



The Guilfordian

Published weekly during the collegiate year by the students of Guilford College



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Gripus Guilfordiansis

There is a chronic disease from which Guilford College suffers. It is caused by an organism known as "Gripus Guilfordiansis."

Now and then we find outbreaks of this sickness which focus our attention, not on the responsible organism, but the matter on which it feeds. Strangely enough, its feeding habits are not particularly consistent, but its appetite seems insatiable. There is nothing upon which it will not flourish, once it has been attracted. Whereas, most parasitic animals will become expert at preying upon a definite host and prefer it, Gripus Guilfordiansis prefers to prey upon that with which it is least acquainted.

The one who usually suffers greatest from this imitating organism is the Dean. This position is a favorite roosting spot for the Gripus and the party filling it receives large doses of toxic releases. However, it seems, and fortunately so, that through physical and mental conditioning a certain immunity may be obtained. Since this is true, it is the student who is usually most severely affected.

Although many attempts have been made to eliminate the Gripus pest in many of its favorite areas of habitation, complete success has never been known. Our own particular strain—Gripus Guilfordiansis—is equally hearty. Yet, I feel sure that if each of us will take steps to stop its spread when it first rears its ugly head, we shall all lead a healthier, happier college life.—R. S.

Thank You—

We would like very much to thank Dr. Williams for her prompt response to our editorial. The successful Sunday openings of the Student Union Building has certainly provided a sound basis for the continuance of such use. The plan of sponsorship by student organizations is both sensible and fair. It now remains for the student body to show that it deserves the privilege of having a building which can be called its own.—R. S.

A Man Without Honor . . .

Whether man, woman, boy or girl, honor is the most valuable possession which you can call your own. In recognition of the true value of honor, we of Guilford College work, learn, and live within a structure made of it. Fortunately, we have a strong foundation, but, as with all else, now and then a flaw appears—not a flaw in the system, a flaw in one of those who will not live by it. Those who will not should realize that they can, if they will try. For those who refuse to be honorable persons we have no place. If after attaining a knowledge of what honor truly is, they refuse to accept it, we can only suggest that they are not welcome to be a part of a society based upon this precept.—R. S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Open Letter to Neglectful Teachers

Dear Editor:
I wonder about the responsibility of many teachers. I am thoroughly disgusted at their lack of co-operation in returning quiz papers and examinations. How can students evaluate their efforts or determine their progress? How can teachers be sure of the students comprehension of his course? But the paramount thought is: How can a teacher set an example of promptness and diligence when he or she can't live up to his own demands of others?

Hostile

RUMORMATE

Is it the backlash from a broken heart or love that runs Ken from Hobbs' to the Plantation twice a week? Doesn't that deplete the bank account?

Tom went home by way of Raleigh last weekend.

Big Smith: Why is it that "the big one" goes to Rocky Mount so often? It doesn't cost anything to ring her number!

John D. made the big time, he gets weekend dates too.

Who's got the inside track on Fern, is it Bunk or Lester?

Meroney may be a fast runner, but Happy has the endurance.

Is the quarterback running into quiet interception that the fullback doesn't know about?

Betty Key is keeping good company.

Jester isn't talking about Geneva, is he?

Mary Ella Clark, who will be Maid-of-Honor in the May Court, is officially engaged to Bob Mardis.

Ex-Guilfordian Eleanor McCane received a diamond from Mack Baker. We hear that he was so anxious to give it to her that he presented it as soon as she got off the train!

Our Managing Editor had a guest from the cold north-land for Thanksgiving. Another engagement in the making?

Happy, how does it feel to be a lone Southerner stranded in Philadelphia for the weekend? Oh well, there'll be another Army-Navy game next year.

Noted on campus—the presence of one Chester Baker, resplendent in Navy uniform. He didn't look very good did he, Martha?

The Long Green

Taken from a review of, "The Quest For Wealth" by Robert L. Heilbroner, a current best seller in The New York Times Book Review.

"The Quest For Wealth" is a dramatic history of the drive to acquire riches—a drive that ranks with sex and hunger as one of the great compelling forces on the life of man. Mr. Heilbroner gives his attention, not to money theories, but to the pure, green, hard-to-find, and that harder to hold-on-to stuff itself.

Whether we like to admit it or not money is a subject which interests us to no end. It is always a favorite topic of conversation.

The author contends that the quest for wealth has shaped history—and, he demonstrates brilliantly how it happened. Each chapter of his book recreates an era through a representative wealth-seeker—from Arad Sin, money lender of Babylon, who kept accounts on a clay tablet, to General Motors, who don't.

A few of the questions about money which Mr. Heilbroner answers (with a combination of scholarship, lucidity, verve, and anecdote) are:

1. What drives men to seek great riches? How to explain the multi-millionaire who labors to increase his income?

2. Does the pursuit of money have destructive effects on character and personality?

3. Who are the great wealth-seekers of the past and present? How did they get their money? How much? What happened to them and their fortunes?

In following the progress of man's quest for wealth across the ages, the reader encounters such people as:

Marcus Licinus Crassus, the richest Roman of them all, who owned the city's only fire department. When a house went up in flames, Marcus was on the spot with his bucket brigade. He bargained with the anguished owner. And, if the price was right, put out the fire. If it wasn't—snap, crackle, whoosh.

The reader will find "The Quest For Wealth," a novel, entertaining, and very interesting.

Pacifist Meeting

All Guilford students who are pacifists or interested in pacifism are invited to meet at Edward Burrows' apartment (No. 10) on Friday, December 7 at 7:30 p.m. The purpose of the meeting will be to get acquainted with each other, and to discuss the desirability of forming a pacifist study group on campus.

Hill and Dale

By DALE EMBICH

I hope you didn't mind Hill's attempt at last week's column. You see, I was away that week-end and somebody had to write it for me. And so, since Hill's been pestering me all the time about letting him write, I thought that it was as good a time as any!

By the way, while I was away on that week-end jaunt, I noticed a housing development on the outskirts of Bowling Green, Virginia, named "Hillendale." Both Hill and I are quite complimented to have a housing development named after our column.

Hill tells me that he saw some of you "first-nighters" at the first performance of the Revelers' Club's fall production last night. He liked G. B. Shaw's "Arms and the Man" so much that he's going again tonight. Says that he expects to see the rest of you this time.

Say, were there ever any results from Center Section's plea for more and better fire escapes? We'd like to see something done about that. To quote Hill: "Of course, I wouldn't want to be the one to suggest it, but why doesn't someone start petitioning for those fire escapes?"

Only 20 more shopping days 'til Christmas!

Talking about Christmas, have you bought your ticket for the Monogram Club's Christmas dance? You'd better buy one soon; the dance is only one week away.

How about that new drug that is supposed to increase study ability? Hill, of course, says that he is going to try to get some of it right away. I hope he's careful, though; you never can tell about these new fangled ideas. What's the name of it—neuro-agimine?

Well, Christmas is creeping up on us by leaps and bounds! You can tell by the preparations going on all around the campus. Do you realize that in just two and one-half weeks we will all be home enjoying our Christmas holidays? Why, it seems as though it was just yesterday that we "trod the paths to King Hall" for the first time this year. This year will soon be next year—time sure does fly!

See you at the basketball game tomorrow night, Dale.

Calendar

Week of Nov. 30-Dec. 7

Nov. 30: Revelers Club Play, 7:30, Memorial Hall "Arms and the Man"

Dec. 1: Guilford versus E.C.C., 8:00, Gym

Dec. 4: Upperclassman Chapel Mrs. Sara Moshkowitz—Varkonyi

Dec. 5: Student Union Committee, 4:00, Student Union

Dec. 6: Upperclassman Chapel Student Legislature Assembly Day Student Lunch, 12:00, Student Union Guilford versus High Point, 8:00, Gym

Dec. 7: Spanish Club, Student Union Meeting of Pacifists, 7:30, Dr. Burrows' Home

ARNOLD

