

The Guilfordian

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The following is a series of letters which were exchanged between the editors of LIFE TIME AND FORTUNE and Alan Hamilton, Senior at Guilford College. Of course there were some others sent by TIME LIFE AND FORTUNE but the first is only a sample of a multitude of circulars sent.

TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine
Dear Student,

Whether you like it or not—the news these days is happening to you . . . The news affects your own future (your career, your personal plans)—next year and five years from now . . .

There isn't any quick, easy way to be well-informed . . . But I'd like to suggest one way that will prove reliable and rewarding and that will bring you lots of fun and satisfaction besides.

I'd like you to try TIME, the weekly newsmagazine!

I'd like you to try it at half price: for the next 53 weeks for only \$3.00—for less than one penny a day . . .

See if TIME isn't all we say it is—STIMULATING, PROVOCATIVE, INFORMATIVE and ENTERTAINING . . . There is no need to pay now . . . we will gladly bill you later.

Cordially B. M. A.

Feb. 5, 1952

Mr. B.M.A. Circulation Manager.

TIME

Dear Mr. H . . .

I am writing to thank you for your generous offer . . . a year's subscription at your special student rate . . .

I am very interested in the news, and so is my wife, who also received a copy of your invitation . . . I certainly do want to know what important events are happening, and I often spend much time puzzling the significance of the news. I agree with you that there isn't any quick, easy way to be well informed, and I think that the choice of publications that one reads is a decisive factor in helping one understand the news. It is really very difficult to find complete accurate coverage of the news, and I think it is even more difficult to find unbiased reporting.

As you are at the helm of a large, important magazine, I imagine that you are acquainted with many news sources, and that is why I wanted to bring this to your attention . . . With such a tremendous influence in your hands you are certainly in a position to bring enlightened news reporting to a very large number of people.

For these reasons I am very curious to find out if there is any possibility that by buying in quantity, your organization might be able to offer to students at a reduced rate, the overseas edition of **The Manchester Guardian**? I have found its news reporting exceedingly accurate and detailed and yet in spite of its detail, it is not at all tedious.

Sincerely yours, W.A.H.

Feb. 9, 1952

Dear Mr. H . . .

This is to thank you for writing to TIME and to say your communi-

been strolling in the graveyard to which she answered that she had not, but she wasn't saying what she would do in the future.

Wasn't it ironical (get those college words) that the Morris dancers in the May Day program were wearing Morris Hall's pants. Incidentally, Morris' latest flame is Betsy White. The boys have recently voted him "The boy who has dated more local co-eds in one short year than any other freshman named Morris Hall."

Marjorie Talley had a visitor from Virginia by the name of Guy Murray and toured the sights down Elm Street when he was here. Others that we could mention that have confined their sights to the campus are Mary Annette Draper and John Ringwald and Mary Alice Briggs and Hoyt Reese.

Betty Humble has had more than one admirer in the form of one Ted McEacheren and one Tommy Owens. Tommy, by the way, did a mean bop at the May Day Dance

with the girl in question. Yes, sir, he was really gone. In case the layman didn't quite get the last few remarks we said that Tommy could really dance a fast step with Betty.

Just for the record, we would like to inform everybody that this is a fact column and does not spread gossip because if there is one thing that we hate, it is gossip.

Well, we will close for this year thinking about next year when we will be blessed with a new crop of innocent and shielded freshmen kept from the evils of college life for at least 18 years. Let them please turn down all the good-looking girls as we the scholars do not want to be distracted by beautiful freshmen girls running around all over the campus. We need more freshmen boys though to date the upperclassmen girls because they

Feb. 15, 1952

Sincerely yours,
B.P.

We quite agree that the **Manchester Guardian** is a good newspaper, but we are not prepared to admit that we should start selling it rather than **Time**. The American News Co. already handles subscriptions to the **Manchester Guardian**. If this **Guardian** is interested in making the newspaper available to students at reduced rates, we think it's fine. But in the meantime we're busy enough with our own publication, and general student reaction to our special **Time** offer has been so overwhelmingly favorable that we hope you too will soon join the ranks of satisfied **Time** readers among college students.

Cordially yours,
M. G.

April 10, 1952

Dear Miss M. G.:

I received your letter of February 15 and was quite satisfied with your reply except that your closing remark, "We hope that you too will soon join . . ." left me with a feeling of ominous foreboding. I am sorry I have not replied sooner, but the need for it did not really arise until just recently when I really began to feel the pressure of your advertising . . .

Every morning since about two weeks after the publication of the college personnel bulletin we have had to make several trips ferrying combustible material from the mail box to the trash barrel. We have a rural delivery box and it takes about three trips to empty it. It has gotten so bad that we have to fish for the **Manchester Guardian**, a sad state of affairs. Recently our landlord . . . suggested that we move the trash barrel beside the mail box . . . I am very glad you are busy with your publication, but I think that perhaps you have your noses a little close to the grindstone. In the past few weeks my wife and I have received four identical letters asking if we wouldn't like to subscribe to **Life**, and eight letters asking if we wouldn't like to subscribe to **Time** . . . I can't figure it out. Maybe you think we are particularly important people, and you are very anxious that we should have a look at **Time** and **Life** every week. Maybe you're in league with the Russians and have a sly plan to take control . . . I don't know but whatever it is, it WON'T WORK.

We are the kind of people with sales resistance. We are the kind of people that open the door with the night-chain fastened, and peek out cautiously. We are the kind of people that keep an ax handy to the front entrance for the overzealous salesman who has the temerity to put his foot in the door when we want to close it. We are the kind of people who won't even send in two fifty percent discount cards to get a free subscription to **Life**. So lay off.

Sincerely yours
W.A.H.

P.S. We'll take **Fortune**, though, if you'll give us 70 percent off. OK? So far Mr. Hamilton has received no reply to this letter.

with the girl in question. Yes, sir, he was really gone. In case the layman didn't quite get the last few remarks we said that Tommy could really dance a fast step with Betty. Just for the record, we would like to inform everybody that this is a fact column and does not spread gossip because if there is one thing that we hate, it is gossip. Well, we will close for this year thinking about next year when we will be blessed with a new crop of innocent and shielded freshmen kept from the evils of college life for at least 18 years. Let them please turn down all the good-looking girls as we the scholars do not want to be distracted by beautiful freshmen girls running around all over the campus. We need more freshmen boys though to date the upperclassmen girls because they

Friends Minister Begins College at Age 38

"John, why does a man pull up stakes and go back to school after having been out for so long?"

John Pipkin, 38, a Friends Minister and father of two daughters, laid aside his Freshman Biology text, thought a moment, and said, "Because I saw the handwriting on the wall. The present situation demands better qualified ministers." He went on to explain that the complexity of pastoral work today is so great that "you have to know a little of everything, from math to law. An untrained man just hasn't got a chance to do an adequate job."

John Moser Pipkin was born in rural Wayne County, N. C., in 1913. He rose quickly through the one-teacher primary school, Smith's Chapel grade school, and was graduated from Grantham High School in 1929. He had hoped to enter Guilford that fall, and was encouraged to do so by then-president Raymond Binford. It was 1929, though, and he had two sisters in college. When he had helped them to graduate, he was married and had to postpone his own formal education.

He married Maybelle Grantham, a neighbor, and they stayed on at his father's farm. (John was the only son in the five Pipkin children.) The couple built their home and stayed on after the birth of daughters, Carolyn, now sixteen, and Susan, now twelve. John farmed, ran a garage for a time, and measured land for the A.A.

In 1946 he began to give serious consideration to the ministry. He had taught Sunday School since boyhood, and his gradually growing sense of mission crystallized when an aunt suggested he talk with his pastor about the ministry.

Thereafter he spoke twice a month at his own Rhodes meeting (13 miles from Goldsboro, 8 from Mt. Olive). Soon after he was recorded in the 1950 yearly meeting, the pastor at Rhodes resigned, and John was called. He was also to preach once a month at nearby Bethany.

Although he had already completed the three-year course of Bible study and prescribed reading required for recording, he soon felt the need of further training, and Isaac Harris offered to "see what he could do." Dr. Milner was consulted, and a week later John was in summer school.

It took a lot of courage to move his family to Guilford, especially since they had lived their whole lives in one small community. "I didn't think I could make it anywhere else," John says, "but now, I think I could take pastoral work anywhere. This has been a lesson in faith for me."

His school expenses are largely met by funds from the Ward Fund and the James and Arnold Mitchell foundation, and the family's living expenses are met through Mrs. Pipkin's salary and his part-time ministry. Every second Saturday, he drives the 150 miles to Goldsboro, delivers a Sunday sermon at Rhodes and at Bethany, and drives back Sunday afternoon. In addition he fills in for absent or ill pastors in other churches.

John, who is majoring in religion and minoring in English, has no definite plans for the future except to finish his education. After graduation, "I'll go where I'm needed."

Language Department Presents French Film

Sponsored by the Language Department, **Ruy Blas**, the film version of Victor Hugo's immortal drama, was presented at Guilford College April 11 as a part of the Cultural Resource Program. The film, which starred Danielle Darrieux as the Queen of Spain, and Jean Marais in the double role of Ruy Blas and Don Cesar, was received with mixed feeling by a rather large audience of students. It was felt by many that radical revision of the original heightened rather than eliminated the somewhat marked tendency toward melodrama of the Romantic drama.

really need a break from the Guilford boys dating them every night.

So long, we have enjoyed being on hand to write up about you but don't take us too seriously 'cause it really isn't too bad having your name printed in big letters with someone you have never even dated; so forgive us and if all goes well, we will be with you next year.

Josh-N-Along • • • by JOSH CRANE

THE BIG STINK

"Guilford College Stinks—and I mean it literally!" "Phew! Onions and Horse—" "Ahh, sweet perfume of Spring!" Such are the remarks that one hears from various quarters as he crosses the campus which is under the process of "beautification" (or so I was told). Anyone who does not know what I am referring to is either taking three courses under "the Queen" and is too dazed to know anything or should go to a doctor immediately to have their sniffing apparatus checked!

The Mens' Student Gov't., in all innocence I'm sure, inaugurated "Keep Guilford Green . . ." or "The Walks are Lonely . . ." or "Save Guilford's Grass . . ." "—Week!" A great project upon which both the old administration, which thought up the idea, and the new one, which carried it out should be commended.

The college seeing a good opportunity to clear up the bare spots of our campus—the paths we have consistently trodden out for so many long years now—scratched up the ground a bit and scattered white powder (chemical?) and the foul-smelling (but probably very beneficial) stuff over the bare areas. However, to get to the point and disregarding all other possible motives and methods, the fact (and smell) remains that for awhile we must suffer for our misdoings (the great sins of taking short-cuts too many times!) and we must endure these trying times in order that we may someday enjoy a beautiful green, unpathed campus.

Now comes the sermon—and this I mean at least halfway seriously. Since we have to go through this inconvenience of having our campus "perfumed" in order to get rid of these ugly paths, when the grass does grow back let's all do all we can to keep that grass there. It takes only a few seconds more to use the walks and (to make a masterly statement) that's what they're for (that is, to walk on—not to take a few seconds more to us!) So let's all pitch in and help to prevent a Big Stink II!

This issue adds a new department to JOSH-N-ALONG. It is made up of little snatches, serious and otherwise, taken from here and there and some crazy, silly little stuff I haven't the nerve to insert in the main body of my column or the restraint to suppress. I call this department—

GUILFORDIOTS

(Contraction of GUILFORD and IDIOTS)

- * War of the Month: Between Spring Fever and Thesis Deadline! Theses, of necessity, seem to be winning even though Spring has taken its toll of victims.
- * "Three Blind Mice . . ." BANG!
- * "Two Blind Mice . . ." BANG!
- * "One Blind Mouse . . ." BANG!
- * "Silent Night . . ."!
- * Guilford's Semi-nudist Colony: "Archdale Bathing Beach!"
- * Slaughter! Hang on to your cats! The Felines are disappearing right and left The Guilty Party: Comparative Anatomy Class!
- * HATS OFF to "Yo-Yo" Yates as S. A. B. Prexy for his terrific co-operation in helping to try to get more money from this years Surplus for needy campus organizations. ORCHIDS TO

Dick Staley as Director (and chief behind-the-scenes worker) of the Jr.-Sr. Banquet and Dance.

* Funniest word mix-up of the month: John Church's "There I was sitting in the middle of the light waiting for a green street!"

* I PREDICT:

1. Next year will be the best yet for the Dramatic Dept. Reason: Reorganization from the old too exclusive Dramatic Council into the Reveler's Club and Council!

2. The next few years will be the best in Guilford's history for the S.C.A. Reasons: This year Guilford has the Area Presidency (the smallest school ever to have it). Now blood in the cabinet. Complete re-organization this Spring and Summer to include many more students.

3. A better Men's Student Gov't coming up. Reason: Bob Rall's program of action (the campaign promises that he is rapidly making good), his interest in the boys, and his sincere Christian attitudes.

4. Final abandonment of The Christian Workers and Ministerial Association. Reasons: A general unpopularity of the group among students for the condemning attitudes of some of its members (too fundamental for liberal Guilfordians!) The more liberal outlook shown lately by one of its chief officers and original avocators (they used to call him 'saint')

5. I also predict as a sort of P.S. a better reception of JOSH-N-ALONG. Reasons: A more liberal attitude on the part of its writer. And, if I may be optimistic, the addition of the **Guilfordians** Department.

The Kats Korner

By Les Warrick

This is our last visit with all you fine folks before we all depart for the mountains, seashore or maybe a trip abroad to spend all summer lying under some palm tree drinking mint "tulips." Oh, well, one can dream, can't one, of the places one would like to be instead of the stark raving reality of what is and will be.

There probably will be a great deal of correspondence between friends made during the year. Some of the more fortunate girls who have walked away with a ring for their effort are Marian Gravitt, Polly Edgerton, Mary Jane Hines, Jean Walton, Carolyn Lindley and those who have taken the final step are Barbara Moss Peeler, Lucy Leake Ingram, Bonita Hayes Floyd, and "Prissy" Moore Freed. There probably are more but we won't know about them until later.

Everyone seems to have gone for tennis lately and among the enthusiasts is Silvia Peters who really claims to enjoy Number 1 man's serve. Jackie Wall appreciates the game, too, especially High Point (please pardon the word) tennis when played by a certain boy from Mexico. She said she knew some Spanish and wasn't going to take a refresher course as she remembered some from high school. Oh, well, love is the same in any language, anyway.

Among the new faces seen together are Ben Miles and Kaye Williams. She was asked if she had