

THE GUILFORDIAN

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XMAS TIME—LET'S GO!

Ring out the bells for Christmas is here. The season of rejoicing is at hand so let us raise up our arms and sing a glorious "Hallelujah." As we leave the campus upon our vacation let us carry the good old Christmas spirit wherever we may roam.

The Guilfordian board wishes each and everyone a Merry Christmas and a Most Enjoyous New Year. So for over a fortnight we shall forget ourselves in the pure joy of living in a modern twentieth century age.

Smile, everyone, smile—for it gladdens the heart of everyone. Let us be merry while we may, for youth is a thing that is fleeting. Hang out the holly and the mistletoe and hope for a pretty miss beneath the mistletoe. Hear the chimes. Can you imagine—its Christmas time!

From out of the deep well-springs of our hearts where springs the eternal spirit let us give praise. Upon our youthful eager faces let us have a cheery grin. For all, a friendly smile and a pat on the back. In one jubilant throng we will shout our greetings so that Ole Saint Nick, at the blistery place of snow and ice at the distant pole, will hear and smile.

May Ole Saint Nick fill your yawning stockings with things most wished for. Never before do we leave the campus with a lilted heart and a contented composure. Hitch ole Dobbin to the sled and let'er rip. Let the winds blow over the snow-clad hills, and the chill sleet redden our cheeks, let Old Man Winter come down out of the hills of his retreat, for he can not dampen the ardour of the Christmas spirit as we bask among friends before an open fireplace.

The spirits of the past surround us and nod approvingly at this time of the year. Tradition with a grave mien smiles to us from out the void of the past.

Hear the jingling of the tiny bells. Hark to boom of the tower bell. It's Christmas time—let's go. —L. ROSENFELT.

THE NEW STEP

Years ago our Quaker fathers founded Guilford as an educational institution. For years it has stood representing the finest and best in college training. Although many social privileges had been granted, there was an attitude of dissatisfaction.

Feeling that certain changes would better the situation, the students proposed social reform. In their eagerness for results the movement started with noise and shouting, open denunciation, party formations, and proposal of revolts. Soon, however, the leaders found that radical measures do not bring practical and permanent results. Only by the awakening of thought and the progress of ideas can privileges be brought about. A co-operative attitude was next developed and the desired results obtained.

Now we are awaiting a great crisis, testing whether our new freedom can

Merry Christmas!



STUDENT WRITES SANTA

Dear Uncle Santa:

It's been all of twelve months since I last heard from you, and I'm beginning (I'm not nearly through yet) to feel neglected and peevish about it. So, for fear you'd decide to forget our friendship of nineteen years standing, I'm resorting to strategy and tact. At least, I consider this method of reminding you strategic and tactful, even if you don't. Perhaps "fan mail" bores you even more than it does Greta Garbo.

Do you take hints? No, I thought not, so I'll come right out and say frankly that I'm not only certain but also sure that the only way you can mollify my resentment is to make me a peace offering. Don't bother about the customary lamb gesture because I'm not a fanatic on the subject of mutton, but am something of a vegetarian even.

However, there's one thing I would like! It's a guarantee that by the spring of 1933, Frances will have passed that delightful course of study known as Mathematical Analysis. She's dropped it twice already and is getting downright weary of having such buttery fingers. Maybe you don't see what you can be expected to do about it! To tell the truth she doesn't either, but that cuts no ice even in this non-polar region. You might try bringing her a keg of concentrated fish or something. . . .

Since I always contend that there's nothing like reciprocity, what would you like from me in return for granting my request for the fish?

Has that mustache-cup I sent you, last year, proved satisfactory? I do hope so. It was warranted fool proof.

Oh! by the way, they're showing some nifty Gillette kits, this season! Would you like one? If you should discover later that the possession of it really didn't make much difference in your life, you could hand it down to Santa, Jr.

Maybe you consider these suggestions a bit frivolous, but wait a minute! Give me another chance to prove how really practical I am. Here are two more offers I'm making—that of a year's subscription to the "American Mercury" or that of a crate (bought wholesale) of Glover's Mange Medicine for your reindeer. It's supposed to be very good.

I'll admit that it didn't seem to agree with our airdale, but then "Bing" had been despondent over impaired health for some weeks, anyhow. I'm inclined to believe his sudden decease was a case of suicide, and not wholly due to Glover's. Toward this end, "Bing" even lost interest in biting the ice man (though I'll say this for him—he was no slacker, but continued his practice if only from a sense of duty) and you can't justly blame such a state of mind on any medicine.

Well Uncle, just take your choice! I don't mind which of the three gifts you decide upon. Generosity comes so natural to me that I'll probably send you the one you select. In fact you may choose any one from the trio of offers and be reasonably sure of getting what you ask for. I've always said there's nothing quite so sweet as a generous spirit, and so suited to Christmas time.

I really must close now, and try to make up the sleep I lost in class this morning when Prof. sprung a quiz on "The Ancient Mariner"—you know that poem by Sigmund Freud, or somebody.

Yours till the 25th, FRANCES.

P. S. You might send a Stutz coupe, a couple of ruby pendants, and a riding horse, along with the fish.

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The Second Battle Of Guilford Court House Scores Triumphantly

The recent reform on the campus came about, as all reforms do, only after severe struggle. This uprising might well be termed the Second Battle of Guilford Court House.

The lads and lassies lined the path from the Meeting House to Founders Hall Sunday evening, December 7, 1930, only to enter into an open house. The chairs in a circle about the wall of the Zatasian Literary Society Hall, formed a very cozy spot.

Here is where the gas was generated, that by dawn the next day had spread into every habitat on the campus. Such a mass of this deadly gas was collected that a spontaneous combustion was effected at Memorial Hall Monday morning at 10:05. Now the time was ripe for revolution. The gallant boys drew up their protests, their resolutions, and their plans. The chief measure being sought was freedom of the women. War was declared.

Ranglings, mass meetings, no dates, a divided dining hall, collections, and small conferences of "hub bubbers" characterize the social conditions of the campus for the next few days.

On the third day of the war, the rebellious spirit was still rising. However, the allied forces were calm and diplomatic in their actions. At 9:50 the morning of that day, the opposing forces met as usual at chapel. Repudiations were expected in an attack from "higher authority." Instead, the session opened by singing the first three stanzas of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." Some thought "The Fight is On" would have been more appropriate. This meeting proved to be more important for the suspense it afforded than for anything else.

The generals of the allied forces held a conference that night at 9:00 o'clock in the Zatasian Literary Society Hall to draw up a protocol. A fine spirit of cooperation characterized the discussion of each measure. Again, everyone realized that the

struggle was being waged "for the ultimate peace of the campus and for the liberation of its women. . . . The campus must be made safe for democracy."

Thursday morning rumors were that there would be a mass meeting of all the allied forces. Rumors became a realization at 9:50. Presidents of the allies expressed their opinions. The measures were read and, after discussion, adopted by the assembly. Instead of sitting on a long session as was expected, the meeting was adjourned at 10:15 with the ultimatum that was to be presented to "higher authority" decided upon.

At 4:00 o'clock East Parlor was a regular Versailles. "The Fourteen Points" of the councils were bravely brought before the faculty by the Dean of Men. After the faculty had assured itself that the request came from representatives of the student body rather than a mob clique, they conferred with the student body that "The Fourteen Points" would be used as a working basis for new rules for Guilford College. On this basis an armistice was concluded on December 11, at 6:00 o'clock p. m.

The peace agreement was accepted with shouts of joy. Both faculty and students seemed happy over the step forward. The first genuine pep meeting of the year was held in front of Founders Hall. Real yells were given for both deans, for student government presidents, and for the faculty. Now the time was more fitting to sing "Blest be the Tie that Binds." (And the ladies did a little later at "Y. W.") The meeting ended with the "sure enough" singing of the Alma Mater.

But the "liberated women" were not through. Another mass meeting was in order for them. "I'm the happiest I've been since I came to Guilford." "For the first time in my college days, I feel like a lady." Those were general expressions of feelings. The women accepted the privileges with the realization of more responsibility and with a challenge to true loyalty. Unanimous support was pledged to the Honor System of Guilford College.

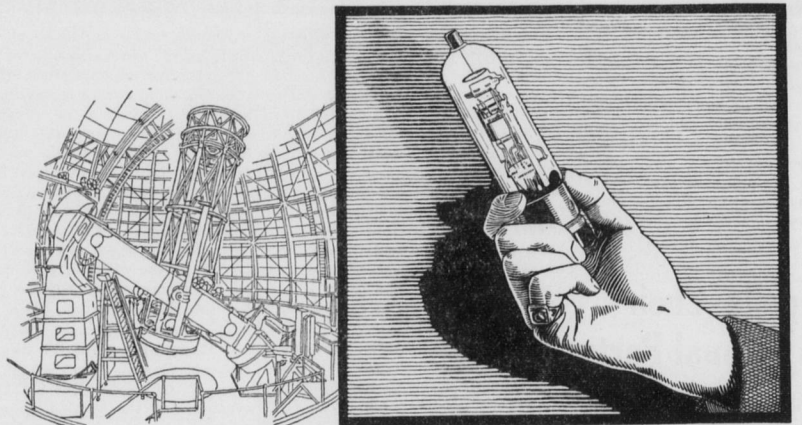
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Samuel L. Haworth

How eagerly as children we sought our stockings on Christmas morning! The confident expectancy, the bulging mystery, the satisfy discovery carried in an increasingly thrilling experience. Every year Christmas justified itself in the holy, wholesome joy of childhood. Nor have we lost the capacity for such experience, for even now we await expectantly, if not hilariously, the package, the letters, the greetings. They are good tidings of great joy they remind us that we are part and parcel of the life of our friends. Thus have we learned that Christmas means going out as well as coming in. Sometimes it has even seemed to mean card for card, greeting, package for package until we faced the unspeakable loss of Christmas turned into a stock exchange. So would the ideal of childhood pleasure vanish and the spirit of Christmas be condemned to die on the floor of the Post Office. But not thus shall we be deprived of its sweet influence. He, in whose name we celebrate the season, has taught us, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Nothing shall take this joy from us, nothing except our own selfishness and fear. As long as there are little children to be made glad by our toys and poor people to be made one time rich by our bounty, and friends to feel afresh the glow of our friendship, and loved ones to be greeted with a cheery Merry Christmas, as long as there is evil to be overcome by our good will and hate to be banished by the power of our love and a world buried in darkness to be raised to light by our life and the love of Christ to be interpreted to human understanding by our deeds of kindness, so long shall the Christmas spirit hover over us with the benediction of gladness, and lead us onward in the way of peace.

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"Moral Victories" Topic of Haworth

Mr. Haworth talked to the students in chapel concerning the much abused term "moral victories," on Monday, December 1. He said that the idea must not be retained that moral victories are not valuable because they are discussed in a joking manner. And after hearing Henry Emerson Fosdick appeal for the independence of conventional fads of the present, Mr. Haworth felt, even more strongly, that to be able to formulate and stand on one's own convictions—even though they do win only moral victories—is the fundamental basis of real moral character. When we have attained that end we can have the satisfaction of knowing that we have judged within ourselves and have done the right thing.