



The Guilfordian

Entered at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter under the act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

Published semi-monthly during the school year by the students of Guilford College.

Editor-in-Chief Carlyle McKaughan
Business Manager John Charles Rush
Associate Editors Alan Hamilton, Audrey C. Schepps
Photographers—James Patton, Don Troxler, Bob White.
Feature Staff—Jerry Allen, Benny Brown, Jack Dabagian, J. W. McCracken, Steve Schafer.
Business Staff—Harold Atwood, B. G. Edwards, Barbara Katz, Jane Wallace, Doris Willard.
Circulation—Judy Gains, Julia White, Sarah Arnold.
Sports Staff—L. J. Coward, Sol Kennedy, John Presnell, George Short, Marianne Victorius.
News Staff—George Abrams, G. G. Billard, David Hadley, Bettina Huston, Barbara McFarland, Jeanne Van Leer, Jack White.
Faculty Advisers—Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert, David Parsons.

Subscription price \$1.00 per year

Member
Associated Collegiate Press
 Member
Intercollegiate Press

Editor's Comments . . .

May Day

With the coming of the birds, leaves and flowers, we have May Day. If the epidemic of swollen jaws subsides long enough, the Guilford campus will once again be adorned with pulchritude in the annual pageant. The festivities are scheduled to begin with the boys' May Day at five-thirty in the morning. You don't need to worry about waking at the designated hour, for arrangements have been made to arouse every living soul (and a few that may not be living) on campus. The female freshmen are not to be overlooked, either; in fact, they are to be looked over in the Mock May Day. Egad, what fun at such a cheap price!

Fire-escapes

Has anyone thought of the consequences of a fire on campus? To many (including the administration) this possibility has not occurred, but some day it may be a stark reality. A fire department is being formed in the community and it will be a fine thing, but such a move does not eliminate the hazards. By the time the fire department arrives on the scene of a fire in any building on campus, the building would be gone and possibly the occupants. It doesn't seem to be impossible to secure fire-escapes, and there certainly is a definite need for them on campus.

With a casual glance at the buildings that are used day and night, one can easily see that there are no such fixtures on any of the buildings. It is possible that when the dorms and class rooms were constructed, the fire-escape had not been established as something here to stay, but it can now be said that they will be used until modern architecture eliminates the second floor, or the possibility of fire.

Founders would be a warm inferno for the girls if a fire should start anywhere near the steps. With a fire raging up the steps and the "draft shaft," everyone on the second and third floors would have to leap—and this can be dangerous. *Mary Hobbs, Cox and Archdale* are just as poorly equipped and just as susceptible to fire. With a large number of persons trying to get down from the third floor, someone would either get singed by the fire or mutilated by the hurrying group. Some of the foresighted boys in Cox have prepared for such an emergency by securing rope and holding fire-drills. This may appear to be amusing, but it is very wise under the circumstances.

Memorial Hall and King Hall round out the series of buildings that should be noticed. Have you ever sat in chapel, twiddling your thumbs, and wondered how you would get out if a fire started? It's a good thing to think about. With 530 or more students and faculty in chapel at one gathering, the possibility of getting out safely is fairly slim for the students sitting near the front of the auditorium.

We have been indeed fortunate that no serious fires have appeared on campus, but such good fortune may not be with us always. Something should be done soon!

Hold that line!

The way everyone gathers around the door to the dining hall, one would be led to believe that the food served there was something special. It does seem as though people of college age could wait their turn in line to eat. If it gets any worse, Robie will have a mess sergeant keeping order.

Campus Thieves

There were a number of thefts around school last year, and fortunately, the lowly creatures were caught and expelled. Once again Guilford campus has been invaded by this type of persons. During the past year, several students (boys and girls) have had money to disappear from their rooms in sporadic thefts. During the past few weeks Cox Hall has been hit by a mild crime wave that relieved three inmates of a total of \$21.

It's getting to be a poor state of affairs when you can't even trust the fellows you live with. In the recent case of stealing, the act was committed during the time when some of the boys were playing softball. Someone, evidently well informed of the place of safekeeping, proceeded to relieve several boys of their dirty old money. Heaven help the poor fellows if they are ever caught!

A Shot of Adrenalin . . .

By JERRY ALLEN

Examination week or "Pass the Benzedrine, Baby," is slowly but ominously slipping up on us. In the recent rah-rah's of baseball games . . . in the excitement over the coming May Day dance . . . in the joys of keeping platonic trysts in the pasture . . . we're liable to forget that the day of reckoning is uncomfortably close. The inevitable, if we may paraphrase Clifton Webb, will be inevitable!

Our attitudes, both towards studying and praying for final examinations, differ with our scholastic age and with our physical ability to overpower our parents. During our grade school days . . . flunking a final simply meant receiving the broad end of a two-by-four across our posteriors . . . or in having our milk spiked with Cod Liver Oil! Our grade school savagery then bows out to a stage whereby passing a course without resorting to dubious means and shady exchanges of ignorance meant social ostracization. Upon entrance into the higher halls of knowledge, we attack the question of passing by adopting tried and true methods.

We pray, prepare and procrastinate . . . with the emphasis on the first and last. The power of prayer is as universal as it is useless and used! There are a few students whose only god is 86% White Label, and whose distilled waters are definitely out of flow with the distilled waters of Biblical geography. These polluted pagans perform post-examination autopsies . . . repeating to the dismay of others . . . the mistakes they made . . . the things left unwritten . . . chanting over and over again that the coming year will bring the ever promised new leaf.

Prayer without knowledge is as useless as a swivel stick in the Quaker House . . . There's very little correlation between faith and grades . . . and so, our students usually abandon prayer and resort to more concrete methods.

Let's examine Founders Hall . . . on the evening before the Philosophy 24 test . . .

In the first room on your right, you'll spy Donna Dictaphone. This creature is a note fiend. She sits in class . . . scribbling endlessly . . . leaving thought behind . . . aiming only to record every syllable . . . every phrase . . . every ounce of wisdom . . . every belch. The words of her professor are recorded for posterity and the coming sophomore class. . . She'll memorize every detail . . . leaving all linking coherence to mere chance. . . Her system of learning by rote is religious in its practice . . . nothing can or does disturb her . . . her mental asceticism is given physical support by endless cups of black coffee and occasional puffs on her roommate's cigarettes.

Her notes are thoroughly chewed (a la Francis Bacon) . . . but on the morning of the quiz . . . Donna Dictaphone finds that she's suffering from mental indigestion . . . and her night's efforts turn out to be futility itself. . . Upon receiving her corrected paper, she'll discover that she put Gothic columns on Indian wig-wams and Spanish roofs on the Parthenon . . .

Then there's the brain herself. This rare creature meanders to and fro, sympathizing with her fellow students . . . acting intellectually aloof . . . and forming everlasting enmities by asking them, "Why did you wait for the last minute?" On the morning of the quiz . . . she'll dash into class . . . bull off a few thousand choice words . . . and prance off . . . leaving the others to their Doric columns and Elizabethan sunbonnets . . .

Over in Cox Hall . . . the scenes differ only in intensity of cigarette smoke and the volume and choice of language. A husky . . . cleat-scarred fullback . . . studies effeminate paintings . . . while his roommate . . . still suffering from Music appreciation . . . has to restrain himself from balleting out of Cox Hall . . .

A few bio majors are tickling a turtle's tonsils . . . some English majors are sighing over Shelley . . . and a handful of econ students are sipping Absinthe and inhaling opium in preparation for that ride on one of Dr. Vicky's business cycles . . .

Psychology majors studying Freud . . . History students waterlooding with Napoleon . . . sociology majors unconsciously comparing the Cro-Magnon woman to that bag they dated at W. C. . . physical education boys collecting soap in preparation for their test in shower-room management . . . embryo philosophers denying the existence of material reality while gazing questionably at the hole in their socks . . . religion students preaching abstinence to Yankee Stadium . . . mathematicians searching for that lost dollar bill . . . recalling with care each beer which they had at Tucker's . . . trying to figure out where that last buck went . . .

The scene shifts . . .

Professor Whocuthisheartout and his comrades are laying evil eggs . . . daring, so they think, to have their students hatch A's . . .

The constant conflict between master and slave goes on through the night . . .

And so . . . we take leave of our campus . . . armed with a prescription for some Adrenalin . . . an order for six vials of benzedrine . . . and seven "You pray and we can't miss" bibles . . .

Candidly Speaking . . .

By J. W. McCracken

Haven't been able to keep track of Gilda for the past few days. She's turned out to be a regular gadabout. Just now she brought her beau-tife self in, sat it down and told me that she had been talking with some of the "old" quakers in the community, and had discovered a great deal of dissatisfaction among them toward GC in general. She says that they feel that the college has deterred from the path it was originally founded for. According to them, the school was founded for the benefit of North Carolina Friends and for students who needed help to earn and attain their education. Some of them are kicking about the growth of the school, and the fact that students from all over the state crowd its doors. (Don't crowd me, baby, I can't work.) As far as the growth is concerned, they be-

lieve that the school would be better if it remained small, and secluded—as it is. They resent "foreigners,"—which are the students from other states. Tsk! Tsk!

(Say honey, remind me to tell you what beautiful eyes you have.) What! There's some unrest in the community, so Gilda says, over the brand of Quakerism that is taught here. The question is, "Is there any?" (Light me a cig, will you, Gil?) Evidently, it has reached some of the faculty, for unless I miss my guess, that's the very reason why the new program of holding Tuesday's chapel in the meeting house was started. (Thanks.) In the old days of the boarding school, students filed into the meeting house on Sunday and Wednesday mornings, to get their religion, which was essential for proper scholastic func-

(Continued on Page Six)

SON SPOTS

By DABAGIAN

Post-war Guilford. The returning Guilford veteran was greeted by three explosions that made him wonder if in returning he had walked into a booby trap. One was in the form of a letter from the registrar's office stating that he was still responsible for any and all deficiencies he may have had before leaving Guilford, regardless of the circumstances surrounding his departure. The second came during a meeting of men students concerning the smoking issue when an aged authority told the men—majority of them vets—that they were here by courtesy of the Quakers. Little did he feel that everyone (and partic the Quakers) were here by courtesy of Uncle Sammy's A.N. and M.) The third was the shock of the realization that instead of taking advantage of the break in the flow of life that the war had afforded, and injecting into education a hypo of fresh ideas, views and methods; college was going to be merely the recession into the quicksand of required courses. Not that there is anything wrong with required courses as individual subjects; but, instead of the logic of making the course of study fit the student, we went right back into the inelastic rule of forging the student to fit the course.

The first explosion was cushioned by its retraction (again by the men themselves who ignored the monitor between the progressives and the reactionaries.) The second was answered by the men themselves who ignored the barb tossed at them and went ahead with their smoking "as they damned well pleased" instead of cooperating as they would have toward a friendlier attitude. The third? A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." Chalk that one up for Emerson.

A disadvantage in writing of Guilford College—post war—is that one may be too close to the forest to see the trees. The girls who have been here through the war years probably could write of post war Guilford with clearer views. They saw a campus devoid of men become a campus floating with males with jingle-jangle pockets. To these girls post war Guilford is a dream world. To some of them college has become what it was supposed to be for girls—a hunting ground for "meal tickets."

It is impossible for one person to say just what college became for the returning Vet. For some it became a place to rest during the day after an all night drunk; to others it became a refuge until the world righted itself; others found it a safe place to kill a few more years of a futile existence before embarking on the "rough seas of life." For some, believe it or not, college became a place to learn (to learn poker playing; woo-pitching; weenie-roasting; and, stuff that's in books). Just exactly what college has become to the returning Vet is for each one to answer for himself, for it is a reply that takes careful analysis and serious pondering (which is probably why you'll get few answers.)

But regardless of what college is for the Vet himself, for the rest of the world, the Vet will almost unanimously agree that college and what it purportedly symbolizes—knowledge—is hope, and the hope of a prosperous, peaceful world is—knowledge. Like a boomer-rang, huh? Knowledge is hope—hope is knowledge. You hear the haranging holy-roller scream that the hope is in God, never proving what God is: hear the sects coo that it is in religion and then showing us that religion is the singing of hymns and temporary hand-outs of foods and clothing (the religion lasts as long as the clothes and food.) But the American Vet has seen that wherever was his presence, there also was a lift in the well-being of the people. The American Vet is what and where he is because of knowledge and education.

Post-war Guilford College; where, what, and why it is, is for the post-war Guilfordian to answer individually. Where, what, and why it is heading and becoming is for all Guilfordians, pre- and post-war to answer collectively.