



# The Guilfordian

Published weekly during the collegiate year by  
the students of Guilford College



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## The Beginning

It is our hope that this first literary issue of the GUILFORDIAN will be the beginning of a new tradition in the life of Guilford College.

Although we do not intend to act in place of a literary magazine, we may possibly prove the need for one. Our intentions are to foster a spirit of creativeness; provide a place for those of us who are so inclined, to have their work put in print; and to display the creative ability of the Guilford College student.

We welcome contributions from all Guilfordians. Whether a few lines of verse or several pages of prose, all writing will be gratefully received, while reception does not necessarily mean acceptance, we are optimistically awaiting results.

Since this is a new idea, comments will be welcome. There is an invitation out to each and every Guilfordian to express his opinion of both our work and ideas. Through the adaption of constructive criticism, improvement with experience, and increasing student participation, we anticipate a worthwhile addition to the intellectual life of the Guilford campus.—R. S.

## ARMS AND THE MAN

Last Thursday and Friday evenings, under the able direction of Donald D. Deagon, Assistant Professor of English, The Revelers Club made its contribution to the Shaw Centennial. But more important to Guilford College was the apparent possibility of a dramatic revival on campus.

The production of "Arms and the Man" was, in this reviewer's opinion, one of the best that has appeared here in the past year or so. Most of the students, no doubt, are aware that our collegiate drama had begun a down-hill tour towards the end of last year. And one of the main reasons for this was not lack of talent, but a definite lack of student interest.

One of the best features of the show was its feeling of unity. There were no apparent characterization or personality conflicts (other than those intended by the dramatist, of course). This merit leads to one of the faults of the show, not enough change of pace. There was a set pace that was communicable and almost all of the characters caught it.

In singularity of vocal and physical characterization, the two stand-outs were Bill Campbell's Sergius Saranoff and Craven Mackie's Major Petkoff. Captain Bluntschli, as portrayed by Dave Hardin, was somewhat lacking in contrast and aliveness but became very real in the sleep sequence of the first act and those times when he controlled stage center in the third. Dale Embich's Nicola, on the other hand, was properly handled as a straight role.

Eileen Murray, with her impeccable English accent, had a delightful sense of stage presence. Her pauses and hesitations, which to the non-Thespian may have appeared simple, were accomplished with mastery. The anger and haughtiness of the servant, Louka, as played by Mary Ella Clark, desired no imagination on the part of the watcher. Beth Eastwood flowed a little too smoothly and swiftly through the role of Catherine. Otherwise the role was adeptly accomplished.

The three set problem was satisfactorily solved by the use of the same set for both the second and third acts. And the attractiveness of that set certainly offsets any derogatory comment that might be made; though Shaw was a perfect stickler in his productions. Not a single world would he allow dropped or changed.

The production was, *in toto*, a credit to all who were connected with it and served as an excellent introduction to the talents and experience of Donald D. Deagon. The seed of a dramatic renaissance has been sown; it is up to all of us to bring it to fruition.—James Nicholas Palmer

## The Park

I walked last night where childhood played,  
I touched the aged trees;  
I saw the puddles in the brook  
That once were wondrous seas.

I saw the catch, a root 'neath which  
We hid the precious gold, . . .  
I felt the passage of the years  
Tearing at my soul.

I saw the form of one now dead,  
On base in a game of chase . . .  
I felt the warmth of childhood's love  
And saw my sweetheart's face.

The night looked down upon the ground  
Where once I fought the wars—  
And the old hut stood, as it always had,  
My prison without bars.

The stars were my playmates  
Back from the years—  
Free from the pain  
Of world and tears.

And my heart sang out  
With a childhood's song,  
While memories 'woke  
That had slept so long.

I lived again the happy days  
Of bandit, cowboy, pirate ways;  
Till the Sun brought morn to the paths and trees,  
To my prison and my wondrous seas.

And my heart still sang,  
And I longed to stay—  
But lo,  
The stars were gone away.

—Bill Baldwin

## AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE ARTS FESTIVAL COMMITTEE OF WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

On March 15 and 16, the writing program of our annual Arts Festival will be held at the Woman's College. We are happy to invite your students again this year to take an active part in this event.

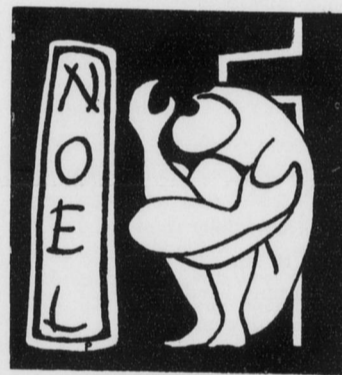
The creative writing program will center around student work selected for printing in CORADDI, the college literary magazine. The works selected will be commented on by a panel of distinguished writers and critics, including Katherine Anne Porter, Murray Noss, and others to be announced later. In addition, the interdepartmental Arts Festival week-end will include art exhibits, drama performances, and interesting lectures.

Students who wish to participate in the Festival by publishing in CORADDI are invited to submit manuscripts; but the following directions must be observed:

1. Only clean, double-spaced, typewritten, first copies will be considered.
2. Send verse of any length; or complete prose pieces, not over 8,000 words (no expository essays).
3. Mss. should arrive at the Woman's College not later than January 3, 1957. (Send to: The Editors, CORADDI, The Woman's College, U. N. C., Greensboro, N. C.) Mss. will be returned only if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is sent.

Those students whose work is selected for publication will be notified about February 1.

We shall be grateful for your cooperation in notifying and encouraging your students to join us in our writing program for the Arts Festival. Later, we shall send you an announcement of the program and a special invitation to you and your interested students.



## Forum Offered

(Continued from page one)

sented in this paper. With the next literary issue, we want to double the number of contributors. We want verse, modern or traditional, heavy, light or medium; we want essays, formal or familiar; we want stories, sketches, chapters from nascent Great American Novels; we want drawings of any kind. In short, we want any original creations that we can produce in black and white.

One further word: Some of the poems and stories in this issue are published anonymously or are signed only with initials. We will do this for any writer who specifically requests it, but we cannot print contributions unless the literary editor, at least, knows the name of the writer.

Contributions may be left at the Guilfordian office in the Student Union or may be given to the editor or the literary editor, Jim Palmer. If possible, they should be typed, but we can have a manuscript typed out if it is not too long. Drawings cannot be used unless they are simple black-and-white, for technical reasons.

The writers whose work is printed here are saying, in effect: "Here is what we are doing. What are you doing? Well, Show us!"

Jackson Burgess  
Guilfordian Advisor

## Immortality

The old sailor looked out over the rim of the blue Mediterranean Sea, and there was no mystery beyond the horizon line, for he knew what was over there. This was not his first cruise. He had journeyed in those lands. Over there where the sun hung was Spain. That rising star marks Greece. In that direction, Italy could be found.

There is another land that he looked forward to as he watched the turquoise blue swallow the sun. He had never seen it. He had never seen anyone who had been there, but it had a more abiding reality than any of those lands he knew. This land beyond the sunset, the land of immortality, was his desire.

There is a realm in life where there is neither coming nor going. There is a realm in life where the constant and never ceasing flow of things comes to an end and all is gathered up in a moment of being. A place where a calendar has no use.

This heaven of ours was the one thing in the world which he knew with absolute, unshaken, unchangeable certainty. He knew with a knowledge that is never shadowed by a passing cloud of doubt. He was not always certain of this world; his geographical locations sometimes became confused, but the other he knew. As the afternoon sun sank lower, faith shown more clearly, and hope, lifting her voice in a higher key, sang the songs of fruition.

Someday his ship will drop anchor for the last time. He will lay aside the familiar garment of the flesh—it never seemed so strong as the spirit—to be clothed again in the shining raiment of those who already know.

Paul Douglas Kerr

## Dialogue Between Stylus and Papyrus

SCENE: A typical college student's desk the night before an examination.

"Hey, quit pressing so hard."

"Well, how do you expect me to go softly? Here it is the night before the big exam and I've hardly been used for anything but crossword puzzles. Now I have to get my tip worn off rubbing all over you, and you complain about pressing too hard. You know what is going to happen to me? I'm going to get a quarter of an inch of good wood cut off my head with a sharp knife."

"Listen to me a minute, Stylus. By this time tomorrow I'll be worn out, used, thrown away. You may suffer a few cuts and bruises, but I'm doomed. Nobody would think of using old Papyrus more than once."

"Cheer up, Papyrus. We are not in as grave a predicament as Studentitis. It is the same story for him every time he has an exam. He is never ready. Then the night before, he rushes and crams. We both get worn completely out, and he still won't do well tomorrow. It seems as though he never learns! If Studentitis would use us a little each night then he wouldn't get quite so excited the last minute. We wouldn't get so injured by the awkward

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