

Guilford College A Cappella Choir



Pictured above is the Guilford College A Cappella Choir. The members are: (reading left to right) first row: Nancy Reece, Margery Anderson, Mary Dettor, Sarah Farlow, Geraldine Garris, Anne Coble, Dorothy Kiser, Blanche Macon, Betty Dancy, Marjon Ornstein, Jackie Williams, Marjorie Jardine, Remie Gonzalez. Second row: Cassie 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, Aliene 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 Troser, 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 Watson, Lon Vance, Brantley Greeson, Russell Touchstone. The choir is under the direction of Dr. Weis.

(Photo by Patton)

'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 balloting last spring.

The students voted in the annual spring elections held last spring for ten candidates for the honor of Who's Who on Guilford College Campus. The ballot presented to the students was not the same ballot that was presented to the faculty. One student that was eligible for the appointment was omitted from the ballot and one student that was ineligible was erroneously placed on the ballot.

An announcement will be made at a later date concerning the correct appointees.

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 because I'll be impersonating a soldier. 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 but I can't find a house to live in and with the shortage 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

The man who always waits for something to turn up will find that his toes might be the first to do it.

N. P. A. Announces Annual Anthology

The National Poetry Association announces November 5th as the closing date for the acceptance of manuscripts for the Annual Anthology of College poetry. There are no charges for fees for inclusion of verse in the Anthology. The recognition afforded by publication will reflect 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.

Poetry should be submitted to National Poetry Association, 3210 Selby Avenue, Los Angeles 34, California and each entry must bear the author's name, home address, and college attended.

If I Were a Teacher

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 teacher, 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 dollars, the lawyer's drawing of briefs the merchant's trafficking in goods, and the doctor's mending of broken flesh. I would be handling, encouraging, developing human souls—boys and girls—the finest things on earth. No banker, or lawyer, no merchant, nor doctor should hold his head higher than I. If I were a teacher, I should be justly proud.

If I were a teacher I should want the imagination to look out upon my 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 challenges. 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)

class joint (they had seats in this establishment). "Ham and eggs please," using my best English.

"Adam and Eve," the girl screamed 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.

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.

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 'some-where 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, "I'd 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 hope a little stronger, a little taller, a little freer, a little nearer to his goal. Lend him to me tomorrow, 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.

—New York Times Magazine

Drink A BITE TO EAT



SANDPAPER

(Continued from Page Two)

trying to find a way to pay that \$9.99 debt!! He should have known better—Charlie "Storm out of Seminar" Jones is thinking of changing his major from econ to Anything! Our Dr. Ljung is suffering from an acute case of "Carolina-itis," as diagnosed by Dr. Purdum—He has been afflicted with this disease since the year of his marriage, when (rose bowl bound) Carolina failed to tally—"Friendly" monthly meeting, Arizonico" is getting impatient, and wishes his darling Ann (Raiford) was just plain Baptist, or something—House-hunters, Norma Toones and Bill Stamey hope to hear wedding and Xmas bells simultaneously this year—Congrats!—"The unfaithful" Ruth Hines steps out with "Toad" Davis, while Cecil (Winslow) visits his mother . . . Shame, Shame!—The man of many women, Rusack . . . will soon try another, for Margie Jardin declares he's only part of her past—Only having seen Jean Van Leer and Hank Harvey at the local cinema, we are making no predictions, just stating facts—Billy Cleaver, a sharpie, has knifed Windy Edgerton to the slow tune of Margie Anderson—Al Armatruda is either playing the field or playing for keeps with Inge Longerich. Now, the absolute latest . . . BEAT WOFFORD!!

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