

THE GUILFORDIAN

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The Long View

We believe that there is only one course for students of Guilford college to follow, as there is only one for all others in the United States.

Yet the very nature of our position as students will permit us, we believe, to take this path more wholeheartedly than those whose complete effort is of necessity devoted to all-out defense.

Seemingly, there are two patterns which face the student.

One is that of immediate preparedness. This has been stressed as of primary importance. Courses in first aid in particular are being given in every locality.

Emphasis has been placed even more strongly on the position of the student in the reconstruction which will follow the war. In this light, there is a definite duty of the student to continue his studies and his research, technical and otherwise, so that he will be well-equipped to take his place in the developments after the war, which must be a "New Order."

Yet, if there is any justification for a student to continue in his studies, we believe that he must put forth his greatest efforts. It is no longer a matter of mere grades and quality points. Education is now of more immediate practical importance, and of more far-reaching results than it has been in recent years.

The student has a chance to look to the future and his part in it; he must take advantage of his position now to learn as much as he can from daily newspapers and radio bulletins about the physical developments of the war.

More important, he must learn the histories and the various ideologies of the peoples involved in this war, our own people included. He must be well-grounded on the various problems of the past, present, and the future, and be ready to defend and oppose their points. He must have a background of our cultures and civilizations as they have been and are now, all over the world, so that he may be prepared to deal with them as they will be.

There must be a balance between immediate preparedness and the more intrinsic preparation for the reconstruction which is the student's primary job.

We can neither afford to neglect the physical nor dare to ignore the spiritual and moral consequences which will follow in the wake of the present destruction.

An Interpretation of Chinese Literature

By RUBY NAN

The language and literature of any country are not explained in a few words. It is also difficult for a layman to talk about such topics, for sometimes not even a scholar can make certain points clear and vivid. Nevertheless, I shall try to interpret briefly Chinese language and literature.

Chinese writing is an art. There are about ten different variations in the writing of words. An example is "sun," for which there are seven symbols. As can be seen from this, the writing is derived from pictures. The sign meaning "bird" comes from an early sign after six or seven changes.

Chinese writing is very imaginative. For example, the sign meaning "man" is composed of two parts: one means "the field"; another part means "energy." Put together, they mean "one who uses energy in the field." Since Chinese of ancient times were almost entirely farmers, this word came to mean man in general.

The words derived from pictures came first and many are four thousand years old. They were formed in China and taken from no other country. Japan and other lands used our language as a basis for theirs.

The first Chinese writing was found engraved in stone. Later, wood was used, then bamboo, and, last, silk and cotton were taken as a base. Paper has been used for only 2,000 years. The Chinese pen is a brush, made from the hair of the weasel.

With "the father of Chinese philosophy," Confucius, about 2,000 years ago, all literature improved. China was not yet one country, but was divided into seven parts, each fighting the other, although the people were of the same race. The troubled times gave the people a strong feeling of nationalism, which was responsible for the literary development.

The philosophy and political ideas of Confucius were written down in the form of talks with his students. His ideas are expressed in a consciously simple and concise style. His influence was very great and he had more than 3,000 students, of whom 100 are famous.

A thousand years later, writers tried to cultivate a beautiful language. They did not try to make rules of style, as did Confucius, but wrote about their country and all its people. This is my favorite period in Chinese literature. Afterwards came writers who used a brilliant and extravagant style. They wrote stories, letters, poetry, and essays about love and friendship. Both style and theme were emotional. Their sentences stand first in beauty in Chinese literature, but I dislike their work because it expressed only shallow ideas.

In the next century came the Tong and Sung dynasties. The writers of this time went back to Confucius for their ideas and elaborated on them, so that common people could understand them.

The Ming and Ch'ing dynasties came to rule, four centuries later. This was a period of very strict, narrow literary rules, imposed by the government. A writer had to follow a very definite style and form. Good literature could not develop under such conditions, which lasted for more than 500 years. The requirement for public office at that time included a knowledge of these literary rules. This is the "dark age" in Chinese literature.

Since the Revolution, almost 30 years ago, literature has revived, but it generally uses the language that is now used in speech.

i mortimer

its a sad life i thought as i heard the moans of a campus frill last sunday i dont believe i shall sleep at all she said what a waste to go to bed for i shall lose an hours sleep and she turned haggardly back to a volume on somnambulism i mortimer am stiff in the joints i got lost in the pocket of a gym suit and was shanghaied into modern dance it was a big mistake i thought as i tried to turn my head and gaze fondly at dr victorius cockroach i swooned in the freshman biology class at the beginning of the week i was investigating the anatomy of a frog from a purely objective viewpoint when the fragrance of formaldehyde overpowered me and i slipped gently to the table and managed to conceal myself in an abandoned locker today is st valentines day i shall never forget for i was conversing with an itinerant spider yesterday afternoon on the edge of an open ink bottle we became involved in a friendly little argument and fell into the red ink i am a monument to all bleeding hearts

OPEN FORUM

A FRIENDLY GUILFORD

Two weeks ago the Chapel choir of Capital university of Columbus, Ohio, presented a concert of religious music here.

Students and faculty and town folks filled the auditorium that Sunday afternoon. The music was superb. We enjoyed it, we whispered softly to one another between selections, "Aren't they wonderful," and we are still talking about them. After the program was over the group left in their bus, bound for an evening concert in High Point. They left quietly, quickly, unceremoniously. Three students and a few members of the faculty loitered on the steps of Memorial hall to bid them goodbye—just a handful of Guilfordians giving a hearty send-off to one of the finest college choirs in the country.

Many of us rushed out of the auditorium, contemplating a cup of hot chocolate at Clyde's or a date with a certain someone, or anticipating a favorite radio program in the quiet warmth of our room.

Last year our A Capella choir toured the South, stopping to sing in such places as Atlanta and Ft. Screven, Georgia, Orlando and St. Petersburg, Florida. After concerts in many of these places, the entire town crowded around our bus, waving, thanking the Guilfordians for coming, inviting them back. It gave one a warm feeling of satisfaction and delight and a kind of homelike feeling in a strange place. Guilfordians never forgot that continuous display of hospitality.

And now we stop to ask, "Where was our hospitality two weeks ago, when a strange choir came to sing in a strange place?" Yes, we invited them to dinner, but was that enough? Guilford has long been known for its spirit of friendship. It would be unfortunate to lose that spirit, especially in times like these.

E. C. B.

G R I S T

He tightly held his Violet
While driving fast, poor silly;
Where once he held his Violet,
Now he holds a lily.

—Furman Hornet

Alibis for Flunkers

(1) "Y'see, mom, the prof's got the wrong text and doesn't know it yet . . ."

(2) "The instructor hates me because I comb my hair—and he hasn't got any."

(3) "I didn't know he was in the classroom one day and I took his name—in vain, that's why."

We found these handy, but the best one is still to intercept the mailman when reports go home.

—The Gamecock

Neighbor: "Say, have you folks got a bottle opener around here?"

Parent: "Yes, but he is away at school right now."

—Maryland Old Line

The little moron thinks that the "Lost Chord" was a missing woodpile.

Dumb Dora thinks that the Stamp Act was passed for jitterbugs.

He: "May I kiss you? May I kiss you? Say, can't you hear?"

She: "Yes. Are you paralyzed?"

—The Lenoir Rhynean

Remember, friends, the old Chinese proverb: If Coca-Cola you ain't got, Pepsi-Cola hits the spot!

—The Tiger Rag

"Waiter! There's an ant on this sundae." "Humm . . . so they're going in for winter sports, too."

—The Northern Review

It has been learned that Pomona college is the proud possessor of George Washington's watch. That's really nothing very great, for after all, we have Adam's apple.

—Quaker Campus

It's fun to be a vagrant breeze
And blow about the ladies' knees;
Though many knees, without a doubt,
Are nothing much to blow about.

—Case Tech

First Prof: "My sister is a gay child. She was born in the spring."

Second Half-Wit: "It's a wonder she wasn't drowned."

—The Stute

From the Files

April 1, 1925—The faculty in response to special petitions from the students have agreed to allow men and women of the college the privilege of meeting each other informally during the period after dinner at 7 o'clock each evening of the week except Thursday, Friday, and Sunday; the only condition attached to this permission is that the students will be on their honor not to abuse the rules governing the half hour social, and that if the plan is not successfully carried out, the privilege will be taken away, and the old form of "half an hour a week" will go back into effect.

March 16, 1918—The Guilford college student body and community will have the greatest treat of the year on March 13 and 14, when the famous Frederick Ray Cinemalogue will be shown in the auditorium at Memorial hall. "Pilgrim's Progress" will be shown on the first night and "Parsifal" on the second. The two motion pictures represent an investment of \$118,000. They are accompanied by a lecture and music and singing of an unusually high order. In this day when much trash, horseplay and mushy sentiment predominate in the average entertainment, and the dexterous hurling of custard pies is a prominent feature in many film presentations, it is refreshing to turn to artistic efforts which satisfy our nobler senses and leave us with a consciousness of an evening well spent.

October 10, 1917—Algie Newlin, '20, and Hugh Moore, leaders of the Prep. Bible classes, treated their youthful disciples to a 'possum hunt last Tuesday night. Three 'possums were treed and caught. The most remarkable feature of the occasion was the tree climbing ability displayed by Algie Newlin. No tree was too big or high for Algie. Algie declares that he expects to continue his education in the higher branches.

September 26, 1917—This year soccer football may be introduced as a college sport. Many students either cannot or do not care to play basketball during the winter months. An effort will be made to find some sport for them that will be more recreative than close communion with a radiator. Last year the students showed much interest in soccer and this year a schedule may be arranged with some of the southern colleges.

Typical 1917-18 Heads: NEW MEN SHOW UP WELL. IBSEN AND MAETERLINCK AT THE LITERARY CLUB. SCIENCE CLUB HEARS ABOUT GENETICS. DOUGHTON DOES NOT LOVE IN VAIN. YOUNG MEN ABLY ADDRESSED. THE GYM HAUNTED. PHILOMATHEANS AS FAIRIES AND HOSTESSES. PHILOMATHEANS HAVE SMALL BUT SPIRITED MEETING. BIOLOGY LABORATORY INCORPORATED WITH THE MUSEUM. BUGS AND EATS JOYFULLY COMBINED.

I SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER

I think I shall always remember these days in February when the burning leaves bring a whiff of autumn and roasted chestnuts, and the wind is like March and howls about the corners of the buildings, leaving a suspicion of the smell of new-cut grass. I shall always remember the first bluebird I saw this spring, and the startling whirr of Bobwhites as they started from the meadow grass one Sunday afternoon. I shall remember the hush during grace at each meal and vegetable soup on cold days and pineapple upside down cake.

I shall remember the chatter in the store at 9:45 and McGinnis's gallant "Ladies first," while we order push-ups and cokes and streak back to the dorm. I shall remember the clatter of heels in the halls at Sunday noon, when all footsteps sound alike, and the warm sun on the walk as couples saunter to the library.

I shall remember the bare red clay in the winter and the greenness of spring; the excitement of one of the annual formal—lines for the tubs and the warm steam and velvet wraps hanging near the showers.

I shall remember the mad dash for the station wagon to Hobbs in the cold darkness of early morning and the smell of coffee in the kitchen. I shall remember supper at Hobbs before Christmas, eating by candlelight and singing carols, and the comfort of hot tea during exam week.

I shall remember the warmth of the laundry and the good clean smell on Friday afternoons and the muffled sound of the bell, when the rope was stiff with ice, or the rain and wind moved the clapper at night.