel that you should be allowed to smoke in the Student Union. Today smoking is socially accepted by society; therefore, why should we be different? In my opinion it would be naive not to permit smoking there. After all, this is supposed to be a college, not a prep school.

Martin Fallsoff—Freshman: I think it should be permitted. It gives many students a chance to relax between classes or at the end of the day. As long as the privilege is not abused by the students or the building mistreated, I think it should be permitted.

Gaye Burton—Freshman: In my opinion it is perfectly all right for the students to smoke in the Student Union. I can't see much difference between smoking there or

New Faces of '56

By BOB HIATT

Beginning with this article the Guilfordian will introduce you to a few of the new teachers on the Guilford faculty. To begin the series, we present an introduction to Dr. Edward E. Terrell.

Dr. Terrell is the addition to the Biology Dept. Prior to coming to Guilford, Dr. Terrell was a member of the Pembroke State Teachers College for two years. He received his BS from Wilmington College, a Quaker college in Ohio, which, incidentally is also the alma mater of Dr. Milner.

Dr. Terrell holds his M.S. from Cornell University and his Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin. After getting his Doctors, he held a research fellowship from Ohio State University.

A native of Wilmington, Ohio, Dr. Terrell is married and has a three-year-old son. His major interest in the biological field is botany. At the present he isn't teaching any botany but begins these courses next semester.

Dr. Terrell stated that he was, "very glad to be at Guilford." It goes without saying that we are pleased to welcome him to the life of Guilford College of which he is sure to become an integral part.

Calendar

Week of October 5-12

October 8—Quaker Staff Meeting, 7:30, Hobbs.

October 9—Upperclassman Chapel, Speaker: Seth Hinshaw.

Guilfordian Staff Meeting, 7:00, Student Union.

October 10—Freshman Chapel.

October 11—Upperclassman Chapel, Speaker: Rev. Edgar H. Nease, Muir's Chapel Methodist.

W.S.G. Meeting, 5:00, Shore.

October 12—Freshman Chapel.

walking a few feet to the back of King Hall to smoke.

Bob Johnson—Junior: While it is true that many Guilford Students enjoy a good "coffin nail" between classes, it is also true that there will always be a few unthinking people that can't handle the live end of their "smokes." The result will obviously be that some nice new wooden and cloth furniture will be burned. Therefore, I would favor the restricting of smoking to the soda shop section of the building where most of the fixtures are metal. Not only would this, I hope, prevent damage, but it would allow non-smokers some escape from fumigation.

W A A News

Homecoming will be the first demonstration that the Guilford women have spirit also. Joyce Hannum, dance chairman, has plans for a tremendous victory dance, bringing a climax to the day of homecoming events. A parade of floats and dorms flowing with elaborate decorations will create once again the tradition of a former Guilford homecoming.

To support a year of varied activities, the girls will sell stuffed animals with Guilford emblems. They plan to sponsor an intramural program on a larger scale than ever, with dorm competition in each major sport. Hockey games have been scheduled by the chairman, Pinky Lapp, with five North Carolina colleges. Players will be selected from intramural teams to compete against other schools.

At the kick-off of this W.A.A. year, the freshmen were entertained at a picnic at the lake.

Softball will get under way immediately. Skill isn't necessary for a good time in this game. Fun is the main objective.

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