



The Guilfordian

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"Editorial expression shapes public opinion only if it adheres to the right, if it serves the public interest, if it is fearless, vigorous, unprejudiced and persistent; if it adheres to a reasonable policy well-grounded in experience and unassailable in purpose. Such editorial expression is effective if it comes from an independent, free, solvent newspaper, which has won the confidence of its field and is beyond the reach of selfish interests."—Arthur C. Johnson

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas

The words are almost immortal. Could it be that Scrooge's tale is being replaced by a tune? Could it be that a man by the name of Irving Berlin . . . a man who knew few, if any, white Christmases himself . . . has etched the spirit of mankind upon a sheet of music? Whenever this song is played, cynics slither forth and condemn it as "sentimental hog-wash." They stumble on, convinced that Christmas is a period of retribution for the year's sins. They stumble on, refusing to examine their own hearts, for if they did, they'd see the words,

Just like the ones I used to know

. . . and they'd bite their lips. For the "ones they used to know" are the ones we all dreamed of or experienced. It isn't necessary to dissect dreams or attempt imprisoning the holiday spirit, as some utter materialists are prone to do, in their quest for final truth. To some, it's a place

Where the treetops glisten

. . . and to others, it's a place where the sky is sought by skyscrapers . . . where once green hills are temporarily cemented over . . . by the strange hand of "progress"

And children listen, to hear sleigh bells in the snow

Yes, they listen, and they hear, for their hearts are young, and uncovered.

Even Santa Claus has gained sophomore acceptance! College intellectuals, nursed on *New Yorker* literature, used to anticipate the holidays as a time to hear Salvation Army singers chant off-key, and to see if Aunt Martha has "loosened" up since her favorite niece or nephew entered college. But all smartness simmers out and the G.I. student would scoff, but be tickled, if someone asked him to play Santa for a group of lovable little savages.

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas

. . . and he gazes at his subsistence check, then hums,

With every Christmas card I write

. . . as he tries balancing gifts on a \$65 scale!
 Alumni think back to the times they slept out a chapel period, before catching a ride on those stipified steel snails . . . passionately known as the Southern Railroad coaches. Professors sadiistically make assignments, then diplomatically sneak in a

May your days be merry and bright

. . . type of speech, in an effort to woo their students' understanding.

Dormitory closets are emptied as valises begin to bulge. Hurred and harried freshmen toss in some text-books, naively expecting to read Beowulf between reunions and resolutions. "In the know" seniors smile, as they spy Flossie the Freshman mark out the last day of servitude on her own personal calendar of emancipation. Basketball players resting bunioned feet, as practice sessions become memories. Everything and everyone is in a quiet world of chaos . . . beautiful, looked-for confusion about trains, appointments, gifts, parties . . . the list varies with the participants involved . . .

May all your bank-books be black . . . and

May all your Christmases be white.

. . . allen

It almost seems . . .

. . . a shame to depart from the Christmas theme which makes up this issue of THE GUILFORDIAN, but an important suggestion has come up before the Student Affairs Board; a suggestion which will ultimately concern every student on or off the campus.

To get immediately to the monetary aspects of the proposal, it has been suggested that the student activities fee be raised from \$15 to \$20 a year. As you all know, this money is used to buy your GUILFORDIANS, the *Quaker*, your tickets to all home games for all the athletic activities, while the remainder is proportioned among various clubs and organizations related to the school.

The Men's Athletic Association has advocated the rise in the fee—and, to our way of thinking—justifiably so. From this contemplated increase of \$5, the M.A.A. would like to realize an additional \$3 of that \$5 to supplement their yearly allocation of \$4 from each student. They feel that this extra money will eventually give Guilford an important position on the athletic front. Even more important than a concern for the future, they believe that it is a necessity that they be allocated more than the present \$4 which they already receive.

It is comparatively simple to see why \$4 can almost be construed as a ridiculous sum. For that amount of money (which, multiplied by the number of students, equals approximately \$2,200 as a whole), the M.A.A. is expected to outfit a team of 50 football players, 17 basketball players, 17 or 18 baseball players, and arrange transportation for these teams to different localities.

They are expected to furnish all intramural equipment to students of both sexes; they commit themselves on receipt of this money to admitting all Guilford College students to home games free. The average student sees five football games, 10 basketball games, and eight baseball games; thus each student pays approximately \$.17 for each of these games.

Now doesn't that all seem ridiculous? It certainly does to us. As a specific example of their cause, the M.A.A. cites another school in the conference which receives a \$25 student activity fee, of which \$15 goes into the treasury of the Athletic Association. There is not another school in the conference, and probably very few in the state, which allocates as small a sum to so important an organization as Guilford does to the Men's Athletic Association.

Why? Well, really we don't know. There's no blame to be attached to anyone. It's just one of those things that hasn't been brought up before. It MUST be brought up soon, though, for the M.A.A. treasury now shows a large crimson blotch to the tune of over a thousand dollars. That's a lot of red ink to be spreading around and it won't turn black without our help.

They need that help to pay those debts; they need it to purchase equipment which is becoming shabby and antiquated; they need it to keep additional equipment in good condition; they need it to stay in the same league with the rest of the conference teams.

The girls will benefit by this proposed allocation as well as the boys. They will receive a share of the \$3 so that they may likewise expand their growing sports program.

The proposal has been accepted unofficially on the part of the Student Affairs Board, and by now has been presented to President Milner. The Student Affairs Board feels, however, that each individual student should have his or her share in the movement. For that reason we have given you the highlights of the idea.

Let's continue in that same spirit as the Development Fund Committee and the Guilford Foundation—all for "A Greater Guilford for Tomorrow."

With our help, it will be.

W. L. K.

holidays

time presses close upon us in december
 clock and calendar are enemies
 we spar with time, and holding it off
 until the last decisive blow in January,
 when we or time will win

fall has passed, a colored film run over fast upon the reel.
 days, weeks, months have sped with the hasty incoherence
 of books half read, with depth and beauty left untasted
 useless on the page.
 warm scraps of human comradeship
 are briefly enjoyed and left,
 as the menace of time zooms near.

we are given short respite in december
 from the omnipresent, hovering threat of time.
 drink deep, laugh long,
 walk arm in arm with time,
 now your friend and soon to be again your foe.

. . . dean pike

SHAVINGS

Here's a little something that we want you all to read. It might give you a better idea of what this school paper is lacking. We quote a little piece (with real names changed) from one of our conference publications . . . and this is really so.

"If on wouves me wike I wouves ou, that thou
 If on wouves me wike I wouves ou, and tain't thay tho
 Tiss me twick and treat me wuff
 Tause I jist wouve da tave man tuff.

This nice little poem is one that Marsha Thistlewist would like to

dedicate to Frankie "Lover Man" Murgatroid."

When we stoop that low in filling up what they thought was a gossip column, then we'll turn over our typewriters to just anybody that can move the space lever . . . and a four-year-old can do that. We just thought you might be interested in seeing what you're missing.

Add the little things that make life interesting!!! We bet you never knew that "every railroad running into the city of New York from the South or West has to enter it from
 (Continued on Page Three)

Sandpaper

By "FRISCO" BRAY

Well, most Christmas presents come all wrapped in pretty colored paper, tied with lots of bright ribbon and all stamped and sealed with that ole' familiar tag, "Do not open 'til Dec. 25th"! But the Langleys got their present early this year—yes, it's a bouncing baby girl . . .

Miss an' ole' familiar face around chow hall? It's Bobby Clark; he's (shall we say) reducing?! Nothing like a mutual understanding 'tween lonesome lovers—and so it is with Barney and Ben Baker—Barney pines for "Fig" and Ben is missin' his "Slissie"!

Aw, come on Jean (Presnell). 'fess up—n that goes for Al (Pogoli), too! It's O.K. t'be a little stubborn now 'n then—But, time's a wastin'! It must be love! for only Deany B. could get Jim Nantz to fall out for church every Sunday!

Rudy Craven 'n Bettie Nunn are on and off like hot 'n cold water—Please, will somebody get th' kerosene? Watcha say Bub? Ya' got a "Grabbit in the east, Grabbit in th' west," but Jim (Benjamin) knows where the Grabbit's best! it's south of the border with (snapse) Rose Marie Durran!

Contrary to the general rule of breaking up before Christmas—Beth Frederick and Jim Ellis are back together again. It's these good ole' firm and faithful students like Ester Lowe and Carl Erickson that keep the campus from going completely Berserk!

Beverly "I'm Dividin' my Time. Buzz me Baby, etc." Utley is right in there keeping Fowler and Carlyle McK. both a Buzzin'! "Sorry Girls, you just don't have the ole' appeal!" says Walter Burdall as he leaves for G'boro College.

Third Notice: No Pencil Sharpeners on first and second floor of King Hall!!

I'm a go'n sing 'a secon' verse Now-w-w-w! See you at Level Cross church December 20th—Randleman, N. C.—Victim; Bill Stamey—Lucky Girl; Norma Toomes—Welcome to the married vets society—where's my Prefab, Mr. Parsons? . . .

Garbage Collectors T. B. and A. P. have presented to me, the following rubbish:

Abie "Come with me to the Casba" Short, after years of intense studing and laboratory experiments, has developed the theory that all the opposite sex respond to the same routine. "It's such a bore to be adored by so many" says he "You're th' Boy Abie!"

Did anybody hear Bells on November 2nd, for Jody and Bill McCormick? Well, we just heard the echo, and are wondering just what kind of bells they were??? This is not a pre-election prediction, but Good Luck "Andy," for the Queen of the Christmas Dance . . .

Tommy Bray, all campus Tag Coach has received "Feelers" . . . Good, Going Tommy! Evie Gordon, sponsor for the College All Stars vs. Charlotte Clippers game last Saturday! Celebrities among us!

Lets not be so careless with Psyc. Lab. cuts June (Nelson) Darwin will wait til you get out, or will he??? Seen in the Saratoga (emporium) drinking Orange juice . . . were Joe Winner, Tom Jones, Tom O'Brian . . . P-O-O-O-r Wives! Gee, fellows, Al (Jones) can't help it, he was just born to talk and talk and talk! and he's only a freshman . . .

Harold Lily is madly in love with a campus co-ed who's initials are J. S. . . . But would you believe it . . . Big Courageous Lily just hadn't got th' nerve to ask her for a date, Shoot him with penicillin, somebody!

Now, see boys . . . what Bob Kerr got for being such a good little boy all year . . . A sweet lass with a Forty seven Convertible Mercury. Kerr's only comment was . . . "Never in all my life!"

And so, With'a Hh, an'da Ho, an'da He, he . . . We'll see you under th' Christmas Tree!

One Star is brighter than all others; The Star of Hope, Peace and Love That shines at Christmas time.