

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Propaganda

Propaganda has been called the chief weapon of psychological warfare. Its strategic importance has been moving quickly into the international limelight. This war of words doubtless will continue, even if the actual fighting has ceased. Unfortunately, much hatred will still live in many hearts.

When World War II ended on V-J Day, August 15, 1945, the wheels of peace were set in motion once more. The guns stopped firing, but at the same time the radio, the press, and the motion pictures spell out the horrors of war.

It remains to be seen if propaganda will be a menace or an aid to furthering international good-will. If war propaganda can be made to travel in reverse and will let the passengers of peace be heard above the war cries, the future ahead will have a much brighter horizon.

Spirit of '45-'46

A prized Guilford tradition is the happy spirit which Guilfordians create on the campus. A spirit is like the unseen wind that we know is present because we can feel it. The college spirit is that intangible element which determines whether the atmosphere on the campus is good or bad.

That which comes from within and is revealed in kind words or deeds is the secret in getting this good spirit in action. It does not exist in written words because its importance lies in its practical application. Attitudes of friendliness, cooperation, and tolerance are examples of ways to keep it alive. The spirit of '45-'46 must be quickened now!

A New Guilford

"Something old... something new"... that's Guilford. Her dwelling place is old, but her inhabitants are new. This fall she welcomes again "a faculty of smart, but godly teachers" and a new set of "young selected creatures."

Guilford has that inherent quality of being able to link the old with the new, just as the new song hit, "Till the End of Time," was taken from Chopin's classical piece, "Polonaise," and given a modern touch. It is up to the Guilfordians of today to create a new Guilford, one

On the Inside

Another year, another first edition, and another dirt column. After recuperating (in Dix Hill) from the tedious task of writing the only readable part of The Guilfordian, we have returned by popular demand . . . NATURALLY!!! We see all, hear all, and print all, so YO'ALL be careful!

The other night the powerful, atomic bomb made its appearance at Guilford, but it was only Peg, late of the A. T. C. She got a bureau drawer in her hands and tried to take off, using the stairs as a runway. She crash-landed on the second floor.

We now have a Frank Buck on our campus. After many daring expeditions into the wilds of the Guilford pasture and the 5 & 10, Al (God's gift to women) Cappiello brought back ALIVE, three goldfish, one unhousebroken turtle, several lizards, and four guppies.

We have heard from very authentic and reliable sources that a certain little freshman girl, Joanne G. got her Johns mixed up, and we do mean Gents!

Please pardon us while we rest for a minute. After all, malnutrition isn't something to be sneezed at.

If anybody has any trouble getting their assignments, especially if they don't have a textbook, Dr. Weis says, "Just turn to the first chapter and use the bibliography." If you can't find the bibliography, visit the Gate City Optical Co. at your earliest convenience.

Weather report: Jack Frost is really early this year, he's been busy handing out the cold shoulders, but we KAHN't tell you who's been getting all of them.

The F. B. I. has established a branch office at Founders Hall, complete with bloodhounds, finger printing apparatus, and the third degree.

We understand that Benny Brown is in the market for Peanuts again this year.

We have been informed that there is to be a REVIVAL of English 21 in the curriculum, AMEN.

It is quite evident that the CLUB RUSACK is doing a losing business; must be too much competition from Clyde's.

The Guilford Bachelor Club is minus another member. He finally came out of his SHELLY, congratulations, Mary!

"FOODLESS," "BLOODLESS," & "STRENGTHLESS"

Whozit?

Appearance—Tall, big smile, and muscles.
Characteristics—Booming laugh, deep voice, heavy back slap, capable of hard work.

Future Plans—Leadership work, has gone far in this field.

Social Life—Nice to everyone, but particularly and emphatically interested in a last year's senior.

Special Notes—Is called Parent by numerous persons on the campus.

John Holland

The Open Forum is a column reserved for the readers of The Guilfordian to express their opinions. Hereafter, if letters are received, the editor will publish as many of them as space permits.

which has time-tested knowledge incorporated into the current stream of events.

Your Alma Mater wishes all her students and faculty a happy and successful year.

Through the Looking Glass

By JOHN SEVIER

FULL EMPLOYMENT
Some Interesting Sidelights

This is an age of name-calling and catch-phraseology. Nothing could prove this more conclusively than the recent discussions on "full employment," "government control," "private enterprise," "planned economy," "free trade," and the like. But, can there be an exact definition, and how can this be applied to the discussion of prosperity in the post-war era?

When an economist speaks of "full employment" or "private enterprise" he generally has some definite idea of what these terms mean when applied to the specific issue he is undertaking to analyze. The same is true with regard to the sociologist and the political scientist. Then, why can not "John Q. Public" treat his political expressions through a scientific method?

The so-called "full-employment" bill now before Congress and the general public believed that this bill in itself will guarantee the "right to a job" to every person able and willing to work. But, does this bill provide that? Positively not, for the bill provides only that the government draw up an annual budget and submit a request to Congress for jobs over and above the amount the normal business channels can take care of. Since this bill presents Congress with only a normal obligation to provide jobs, the reasoning citizen must go deeper into this subject in order to understand the issue.

The first point to make is that the very nature of the "American System" provides for unemployment and poverty, and that any attempt to super-impose "full employment" on a system that contradicts that principle, will only lead to a violent reaction which will destroy what small gains the American toilers have made. This will become clear when the reader recognizes that principle that workers are not generally placed in work which calls forth their highest personal skill, but, instead, in this or that particular job that suits this or that particular employer; of course, any one who cannot be used on the terms specified by business is not hired.

When these facts become clear and the "full employment" bill is placed in its true perspective as the last dying gasp of an expiring system, the intelligent citizen will come to the conclusion that only scientific socialism can guarantee freedom from want. Americans often try to overemphasize the importance of tradition, superstitions (white supremacy, etc.) and political freedom in relation to economic security—for, how can the Americans attain "full employment and prosperity in the post-war world" when they have only political liberty plus a few outworn traditions and superstitions? Is not man's chief end economic security and prosperity?

i mortimer

i mortimer am a very bewildered cockroach i have nearly had my antennae broken by the hordes of freshmen and freshwomen rushing down to get their mail in olden times they used to come after second period and i knew when to get out of the way but now they even go down before breakfast maybe they are as bewildered as i am victoria the sand flea my one and only love only she doesnt know it pays to keep women guessing you know is nearly frantic from seeing all the rocks around here when she saw christys she coughed very loud to attract my attention but i was busy examining the structure of dr otts new raincoat then she saw ekys and she said my how nice rings on the third foot left side look but i got the hiccups and so averted another catastrophe but when she saw mary lees she wailed oh you blind and unfeeling brute and ran under one of the bottles in the chem lab and stayed there two days women are queer anyhow martitia mosquito has gone hog wild over the gis im sorry to say what do they have i dont have except looks strength a good line and some tricky dance steps ill bet they cant tell what aristotles twelve points are in philosophy i cant either but dr milner can that just goes to prove what basic training does to the brain it deadens it mine is alert as always i am happy to say i am watching the hockey field every afternoon to see when the girls will come trip-

Ask Miss Pickwick

Dear Miss Pickwick:

My problem is more than I can bear! I can find no consolation anywhere. I have written Dorothy Dix repeatedly, but she can offer no help. I am growing so desperate that I am contemplating suicide. If you cannot aid me, I shall certainly liquidate myself next Tuesday.

I am the youngest child—the only boy—and I have twelve sisters. They are all husky, beautiful, and six feet tall. I am 5 feet, 2 inches, and skinny. I have buck teeth, bowlegs, and my hair is already beginning to recede. I thought my lot was bad enough before I came to college, but now I find myself in a dormitory with girls all tall and beautiful. My room is near their section so that I can hear girlish laughs. My parents insisted on me coming to a co-ed college, so I can go nowhere else. I despise, hate and loathe women.

What will I do?

Ebeneezer

Dear Ebeneezer,

I would advise suicide.

Yours Sincerely,
Prunella Pickwick

Dear Miss Pickwick:

I have a problem that is very embarrassing and I must remain anonymous. I have often heard that gentlemen prefer blondes and I have tried it this summer. I do not wish to boast in any way but it has proved highly successful. I have attracted hordes of men on our campus, hitherto unimpressed, and I am desirous of keeping their affection. However, my friends in the dormitory have high ideals and when I tentatively mentioned dying they shuddered.

How can I secretly camouflage my darkening roots? It is very important that I get your advice promptly—as I cannot keep my hat on in the dining room any longer.

In faith,
Sue D. Blonde

Dear Sue D.

I sympathize with you in your trouble, but I must confess I shudder to think of the outrageous liberties that today's youth take with nature's own gifts. However, it is too late now to split hairs over spoilt hair. I suggest you resort to your nefarious habits, while the other girls who have ideals are downstairs eating.

Miss Pickwick

Dear Miss Pickwick:

I would be interested in knowing if you give consultation in person. I have a dreadful problem which had better not be thrust in the eyes of the public. When can I meet you?

Squid Junior

Dear Squid:

No! Never!

Prunella P.

Dear Miss Pickwick:

I was sent through high school on an accelerated educational program. I had one year of college in the accelerated program. I was sent through basic training on the accelerated program. Before I had been in the army 4 weeks, I was a pilot and had three missions to my credit. Now, I am a veteran—age 19—and I have returned to college—but I am so used to speed that the pokiness of college life bores me. I can hardly sit still in classes. What shall I do?

Buzz Bomb

Dear Buzz Bomb:

I understand your problem, and it is very complex. I sat awake all night and have reached my decision. You have youth, ambition, and the increasing desire for speed, action, and adventure.

Your life has moved fast, your attainments have been achieved fast. Your outlook on the future wants speed and fastness. The problem looked insolvable, but Eureka! I have it! Come to me in person. I will introduce you to a certain girl on the campus!

Sincerely,
Prunella P.

ping out with their hockey sticks if i do say so who shouldnt victoria being at my elbow we have a good looking crop of freshwomen this year if women dont quit crowding the men off this campus pretty soon this will be a female institution except for king david in the kitchen what would we call it ge jr i hope it never happens though victoria would never let me stay here if only women paraded around i miss dr furnas and the wild rides i used to have on the handle bars of his bicycle while he guided with his feet i hope hes back soon i extend a hearty welcome to all newcomers and oldtimers on behalf of all bugtown well be seeing ya lots of hot weather left