

BEST TEAM EVER

by Dennis Abramowitz

Never in the history of Guilford College basketball has its team clinched the Carolinas Conference in regular season play. This year the mighty Quakers have won the conference with a 17-3 record and a 22-4 over-all slate. This is also Guilford's best won-loss record ever.

The Quakers won the conference with one remaining conference game yet to be played. The necessary win came over the Bulldogs of Atlantic Christian. The win was due primarily to the tremendous play of "Big Bob" Kaufman. His play that night will never be forgotten by any of the 900-plus fans who witnessed the contest. Bob Kaufman not only scored 39 points and pulled down a great number of rebounds, but he broke his last year's scoring record of 587 with a total of 602 points—a new Guilford College record.

The game with A. C. C. was a tough one from the start. Senior Captain Wayne Motzinger filled in very nicely when Bob Bregard was unable to play. Since his call to a starting position three games ago, Wayne has been averaging 12 points per game, which isn't bad for anyone. Another help to the Quakers was the return of Leon Young. But the thing that I think sparked the team to go on to beat A.C.C. were the two unbelievable dunk shots by the "giant" Bob Kaufman. He almost broke the basket. The final score was 96-83 and the game was nothing less than spectacular. Guilford went on to beat Elon 80-75 in the Coliseum doubleheader last Friday night. Even though the Quakers have been plagued by injuries and a series of unfortunate circumstances, Guilford has been playing real fine ball.

The Carolina Conference playoff tournament will begin this week at Lexington, North Carolina. Guilford, the top-slotted team in the Conference, will play Wednesday night at 9:30. The Quakers have picked the tough Atlantic Christian Bulldogs in the first round of the tournament. Guilford has already won a berth in the District 26 championship playoffs along with Lexington and Wofford. These three teams will await the outcome of the Lexington tournament, for its champion will complete the foursome in the District 26 playoffs. Let's all get behind our team and let them know what we think of them. They are the best, and Kansas City, here we come!!!

HEY MAY DAY

It has been said before, and I recognized after the first time I said it with profound wisdom. So I do not hesitate to repeat; a college is more than buildings and students and teachers. It is a spirit and aura which surrounds these and is made up in a large part of the traditions of the particular institution. Here at Guilford we had until the past year a two-fisted, rip-roaring, hell of a tradition known as Men's May Day. For those of you who have not had the pleasure, this festive occasion of long standing customarily commenced at around 5:30 on the first Saturday in May with the rousing of all freshmen and at about 6, a quick lap by the worthy candidates for exalted sophomore status around the campus. They do this not all together in the all together as diapers are considered de rigueur for the occasion, white tails as it were. This was followed by the presentation of each of the various sections skits, parodying usually a prominent faculty or administration personality and taking a somewhat off-color tone.

As strange as this might appear to one not informed of the history surrounding this venerable tradition, there was an even more ludicrous spectacle presented last year. This was the attempt by the office of the Dean of Men, firmly convinced this activity was illegal, immoral, and probably fattening as well, to ban it and substitute his own brand spanking new grand old tradition of getting all the freshmen (strictly volunteers under his system) out on a muddy field to chase a greased pig. Aside from the obvious indignities of the then Dean Allen Atwell's proposal, and its complete lack of appropriateness for anywhere save a boys' camp or possibly the Agricultural and Technical College, I was struck by the folly (and yes, even impertinence of an administrative official, new to his job) in forcibly abolishing a long-standing student tradition because of offense to his particular official sensibilities.

Undoubtedly the diaper parade was not abolished in and of itself, but as part of a broader crackdown on the Men's May Day, and the traditional skits. We were told at the time that one of the reasons for the abolition of the skits was because in the previous year only two sections had taken the trouble to prepare any. It was of course reassuring to find that the administration was so concerned for the success of a student activity which has never involved them relied on them in any way or used any of their facilities. Then it took the highly anomalous position of attempting to save the tradition by abolishing it.

It is very true that in its last year the May Day skits were a scraggly, poor excuse, with only two sections represented. This was by no means the result of a lack of student desire to participate, but of the imposition of administrative censorship. With the possibilities for a skit so emasculated no one really cared to do one. In the two previous years we had had typically wild, woolly, and uninhibited May Days.

At its inception Men's May Day was a strictly male activity, a raunchy parody on the girls' May

Day to follow later in the day, and other general school activities, with no hold and no words barred. Coeds started rising early to peek out their windows to catch the proceedings, then in later years venturing on to the porches and in our own times of feminine freedom finally gathering around. In the
(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

Friendly Persuasion

by Janet Ghezzi

"If I were a friend to thee as thee are to me then thee would be to me as I to thee would be to me." Perhaps this song coming over the radio is the only remnant of Quakerism on this campus. For a supposedly religious affiliated school, Guilford shows surprisingly little Quaker influence.

The only evidence we have that Guilford is a Quaker school is the persistent claims of the faculty that this is so. Now it's true that there is a New Garden Friends Meeting House on campus, but Sunday morning doesn't attract any mad parade of students to its services. It may be just a false front on a wooden frame—I don't think anyone has yet checked to see. Once in a while Quakerism is mentioned in chapel, but only to tell us that they are very liberal minded and that they do not discriminate against those from over-ritualistic, ridiculously ceremonial, outdated religions.

Here at Guilford we enjoy the basic freedoms — freedom of speech, press, religion, and thought — although this last freedom is not often used. We are not bound to uphold Quaker ideals; as a matter of fact, most of us don't even know them. If you have read the college catalog this may seem strange to you, for the opening page states that "Guilford College has attempted to provide a broad liberal culture under inspiring religious influence." While there is some evidence of liberal culture, there is none for religious influence. Most of the students think of Quakers as modern-day Puritans and secretly suspect that each and every Quaker has a long gray dress or a frock coat and a high hat hidden in his closet. When Quaker is mentioned, thoughts of thee and thou come to mind. Most students think of the "Inward Light" as one hidden in a closet. Now this is ridiculous. There is considerable difference between religious persecution and religious information. The students shouldn't be forced to accept Quaker ideals, but they should at least be aware of them. You could be going to a school whose policy you detest and not even know it. The ideals of Quakerism shouldn't be taught to us or forced upon us; they should be shown to us, through the example of the Quaker students and faculty. To a non-Quaker it would appear that Quakerism has little to offer.

It is like a voice dying in the wilderness. The only well known facet of Quakerism is its pacifistic aspect. Of this we all, especially the men students, are very much aware.

The catalog also tells us that the religious teaching is interwoven with the entire curriculum. Of this too, there is little evidence. With the exception of an occasional "God!" uttered by a frustrated faculty member, there is little mention of religion in our courses. In fact, we are for the most part expected to keep the religious or moral viewpoint out of our arguments as it is too controversial to discuss.

Where, then, is the Quaker influence on this campus? Perhaps it lies in the Moon Room. Perhaps
(Continued on page 4, col. 3)

LYNAL

by Will Franklin

Yelping like a wounded dog, Lynal ran down the hall of Peterson dorm. Larry Inman pursued with a long rope in his hand. The whip cracked and Lynal jumped. The boys stood on the hall and laughed to see Lynal try so hard to be like a normal person. This was all a little game that the guys had set up to amuse themselves, and it didn't seem to bother Lynal at all. In fact, they thought he rather enjoyed it, for they were giving him some attention when no one else would.

Lynal was in his bath towel as he came smashing to the floor. This gave Larry the perfect opportunity to pop Lynal right on the old rump, which he did with the agility of a lion trainer. The snap of the rope against his exposed flesh sent the entire hall into pandemonium.

"Hey, Joe, Harry, get a load of this!" As Lynal scurried up from the floor and wrapped his towel around him once again, he also broke into laughter, for Larry and the boys were his friends. He had given them something in return for their friendship: a good show. Lynal marched into his room — his obese middle rippling with laughter — and slammed the door; knowing that the show was over and that there would be no more encores. It was Saturday night and no one in his right mind would be caught dead in the dorm on a Saturday night.

The boys sauntered back to Larry's room.

"God, Larry, you really popped his butt a good one," Harry chuckled. "Jesus, is that Lynal a riot!"

Larry coiled his rope and tossed it in the corner where he could grab it fast next time he caught Lynal on the way to the shower.

"You takin' out Joanie tonight, Harry?" Larry asked, while dousing himself with after-shave.

"Yeh, we're going to the Raven Club and grab a few beers or something. Whatcha doing tonight?"

Before Larry could answer, Joe's piercing wolf whistle attracted their attention to the hall where Lynal was trying to walk inconspicuously in his half-polished black shoes, white socks, Madras tie and his plaid summer coat.

"Hey, Lynal, who's the lucky bang-tail tonight?" Larry inquired, with a sarcastic, broad smile. Lynal turned his pimply face towards them, "I'll see you all later." He tried to avoid Larry's accusing question.

Lynal rounded the steps and lugged his weight out through the front door of the dorm, moving each foot forward until he approached that horrid spot he loathed and loved—the front porch of Merriweather Hall, the girls' dorm. He hesitantly approached a young girl sitting at the sign-out desk and asked for Elizabeth Thompson. This girl, like everyone else that Lynal had ever met, did not even look up at him from the book she was engrossed in. She pressed one little black switch out of a long row on the intercom and chanted, "Paging Elizabeth Thompson, paging Elizabeth Thompson." All that came back through the little speaker was the echo of her voice, "paging Elizabeth Thompson, paging Elizabeth Thompson."

"Yes," a little voice squeaked, which Lynal recognized as Elizabeth's.

"Elizabeth, you have a caller," the girl said with dry nasality.

"This is Jane, Susan's roommate. Elizabeth is not feeling well and she's asleep."

Lynal squirmed at those words and with a sheepish dimpled smile thanked the girl at the sign-out desk and left, shaking the crystal in the parlor with each step.

Lynal paced the brick walk through the whipping February wind to his friend's dorm. Elizabeth caught a glimpse of his bulging figure through the window as

she slipped quickly into her Herringbone suit.

John was happy to see Lynal as he knocked and opened the door to John's room. Lynal and John had unpopularity in common. They had both come from the same mountain town where but two months ago early on a Saturday morning they had roamed the forest together and talked excitedly about their upcoming college careers. They had tried to get a room together, but Dean Franklin said that they had to stay where they were assigned until the end of the semester.

Lynal pummeled onto the mattress. "John, how about going over to Ernie's and shooting some pool or somethin'? Maybe we can mop up a few beers."

John consented and they walked to Ernie's, a few blocks away. They got a table and John racked as Lynal scrutinized the sticks for one that was just right. His eye shot down the length of the stick as he held it against his pudgy cheek, deciding that it was the one.

John chalked up. "This is just like back home, huh Lynal? Boy, you were the pool shark of Borrowsville!"

Lynal chuckled with all of his yellow teeth sticking out and asked John to break. John's Q-ball cracked against the ten, and they scooted about the green felt table. The one-ball dropped into the corner, yet John's follow-up missed, and Lynal strolled up to the table, eyeing each ball like a pro. He lined up his shot with his stick, braced himself, and ran the stick through his powdered palm. His Q-ball shot out and sank two solid-colored balls with a swift kick. Lynal began his pool game as John had seen him do many times in the back room of Ed Regan's store in Borrowsville. Lynal had lived over that table for the better part of his high school days, and he was good, even great, when he approached a pool table. He knew it; John knew it; and the rest of the men in the pool hall recognized it as they left their games to watch Lynal run the rest of the balls into the pockets, not allowing John to even take another shot. But John didn't care, for he knew that this was a victory Lynal deserved. For five games, Lynal lined up his shot under the hot light with its white porcelain shade until sweat rolled over his layered forehead and splattered onto the wooded edge of the table. Finally John gave up and Lynal put up his stick as the crowd that was now around the fat little pool shark put on their coats and began talking among themselves about the agility of the champ.

John and Lynal walked up to the counter to pay, as the cashier left the crowd and began shouting to Lynal that the games were on the house, even before he was halfway across the noisy hall.

"Forget it, boys. For a show like that, I'd pay you to play," the man shouted. "Say, why don't you come over tomorrow night and enter the championship playoffs here? Half the town's in the game, and from what I've seen of your game, you're a cinch to win."

Lynal's yellow teeth showed once again as he wiped his brow and said shyly, "O. K. What time do I have to be here?"

"Make it about six, and that'll give you some time to warm up."

Lynal walked out with John into the fresh, cold air and was silent all the way back to John's dorm.

"I had a great time, Lynal, and I think I'll come watch you play tomorrow night if it's O. K."

"Sure it is," Lynal said, maintaining his broad smile and shining eyes. "See you then."

It was twelve o'clock when Lynal reached his room in Peterson. Larry and the boys were beginning to

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

YOUR CAMPUS HEADQUARTERS FOR:

- Sweatshirts, Nities,
- Children's Apparel,
- Monarch Review Notes,
- School Jewelry,
- Records, Cosmetics

Guilford College Book Store

CO-ED KUE KLUB

GIRLS! COME BEAT THE BOYS AT THEIR OWN GAME!

Weekdays 9 a.m. til 12 p.m.
Located at the Corner

Sundays 1 p.m. til 12 p.m.
Phone 299-9712

Guilford College Drug

Your Friendly Rexall Store