

**A Welcome Home**

Alumni, many of you will find many changes here as you return to Guilford for homecoming day.

There'll be the new gym to admire, with its recently finished rooms; the redecorated Music building; the new furniture in the girls' dormitories and the modern furnishings in the parlors; the third floor of Mary Hobbs, which has begun its third year of use here as living quarters; and the three new girls' dormitories—Kent's, The Pines, and the Binford house. These are a few of the material changes.

We do believe that you will find no change in spirit. Students and faculty may be different, may dress and talk differently. Rules may be changed. But the old standards and codes of fairness and friendliness, a certain emphasis on the spiritual rather than the worldly things of life, are as strong a part of Guilford now as they were in your days here.

Guilford alumni, we welcome you home!

**Let Freedom Ring**

During the last world war, feelings of nationalism ran high in America as they did in all other countries involved directly or indirectly in the conflict.

With nationalistic feeling, hatred and unreasoning prejudice grew.

Now, as then, the conflict has seeped across the ocean. Americans everywhere reflect governmental feuds, as interventionists vie bitterly with isolationists, each adding to the spleen which is consuming the world on both sides of the Atlantic.

Tolerance—and we question the use of a word which indicates the existence of the barest civility where there should be sympathy and understanding—and friendship are squeezed out by the awful contagion of intolerance and hatred.

Is it not for us to steel ourselves against such an invasion, to retain our sanity, and thus help others recover theirs?

Let there be none of the prejudice here that characterizes too many American colleges.

Let us not indulge in the stupidity which causes the dropping of languages from the curriculum. Let us not express our freedom by tying ourselves to a superficial nationalism—where sauerkraut is *verboten* and we favor our palates with the tasteless "Liberty cabbage"—where hamburger is no longer hamburger and we indulge in the sawdust of "Defense steak."

Let us not be swept along with the meaningless patterns of "V's"—full of meaning for the suffering peoples of Europe, for whom they express a still-living spirit—but merely a highly commercialized slogan for Americans—a people who have sacrificed little, whether it be in thought and ideal or in lives and material sacrifice.

We must, indeed, hold fast to our freedom of thought and deed. We must express our power and our independence by something deeper than empty symbols—by an undaunted spirit and a will to stamp out prejudice and hate.

**Moving Day**

After about four years in the tall room backstage in Memorial hall, THE GUILFORDIAN moves its creaking bones, shakes the dust from its files, and trots jauntily across campus to new quarters.

Moving will take place Monday and will complete a circuit which began in the early days of the newspaper's history.

Former offices were located in the room in Founders hall now used by Mrs. Milner as Dean's office. The newspaper then

**OPEN FORUM**

Editor:

Five years ago there was held on our campus a vote—whether or not the girls of Guilford college should be permitted to smoke. The final tabulation proved that the girls thought it should not be permitted. Since then an entirely new group of students has entered the college and those who voted have gone. Among this new group are many girls who are allowed to smoke at home—who would appreciate the privilege at school, too; but nevertheless observe the rule which so definitely establishes a double standard, the boys being permitted to smoke in their dormitories and off campus.

It is understood that if there were to be a vote which endorsed smoking by the students, the matter would, of course, be referred to the faculty and the Board of Trustees. Perhaps they could solve the problem as it has been solved in many colleges—some denominational—Furman in South Carolina, Stratford in Danville, Atlantic Christian in Wilson, Stephens in Missouri, Swarthmore, etc.—by setting aside a room in a fireproof basement for the express purpose of smoking and studying, with the provision that no girl may use this room if she does not present the dean with written permission from her parents, and with the understanding that she will not abuse the privilege by smoking elsewhere.

Within the past few years many changes have come about at Guilford—can there not be another change which would be so appreciated by many of the girls of Guilford college?

H. v. A.

**GRIST**

At Penn State no dating is permitted during the first three weeks. After that the generous upperclassmen permit the new-comers to date until 5:30 p. m.

—Echo Weekly

Throw away your wishbone, straighten up your backbone, stick out your jawbone and go to it—was the advice given freshmen at Iowa State Teacher's college.

Two morons were painting a room—one was on a ladder painting the ceiling; the other was painting near the floor.

First moron (to moron on the ladder), "Say, do you have a good hold on that paint brush?"

Second moron "Yeah."

First moron: "Well, hang on—I'm takin' the ladder!"

—The Akron Buchtelite.

At Akron U. campus couples are playing jacks. Before jacks it was bridge and the losing couple bought the winning couple ice cream cones. That was too expensive. Then in the spring it was marbles for keeps. But that was too expensive also. Now it's jacks. Next it will be hopscotch. . . . My, what a college education will do for one!

Ode to an empty mailbox [Tal Neece take notice!]

Oh, open, oblong yawning 'ole  
Please fill your mouth for this poor soul  
I'm sorely aching for a letter  
(Although a package slip is better).

—The Brown and White.

Famous Sayings:

Nero—Hot stuff. Keep the home fires burning.  
Cleopatra—You're an easy mark.  
Helen—So this is Paris.  
Noah—It floats.

—Hay Maker (Akron Buchtelite)

Make up is not a cover up; it is to reveal you.

—The Carolina

Sirens screaming,  
No joke,  
Church burning,  
Holy smoke!

—The Crescent (Akron Buchtelite)

moved to another room backstage, and finally to its present location.

The new office will be in the room next to Mrs. Milner's office. It will be renovated to suit the activities of a newspaper.

See you in Founders on Monday!

**ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR**

The absent-minded professor is rarely an actuality, usually mere anecdote. The source of much of the anecdote—notably that acquired by Guilford students—is Dr. Phillip W. Furnas, genial professor of English and a case in point.

A rare quality such as this must surely be acquired with growing pains, for presence of mind was needed by the boy whose revenue of nickels came from carrying lovers' notes at Earlham college, where his father was business manager.

He spent four years at Earlham college as a student, during which time we are sure he must have paid out nickels himself.

After his freshman year there, he worked on an excursion steamer between Chicago and Milwaukee, gaining that cosmopolitan aura that encircles the Indiana country boy. (He was born on a farm acquired from the government by his grandfather.)

In college, Dr. Furnas played tennis on the varsity, won an inter-collegiate doubles tournament; spent his money on shows in town; raided the college pantry when he was hungry (his mother was head of the dining room). He majored in German, attended the University of Wisconsin one summer in order to learn to teach German history.

After two years at Oakwood—then at Union Springs, N. Y., Dr. Furnas went to Harvard for a year—received his M. A. in English, and taught at Earlham for a year. When the war came he took the position of conscientious objector, left for Europe after the war to do relief work for the Friends Service Committee.

He went to Greece, then to Yugoslavia—stayed there a year and began to study the language. He managed the rebuilding of small homes for peasants whose homes had burned during the war.

His work was located in the mountains of the interior, 30 miles from the railroad. Transportation was limited to truck or freight car. Once, he related, the engine didn't have enough steam to pull the freight cars over the hill, so the train was sidetracked and left. This was "very common," said Dr. Furnas. Travelers usually took food and blankets with them as a precaution against such accidents.

The trip home covered Venice, Paris and London. After about six months in America, this wanderer left for Ireland to see if relief were needed there. Hair-raising incident was kissing the Blarney Stone. Usual procedure was to lie flat on your back with someone holding your feet. There was a sea hrdrop of 150 feet beneath you.

After three months, remaining in the south of Ireland, Dr. Furnas came home by a route through Holland, Berlin, Paris; then taught for four years at Earlham—worked at Harvard for two years on advanced study for his Doctor of Philosophy degree.

He met Mrs. Furnas at Columbia in 1926—"I never remember dates, even my own dates." He taught at Earlham for a year after his marriage.

He received his Doctor's degree in 1939 at Harvard—his thesis being on Yugoslavian folk ballads—with translation of 500 pages of manuscript and 100 pages of introductory material.

Taking a daring stand on the profession of teaching, Dr. Furnas said "I enjoy teaching very much, always have. Young people are nicer to work with than old people would be."

**From the Files**

**February 2, 1922**—The peaceful quiet of Quaker environs was disturbed Saturday afternoon, January 28, between three and four o'clock, when the boys and girls of Guilford met in fierce conflict—by permission from the faculty. A terrific battle ensued, with white missiles formed from snow flying in the general direction of one's face. The combat was not a notable example of military science, for couples joined promiscuously in skirmishes inconsiderate of friend or foe. Scientific methods of handling snowballs were demonstrated by faculty members.

**September 30, 1933**—A college orchestra, practically the first organization of its kind ever to be gotten together at Guilford, is being started by Professor Max Noah, head of the music department, this fall.

**November 30, 1935**—A program dance, under the sponsorship of the social committee, will be held this evening in the library. A novel touch will be added to the festivities by the fact that the girls will date the boys, a reversal of the usual procedure. Music, as usual, will be supplied by the committee's phonograph and amplifier system. This event is to take the place of the formal dances held in other schools. It is the first formal dance to be held at Guilford.

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**SONSPOTS**

By DABAGIAN

Once again the fingers of time have shuffled the cards, and a new hand has been dealt. Stakes have risen, new cards have been picked up, old ones tossed aside, deception gleams in the bluffer's eyes, distress flashes from the anxious gaze of the heavy loser.

**Dot Dick picks up a new card named Parker, when football trips and frosh presidential duties become too enveloping.**

Grace MacMurray's stakes suddenly shoot skyward when the campus is shocked by her receiving a date restriction. An unwarranted one, too, according to reliable sources which say she was only trying to get rid of Krenn.

This brought despair to Betty Flinn who too has been getting the "glad eye" from the "humming bird."

**"Hud" Bowne has a feeling that someone's looking over his shoulder as he dickers with Queen card Va. Weatherly. But Bill Otwell is strictly playing a hand of HER own.**

**"Queerness" is another marker of the memory; but there's nothing queer about "Hurricane John" who, after getting the turndown from "Veronica" Nunn, turned around and made the same request of Nancy Minor (with the same result).**

'41 Homecomers will recall when: Harry Nace was burnin' the benches with S. Marshall, who, incidentally, is still burnin' the benches with a G'boro guy; when Hines, Hodgins, Garrett had Miss Clinchy in a mell of a hess (or vice versa). Now Garrett's giving Barbara Clark a whirl of a twirl. When Creenczo and Julia were sendin' solid (which they aren't now); when Dave Parker had "Jo" Ripperger asking what the score was, and yet DIDN'T know it himself.

**i mortimer**

i mortimer sat at table during monogram speeches much perturbed nancy minor was so perturbed that a pond lily effect was created by her flower which fell from her hair into a glass of tea

enjoyed watching antics of john hobby who cut-furnases dr furnas he approached mr friedrich belligerently with the information that he wanted some books and he couldn't find the books he had looked all over the shelves no luck asked mr friedrich with sympathy no luck said john hobby sadly maybe i will look said mr friedrich he looked no luck he said i will see who has checked them out ah ha said he someone has checked them out it was john hobby