

**THE GUILFORDIAN**

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**Guilford Tomorrow**

The Student Campaign presents the opportunity for the Guilford student body to express their willingness to help make Guilford "a better college for a better tomorrow." Through the years it has been a tradition for students to gripe concerning any and everything all the time. We have griped about dorms, classrooms, equipment, tennis courts, driveways, walks, and anything else that was not perfect or as good as some other school. We have done a great deal of griping, we all admit; now we can help do something about it. We will not be able to enjoy the actual additions but we will have aided those who follow us.

Nothing is ever valuable and cherished until something has been sacrificed in order to obtain it. There is joy and satisfaction in watching a dream develop when you have had a part in the creation of that dream. We have been a part of Guilford and Guilford has played a vital factor in our lives.

Beginning March 6, the student campaign will begin. This is not a plea in monetary value but value in appreciation and encouragement. It is not the amount we will give, but the fact that we are 100% behind the campaign. Here is our opportunity to contribute in making the dream of Guilford materialize.

As Russell Pope said in his poem, "Gymnasium":

"We stood on a hill,  
 Amongst the quiet oak and pine,  
 Watching—  
 Watching a dream come true."

**Guilford Spirit**

The Guilford spirit that the old-timers remember seemed to be on the way back last Tuesday night when the enthusiasm of the student body backed our team to victory over High Point. We were there, one and all, united for the first time this year.

It seems that there has been an abnormal amount of dissension among the students, the cause of which is vague. Emotionalism and reform movements seem to be the fashion of Guilford '45. Guilford is what the students make it. It can be no more. It is of utmost importance to our own preservation that we strive to regain our disappearing friendliness, our cooperation, and our unity. We will have to sacrifice for a rebirth of spirit, and the time has

**On the Inside**

Muffins, muffins, muffins, collards, collards, collards . . . Don't the wholesale houses have anything else to sell these days but corn meal and collards? If they do you can't prove it by us. We have also noticed that two bottles of milk a meal never hurt anyone, or even one once in a while. We'll have the rickets if we aren't more careful.

There is a new couple on campus and apparently they have it pretty bad, namely, Don and Deedie. Speaking of new couples, Gray and Texas seem to be doing all right. More power to 'em.

The writers of this column have heard some rumors to the effect of third parties sitting in on dates, but since that is a very touchy subject we can't mention any names, as that is not the policy of this column. Now could we?

There are also rumors that a boy on the campus has started dating Midge, but FRANKLY we can't tell you who he is as we don't know his name.

Say, it looks as if Harkey is doing fine with Joyce—hope you can keep her, old man. Ma and Pa seem to be getting along excellently. At any rate they don't have a weekly fight like Joe and Roxie.

Someone said that Peanut is doing fine with Archdale's head-lady.

Joe Barnes says, "The coffee tastes like someone threw an old saddle blanket in the urn with hot water and chicory and then stirred!"

The girls at Archdale, we have heard, are getting the Army-Navy E. Congratulations!

We think that Peggy Taylor deserves a nice plug for her nice voice.

Paul J. is waiting for the next scrap drive. He has a pot to throw on the pile.

It seems that as a desperado Mr. Malinowski is a little too gay for the Queen and her court. Wonder what Ma Kent is doing now that the cigarettes are so scarce?

The fact that Bubbles is expecting to graduate this year should serve as incentive to all Frosh.

Don Wertz has written a new book, "Parlor Tricks."

Fletcher, Squire, and Osborne should win their school letters this year as a result of all the hiking they do.

The slogan before the High Point game was "Get a Panther"—manager Rusack said he wanted to get that female panther that's been giving out all that big time publicity lately.

The boys in Cox Hall would like to hire Fuki Takano's services to rid the joint of all the mice that have been roaming the halls recently.

Long John Griffith and Ethel Perry want to start some sort of a revolution. We suggest that they agitate in behalf of higher wages for the waiters' union.

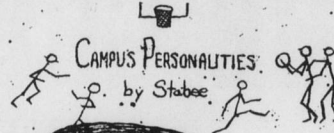
We bet the morons miss Jonathan Dixon's taking them for rides, or does it work vice versa?  
 PICK and PAT

**DILEMMA**

Our campus is a lovely thing, God wot, The paths and mud across it, though, are not. In front of Mem, two hemispheres are seen (A line of red dividing up the green.) We tramp to gym, and lo! one looking back Beholds behind a soggy beaten track. The bulbs along the paths are doomed to die, They're pulp before they have a chance to try. And many a heavy footed lad or lass Has made his feet eternal in the grass. The campus was superb, alumni knew, But what will it be like when we are through?  
 SNAKI

come when some action toward a revival of normal campus spirit is imperative.

Let us try to hold that amount of spirit that was expressed at the game and try to rebuild our old "Quaker Spirit."



Bin Farlow

**i mortimer**

i mortimer will shine at the barn dance tonight if victoria will only let me wear my red plaid shirt victoria swooned on the floor when jack hollister walked in chapel he was so mannish you know cuthbert the caterpillar is trying to learn to drive his stanley steamer just like danenburg does lookin always to the left to the right in the rear or in the eyes of little peggy stabler but never in the front where the traffic is i sent cuthbert a get well card yesterday hes doing quite nicely now i mortimer went to the high point game the other night and sat on miss galneys umbrella she waved it so in her excitement i flew off on coach doaks ear what a game i had laryngitis next morning victoria went around the other night to pay her respects to peanut martin m js little sister but she hadnt come yet and martin and peters were dashing madly hither and thither trying to get in town victoria got a ride and got to the train station first and said politely how do you do miss martin and peanut looked down and squealed oooo a despicable little bug and she thumped victoria off on the floor boy did she hit the ceiling but maybe she shouldnt have crawled up peanuts leg patty shoemaker has dees picture up for sale she had an auction the other day and victoria bid and bid cause she likes dees smile but i dont guess patty heard her anyway nobody got it but victoria is still trying you know i took annis the ant to the movie in mem the other night because victoria had a committee meeting and boy did i laugh but somehow victoria didnt act like she knew me the next morning my good ness does she think im going to sit around waiting for her all my life besides annis squeals so nice when something exciting happens like laura mae kirkman only you can hear laura mae all across the gym as well as helmet i often wonder who was the louder helmet or beefy sometimes i think one and sometimes i think the other anyway helmets is more vibrant dont you think well i must go run around the track a few times to warm up for spring sports im going out for baseball and i must get rid of some of my extra muscle

**Ask Miss Pickwick**

Dear Miss Pickwick:  
 I am a very attractive young girl and am an excellent dancer. I am a sophomore in college and I always go to the soddier dances because I am such a wonderful morale lifter. However, at the last dance, all my techniques failed. My roommate, who is rather homely and a very poor dancer, got the biggest rush I ever saw, while I sat on the sidelines—a miserable wallflower. Finally I realized what had happened. She had taken my \$50-an-ounce perfume, "Come-Kiss-Me-Quick!", and had put some horrible chemical formula in the bottle. I had been smelling a foul odor, but I thought it was the heating system.  
 My problem is: what shall I do with such a roommate? She is plainly deceitful, yet she is extremely intelligent and is the sole reason I'm getting through college. Answer quickly, for I'm getting frustrated!  
 Wallflower.

Dear Wallflower:  
 Your problem is one of tactics—you have been using that old S. A. against intelligence, and your techniques, though potent in some cases,

**OPEN FORUM**

Dear Editor:  
 Many of us feel a vital need for united spirit and enthusiasm on our campus. All too frequently students gripe and complain about the present "numbness" and indifference toward campus activities. The attitude which is expressed by many is that after the war is over all will be rosy again. This is in all likelihood the truth, but why wait until then?

In a college as small as ours we have the advantage that every individual has a vital role in campus life. If the interests of the students could be pooled together they would be strengthened and better harmony would result.

Our central problem seems to be in arousing more interest in campus organizations. With common interests, we can get cooperation and through cooperation we can get more active and effective working organizations. Each organization on campus is designed to meet a particular need. We are going to try to broaden them out and give everyone a chance to work at a specific job. Often students think that they are incapable to fill a job. One example is that someone may feel he is not talented enough to write for the Guilfordian or the Quaker, but if he will try he will see how easy it is. Next year we ought to have a course in journalism to teach us how to write interestingly, how to write heads, and how to plan a paper, which may be of some encouragement to our less self-confident students.

If everyone will try to do his best whenever we get an assignment, whether it be to knit a sweater, get an ad, ask a faculty member to chaperone a dance or just to attend a meeting, we could improve a whole lot.

When all the little tasks are done and accumulated they will combine to form one great stream flowing to a goal which is a united feeling and spirit on campus, making it alive and a privilege and pleasure to be here.

ALICE EKEROETH

**Through the Looking Glass**

By JOHN SEVIER

**ANALYZING THE CRIMEA ACCORD**

Many well-informed Americans feared that Great Britain might play off the well-meaning idealism of the United States against the cold realism of the Soviet Union. With Churchill's admission that America possesses the largest military, naval and air armaments of the United Nations and with the virtual failure of British Tories in Greece, many might well consider that Britain would do anything to regain the economic and political sway over the world. But the Crimea accord put a stop to this—at least, temporarily.

By pledging what amounts to the complete cooperative subjection of Germany, by supporting the formation of a new and broader Polish provisional government with the old Lublin committee as its nucleus, by guaranteeing the right of self-determination for all Nazi-occupied countries through free and democratic elections, and by pledging themselves to act as the guiding force in the San Francisco conference for the establishment of a permanent world-security organization, the three major world powers—the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain—have made the first step in the direction of world peace.

But it is only the first step. By not dealing specifically with the Greek and Italian as well as the Polish problem, by not at least declaring their intention of extending the right of self-determination to India and other colonial peoples, the task of building a permanent world security organization with a fair chance of achieving world stability is greatly lessened. And then there is the American policy—or lack of it—toward these matters.

The Crimea agreement was not just a stepping stone to possible world stability, it was a lesson to those church leaders and other well-meaning idealists who refused to admit that the Big Three are truly the big three in world affairs and that the world, the small nations not excepted, can have no peace without a permanent accord of the Big Three. In essence, Crimea was a lesson in realism.

seldom work with a roommate. One should learn to alter one's methods with the situation. To thoroughly conquer your roommate and yet not dispense with her help is comparatively easy. The question of supply and demand; what do you have that she doesn't? No, not "Come-Kiss-Me-Quick!", but your dancing and morale-building ability. The clever thing to do is to swap social lessons for classroom ones.

Good luck,  
 P. Pickwick.