

Lest We Forget . . .

The wind was cold last Tuesday. We scurried about the campus, our thoughts concentrating on little else than making the distance from King to Founders, to the Library and Mem hall in record time.

To most of us there was no Armistice day—as there was none among the peoples of Europe and Asia—where there is battle and no time for peace. We were reminded of it and annoyed—by the lack of afternoon mail—a holiday, they told us. We frowned—ah, of course, we muttered into our collars in the warmth of the post office—Armistice day—and we returned to the latest copy of *Life*, grumbling that we ought to have a holiday too, and murmuring well-worn phrases of irony.

To us—most of whom limit ourselves to the required reading of the comic strips and Dorothy Dix—there is no war. We are irked by the tax on luxuries—there will be a defense tax on the Monogram dance tickets—there has been one for a long time on movies—and, of course, there was a very convenient surplus of men at the W. A. A. dance because of the soldiers who throng Greensboro on weekends.

And, of course, we are sorry when some one of us is drafted. We give him fatherly advice—'The marines are the thing,' we say wisely—or 'Join the air corps if you can get in—the infantry's for suckers.'

We know little about war, thank God. We are not too young to have known poverty and death—but we do not know war. Yet we can sit here and speak smugly of the irony of Armistice day.

We sit here and knit for the soldiers who are fighting, we are fed eyewash in the form of wishful plans which seem to lack practical bases, and which to all appearances advocate principles of force rather than those of freedom—we go to hot-headed student legislatures which seem to be bent on following the footsteps of the militant dictators and of tyranny—we return to our crossword puzzle—and speak, oh, so scornfully of Versailles.

After all, we say, if we stop a bit, what have we to thank God for?—the men of Versailles had their chance.

And perhaps we are at last beniging to say what was denied here not so long ago—that the bell does toll—and that it is becoming louder—and the depth of its note as it swings through the barren land, reaches past the weary armies of Russia and Germany, the hungry people of Finland, Great Britain, China and Japan—reaches out to the lands and peoples of America—there are hungry here, too, and there will be more. Is it because of this that we would deny God?

Let us remember November 11, 1918—and the heartsick years that have gone before and followed after it. Let us remember it now—now, while we are still comparatively free—now, when we are not fighting for our lives and have time only to fight or die.

The grave mistakes which the last Armistice brought—and they were fumbling attempts toward light—must be remembered before thought is blurred in battle, in the sound of guns and the stir of un-reasoning passion. These attempts must not be cast aside.

If it must be that the world shall be lost in death before we can come to peace, and freedom from hatred and fear—let us be ready to plan for a new world—a world where hope shines not too far off—and where we shall know true peace.

Let us not forget—let us not be cynical—let us not dare to say that there is no hope.

OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

I don't claim to be a writer, but when my dander is roused I do 'most anything—here goes!!

I'm proud of our team, and think more of them for sticking in there and fighting than if they brought home the bacon every time they play. Those boys can really take it or else they wouldn't go in there every week to get that awful beating; but what have they behind them?—nothing!

The students in this school ought to hang their heads in shame—perhaps a dictionary would help them to understand what the word "spirit" means. Have you ever tried pushing an engine off the track with a toothpick? That's about the same as getting the students of Guilford to show a little school spirit.

I'd just like to point out a certain incident that occurred at the last "pep rally"—you know, the one before the Lenoir-Rhyne game. The freshmen thought they built a "bonfire"—what was it for, a hot dog roast?

We all yelled—all twenty-five of us, and then we had the team come down in front so we could cheer them—that was a bad idea 'cause about two rooters and the cheerleader were left to cheer. Time came to sing the Alma Mater—guess we should have a required course in it, 'cause very few seemed to know the words, but they were good enough to hum the tune.

Just how do you think the team feels when they see the lack of spirit that the students show? In my estimation it pulls them down more to see how little spirit is shown than it would if we just didn't try to build them up and have our attempts fail every time.

Perhaps if we have "pep rallies" every now and then, the students won't tire of them, and maybe they'll show a little more spirit. If all the students will try to sit together at the games so as to combine the noise instead of spreading it out, I'm sure we'll get better results.

Let's all try to do our best in the future and show our team we're all backing them.

Sincerely,
TOMMY BRUNKHARDT.

KENTUCKY FARM BOY

It was Hallowe'en and all the boys and men faculty members were keeping out of trouble at a stag party in the gym—all except Dr. E. Garness Purdom—for along with orange pumpkins and broomstick witches came the first male addition to the Purdom family—in the form of strapping eight-pound Eugene Woods Purdom.

We would take you back before Sue, who is eight, and Eva, who is three, to the Kentucky farm boy who studied science and mathematics at Center college in Danville, Kentucky.

In his senior year he became instructor in a neighboring high school, later undertook the role of part-time instructor in a woman's college.

Not to be outdone by such veterans in the drama game as Dr. Furnas and Mr. Kent, Dr. Purdom has had his share of stage experience. While teaching physics in an Ashland, Kentucky, high school, he played the role of end man in the school's annual minstrel show.

Science seems to have had the upper hand in Dr. Purdom's life—at the University of Chicago graduate school, aided by such well-known scientists as Dr. Compton and Dr. Michelson, he labored for and attained his master's degree in physics.

The next fall saw him starting off at Guilford in the right way—the only way—as a resident of Archdale.

In the good old days, Dr. Purdom, besides teaching physics and math, took an active part in the intra-mural boys' games and led even more hikes than he does now. He has held several administrative jobs—almost everything except dean of women.

In 1932-33 he took a leave of absence from school to study for his doctor of philosophy degree at the University of Michigan.

As a summer pastime in 1938, he experimented with the cyclotron and performed experiments in the transmutation of atoms.

He leads an active life outside of college, attending and speaking at meetings of science and math teachers.

His domain, the physics lab, is the coolest place on campus in the summer-time.

Mrs. Purdom, friendly and very gentle, was doing public health work in Salisbury when Dr. Purdom met her. They were married in 1930.

"Let me see it before it goes to press," said the two-weeks old father and his tail-light vanished down the worn path between the physics lab at Guilford and the hospital in Greensboro.

GRIST

Kate Sez

I think that I shall never see
A boy who quite appeals to me;
A boy who doesn't flirt and tease;
A boy who always tries to please;
A boy who doesn't ever wear
A slab of grease upon his hair;
A boy who keeps his shirttail in;
A boy without a silly grin;
These fools are loved by girls like me,
But I think I prefer a tree.

Sez Tem

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl who doesn't ever wear
A lot of doo-dads in her hair—
Girls are loved by fools like me,
'Cause who on earth could kiss a tree?

When asked, "Good heavens, man! Why don't you peel that banana before you eat it?", the moron replied, "What for? I know what's inside."

—Akron Buchtelite

THE GUILFORDIAN

Entered at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter under the act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

Published semi-monthly during the school year by the students of Guilford College.

Editor-in-Chief Tobey Laitin

Managing Editors
Winifred Ellis, Bette Bailey

Business Manager Paul Pearson

Editorial Staff—Corinne Field, Nancy Graves.

Sports Staff—Sol Kennedy, Fred Taylor,

Paul Caruthers, Rudy Davis, He'len Lyon, Frances Johnson, Patmadge Neece.

Business Staff—Mildred Pegram, Sadie White, Arthur Johnson.

Reporters—Shirley Ware, John Hobby,

Hazel Key, Margaret Jones, Barbara Sprague, Betty Wilson, Patricia Shoemaker, John Jernigan, Peggy Watson, Barbara Williams, Jean H. Thomas, Virginia Ashcraft, Thornton Sparrow, Claus Victorius, Pat Lockwood, Sarah Gray, Ruth Bab.

Pictures—James Patton, Purnell Kennedy, Emory Culclasure.

Faculty Advisers—Dorothy L. Gilbert, William O. Suiter.

Subscription price -- ---- \$1.00 per year

1941 Member 1942

Associated Collegiate Press

POPPYCOCK

By NANCY GRAVES

When a layman attempts to pinch hit for a columnist, the results may be laughable, but everyone likes to hear about everyone else at Guilford, so some news or gossip should be forthcoming.

For instance, we know how fickle Austin Scott is. One night he states that Dedie Swisher "looks simply radiant tonight" and the next morning he is flirting with someone in the first row in chapel from his position in the orchestra.

That cheering and applause arising about 3:30 Wednesday from the soccer field was not occasioned by an athletic feat of prowess but by Melville's orating as he walked down the road to Clyde's. At the top of his mighty lungs, that lusty lad was memorizing his part in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

Take the vicious freshmen interchanging. It leads to that terrible circle: Menghetti and Betty Jane Thompson: Betty Jane and Bill Dowdell: Bill and Nancy Nunn: Nancy and Rudy, and so on ad infinitum. I bet Bill doesn't send this issue back to his girl in New England.

Roy Leake was a nice boy, too. Who would have suspected the kind of jokes he would think of? No one ever saw him blush so thoroughly in his life. Ask any one who went to the party for honor students. I hate to let this out but we really shouldn't go on being deceived so by him. Watch him blush when he reads this.

We think it's nice that Brad Leete doesn't get mad when someone takes his shoes, but goes on about his business unconcerned. Such stoicism! To look up and suddenly see someone walking around the library in brilliant yellow and green socks—and to go back to work as if nothing were wrong—that's stoicism, too.

We've been cooking up a little literature to whet your appetites. Here's one to appeal to your digestion:

Sunday noon
Chicken dinner;
Chicken's tough,
Who's the winner?

Motto for Psych 21:

Trace the bear
From here to there.

Ode to a Proctor:

On the air there hangs a pall,
Then a door bangs down the hall.
The floor rocks like an ocean liner;
Down the hall comes Nancy Minor.

So!!!!

When Reddick isn't knittin' mittens
He's in the lab a-carvin' kittens.

Campus Life

Shining faces, bright and cheery;
Then exams, and eyes are bleary.
After a week of calm relief
Come the grades—2 F's—good grief!

From the Files

November 19, 1924—Miss Parker, the girls' athletic directors, seems to have solved the intricate problem of "gym" cuts. It appears impossible somehow for those that did not claim to be enthusiasts, to attend regularly every practice on the tennis courts or hockey field, so when the quarter ended most of the girls had several cuts posted against them. They are now having to work those off by raking leaves, chopping wood or marking the tennis courts. Forty-five long minutes of labor with the rake frees one from a "cut"—and so, consequently, the tennis courts are smooth and marked, and innocent of any stray leaves that tennis balls delight to hide under.

September 26, 1917—The new department of Domestic science opened with a large enrollment. Double sections of all the classes have had to be formed in order to accommodate the applicants. The laboratory is thoroughly modern and up-to-date. Equipment has been provided for work in cookery, and for various phases of housework, including laundry, home nursing and simple lessons in serving. All the equipment is the best that could be procured. With this beginning there is no reason why the department should not grow to be one of the best and strongest in the state.

i mortimer

i mortimer went to the big metropolis of liberty one night and sat on the tip of a viola bow i wanted to spring right through the loop on mrs milners new hat but i wasnt heavy enough so i went to the kitchen and ate ice cream and peanuts and cookies to get fat so i could swing on mrs milners hat while austin scott flirted with a lady on the back row austin scott is a very funny man he played the piccolo in an orchestra and one day he reached into his pocket for the piccolo and his eyes were on the music he began to play and did not hear a sound and he looked down and saw he blew into his fountain pen i mortimer was visiting a friend one day last week on the girls soccer field my friend a beetle came scuttling toward me we are invaded said he invaded said i yes he said from his superior height of 1 pica loo six beautiful girls playing six man football with six pint sized heroes from the grammar school as i hurried to safety the voice of jiggs followed after calling the signals.