

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.

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Subscription price \$1.00 per year

Member
Associated Colleague Press

'45

It has been the custom of THE GUILFORDIAN to dedicate its last issue to the seniors. The April 14 edition will be in the hands of the class of '46, so it is fitting that those of '45 have a last chance in expressing their ideas.

In 1941, one hundred and twenty-three freshmen entered Guilford College; in 1945 eighteen of that number graduate. We have been a united group, perhaps because of class spirit, but more so because we have lost so many of our number to the armed forces.

Guilford has undergone many changes in our era—the faculty has lost Dr. Ljung, Dr. Williams, Dr. Purdon, Mr. Kent, "Scoop" Bradshaw, and Mr. Edgerton to the services; we have new house mothers in Mary Hobbs and Founders; and Binford House and The Pines have come and gone. Archdale has become a girls' dorm, and we can now set foot on the sacred ground of boys' campus without fear of the Council's seeing eye.

Yet with all the changes, Spring still comes to change the campus into dogwood, sunshine, green leaves, laughter, clean gay cotton dresses, lobster-like sunburns and heavy traffic to the store.

Guilford has meant much to us in the past four years, and Guilford will mean much to us in the future. Fraternity seems to be the watchword among Guilford alumni, and the class of '45 hopes to keep up the tradition of reunions and gossip sessions.

Our only regret is that we cannot see the future dream of Guilford materialize while we are a part of the student body. However, the class of '45 will be here in spirit when the new buildings, the lake, and the athletic field are completed. We were not able to enter into the discussion and reminiscents of the "old barn," but we hope to be able to laugh about the crooked stairs of King and the days when one invaded the sanctity of Jefferson for a swim.

Ring Out the Old

In April, 1943, the present GUILFORDIAN staff presented its future policies to you. This is our last copy and we have indulged in the favorite sport of reminiscing. THE GUILFORDIAN has championed the causes of one-out days at Thanksgiving, for a better walk between Mary Hobbs and Founders,

i mortimer

i mortimer am going through agonies of an overdose of vitamin d i twist and turn and scratch my legs while victoria pats rosy skin cream on my back oh well will i ever get to look like a life guard victoria is all excited about her new spring outfit picked up for a nominal sum at the robinson williams rummage sale it was a bearish market few people were on hand sat urday night to witness the efficiency of many hobbys fire department from my seat on a leaf all i could see was a lot of legs of all kinds and varieties then swoosh as they dumped a bucket of water on a smoldering log it might have started a fire though melissa is working her fingers to the bone now that quarter exams are here and the infirmary is overflowing gnat just came back from a ride on marge hubers suitcase and reported that the patients were croaking but were very much alive poor victoria is in seclusion this weekend the conference last weekend completely wore her out and brought on a nervous breakdown by the time she crawled from mem to the hut it was time to go to dinner and no sooner did she reach the meeting house but she had to limp back to mem the doctor says she has an acute sprain in her left leg third from the front and her antennae are permanently bent from raising her eyebrows so often at all the going on really i and victoria cant imagine what to give all these newlyweds gerda ungar and murray hillar and dot peele and paul kramme now what could we give them besides a car and a house that they dont already have maybe we can find a grandfathers clock in the antique shop mimi mosquito is bewailing the loss of business during the weekends every one who can packs a suitcase and leaves for parts unknown i and victoria would like to know where now betty beetle is worrying about her may day dress i dont think it fits but i couldnt tell her so i hope aggie will take her in hand reverend bubbles is very disappointed that he cant escort a beautiful maiden i put my ten feet down this year never again after last year i and victoria are saving up our religious fervor for easter we gave up church for lent and spend sunday mornings in bed in miss bewkwiths car poor rusack his face turned all kinds of red and purple when he interviewed victoria this after noon for the inquiring reporter this lovely weather gives my ghost writer spring fever

OPEN FORUM

Do you not agree that school problems are of paramount concern to both students and faculty? Lately we have noticed a great deal of misunderstanding and lack of cooperation among the students. The reasons may be trivial, but nevertheless it needs ironing out.

One democratic process that seems possible is an open forum discussion on affairs in which we are definitely involved. The forum should not be limited to students' wishes, but the faculty should also find it to their interest to be present and to contribute. To be able to assemble as individuals in a cooperative unit should prove to be a constructive way of progress. This can only take place if all of us are interested in the betterment of our school.

What do you think?

BILL DANENBURG

Editor of Guilfordian:

I rise to a point of order concerning the statement by our chapel speaker on March 20, to the effect that a temporary Nazi occupation of America would be better than the international chaos resulting from this war.

I question the fact that more than a few persons would consider a Hitler victory, even temporary, preferable to American national sovereignty. Besides, how can a subject people unshackle themselves from the yoke of an imperialistic nation, except by means of force? India has tried the pacifist approach to the solution of her problem, and is as far away as ever from independence or local autonomy.

JOHN SEVIER

for a student center, and for a united student body. Our job is finished and we turn the paper over to a new editor, managing editor, business manager, and reporters.

They have a hard task before them—paper shortages, decreased financial funds, and the usual manpower shortage. Yet with their help and confidence THE GUILFORDIAN will be an outstanding and outspoken student project.

We give the future GUILFORDIAN staff our hearty wishes for a successful year.

Ask Miss Pickwick

Miss Pickwick regrets that she is unable to answer all of the letters written to her in her column. The letters not printed will be answered personally in a plain envelope.

Dear Miss Pickwick:

I am a freshman in college, age 12, having been pushed through high school on the new accelerated educational program. I am smart in class, I always have my lessons, and I'm not bad-looking. But all the girls treat me as if I were a mere child and it breaks my heart, because I've been trying for weeks to date a beautiful senior who won't even look in my direction.

Please, PLEASE help me—I have no one else to turn to. How can I become more manly?

Sprout, Jr.

Dear Sprout, Jr.:

My dear boy! Youth is a valuable commodity. Hang on to it. Why do senior boys knit in English class? Why do manly juniors play with doll babies? The desire to appear young and girlish, of course.

You just haven't picked the right girl. If you are serious in your desire for the beautiful senior, do not despair; wave your shoe coupon under her nose—she'll come around!

Promisingly yours,

Miss Pickwick.

Dear Miss Pickwick:

I have such a terrible problem that I hesitate to bring it before the public eye. I am what is known as a "luscious blonde," 5'2", cuddly, deep-blue eyes, wonderful personality, and endowed with endearing charms. While I don't talk too much, neither am I a Sphinx. I love to listen to hour-long monologues on nothing. I have lovely teeth and a beautiful smile. My lips are little cupid bows. My figure is perfect, and my legs are superb.

But I wear a 10½ shoe. What can I do about it? Boys run when they see this miniature figure stumping along on feet which should belong to a giant. I am seriously contemplating suicide or plastic surgery. I must do something quick. I have a blind date for tonight.

Desperately,

DESPERATE

Dear Desperate:

Grow.

Yours,

PRUNELLA PICKWICK

Dear Miss Pickwick:

I have neglected to write to you for a long time, but my problems have been so perplexing of late that I just had to write. You are so consoling and so motherly! I would like the pleasure of meeting you in person, if that is at all possible.

The problem which is confronting me at the moment is that the fair ladies on this campus are refusing to pay any attention to me. They seem to regard me as an odd specimen of mankind and I don't know what led them to think I am that way because I am very normal. My health is good, my grades are passing, and if I do say so myself, my personal appearance rates honorable mention; at least, when compared with some of the other jerks around here.

With the male shortage, you'd think I'd have a following of at least half of the more attractive ladies here, but I suppose I must sit back with hands folded, because Mother said I should never be aggressive.

Thanking you, I remain

Your constant admirer,

FREDDIE 4F

Dear Freddie:

From the tone of your first paragraph, I thought you had fallen in love with ME! The fault with YOU is that you have plenty of dormant ability—it's just dormant. Develop it; bring it out in the open!

Put behind you the evil influence of a mother who wanted to keep you tied to her apron strings forever. Stick your chin out, your head up, your tummy in, and face the world!

Think you are a swell guy, and don't meekly ask a girl for a date with one eye open for a good line of retreat in case she refuses—and she will). Stalk up and tell her you'll be over at 8:00.

I'm sure everything will turn out simply wonderful!

Sincerely,

PRUNELLA P.

P.S.—If you care to practice, I'm free all this evening!

Through the Looking Glass

By JOHN SEVIER

U. S.-MEXICO WATER TREATY Which Way America

There is more to the controversy over the United States-Mexico water treaty than who shall harness the huge water reservoirs of the Colorado and Rio Grande. The issue is, simply and bluntly, whether America will take a first step in the direction of international collaboration.

Several western states, notably California, have objected to the treaty in its present form on the grounds that it deprives them of the use of much of the Colorado River's waterpower. However, proponents of the treaty maintain that those states were already using considerably over their quota of waterpower, and that the joint construction of two dams by the United States and Mexico will counter-balance the losses suffered by the individual states.

However Congress may settle the differences over these technical matters; the issue is clear. American delegates went to Mexico City to convince Latin-Americans of the understanding of and cooperation in the common settlement of inter-American affairs by the United States—to convince them that America was willing to take its full share of the responsibility for maintaining the peace and encouraging economic prosperity. They came away with the Act of Chapultepec, guaranteeing the sovereignty of each of the American republics against internal as well as external foes, and with assurances of economic as well as political collaboration.

After several of the justifiable grievances of the United States have been ironed out, can the Congress rightfully refuse to ratify such a precedent-making treaty, a treaty that will show whether nations can work together for their own benefit as well as for world peace?

No Zanks!

A Frenchman, struggling with the English language, turned to an American friend for counsel:

"What," he asked, "is a polar bear?"
 "Polar bear? Why, he lives 'way up north."
 "But what does he do?"
 "Oh, he sits on a cake of ice and eats fish."
 "Zat settle it! I will not accept!"
 "What in the world do you mean, you won't accept?"

"Ah," explained the other, "I was invited to be a polar bear at a funeral!"

—U. S. Coast Guard Magazine

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Starvation, disease and nakedness stalk the peoples of Europe and Asia. Students are not immune to these concomitants of war. In Europe, more than 30,000,000 persons are "statistically naked" and 125,000,000 are in desperate need of clothing, shoes and bedding. In Belgium one family of seven shares one shirt. Crude shoes for children in Holland deform the feet permanently. In Poland, four families, living in a single, unheated, windowless room, pool clothing when one has to sally forth. In Paris 3,000 students in the most bitter winter in years are without rooms, beds and blankets. Only 156 out of 1,022 students in Honan University in China (evacuated for the sixth time in May 1944, penniless and ill-clad) have bedding.

To provide clothing for students, the World Student Service Fund is conducting the clothing collection in the colleges in April as part of the United National Clothing Collection whose goal is 150,000,000 pounds of good, usable clothing, shoes and bedding.

On the Acropolis

Eight thousand students in congested Athens live daily on one meager meal of beans and oil. At the last registration 732 had tuberculosis. The destruction of 2,000 villages in Greece has crowded the city with the destitute and homeless. The World Student Service Fund is relieving the distress of the students.

Relief Lags

In the face of urgent and mounting needs among students in the war-ravaged lands in Europe and Asia, only 336 universities, colleges and preparatory schools had participated by February 28th in the World Student Service Fund campaign in 1944-45 for \$500,000, contributing \$92,997.78.

The University of Cincinnati observatory was the first erected in the United States with public funds.