-Selected

'Who's Who' Results **Delayed by Errors**

The announcement of the results of the spring election concerning the candidates for Who's Who has

been delayed due to an error in the

Guilford College A Cappella Choir



Pictured above is the Guilford College A Capella Choir. The mem-hers are: (reading left to right) first row: Nancy Reece, Margery An-derson, Mary Dettor, Sarah Farlow, Geraldine Garris, Anne Colle, Dorothy Kiser, Blanche Macon, Betty Dancy, Marjon Ornstein, Jackie Williams, Dorothy Atkins, Helen Hobson, Wilma Sloan, Annabella Taylor, Marjorie Pate, Flora Edwards, Phyllis Stevens, Patti Simpson, Mabel Byrum, Inge Longerich, Margaret Wolff, Emily Johnson, Julia White. Third row: Virginia Hauser, Jean Philbrook, Allene Belton, June Hin-

shaw, Emma Scott, Ethel Edwards, Marie Orvis, Jean Peace, Jean Kirkman, Rebecca Gardner, Sarah Pate, Anne Isonaga. Fourth row: David Register, Bob Trosper, Henry Semmler, James Miller, Gayle Craddock, Richard Spenser, Howard Coble, Harold Moag, Joe Gamble, Joe Armbrust, Joe Keiger. Back row: Robert Ertl. Dave Archer, Bobby Marshall, W. B. Hall, Rudolph Craven, Conrad Wilson, Clint Talley, Jerry Walson, Lon Vance, Brantley Greeson, Russell Touchstone. The choir is under the direction of Dr. Weis. (Photo by Patton)

A Washington pamphlet reprints this from a G.I. to Representative George W. Gillie of Indiana: "The army says I can't wear a uniform after I arrive home be-cause I'll be impersonating a sol-dier. The stores say I can't buy a suit of clothes because they haven't my size. The police says I can't go on the streets naked because it is against the law. I would gladly stay off the streets naked because it is against the law. I would gladly stay off the streets naked because it and house to live in and with the short-age of lumber I can't buy a barrel. Having been wounded, the army won't take me back because I'm not physically fit. What now? —Selected (Photo by Patton) The man who always waits for something to turn up will find that his toes might be the first to do it.

appointe

N. P. A. Announces **Annual Anthology**

The National Poetry Association announces November 5th as the clos-ing date for the acceptance of manu-scripts for the Annual Anthology of College poetry. There are no charges for fees for inclusion of verse in the Anthology. The recogni-tion afforded by publication will re-flect definite credit on your school, as well as afford satisfaction to those students who may see their work in print, and compare such work with that of others. Toetry should be submitted to National Poetry Association, 3210 Selby Avenue, Los Angeles 34, Cali-fornia and each entry must bear the author's name, home address, and college attended.

If I Were a Teacher

III WETE A LEACTICE If it takes a fifty-thousand-dollar man to guide a client, or develop a coal mine, or put a corporation on its feet, what is a man worth who takes that boy of yours, guides him, develops him, puts him on his feet, and makes a man of him? If I, as a facher, lived up to that challenge as I did my part in teaching the world's boys and girls, I should make a contribution far greater than the banker's accumulation of dolars, the lawyer's drawing of priefs the merchant's trafficking in goods, and the doctor's mending of proken flesh. I would be handling, encouraging, developing human souls—boys and girls—the finest things on earth. No banker, or law-yer, no merchant, nor doctor should hold his head higher than I. If I wroud.

were a teacher, I should be justly proud. If I were a teacher I should want the imagination to look out upon wy 30 youngsters and see in them not just feet to keep in line, heads to be crammed with facts, with a pay check at the end of the month; but rather 30 possibilities, 30 chal lenges. Each one has something in him different from anyone else in the world. I should want to help each one of my children to find that 'something.'' If I were a teacher I should be very human. If I were a teacher I should hope to feel as one American school-teacher has felt: "I thank you, parent, for lending me your child today. All the years of love and care and training which you have given him have stood him in good

Trash and Cobwebs (Continued from Page Two)

(Continued from Page Two) class joint (they had seats in this establishment). "Ham and eggs please," using my best English. "Adam and Eve," the girl scream-ed down the counter. Now, I call back the little darling and explain to her that ham and eggs is what my heart desire, not Adam and Eve ! "Would you care for some coffee sir," feeling flattered at the unusual title of 'sir,' I answered in the affirmative. "Blacked out and blitz it," the girl with the dish rag' complexion yells again.

again. This is too much, "what the do you think is coming off here," I ask her. Well it's a nice day and this nice picnic lunch hits the spot.

Well it's a nice day and this nice picnic lunch hits the spot.
Class-room Clown
Dr. Victorius was in a very hard way (to say the least.) The class was studying personnel management problems, when the "Doc" interrupted to give an example. "In Germany my father had a factory, the workers were paid twenty-five marks a week. Now, the men used to draw their pay and proceed to the local bar, pub or what have you and upon returning home would have somewhere in the vicinity of three marks. The wives would pour into the office and demand what should be done."
"This is a serious problem gentlemen, now what would you suggest as a solution to this problem?" He points to one of the students (future business men of America.) This being the reply. "Td open another joint and get the other three marks."

stead in his work and in his play. I send him home to you tonight, I stead in his work and in his play. I send him home to you tonight, I hope a little stronger, a little taller, a little freer, a little nearer to his goal. Lend him to me tomorow, I pray you. In my care of him I shall show my love," If I were a teacher I should be wisely **humble**. Yes, if I were a teacher in an American school today, I should be proud, human, humble, and I should be happy.

Drink A BITE!

Dr Pepper

Schillman's

of Quality proud, human, be happy. —New York Times Magazine

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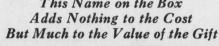


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