



The Guilfordian

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"Editorial expression shapes public opinion only if it adheres to the right, if it serves the public interest, if it is fearless, vigorous, unprejudiced and persistent; if it adheres to a reasonable policy well-grounded in experience and unassailable in purpose. Such editorial expression is effective if it comes from an independent, free, solvent newspaper, which has won the confidence of its field and is beyond the reach of selfish interests."—Arthur C. Johnson

Welcome, Alumni . . .

As the alumni return on this important day, the faculty and student body greet them with pleasure.

Since graduation, many of you have substituted domestic and business problems in place of theses, comprehensives, and speeches. Others are pursuing careers in medicine, law, journalism and music. We are proud of your records in these fields.

In reality, the miles, the varied interests and circumstances that make you distant from the campus do not separate you from the college.

As you return to the campus today, you will notice the "New Look." Guilford is about to break ground for its new Science building. It has already built a third tier for the library and made other improvements so sorely needed.

But you will find few traditions have altered. Unchanged through the years are the very memories that mould a college spirit. Undergraduates enjoy the same things that you, the alumni did years before.

In your support and pride for Guilford, you show us how in the future years we may help the progress of our school.

Homecoming Day is set aside for you to renew friendships, relive pleasant experiences, and review memories of your alma mater. So we say, Welcome Alumni!

Rivals . . .

Tonight alumni and students of two colleges will witness the annual football classic between two bitter rivals for the mythical championship of Guilford County. It is Homecoming for both High Point and Guilford, and as such, there will be a large crowd to see this game.

No matter what the attitude of the other side, wouldn't it be fitting if Guilford rooters conducted themselves like the good sports they really are? It is not to the credit of this college for its students to attempt to reach the low level of sportsmanship that its rival does. If the other college commits acts of vandalism, that is no just cause for Guilford to turn around and do the same.

Emotions will reach a high peak tonight in Albion Millis Stadium. Let's direct them into our undivided support of the team.

On behalf of the students and the faculty,
THE GUILFORDIAN
 extends its deepest sympathy
 to the football team
 of
HIGH POINT COLLEGE
 on the loss they will suffer tonight.

Straight From the Horse's Mouth

After many weary hours over coffee . . . wishing for cigarettes . . . this column has come to the conclusion that most Guilford students are funny people . . . funny peculiar, not funny ha ha . . .

According to most accepted sources a college grad is supposed to step straight from the portals of ole Pityful U. or Abnormal State into a lucrative position in the field for which he spent four brain-straining years preparing himself. Looking through the senior write-ups in the '48 yearbook the other night, we noticed how the grads had managed to ignore their glorious forecasts.

"For instance . . . "read for honors" Van Leer, who spent her career at Guilford riding the top of the honor roll, got hired by a bank and got fired by the bank (all in the same day) . . . adding insult to injury, got billed eighteen bucks by the employment agency. John "State Department" Smithdeal is now running a concession in a warehouse . . . while "C.I.O. organizer" Dannenberg is enlisting in the Army (U. S., that is) . . . "Teaching ability" Stabler is a secretary yet. To top it off, "Read the classics when he was nine" Cappiello is now a ticket scalper-bellyboy in a New York hotel . . . then of course there is premed Abrams who is a soda jerker in a Brooklyn drug store . . .

Toad Davis claims J. Presnell lost her chance to be May Queen by

standing him up in favor of "Nobody loves me" Smithdeal. "But John was lonesome," Jean says.

Why is it nobody hears about Crutchfield and Kiser, Anderson and Edgerton? Don't they do anything unusual any more?

Terrell and Haworth beat the No Dating on Mondays rule by going to the IRC meetings together and returning (about 9:30) in the same condition. Some other of you "Frustrated by Monday" lovers take notice.

Willis is carefully watching some new freshman boy who thinks Jean Philbrook has beautiful eyes. He (the frosh) gave her a little toy dog and wants to date her. But Willis says no! Absolutely!

Barbara Pearson has clamped an iron ring of censorship over Pettin-gell's mail. She doesn't like all the letters he gets from these New York babes . . . you got to watch these big city women, Babs.

J. Schopp is holding hands with Jean Carroll a little too often . . . and we thought Jean had reformed.

Marlette seems to have found something more interesting than Margie Benbow in Audrey Smith.

. . . and Duckor wishes Colleen didn't sound so much like Corny.

What's this with Form Presnell and Wilda Mae Briles?

Bo Small seems to be taking up all of Mickey Peele's time nowadays.

See you at the High Point game. Beat the Panthers!

With the Class of '48

After five months away from working for his father in Brooklyn, Al Cappiello the last we heard was scattered throughout the nation teaching, working and studying.

The majority of the graduates are teaching in schools in North Carolina. Mary Elizabeth Barney has spent many afternoons on the campus telling of the trials of a school teacher at Alamance, while Jitter Hauser stops by long enough to say "Hey." Jitter teaches music in three different schools in Winston-Salem. June Hinshaw is at Sedge Garden, Ethel Gearren at Sumner, and Al Kusack is showing off his knowledge at Bessemer High School. Roy and Gerry Garris Cuneo are doing a husband and wife act at Chicod School in North Carolina, as are Bunk Leonard and his wife, the former Roxie Roberson, at Walnut Cove. Rachel Thomas and Mari Eljima have gone up north to teach, Mari at Westtown School and Rachel in Merion, Pennsylvania.

Waiting for hubby to finish college here at Guilford are Marie Elliot Teague, Lena Mae Adams McCraw and Queeta Ralford Hansard. It's the other way around for Wes Inman. He's working in Greensboro while Jackie completes her last year here. Down in Deland, Florida, Ina Rollins Sims is helping John finish his education at Stetson University. Barbara Winslow Rose is doing the same at Carolina for her husband.

Mention of Carolina reminds us that Herb Schoellkopf, Elvin Stroud and Horace Haworth are doing graduate work down at the Hill.

Jack Arzonico is studying for his masters in Physical Education at the University of Indiana, while Jerry Allen is up at Yale University, missing the college life at Guilford. Jennie Cannon is in sunny Florida doing graduate work in languages at the University of Florida. Harold Orvis is at Columbia and Brad Snipes is at Haverford in pursuit of further knowledge. Henry and B. J. Thompson Pollack are at the University of South Carolina while Hank studies for his masters.

At medical school we find David Hadley at the University of Pennsylvania and Marvin Jose at the University of Chicago. Marvin attained fame when he was offered a position at the Atomic Research Commission at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. However he turned down this post to work in medicine.

John Phillips is taking courses in advertising in Philadelphia and Peggy Stabler is the secretary to the principal of Mineral Springs High School in Winston.

Doc and Midge Ridge Brodeur have not deserted the campus of Guilford. Midge is working as Mr. Parsons' secretary while Doc is an ace sportswriter for the Greensboro Record. Working in Greensboro are Jim Andrews and Lefty Ralls. Roscoe Cox is selling life insurance as Guilfordians can well testify, and

Al Cappiello the last we heard was working for his father in Brooklyn. The rest of the class seem to have faded into the background somewhere along the line but we'll have more news of them in a later issue.

Pitching Platters

Those sound you hear coming from Dobbin's Music Shop are only notes from the horn of Dizzy "Mohammed" Gillespie. The bopantics are having a field day now that Dizzy has started waxing his noises. No longer do friends for frenzy have to read about bop in a magazine, Dizzy has hit the top. He's gone. No more one night stands in lowly cabaret for a few measly bobs. He has suffered for his art. Listen to "Oop Bop Bedah." He's suffered. Mr. G's horn is backed up with intermittent sharps and flats from the instruments of Frankie Parker and Mel Powell.

With the help of a few bennies and Stan Kenton's mad group, June Christy shrills her way through a batch of Kenton's Progressive Jazz discs in Mr. K's latest album. Miss Christy warbles mighty fine on "Lonely Women," but she sorta missed the trolley on "This Is My Theme." Put yourself in a quiet room and lend an ear to the moody melodies slurped off the alto sax of George Weidler, the crazy rhythms plucked from the strings of Laurindo Almeida's guitar, the shrill cry of master Al Porcino's trumpet, and the intricate patterns in percussion from Shelly Manne's drums.

The album includes: "Cuban Carnival," "Monotony," "Lonely Woman," "Lament," "Impressionism," "Elegy for Alto," "Fugue for Rhythm Section," "This is my Theme." Cap. CD-79 . . . -3.75.

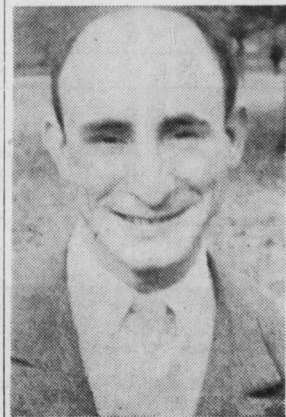
Kay Kyser has got luck again and put out a mighty fine little record, "On A Slow Boat to China." I can't describe it. It's just good! Hary Babbit croons the chorus, "There is no verse, to this song." "Boat" is backed up with "In the Market Place of Old Monterey." Columbia 38301.

The Frankie Laine fans are getting few and far between now, but when you do run across one, he's gone. Frankie's unique style skyrocketed him to the top on "That's My Desire" and now he comes up with his best so far, "Ah But It Happens." Frankie really puts his heart and soul into his warbling, and when he says "Hold Me," he means it.

Have you heard "Seruntan Yob" (Nature Boy) by Red Ingle and his Unnatural Seven? Don't.

High School boys' complaint against the "new look": "We can't appreciate the flower of womanhood when we cant see the stems!"

Have You Met . . .



FAHIM QUBAIN

Fahim Qubain (rhymes with nothing the writer can think of) is from a Christian family in Palestine and Trans Jordan. He emphasizes the word "Christian," not because of prejudice, but "because there is a misconception in America that everyone in Palestine is either Moslem or Jewish."

Fahim graduated from the Friends' Boys School at Ramallah. He came to America for commercial purposes in 1946, but the fireworks back home left him with plenty of supply, and no demand.

With the background in mind, we asked him a few questions:

Q. Do you think financial worries or women are the chief causes of baldness?

A. I stand on my constitutional rights and refuse to answer. My answer may tend to incriminate me.

Q. Does the average Arabian citizen know as little about us as we know about them?

A. They know the American people have cars, are crazy, and when there is an American around, prices go up ten times.

Q. What impressed you most at Guilford?

A. The friendly atmosphere.

Q. Do you believe in equality of women to men in Arabia?

A. In the lower classes they don't, but in the educated classes they do.

Q. Has the veil given way in Arabia to the peek-a-boo bang?

A. The Christian women never wore veils. Among the older generation of Moslem women, the veil prevails. The younger generation does not wear them.

(This is the second in a series of articles on our foreign students.)

Mademoiselle Contest

(Continued from Page One)

campus activities. One reported on how veterans were adjusting to Quonset-hut living on campus; still another described the confusion of getting out the college newspaper while a campus housing shortage kept editors without offices. You might write of a professor's special way of conducting a class, a civil liberties squabble over the rental of a campus hall, a little theatre group's ambitious plans, a sorority's efforts to establish better relations with independents, a comparison between campus politics and the 1948 Presidential campaign, a code for living in cramped quarters, your ideas on budgeting study-date-and activities time, even a new dance step or the latest jewelry fad. Whether your writing style is gay and flip or solemn and heavy is not the criterion; it's just as much the ideas you have that tell Mlle whether or not you're the alert, observant sort of undergraduate we want on College Board.

Send a snapshot of yourself, along with complete data on your college and home addresses, class year, college major and minor, other interests and activities, and any paid or volunteer jobs you have held.

Mail this material on or before November 1 to the College Board Editor, Mademoiselle, 122 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

Remember, all applications must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 1, 1948. Mademoiselle will let you know as soon as possible whether or not you have been accepted, and soon after that you'll have your first of three interesting assignments. From our College Board members a lucky twenty will be chosen as Mademoiselle's '49 Guest Editors; they'll be brought to New York for four exciting weeks (June 6-July 1) to earn and learn.