



# The Guilfordian

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## So what?

Well, exams are over, and no matter how far we are behind, we're all caught up in our work (as of January 24). We have registered for another semester of work; some of us for the last time. Yes, seniors. Great, big seniors who soon won't be seniors at all, but alumni. We can see it already; marching up the walk to receive the diploma, the sheepskin. Then what? We would think one has many different ideas about like when he is ready to go out into our competitive, and often harsh, society, than when he first registered. Yes. Then many of us thought, "Just give me that diploma, and I've got the world on the run." Now we already feel different, don't we? We're not sure which will be on the run. . . . Yes, some of us are seniors; and most of us soon will be—time flies! Some of us will be walking out of the door into the world, with nothing to protect us but a nice-looking piece of paper which means nothing *by itself*.

Yes, seniors. So what?

## Needed support

Looks like our basketball team is in for a rough season. We've got no complaints; other than that the students don't seem to give the boys their usual support. Of course, the answer is that we are not winning. Still that *shouldn't* affect the student support.

Anyway, what is the reason for our slow start and doubtful future? Well, the answer lies in the fact that we're in a fast league, where the competition is rugged. Most of our opponents have teams that were scouted and the players given complete scholarships. This is not so at Guilford; it has not been the case for years, and probably will not be so in the future.

We have *some* players on our basketball team who have scholarships, and a few on our other teams. However, Guilford does not follow a feverish policy of "athleticism," as Robert M. Hutchens labels it. This is the answer to our mediocre records. And here a question of values arises. Twenty years from now we might rather think of qualities other than that "we really won the games!" As we've said before, good qualities of sportsmanship and observance of rules of life on the playing court or field will outlive game scores.

Our boys need support, as does Coach Lentz, who is working with a scarcity in material. Let's give it to them!

## And . . .

While we're speaking of sports and relative values, let's look at the following and profit.—*Editor.*

Probably the greatest problem confronting the school men at the present time in connection with interscholastic athletics is sportsmanship. The responsibility for good sportsmanship rests jointly upon the principals, coaches, players and other students, and the community at large. However, it is undoubtedly true that in most instances the coaches determine the plane upon which interscholastic contests shall be conducted. Most students, whether players or spectators, will take their cue from the coach. If he abuses officials and conducts himself in such a manner before or during the game as to give the impression that he thinks that the team is being cheated, the crowd will follow suit. Players will too often try to get by the officials with dirty tricks on the playing field if they think the coach will stand for it.

No school is required to allow a certain official to work its games, but once he is accepted for the game and goes to work he is entitled to courteous treatment and the support of the principals and coaches. His errors of judgment, or apparent errors of judgment, are not subject to protest, but his errors in applying the rules should be called to his attention in a courteous manner.

No two schools are required to play each other, but when a contract to play is entered into, each team and its followers should remember that the other team and its supporters are in all probability just as high calibre American citizens as they themselves and should be treated as honored guests and honorable rivals, to be beaten if possible by fair means, but not by foul means.—*From the Florida High School Bulletin.*

## MISCELANEA

By Cochrane

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. (Who, me?)  
—Macaulay

Being a senior, we were all set to settle back and render some weighty comments on life and love at Guilford, when a horrible thought struck us. We just passed a course in Advanced Grammar . . . and the movement of our Italian-immigrant style sentence structures hit the presses, Mrs. Weis would probably flee the campus in disgrace. To save the poor teacher's reputation we revert to poetic license . . . thus taking this column from bad to verse.

### On Exam Week

The girls' hair is curled again;  
The boys now are shaving;  
And baggy eyes aren't baggy now,  
From days and nights of slaving.  
One semester shot and gone,  
Its crammed-up knowledge fades;  
Gayety once more prevails—  
Until we get our grades!

### On Campus Agriculture

It smells like the farm to some people,  
The race track to a few;  
Others have just one comment:  
A soft and nasal "Pugh!"

### On Smart People

"This pre-fab I fix for my mother,"  
The cagey Tuttle said;  
If that's his mother—we're his brother,  
And is our faked-face red!

Here's to sly George Tate,  
The envy of all our men;  
He grabbed the only girl around  
Allowed out after ten.

### CONCLUSIONS

#### On That Article About Radios and Study Habits

Your text should be no stranger  
But in it lies great danger:  
We once read one  
Just for fun,  
And missed a good "Lone Ranger."

### ETIQUETTE NOTES

We have noticed a couple of serious violations of Guilford's social mores here and there, and would like to correct them. For clarity, we are forced to revert to prose. Steady, Mrs. Weis.

1. The Guilford student is *never* poorly prepared for a test. When one has just shot a course under par, he should be careful to make the announcement in socially acceptable terms, such as: "That low-down, back-stabbing So and So faked me again!"

2. The floors in Cox Hall leak rather badly . . . when throwing water one should be careful that it hits the victim, so that some water is soaked up and the floors don't get too wet.

3. Those in the back rows of a class should not sleep braced on an elbow. This necessitates the whole row shifting when one member wants to change arms. This mass movement has been known to make new instructors dizzy, and bad falls off the platform have resulted.

### ROMANCE AND WOMEN

Mae didn't want to go steady,  
So she dropped her boy, Jim,  
Then immediately grabbed up Shugart  
And now goes steady with him!

(Woman, thy name is . . . something-or-other.)

### Economies

Kaufman's selling graveyard plats,  
A job we can't call gay;  
The only man who's not afraid  
His sales might die some day.

### Sports

Our pal went to college for free  
Though his mental age lingered at three.

Six seasons in all  
He tossed in the ball  
And he now has a bachelor's degree.  
(But not at Guilford.)

We wouldn't want to scare you,  
But listen, W. C. C.  
Don't ask for whom the bell tolls,  
Tomorrow it tolls for thee!

Bookkeeping — An underhanded way of proving that it is impossible to live on the government subsidy.

## ANGLES . . . by JOE KEIGER

Many publications have started their new year with special reviews of the past half century, including nominations for a list of the outstanding contributors and contributions for the 20th century. I will not be so presumptuous as to try to add to or take from their selections. However, in viewing some of these lists, the questions arose in my mind of how many of us really comprehend what each of those persons' achievement has been, what in the way of blind alleys and blank walls each creative process involved,

## Guilford College Version of Twain's Character Is Smith

By EDWARD POST

Walter Ren Smith, Guilford's Tom Sawyer, changes pastimes practically every twenty-four hours. One day he may practice as an animal tender, the next an aspiring enterpriser who sports a chewing gum machine to the most profitable and populous spots on the campus.

"I have done almost everything," vowed the dark-haired youth. His long list included such occupations as grease monkey, soda jerk, newspaper boy and clothing salesman. As far as selling things go, the unpredictable sophomore said, he would rather be on the buying end of a transaction, even though it does mean spending money.

Ren, who hails from Long Island, New York, purchased the chewing gum machine for five dollars. "The machine," he said, "seems to turn up everywhere under the sun. Places like Bill Kerr's snack, Woman's College, Mary Hobbs, Battleground Inn, and even in the dining hall one morning." The gum dispenser was a very profitable enterprise for him; that is, he only lost five dollars. Our amenable character is also hot rod happy. He tends a stripped down stock car which he keeps above the Mason-Dixon Line. "However, I hope to bring the contraption south some day," warned the Hell Driver. When Smith arrived on the campus, the first thing he purchased was a beat-up model A Ford. As usual, this means of transportation received rough treatment. One morning he found it on the steps of Founders' Hall with the tires flat as a desert road. From that moment on, he chained it to the nearest tree.

After a few weeks of awaking and finding the auto in some ridiculous place, he abandoned it for a motorcycle. This he kept in his room, painting and tinkering with it daily.

While he was in preparatory school, Guilford's Tom Sawyer kept a fifteen-pound monkey. He fed the Simian all types of food, and gave the thing freedom of his room—much to the amazement of his roommate.

Smith said the trouble with keeping apes is that they ransack everything. "One day," he mused, "the animal got into some pancake flour and made the room resemble a bakery after a tornado. The animal continually smashed picture frames, especially the one containing my photo; but on the whole, he gave me many amusing moments."

At the moment Ren is taking a pre-med course, but he stated, "my major seems to change with the weather." Prior to his entering Guilford, the young capitalist matriculated at Nichols Junior College in Massachusetts, where he spent his freshman year.

When asked what he really likes to do, he meditated for a moment, a childish smile trickled across his face, and he whispered, "Raising the devil." (For those of you who are inquisitive, he neither participated in the Founders' Day presentation nor the removing of Alexander Graham Bell's invention from Archdale Hall.)

Archdale's hobby wizard is presently intrigued with television. He has the distinction of being the only one on the campus who owns a set. Ren has hopes of attending class without getting out of bed with the aid of this invention. His only worry is how he will be able to participate in Dr. Ott's voting.

The capricious youth will vow that since his childhood days he has been the "class joker" and a gullible person. As of yet, he has not purchased the Brooklyn Bridge or King Hall, but the reason may be because no one has approached him.

and, most important, what implications each work has for the present.

Acknowledging the reservoir of erudition from ancient times (any time before 1850 A.D. in view of the progress of our 100 years), we must remember that what is running over the dam now is what gives the power for these days. Maybe the approach to academic studies should be more a consideration of the past in terms of the present, rather than the present in terms of the past. Presumably, in the popular mind, when we have had four years of attic trunk studies, we can step downstairs and understand what goes on around us. But it seems that the chapters that get left out in the last minute scholarship or pre-exam jitters are the very ones that should integrate the previous studies in present day terms. If a student misses a spotlighted present in class, how is he to make sense of the mass of half-told, conflicting tales encountered in the popular press, blurbs of books, and pseudo-solutions from the forums?

This is not to imply that all fields presented in college fail to cover current living issues—definitely several fields have only recently sprung up, definitely special studies and seminars keep abreast of the present, definitely in advanced work one can catch up with the times—but it is in those basic, commonly shared required subjects that the present is short-changed. I admit the difficulty of teaching survey courses is great; the time is short and the subject long. But if I could formulate policies of a school I should finish the list of survey studies with one requiring the highest qualifications of its teacher or teachers, one using no texts but the current periodicals or best of the latest books. I think that such a "Senior Survey of Our Times" would replace, at least in the affection of the parting class and in usefulness that other required senior survey course. I think it might be worth a try.

## Mrs. McEntire Is Convinced of Value In Business Course

With the high standing of Guilford College in the ranks of the old, private liberal arts institutions, and its reputation in the field of the social studies, its Business Education department has at times in the past been overlooked.

One of the persons who has had much to do with overcoming this neglect is Mrs. Kathryn McEntyre of Greensboro, assistant professor of secretarial science, who has headed this department since 1945.

Mrs. McEntyre is a firm believer in a minimum amount of business education such as typing and shorthand for all students; maintaining that practically all of them will find use for it in graduate work and in the business world, "and it won't hurt any of them." The business training given in Mrs. McEntyre's department includes advanced typing and shorthand, secretarial accounting, and operation of commonly used business machines.

Though she firmly believes in practical business courses, Mrs. McEntyre believes in accompanying business and secretarial training with courses in the social studies. She suggests business education as a related subject to students registered in other major fields of study. This, she feels, will afford the student a wider range of possibilities upon graduation. Mrs. McEntyre feels that her department is unique in that it offers regular college credits for work completed in this field; making it possible for a person to take business training and compile credits toward a college degree at the same time.

Whether or not Mrs. McEntyre is right in her belief in business education for all students, the number enrolled in her classes will bear out the fact that she has convinced many of them. In fact, after graduation exercises last spring, one person who had just received his degree remained and registered in Mrs. McEntyre's typing class for the summer session.