

**THE GUILFORDIAN**

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**Habla usted espanol?  
Sprechen Sie Deutsch?  
Parlez-vous francais?**

With a "deliver myself unto you" attitude, most of us Guilford students cross the threshold of King 5 (or the Cultural Resource room) and trust in the talents of William Edgerton, Doctors Huth and Hayes to develop that latent language ability. Only much to our sorrow we find out ere long that the ability is not only not latent, it is non-existent.

But we don't (we can't) let that stop us. There's a little matter of a comprehensive which keeps us in there fighting. For the benefit of those yet unenlightened freshmen, a comprehensive is an exam which proves how limited your French (or German or Spanish) vocabulary is. You must offer such proof several months previous to graduation. See Miss Lasley for details—or any one of those ambitious alumni who have spent a summer session on this beautiful campus reading for comprehensives.

But, believe it or not, there are some among us who enjoy struggling with foreign words and phrases, especially the untranslatable ones. For these phenomena the authorities of the Foreign Language department furnish such additional opportunities as the "tertulia" (one of the untranslatables, see page —), the French and German clubs.

While Renate and Winnie and Ria converse fluently with Senior Hayes, we sit in brooding silence. Suddenly a smile of recognition flits across Hud's face as the word "Si" penetrates to the inner sanctum and leaves him deeply moved by the profundity of its implications. (The refreshments were good anyway.)

Back in the classroom we are plagued by such professional details as phonetics and the direct method, or blank grammar notebooks with page after page of conjugations and cases and inverted sentences. Or someone will decide we're not taking maximum advantage of all the available opportunities, so we proceed to record such grotesque word combinations as "Habla-usted-espanol?" Dr. Hayes has the best solution to the problem. It comes by way of his English-speaking Spaniard friend. If you've never met the gentleman, there's a treat in store.

While we struggling linguists try to ruin Uncle Sam's reputation as the world's poorest, some brilliant light from Harvard is pushing the study of Basic English, a language whose vocabulary lists 850 words. Oh, the frustration of it all!

**From the Files**

**April 14, 1915**—During the past week a small wireless station has been installed in the south room in the basement of King Hall. This outfit consists of all the necessary equipment for sending and receiving messages.

**October 3, 1923**—Among the many improvements on the campus this year, the new poultry yard and the fine flock of chickens should be placed near the top.

**February 6, 1924**—The library is an excellent place for conversation and holding committee meetings. You only disturb those who want to read and study.

**April 20, 1926**—We can't help but admire the spunk of Archdale, who organized a "Club Club" to combat the other clubs which exist on the campus.

We have come to the place where it is necessary to join some club or else have some kind of firearm handy.

**October 6, 1926**—A few of the girls would prefer a new kind of telephone—one that could in some magical way tell who was on the other end of the phone before answering.

**January 12, 1927**—It is rumored that the rapid disappearance of silver from the Founders dining hall may be accounted for by spoons accidentally falling off the table into gents' coat pockets.

keep order in the world? Surely there will never be peace in the world until we find within ourselves the ability to give the other man a place in the sun too. You will say—"That is impossible; it is against human nature; always there must be the controller and the controlled."

We do not know whether it is possible or not. We do know that without it, permanent peace is not possible.

**OPEN FORUM**

Editor, the Guilfordian:

The Guilfordian has come to Washington. That is a long way. Some of us here know Guilford. We remember it. But the Guilfordian, issue of October 24, has come to us, and the image of Guilford has blurred.

But permit me to cease speaking for "us": I speak now for myself only. When I left Guilford in 1941, 360 individuals were there. There are names in your paper which are not familiar. They do not bewilder me; I feel no more a stranger because of them. You write of blood donors and war-lost athletes and scrap metal, all foreign to the campus when last I walked it; but these things do not startle me. I have been four months in the army. Why, then, is it but a phrase that rasps? You say in your lead feature: "Probably the most generous gesture on the part of our government in the execution of this horrible war . . ." "This horrible war . . .": the athletes gone, the game lost, the students not even "squeamish" seeing their blood "under perfect control." "This horrible war . . ."—no. You are smug now. You are cheating. THAT horrible war, perhaps; that war, more accurate still.

The horror is not yet, for you—nor for me for that matter. And few of us, I venture to say, are sensitive enough to touch that which is not at our finger tips. The horror lies not in what is at Guilford but in what has gone from it. Though horror be in fashion do not strain for it. You will not like it: the ego cringes before it.

Mike, rather, to the Battleground with Dr. E. G. Purdon, preferably he of the physics lab, not he of the generous Enlisted Reserve corps. What you have, hold; it will not soon leave you. The war will find you soon enough. It will engulf you and that which it contains completely will not be discerned easily. Your phrase obscures Guilford.

Cpl. Robert Register, '41  
Co. T, 302nd Ord. Regt.  
Ft. Lewis, Washington

November 2, 1942

**G R I S T**

It was bedtime and little Jackie had a question: "Look, Mother, why can't we just pray once a week or once a month? Why do we have to ask every day for our daily bread?"

Small brother David: "So it'll be fresh."

Young and inexperienced father (looking at triplets the nurse brought in): "We'll take the one in the middle."  
—The Collegian

They build these modern automobiles so that five people can get into them with comfort and ten if they are well acquainted.

Boy (eagerly): "While we're sitting in the moonlight, I'd like to ask you something . . ." Girl (breathlessly): "Yes, dear?" Boy: "Can't we move over? I'm sitting on a nail."  
—Sun Dial

Brenda: "Which would you rather have in a man, position, appearance, or money?"

Cobina: "Appearance, and the quicker the better."  
—Bee Gee News

Doctor: "How is the boy who swallowed the half-dollar?"

Nurse: "No change yet, doctor."  
—The Crescent

The freshman girls came up from the football game and said to the dates: "We girls must be getting in, we're out after hours."  
"Yes, we're out after ours too," was the answer.  
—The Pioneer

Girls who are raised on cod liver oil have legs like this !!

Girls who ride horses in the park have legs like this ( )

But gals at night club bars who keep saying "Here's how" have legs like this ( )  
—The Pioneer

**For Girls Only**

To prove he's curious too.  
Yet many a serious lad will turn this page  
It found the whole world through  
A VANDERBILT PROFESSOR  
—The Appalachian

**SENSATIONS**

By RUDY and PINK

"How about a date?"  
"Indeed, no!"  
"Oh, I don't mean now. Some nasty, wet winter afternoon when there's nobody else in town." . . . McBane, now you know what you should have said when she said she was engaged.

It comes to us by way of the grapevine that Mrs. Milner is objecting to the promiscuous osculation at the foot of Founders' stairs. Jealous, Queen? . . . Phil "Keep 'em Flying" Hurwitz asked McCullough if the seat on her left was saved—she just smiled. (A little advice, Phil—the line forms on the right.) . . . Hats off to "Little Joe" . . . we all had a swell time at the freshman party. . . . We understand that some of the coeds requested the tunnel to be widened. . . . Does anyone know what happened to Ann while she was in the tunnel? Being narrow did not seem to slow her down.

Laugh:  
"Isn't she a nicely reared girl?"  
"Yeah, and she ain't so bad from the front, either."

Do you know that you should protect birds, because the dove brings peace and the stork brings tax exemption?

Teacher: What does f-e-e-t spell?  
Brickell: Why—I—uh, don't know.  
Teacher: What does a cow have of which I have only two?  
Brickell's answer was as startling as it was unexpected.

We heard the Duke-Georgia game over the radio Saturday. . . . Dot Dick was there in person but we still have not heard her mention the game (maybe she did not see it) . . . Why did you get sick Saturday night, Judy? . . . Ellis, if you want an introduction, come to see us; we know Joe pretty well . . . Blair, remember Peggy was not raised in a cave . . . Looks like Roy Haworth has changed his stamping grounds from Founders to M. H. H. . . . More power to you, Tal—it must be wonderful to date a girl with a convertible . . . If you don't like the jokes in this column, just sit at the table with the Marshall twins—we have not been able to get in on them yet, but . . . we can't hear our jokes for that table laughing. . . . By the way, ask the Twins what their favorite dessert is—prune whip or cherry tapioca. . . . Don't depend on Hazel B. to do anything for you, just do it yourself.

"I never kissed a girl in my life."  
"Well, don't come buzzing around me. I'm not running a prep school."

**i mortimer**

i mortimer have been accused of apple polishing my professors of late but i truly swear it was an accident as there were certain circumstances beyond my control like when i was riding my bicycle down the friendly road minding my own business and i met my fiancée victoria the cockroach on her bicycle and she wanted me to unfasten her left wing from her chain she always gets tangled up in that great big bicycle and together we barely escaped being mangled by two oncoming vehicles that were traveling at a dangerously low altitude i wanted to report them to the better flying bureau but victoria didn't like the idea and being as victoria and i are now engaged i do not like to argue with her as we were riding along all nicely and it was a beautiful day when all of a sudden she turned into dr young's driveway now i like dr young but he doesnt like me he thinks im an awful drip but i think hes mean cause i never did anything to him well there he was working on saturday afternoon hauling dirt in a broken down wheelbarrow and before i could back up the hill to escape he recruited me for planting grass seed but i would not work for him because he doesnt even have the proper equipment instead of a roller he jumps up and down on a plank held together by two long poles that either paralyze your upper extremities or jab your eyes out before you can see what youre doing victoria told him i wasnt the primitive type so we just observed the procedure saving ourselves from being rudely ploughed under the lime and dirt when we left the dr invited us back for drinks and victoria got perturbed when i mumbled hard or soft she is taking chemistry so she cant afford to get flip-pant

**Armistice, 1942**

Wednesday will be November 11. To most of us it will mean the end of the quarter, the end of exams until after Christmas. And yet sometime, during the day, many of us will remember that it is also Armistice day. We will probably hear snatches of speeches over the radio—speeches expressing emotions ranging from sentimental delight to cynical condemnation.

Probably the word "Armistice" holds for each one of you a distinct implication. To us, it seems a sort of reminder—a reminder that the actual physical combat going on in the world today will some time come to an end, as it did in 1918.

But carried with it is the realization that the armistice is, really, a beginning rather than an end—that what is done after the war is over may do a great deal toward eliminating the need for another armistice.

We hear more and more today about "winning the peace after the war." Just what does this mean? So combining the forces of the so-called United nations that they may in the future control the activities of what we call the Axis powers? Or does it mean striving to devise a plan by which each nation and race of people may live decently and with self respect?

The greatest minds that exist or have existed have not yet found such a plan, and we do not presume to try to put forth a solution to the problem. We wish rather to remind each student that the war will not end with the signing of a treaty. Its difficulties and problems will continue, and it is our generation which will be most vitally concerned with the work of shaping a new and more nearly ideal world.

Probably all of you have heard people say, "The only way to keep peace in the world is to wipe the Germans off the face of the earth"—or the Japanese or the Italians, depending on what mood the person is in. Perhaps you have said it yourself.

But think—we rise up in righteous horror when we hear of mass killings in Europe today. And yet we turn around and advocate the same policy for our country after the war. Only this time it will not be horrible, because it will be our country defending our interests.

What right have we to believe that one nation of people is any better than another? What right have we to believe that we or our allies have the God-given mission to