



The Guilfordian

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Josh-N-Along ••• by JOSH CRANE

One of the grandest seasons of the year is just about to descend upon us. It is the time of the year when daffodils line the walks and the air is heavy with the scent of freshly mowed wild onions. The trees blossom, the birds sing, and all of those other trite things poets have been writing about for centuries happen.

But, essentially this season comes to awaken the deeper emotions, to stir the inner youthfulness, to rekindle the heart-felt feelings, the soul-throbbing throbs, the nerve-tingling tingles of every young man and woman. It brings to life again in one glorious bloom all those things which have lain latent the whole, cold winter long.

And with the advent of Spring in view, I think it is only proper that an article be written for the lovers of the campus—something to serve as a guide post, a lamp in the midst of the darkness of misunderstanding, ignorance, and confusion. So with pen in hand, and a determined will to at last make my contribution to humanity I have set down the following simple hints and helpful suggestions for the lovers of Guilford College campus. It may be used as one would use a Duncan Hines Handbook or an A. A. A. travel folder.

Walking Places

In the Spring, the lovers second most popular occupation is walking. The North Carolina countryside and the Guilford campus lend themselves very well to this favorite outdoor sport.

In years past an area that was frequently frequented was what was known as the "pasture." What still is the "pasture" however, much of it has been converted into a lake. Nevertheless this could have its advantages too: just think how romantic it would be to sit on the slimy beach and gaze into those placid, brown, muddy waters! There is a very nice wood bordering the lake where you may observe beautiful spring wildflowers and the twittering birds.

And then in the evening, after the sun has gone down, the campus proper is popularly populated. The gentle breezes romantically rustle the leaves in the tall, majestic trees, and the porticos of the library and King stately stand in the night. The administration of the school has put up lovely, excuse-the-expression,

searchlights "to beautify our campus at night." These will be a dependable aid in finding your way about. Nevertheless, there are spots here and there where the searchlights don't illuminate and where you can discuss your chemistry assignments in private.

Meeting Places

For the ordinary run-of-the-mill persons there are wonderfully conventional places to meet, such as in the hall of one of the girls dorms or the Soda Shop. However, during the spring people rarely do the conventional thing: it is so much more exciting to do the unconventional. Therefore, looking at it from this angle there are many thrilling places to meet.

Sometimes the most obvious is the easiest to get away with. Many couples meet in classrooms and carry on their carrying-on's via looks, nods, winks, and smiles while the professor lectures on and on and on and on.

Many meet at various organization meetings, and others get together in a variety of other places ranging from the Registrar's Office to the Post Office at the corner.

But, by far the most popular place to meet is the library. With its many nooks and crannies it lends itself perfectly as an exciting rendezvous of the lovers.

Other Places

Of course, if you get hard-up there are other places where you can go also. There are movies, places like "The Boar and Castle," drive-ins, and even skating rinks. In this wonderful age of the automobile your horizon is almost limitless.

And, if all these bore you, you can just drive around in your car—or sit in one of the parlors at Hobbs or Founders. If you are an interesting or interested conversationalist you can be assured of always having an enjoyable time no matter where you are.

No Conclusion

I hope that this guide will help those many confused individuals that, though aroused, rarely know what to do when Spring comes.

In ending, let me remind everyone that he must never let go of the lovely concept that this season is a poetic one. Always remember that all of this wonderful feeling is soul-throbbing throbs, nerve-tingling tingles, heart-pulsing pulses, and just life-twisting twiches!



While casting around for ideas for material to include in this week's article, the Missing Links found their minds barren. The thought, "Why not let some one else do the work?" came to their minds.

They have several letters from friends who have departed from this campus and thought that you (the reader) might be interested in what has happened to them.

Unfortunately we have communications only from those whom we knew fairly well, but since they are mostly in a humorous tone, we think they will not bore you.

Because of space limitations we can print only excerpts. There are also portions of all which could not be printed anyway.

The first is from Bill (Luigi) Serog, now involved at the University of Pennsylvania Dental School:

"Hello Boys,

"I thought I might as well write one letter rather than send some carbon copies to you (a la Clem). This semester we are taking up Anatomy, which . . . turned us into walking stinkers. Now wonder, we spend five afternoons breathing Formaldehyde . . . Biochemistry was not as interesting as organic. There was a lot of stuff to memorize, pages and pages of it. In the laboratory we were constantly analyzing saliva, gastric secretion, and urine. The stuff was coming out through our ears. In Physiology we did, or rather tried, some surgery on cats and dogs, but the animals were often dead before we could count the operation successful.

"Naturally we learn a lot about teeth, not only about human teeth, but in evolution we go back to the Dinosaurs and trace the development. Teeth, teeth, teeth, teeth, teeth . . .

"If any of you boys want to use some apartments over Easter, there will be many available . . .

The next is from Noel Haskell: "I did not finish summer school until Sept. at Upsala. Upsala was a big social event of my life. (This last sentence is typed in red ink.) Actually the school has gotten quite a good rating and there is a swell crowd of people. I worked like hell the first semester, but the last one was a dilly, party, party, party. Of course my marks showed it somewhat . . . The joke of the year is that I got a job as an analytical chemist . . . Despite

ry Charles Semmler, took place at the Friends' Meeting House in Archdale, North Carolina on Dec. 22.

Mrs. Semmler graduated from Guilford College as a music major and is now teaching Public School music and the third grade at the Allen J. School. Mr. Semmler graduated this January from Guilford College.

Leake-Ingram

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Leake of Winston-Salem have announced the marriage of their daughter, Lucy Gray, to Clinton Welborn Ingram of Thomasville. The wedding took place on January 19 at York, S. C.

The bride is a Senior at Guilford College, where she is a member of the May Court, the Social Committee, Woman's Athletic Association, Scholarship Society and Dramatics Council. She was recently elected to "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities."

The bridegroom, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cletis Ingram of Thomasville, is a graduate of Guilford, where he was a member of the basketball and baseball teams. He is now coach at Richfield High School in Stanly County.

Moore-Freed

Miss Mary Priscilla Moore, daughter of Mrs. James Clifford Fisher of Mooreville and William J. Moore of Shreveport, La., and Maitland Guy Freed, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Freed of Greensboro were united in marriage in Hamptonville at the home

all my complaining (a paraphrase) about chemistry, in school I actually think my work is terrific . . .

After I was there a week they gave me a \$5 dollar a week raise, the fools. I also have another job during the day. This one is at Rockland state hospital . . . a mental institution . . . This will slay you, you know what I do???

You guessed it . . . I work in the recreational department . . .

If Coach Lentz could see me now! . . . I work mostly with the violent ward, the children and adolescents . . .

Bob Ertl writes: "To the 'Missing Lings', "When I speak to you, minds posthumus, I wonder how each ranks the other in order of succession from our anthropological ancestors, the barbarian Clem, or the heathen Karl closest to the headwaters of primeval maternity. Though I can only express gratitude that you have elected without duress to remove yourselves from the ranks of humanity, although have you sent out invitations to Ueltschi and Choate?"

"I worked with a landscaper after I last saw you. I felt a need to seek truth-beauty through nature. Or perhaps I was only killing time and making money working for the landscaper, but having not killed time, have only money now. After the few licks I got in at Columbia last summer, I will probably return thence, to that hybrid of the subway system and the United Nations, and while earning undubiously honest monies, take courses . . .

"What ever became of Haskell? Bobbie at Bucknell? Clem without McFarland. What ever became of New Year's day? Drunk again, eh . . .?"

Udo Gengenbach, who is now busy in the University of Heidelberg, wrote back in the fall:

"I am very glad that you all got back to dear old Guilford and that Bill made the dental school . . . As I see, not much has changed at college, we are still losing football games en masse but I sure hope we can make out better in the future games . . .

"I myself had a very nice trip back to Europe except the last part from Brussels to Frankfurt which was a bit rough. But it didn't last long and as soon as I was out of the plane at Frankfurt Airport I felt all right again . . . "I tried hard to get acquainted again with German life; it isn't very easy always, so much is different . . ."

We hope you enjoyed sharing our mail with us. Other people we've heard from are Barbara MacFarland, Howard Davis, Fred Sughayyar, and others, but space limits us to these few lines.

of the bride's grandfather, Charles A. Bell. Rev. E. W. Turner of Mocksville officiated. A reception followed.

The bride was attended by Miss Barbara Money of Hamptonville and the bridegroom had the bride's uncle, Charles W. Gough of Hamptonville, for best man. Music was furnished by Mrs. Gough and the bride's cousin, Miss Amanda Gough of Hamptonville.

After a short trip the couple are living with the bridegroom's parents. Until her marriage the bride was a Sophomore at Guilford College, where Mr. Freed is a Junior.

ENGAGEMENT

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Miriam Ann Scotten of Charlotte and Forbis Lee Kivett, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Kivett of Guilford. The wedding is planned for Sunday, April 20, in Charlotte.

Miss Scotten attended Guilford College one semester. Mr. Kivett had a year at Elon College and is now employed by Carolina Paint and Varnish Works.

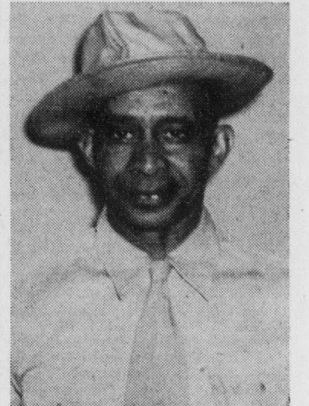
Miss Marion Gravitt of Pilot Mountain, N. C. and Joe Bailey Nunn have announced their engagement. Marion is a freshman majoring in primary education. Bailey is also a freshman majoring in physical education.

Walter Warren Has Productive Hobby

All of us know Walter Warren as an unassuming, almost shy man pushing his big brush along the corridors of King Hall, but few of us realize the contribution this man, three times a grandfather, has made to the life of his community. For Walter Warren, no less surely than the titled professors who people King Hall, is a molder of tomorrow's citizens.

He was born at Oak ridge in 1899, the son of James and Daisy Crutchfield Warren. His father went blind shortly after the boy was born. Five years later, when Walter's mother died, his grandparents took the family to Goodwill, a small community on the edge of Forsyth county.

While there, Walter received his formal education in the one room school. When he was eight years old, he went to work for twenty cents a day to help support the family. At twelve, he was brought back to Oak Ridge, and at four-



WALTER WARREN

teen he went to work in Frank Linville's livery stable. He stayed sixteen years.

After a series of other jobs including three years in a West Virginia coal mine, he came to Guilford in 1946. He had also acquired a family, having married the former Rosie Dilworth of Winston in 1928. They have three children, two girls and a boy, and three small grandchildren. The family still centers around the small farm on Station Road, bought about the time Walter came to Guilford.

The vigorous life of his youth still had appeal for Walter at fifty, however, and he soon became interested in a sandlot ball team in the community. After a while he began taking the boys for overnight camping trips, and soon he had organized a scout troop from the little band.

It was too big a burden for one man, but the community leaders had a willing ear for his cause. Soon the Methodist churches at Raleigh's Crossroad and Persimmon Grove and the Baptist church at Reynolds Chapel were behind the move, and Troop 59 of the Greensboro Council began to take shape.

The group now numbers thirty, with twenty active members as its hard core. Working with assistant scoutmaster Monroe Gilwreath, Walter now has two patrols, the young boys and a crack patrol of twelve explorers.

Walter, who has three years of leadership training (at A&T College) and experience behind him, devotes much of his time to the younger boys, teaching them the basic arts of rope work, first aid, forestry and woodwork.

He has almost all of the younger boys, too. "As soon as a boy gets old enough, I nab him," Walter grins. "A boy's a boy, but he's like a mule. He's got to have recreation, and he's got to be trained." His pupils sometimes surpass their teacher, so thoroughly do they apply their training.

The original troop has advanced rapidly in its four years. The army got one boy, but the twelve remaining have risen to explorer, with one candidate for Eagle. They even had a representative at the Valley Forge Camporee two years ago, and the troop has taken two successive A Patrol (best) ratings in summer camp at Camp Carson.

The community at large helps finance the boys, who pay much

(Continued on Page Four)

.. SOCIALWISE ..

BETTY VENABLE - - - Society Editor

Moss-Peeler

Miss Barbara Moss of Cliffside, North Carolina, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. O. Moss was united in marriage with Darrel Dean Peeler on December 25 in Gaffney, South Carolina.

Mrs. Peeler is continuing her studies at Guilford College where she is a Sophomore. Mr. Peeler holds a position with Radio Station WAAA in Winston-Salem and is planning to continue his studies in physics at Guilford. They are now living in the Guilford College Community.

Brown-Robinson

Announcement is made of the wedding of Miss Betty Jean Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J.

Brown of Greensboro and James Lee Robinson, son of Mrs. C. J. Tranter, also of Greensboro. The vows were exchanged at the home of the officiating Minister, Rev. Robert Miller, on February 1.

Mrs. Marion Bullock of Greensboro was the bride's only attendant. Mr. Bullock was the bridegroom's best man.

Mrs. Robinson had a year at Guilford College and is now employed as a secretary of Burlington Mills Corporation. Mr. Robinson also attended Guilford College.

Peace-Semmler

The wedding of Miss Gene Peace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Peace, and Mr. Hen-