

THE GUILFORDIAN

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On the Inside

The editors of this column wish to apologize to one Miss Trickett, for the remarks printed about her in a recent column. We realize now, that she was new at this "institution," and was not completely responsible for what took place. From the reports that we have received we find that all is well on the Mary Hobbs front.

Our special ambassador, Al Rusack, has just informed us that the waiters at "K Ration Corner," have just voted "Debbie" as their "pin-up." Does this dish come with every meal?

It seems that Joe "Amour" Demeo has gotten tired of living in Cox. We understand that he is spending most of his time on third floor Founders. Tsk, tsk, what's this campus coming to . . . anyhow?

Yarborough has written a new book: "How to Get Into a Girdle," or "The Battle of the Bulge."

Carl Cochrane informed us that Tank Tinker, Hop Harrigan's pal, will live. Gosh, that takes a lot off of our minds. (Ed. note — What minds?)

We would like to take a few moments to say "So Long" to Darrel Garner, who is leaving tonight to join up with Uncle Sam's Blue-jackets. Good luck, fella, and be careful, those Navy pants are tight. At least that's what "Rosie" Allen has told us, but then Swabbie Allen is a little on the heavy side.

Have you heard that "Frisco" Bray has saved the day?

Quote Johnny Holden to Tommy O'Brian . . . "Who was the woman I saw you outwit last night?"

We hope our readers are interested in knowing under what trying conditions this column is being written. It's so d—n cold in here that even the mice have on fur coats.

What's all this about Reg Roberts being threatened with a licking if he doesn't stop putting the sugar spoon in his mouth? The whole affair sounds childish to us.

And another thing, there's a certain fella in Cox who wants to stop dating his present girl for one who's name has an "ona" in it.

Well, dear readers, that's all for this time, when it is time for the next column, you'll be hearing from us. So until then, MERRY CHRISTMAS and a VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Freezingly yours,
THE FROZEN TURNIPS



to go to war, taking with them their drive, hearty laughter, and ingenuity. They removed the sparkle and depth of spirit that had been Guilford. The college was left with a lost feeling, characterized by a low spirit; a lack of interest, not only in the extra-curricular activities, but in the scholastic work. The level of grades fell. There was a noticeable lack of co-operation between the students and faculty and between different students. Everyone griped about the situation but no one seemed to do much about it.

This year, now that many of the men are back on campus, most of us have recognized this situation and the seriousness of it. Everything about the student life could be improved if this lack of morale were eliminated. We all realize the gravity of the situation. It is up to us to do something about it. The real job for each one of us is to shoulder our responsibility and take it upon ourselves to do what needs to be done without waiting to be asked. It is up to us. Let's make Guilford a better college, today. —M. M.

CAMPUS PERSONALITY



The day he arrived on the Guilford campus from his home in Seattle, Washington, his reputation started to take on momentum and direction. His features are regular but not out of the ordinary. Little in stature, he stands 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 135 pounds (without his football togs). His coal-black hair curls a little, and his eyes are a sparkling brown.

You like him on sight. A slight tinge of accent flavors his otherwise excellent speech. He has a quick mind, intelligence, sense of humor, and above all, individuality. As far as he, football, and basketball are concerned, the adage still holds true; that is "big things come in little packages." He is a rough and tumble guy on the football field or the basketball courts, but he sticks to his beliefs of fair play and clean sportsmanship. Swinging a pingpong paddle, he is as unpredictable as Guilford weather, and can give the best of us a good game.

He has an interest in an endless variety of subjects and people. He is now a junior, majoring in religion and philosophy. Last year he was captain of the basketball team. This year he was on the football varsity, and coach (as well as the rest of the school) is expecting him to live up to his old reputation on the basketball courts. He is President of the Student Christian Association, and President of the Junior Class.

The last clue to this personality is that most people on Campus who know him, also think of "Bunny." Who did you say? Yes, you guessed it. It is the personality of Eddie Hirabayashi.

—Peggy Goode

Through the Looking Glass

By JOHN SEVIER

OUR RUSSIAN PROBLEM

The questions as to whether the Soviet Union is giving material support to the Chinese Communists in their struggle against the Komentang, the supposed support Moscow is lending to the "one party" governments in eastern Europe, and the recent dispute over Iran, are all grave problems which must be faced in a frank, forthright manner if the Anglo-Russian-American coalition will endure in peace. So, let us examine the facts in the light of previous experience with Russian diplomatic procedure.

It is my frank and honest conviction that there is no real conflict of interest between the Soviet Union and the United States if the following conditions are met:

- (1) Stalin should publicly repudiate all ties, whether definite or implied, which he may have with the Communist parties outside the Soviet Union.
- (2) The U. S. and U. S. S. R. should act jointly to promote self-determination for the peoples of eastern Europe and the countries bordering the Soviet Union through the establishment of the multi-party slate of candidates and the broadest possible coalition governments during the period before the general election.
- (3) The establishment of an American-Russian economic commission with supreme powers to coordinate and channel the commerce of their respective countries into the proper geographical areas or spheres of economic influence.

SERVINGS by BUTLER

As the Christmas season draws near, it seems appropriate to suggest a book by Rufus M. Jones called "The Shepherd Who Missed the Manger." The opening scene is on the very night when the Angels sang of Jesus' birth and the shepherds, hearing the Tidings, went to Bethlehem.

One shepherd, whose name was Elah, had to stay with his little son, Benoni, who was very ill. Benoni's legs were paralyzed as a result of his illness, but life to him was beautiful because he loved flowers and spent much time among them.

Benoni grew up and moved with his father to Galilee, where he found a wife and visited Jesus. The Great Healer brought a miracle and gave them Love and Peace. This book has been placed on reserve in the library for those who would like to read it.

The Brother Lawrence books on "The Practice of the Presence of God" are in the library and available for five cents a copy.

Rufus Jones' "Selected Stories of Native Maine Humor" are tales as old as the mountains of his native state and are as typical, but they are told in the style of the great Quaker philosopher.

In 1640, the first printer in Colonial America, Stephen Daye, printed "The Whole Book of Psalms," arranging the verses in natural lyric form. We have a beautiful new title "The Book of Psalms."

Speaking of poetry, the two hundred odd "Collected Lyrics of Edna St. Vincent Millay is another new volume on the shelf.

Among the art books is "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" by W. Holman Hunt. The illustrations in these are numerous and exquisite. The Community Art Club has given to the library Ray's "Index and Digest to Hathaway's North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Register" which contains much valuable genealogical material of North Carolina.

i mortimer

i mortimer am in a very low state of mind there are only thirteen more shopping days until christmas and i cant think of anything to get victoria she keeps hinting about diamonds and stuff but if you start giving females rings they begin getting ideas i think ill get her a nice manure set i went to the tea for dr koo victoria sat on the end of his litle flute while he played she says she loves music as for me i stayed on the rim of ray woods teacup none of that musical stuff for this cockroach i like lots of sugar in my tea well well tonight the play and am i ever going to be there i have been especially invited to help texas prompt i am also helping cochrane with sound effects i am to be a roar ive been practicing roaring with jitter and caroline but i dont think ill ever have the volume and lung power they have i guess its just something youre born with julle white asked victoria to help with the make up crew but she wouldnt sometimes i think my lady friend is getting snobbish she wouldnt even consent to help with the lighting and m j asked her to too id do anything if m j asked me we are old friends and actors boy oh boy the grease point weve wiped off our faces the other night victoria and i went to town and who should we meet in brooklyn spaghetti house but hot and damp they really know how to eat spaghetti too and as we sailed down green street on a small typhoon baker and miller incorporated came charging toward the carolina my my they make such a sweet pair and then peanut and benny waited for the bus with us we were on the railing beside the jefferson and a man accidently of course brushed me off on the street with his elbow a woman came stamping by and just as she was stepping on me and squishing me flat benny said allow me madam pushed her down and rescued me a true gentleman i call him a true southern gentleman victoria thinks so too thats why she doesnt like peanut any more than she does women are so jealous why cant they be broad-minded like men are look at j d garner he is squeamish about whom he takes to the boar no any girl that god made is welcome in my car im not particular says public spirited garner pardon me a moment i see that two timing victoria of mine hurrying toward the library with cuthbert the caterpillar i must go intercept

Christmas Gifts

Once upon a time, when we were very young, Christmas Day seemed like the biggest show on earth. The house fairly breathed the air of Christmas because every member of the family was excited. Maybe a holly wreath was on the front door, or a tree with lights and balls was in the living room with many presents stacked beneath it.

Our childhood Christmases were full of fun. We were told that Santa Claus would bring us lots of things if we would be good children. Our hearts would be set on getting a new doll that could say "Mama" or a super set of building blocks.

When we realized that Santa was a good spirit and not a real person who lived at the North Pole, perhaps some of us faced disillusionment. Others of us may have shared in playing Santa to our younger brothers and sisters. The receiving power and giving power no longer would balance because we were learning to find more happiness in giving gifts than in receiving them.

Then, as the years passed on, the gifts themselves did not matter so much because we knew that the spirit in which they were given was more important.

The ultimate ideal, yet to be reached by us, is not to wish for material things. Rather, one great Christmas wish would be that the "Prince of Peace" would reign over all the earth. It would be the most wonderful Christmas present the world has had in a long while.



It's Up To Us

Before school began this year the war was over. The end of the struggle had a real effect on Guilford College as well as all over the world. The most obvious difference was the return of the veterans to the campus. For two years there had been very few men on the campus.

As late as 1941 there were still more boys on campus than girls. But they left