

**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.

- Editor-in-Chief ..... Virginia Ashcraft
- Managing Editor ..... Marjorie Hoffman
- Business Manager .. Martha Ann Robinson
- Editorial Staff—Roberta Reid, Oscar Sapp, Helen Stabler
- Sports Editor—John Haworth
- Sports Staff—Tommy Brunkhardt, Jack Wright
- Business Staff—Ruth Edgerton, Joan Ripperger
- Assistant Business Manager—Allyn Peters
- Reporters—Toni Ungar, Betty Jane Powell, Alice Ekeroth, Anne Schneider, Senta Amon, Cornelia Knight, Helen Lewis, Barbara Williams, Patricia Lockwood, Martha McLellan
- Apprentice Reporters—George Abrams, Jerome Allen, Charles Redman, Hampton Howerton, Shirley Williams, Amoret Butler
- Faculty Advisers—Dorothy L. Gilbert, David Parsons

Subscription price ..... \$1.00 per year

Member  
**Associated Collegiate Press**

**Democracy in Action**

The writer of this editorial wishes to make clear that she is not in accord with the pacifist viewpoint but is definitely a firm believer in upholding the foundations of democracy.

From the CPS camp at Gatlinburg, Tennessee, comes a story of which all Americans should rightly be ashamed.

Peacefully and quietly returning from a movie in the nearby town of Gatlinburg, conscientious objectors Danny Young, Mae Crooks, and John Kendall were accosted on a lonely mountain road by two so-called "red-blooded" Americans. Accusing them of cowardice, treason, and being Nazis or Japs, they then proceeded to give them a thorough beating. This action is quite similar to that applied by Hitler's Gestapo agents in forcing obedience of the German people. All three were injured; Danny Young suffered from partial amnesia. However, it is gratifying to know that the townspeople of Gatlinburg condemned the action of the assailants.

Our forefathers in 1776 rebelled against their motherland in order to secure for us certain inalienable rights—freedom of worship, freedom of press, and freedom of speech. These principles are the cornerstone of our democratic way of life. For over one hundred and fifty years we have been proud of our heritage. Our founding fathers placed in our hands the duty to retain those standards for which they gave their lives.

We have sacrificed the lives of many of our finest young men in one world war to make "America safe for democracy." Now we are fighting again so that the world may share with us the benefits of the four freedoms outlined in the Atlantic Charter. But when certain individuals who claim to be upholding the "American way of life," are allowed to brutally attack those whose ideas are not in accordance with the majority—we may as well let down our banners and accept defeat. We must support the keystones of our democratic government if we wish to succeed.

Hitler's way of life is embodied in compulsion, and in a dictatorship, while the American way is embodied in the phrase, "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

If such occurrences of the "Hitlerite methods" are taking place in our own United States—for what are we fighting?



**Notes of an Innocent Bystander:**

The freshmen class of boys seems to outnumber the upperclassmen. I wonder why? Guilford College is a wonderful place to take a girl walking, especially in the autumn. By the way, where else can you take a girl? The way some freshmen act you would think they were raised in a hog pen. This was slipped in by a sophomore and I promised not to tell on Big John. I believe the dances would go over better if a few men turned out, don't you?

**Sports**

The football team seems to be shaping up well with a large bunch of boys out. The All-Americans returning this year are: "Butterfingers" Ota, "Bubblegum" Tannenbaum, "Muleface" Lambert, "Poodledog" Howerton, "Fishface" Allen, "Beanpole" Hartke, "Deacon" Thomas, and "Parson" Sapp. There will be off games with: Duke, Princeton, Georgia, Carolina, and University of California, while the Quakers will play host to Vassar. P. S. If you believe this there's no hope for you.

**Whys**

Why did someone mistake George Abrams for Clark Gable? They both have big ears. Why did the freshman boy sleep standing up last week? Because of certain impressions. Did you hear about Joan Ripperger taking first prize in the beauty contest at Greensboro? It's too bad someone saw her taking it and made her put it back.

**Old Chinese Proverbs**

Hot love is soon cold. Listen at the keyhole and you will hear news about yourself. A lot of lives have been wrecked by whiskey, but look at the boats that have been wrecked by water. One tongue is enough for two women.

**BOOKS OF THE MONTH**

**Drama:** I Would Have Raised My Son But He Had Four Aces.

**Mystery:** The Man Whose Feet Hurt, or The Case of the Howling Dogs, by Ima Guilfordian.

**PLACES NOT DOWN ON THE MAP**

**Lovers' Lane:** This place has one marked peculiarity; although it is the most populous lane in the world, it never has any more than two people in it at any one time. It is very easily reached, having a wide entrance just off the main boulevard from Boyville and Girlville; but once in it, the way is quite troublesome, owing to the various paths that lead out of it; you can—if you are lucky, go straight along over the heights of matrimony to the end, or you may get lost in Divorce bog of Wrangle-town.

Sometimes a person doesn't discover Lovers' Lane until late in life; but this fact only makes him more enthusiastic about it.

A great many scientists and philosophers have tried to locate Lovers' Lane without success. Even when they have come upon it by chance they have not been able to survey it accurately.

Indeed, the moment you get into Lovers' Lane you are lost.

Thunderstorms happen there quite often, but when the sun shines and the birds begin to sing—well, there's no place like it!

Well buy! buy! Buy bonds.

**A Word of Welcome**

Class of '47, we welcome you to Guilford—to share with us the quiet peacefulness of our college campus, to be enriched as we have been by the Guilford spirit, and to be a part of our laughter and fun.

Many of us were unable to return this year. But you are a privileged few. It is your duty to make the most of a splendid opportunity. Much of the success in making a better post-war world depends upon your achievements. We are placing our faith in you—do not let us down!

**CAMPUS PERSONALITIES**

by Stabee



**OPEN FORUM**

(Editor's Note: Bebe Bailey, former editor of the GUILFORDIAN, is now attending the University of Pennsylvania.)

**Editor, THE GUILFORDIAN:**

Midshipmen, knitting needles, Pall Malls for the extra puff. The University of Pennsylvania is truly a great institution—it sprawls all over the city so you can't possibly be off campus. It is bounded on all sides by rumbling trolleys and nerve-splitting riveters. This is why each professor's megaphone is as indispensable to him as Dr. Victorius' school bag.

Our professors number more than Guilford's total enrollment. This makes for confusion and embarrassment. Never slander your English professor while riding the Paoli local—that elderly gentleman in a grey fedora across the aisle is inevitably the head of the department.

Each morning I witness the composition of geology exams on the No. 42 Chestnut street trolley. I should get an A in that course—were I taking it. Sorry, freshmen, I haven't any idea when, where, or how Dr. Binford composes yours.

Girls, if you want to love 'em and get left, come to Pennsylvania. Uncle Sam moves in and out daily. The Army sweeps you off your feet every day (whether you like it or not) as it marches en masse to class. "Eyes left" commands the O. D. and you are the object of their attention maybe affection too.

Speaking of embarrassing moments, a friend of mine plagiarized a paper in Old English Lit., resurrected from his frat house filing cabinet. The grade he received was "A" with a note written above by the professor: "This is very good. When I wrote it 25 years ago I got a C!" Time mellows everything.

Penn is a great institution; Guilford, a swell little school. The two are not to be confused. Enjoy those rolling acres and be glad they are rolling with grass and trees and flowers.

Good luck to each one of you and my special regards to the GUILFORDIAN and its staff.

(Signed) Bebe Bailey

**i mortimer**

i mortimer was overjoyed to wander around the old haunts after such a long vacation as i told victoria **everyone seems full of pep but that will only last a few weeks** i have never seen such lively freshmen girls poor victoria was almost trampled to death on the football field when three freshmen girls charged by trying to get in shape like the football boys **i mortimer trembled with fear when dr furnas climbed aboard the handlebars of his trusty steed and pedaled down the road backwards** so many of our old friends are not back this year but victoria and i will not forget them **senta amon cant get amapola and marco pola straight she is a nut** i mortimer and my girl friend were rudely shoved from our tristing place in the porch swing by toni ungar and roy leanke i cant understand french oswald the flea and i want to see new york like charlie lewis and freddy taylor did but then im only a lowly cockroach scoop should see all the mary hobbs girls moving furniture victoria **rode on a table which judy nelson and mary alicie johnson** were carrying and got jolted and bruised because all the door frames wouldnt fit the table **because im so sleepy i must crawl in dr milners office chair and rest.**

**QUIPS and QUIRKS**

By TWO JERKS

This year, as in the past, our column is wholly dependant upon you students. We realize—and hope you do too—that what we write is all in the spirit of fun. If we hurt anyone's feelings, we are sincerely sorry and offer our humblest apologies.

To start things off, we wish to express our welcome to all of you new students, frosh and transfer. It doesn't take some of you long to catch on to old Quaker traditions, for instance, there's the couple who hiked to the graveyard "to read epitaphs"—very interesting if true. Then, you young ladies that go to town should go well equipped so that you won't have to bum 50c off of cops!

Esther Demeo states that she likes the ratio of five men to one girl instead of five girls to one man, as it is now. You should have seen her this summer—the sweetheart of No. 101 was in the groove! Quoth Miss Demeo at a meeting recently, "I do my best work at night"—just like a Guilford girl!

Add to the latest campus love affairs: Lovely Lovey MacWright has sunk her methooks into "Mah name's Kadow, not Kado!" Nipped in the bud, or Who Slung that Wet Blanket—Trice and Wright. Hartke ought to learn by now that he can't date two girls at one time—quote the voice of experience, This Barney guy took after Stabler like a duck to water. (Is that why he left Swarthmore?) "Big John" wore his barnyard acid resistant shoes on the "Y" retreat last Sunday—he had to protect himself against the woman wrassler—woah! "I can't fight that," said Abe Wood when he dated Fulp—he sho' don't call that advance he's making a retreat, does he? Add to that, Haworth says, quote, I'm all Washed up." Go to many football games, Haworth?

For the past three years there has thrived on this campus a five girl organization calling themselves "The Morons." This year a cheap imitation of the original has sprung to life. Any similarity between this group and the original is purely coincidental. Change overnite department: Wonder why Stormy is feeling so gay these days? Maybe Rudy finally got around to asking the \$64 question.

Bert Levine just dropped by for a "quicky." It's a lucky thing that Wee Daring happened to be home. Speaking of Senior Smith, Patty Shoemaker has been doing a lot of heavy dating lately. "Itchy" Allen got a black eye the other night when he scratched the wrong leg.

We just can't understand why 92% of the male population suddenly joined the choir—we're just Aitken to know. One of the fellows didn't know about all of the rules at Founders, Kent somebody please tell him?

What dame from Manhattan that brought the set of golf clubs has the girl from Jersey that lugged a finger-bowl into the dining hall beat a mile? Abe Wood, Esq., the best looking boy from Asheboro High School, asked us to say that he thinks Alice White is the best looking woman at Guilford. (Wood, we are running a dirt column—if you want to get married around here, you have to be secretary to the President.) These freshmen women that can't walk down stairs yet should be thankful that all they broke was a watch.

Schoellkepf wrote today that he is in O. C. S. learning to be a pilot in the cavalry; pilot here and pilot there. Tannenbaum wants us to ask "Itchy" Allen if he wears waterproof shirts 'cause those ties he wears are . . .

Mrs. Kent: "Who was the mother of Moses?" Beeson: "The Pharoh's daughter." Mrs. Kent: "But she only found him in the bullrushes." Beeson: "Yes, that's her story."

Weekly song dedications: To the following we dedicate:

- "Minka Be Mine" to Dr. Beittel.
- "Pistol Packing Mama" to Miss Gainey.
- "Two Cigarettes in the Dark" to any two upperclassmen girls.
- "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" to any two freshmen girls.
- To Cochran from Schenck, "Wait for me Mary."
- "Little Brown Jug" to Perry Beeson. . . .
- "All or Nothing at All" to Patty Shoemaker.
- To Clyde from Oscar, "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer."