

Sportscope

QUAKERS IN GOOD SHOWING

Last week the Quakers bowed to Newberry in a hard fought battle. The 28-6 score does not begin to tell the whole story. The boys put up a terrific battle and, in my opinion, covered themselves with mud, sweat, and glory. This was a game that was exceptionally well played and it is to the great credit of all who participated. The Indians were heavy favorites, but our spirited team was able, by strong determination, to outplay their opponents for the entire first half. It was no disgrace to lose this game. It was well played, and that's about all that could be expected. If this splendid spirit is exhibited the rest of the season, I feel that the Quakers will have at least one more victory in store for themselves.

SPIRIT AT ITS BEST

Homecoming showed just how spirited Guilford can be. I ask you, "Why can't this be the way at all times?" Spirit is something that you shouldn't have to work at. It is something that is in you—that makes one loyal to a cause. This self-same spirit was in great evidence last week.

I would like to compliment the student body for their fine job in decorating their dorms and for preparing such excellent floats. Congratulations to Archdale for the best dorm decoration on the boys' side and to Founders, on the girls' side. Hats off to New North for their prize-winning float. The ball is now rolling; keep up the good spirit!

TOUGH LUCK, SHELTON

Time and again during this football season Jim Shelton has been on the verge of breaking loose for a terrific game. However, some injury has always popped up to hold him back. The past two weeks Jim has been our leading ground gainer during the first half of play. Both times injuries forced him to the sidelines. Here's hoping that Jim's last three games in a Quaker uniform will be big ones for him and the entire team.

BOYLES, RICH, DOUGHTERY, CHESSON, EXCELL

These four boys are deserving of much praise for their play against Newberry. In looking over the figures on the game, it was very apparent that these four were in on the majority of tackles made. Keep up the good work! With the hard play you exhibited last week the breaks are bound to come your way.

BASKETBALL UNDERWAY

With this issue of the GUILFORDIAN, basketball practice will have been underway for three weeks. Coach Bob Shoaf, in his first year as the basketball mentor, has been working the boys hard in an effort to round them into top notch shape. The team figures to be built around returning letterman Don Hemrick, Bob Atlas, Jim Burgess, Doug Wood, and Tommy Dillon. Also look for Bob Young to be the most improved ball player on the floor. He will be heavily counted on. Junior transferees Bill Roddy and Bob Henderson, both

By JAKE JACOBSON

from E.M.I., are expected to give the team added depth.

TOMORROW NIGHT—APPALACHIAN

A trip to Boone is on tap for the Quakers. They will leave tomorrow morning to take on the tough Mountaineers in a night game. It will be cold when the sun goes down in the mountains, and the city of Boone is noted for this chilly atmosphere. At any rate, the game figures to be an interesting one with plenty of action. Last year the Apps ran over Guilford; the team will be trying to settle the score.

ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

This week the award goes to Larry Grissett for his mighty defensive play against Newberry. Larry has not had much chance to play this year but you can bet he will see plenty of service from here on. Although he did not enter the game until the second half, I feel as though he is most deserving of the award. Here is an example of a man taking advantage of an opportunity. Nice going, Larry!

INTRAMURALS

Something has happened to the Day Hops! Whether it keeps happening remains to be seen, but all of a sudden, in just one week, they won two ball games and tied one. The jolly commuters have always been known to have a hard time mustering up enough boys for a team when game time rolled around. Win or lose . . . and mostly lose . . . they always seem to enjoy just playing the game and getting a big kick out of it all. They still do, but suddenly they started playing heads-up ball. Their offensive plays started clicking and their defense began to pick up.

It all started the afternoon they tied Center 39 to 39. They had to come from behind to do it. Yet, in their next game they beat Old North-South in a very convincing manner 38 to 32 and then they thumped Archdale 26-20.

What happened? There are several reasons. For one thing, more Day Hops got interested and came to the games. Defensively, they seemed to be rushing more and covering their men. Tom Trivette's passes started clicking and the blonde and the brunette—long faithful Day Hop supporters—started cheering extra loudly on the sidelines. But the main reason the Day Hops were doing so well wore bright orange shorts.

His name is Bill Campbell and in just one week the wiley end scored fifty-two points. Though at times it looked as if he were wheezing for breath, he seemed to be running everywhere, jumping and catching passes. Jack-rabbit fast, he had a knack of getting around the fellow guarding him and of snaring a ball anywhere near him. His 52 points gave him a total of 79 which put him second in the scoring race.

Jordan Washburn, the glue-fingered end from New North, moved into the lead with 86 points. Old North South only played one game

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THE BAD WEED

(Continued from page two)

said it yourself. You said I was stupid," Leonardo wailed.

"Shut up. Get up. Get out of bed; off your fat back. You got to DO something. You can't stay in college doing nothing. Why don't you date no girls? Ain't you ever going to date no girls?"

"I ain't never dated a girl, Wilhelm. I don't know nothing about girls. Please don't talk to me about them. I can't stand to talk about that sort of thing."

Wilhelm jumped from his seat and slammed the book violently against the desk. "I never seen anybody like you before! Everytime anybody comes in the room, you either hide in the closet or curl up in bed and play like you're asleep. Little wonder you are always so worried and depressed. You've got to get out and do things, man."

"I don't want to be sad, Wilhelm. I want to be like you. You're smart and you have good times. But how can I be happy? I failed all my tests miserably. I can't pass any of my courses. That's what comes from graduating from a small high school. My high school was definitely very, very small. Wilhelm, do you think I should tell anybody that I can't read?"

Wilhelm stared at Leonardo. His face turned pale. . . . he was shocked at what Leonardo had just said. At last Wilhelm gasped, "Did you say that you can't read? Eight weeks of school gone, and they haven't found out that you can't even read! How did you pass your entrance examinations? How about that postcard you got in the mail this morning? How did you read that? How?"

"It was all a mistake, Wilhelm. I saw a little girl down at the corner this morning. She was in the third grade, and she read the postcard to me. I told her to promise not to tell anybody about it. I lied when I said that I read it. You won't tell on me will you?"

"No, man. Why should I tell?"

"Thanks, Wilhelm, you are my best friend," he made a nervous little sigh. "Wilhelm, I've made up my mind, I'm going to graduate, even I have to go to summer school."

"It doesn't matter whether you can read, Leonardo. You can overcome these obstacles. That's what college is for—to help the individual."

"That's good, Wilhelm."

"Leonardo, do you really want to know how to be happy?"

"Oh, more than anything else."

"All right. If you'll get out of bed, I'll tell how you, Leonardo

Smith, can find everlasting happiness right here on the campus of Guilford . . ."

"How, how?" shouted Leonardo as he jumped to the floor.

"I know a girl who rooms over at Phounder's Hall. She's beautiful, enchanting, intelligent, understanding; everything a college man could ask for. I can get you a date with her."

"No, no. Please don't, Wilhelm. I can't stand girls. What if she finds out that I can't read?"

"She won't find out. I'll never tell her. You must date her, Leonardo, tonight."

"She'll laugh at me."

"No she won't. Don't you want to be happy like other people? I swear she won't laugh at you."

"But how should I act?" asked Leonardo.

"Simply be relaxed. Remember, you are just as good as anybody else, Leonardo. Remember that, man."

Leonardo looked down at the floor and thought. Finally, he muttered, "Well, all right. I'll date her this one time if she's real nice to me."

"Great, Leonardo. You're a great guy. You'll never regret this day. I'll go see her right now and get you a date for tonight."

"Why are you doing all this for me, Wilhelm?"

"First because you are my roommate and because I don't like for you always to be depressed. And second, because of my underlying, intense love for the field of social psychology. You understand?"

"Oh, I'm so afraid, Wilhelm."

"Don't even think about it. I'll be back in a little while."

That night there was a full moon above as Leonardo and his girl friend walked across the campus together. He looked at her and said, "Gosh, you're beautiful."

"Thank you," she solemnly replied.

Everything was quiet for a few moments, then Leonardo, being in a deep, serious mood, said, "I've made the highest grade on every test I've taken since I've been here."

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