

# The Guilfordian

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## Christ in Christmas?

Moves are now on in many North Carolina cities and towns to "put the Christ back in Christmas." We can think of nothing more noble.

But those working toward that end are going to run into more opposition than even the most pessimistic probably ever imagined. It seems that in our world of today, the almighty dollar has replaced Almighty God in every nation. The leaders of most of the nations of the world, though probably sincerely desirous of leading their respective countries in the manner of God, are instead being sucked into the vacuum of monetary worship.

There is no need to mention the undoubted fact that material things are at the root of the killing, stealing, cheating—all of the crimes for which men must sooner or later pay.

What is hard to understand, though, is how a holiday of the tremendous significance of Christmas can be used purely as a stepping stone to better sales, and resulting larger incomes.

The Christmas season is one of the few times during the year that gives us an opportunity to turn our thoughts away from the horrible degradation of warfare, and direct them toward a way of life that could lead to nothing but peace. Even those who profess not to believe in Christ as a Savior cannot deny that His teachings are of utmost importance in obtaining peace.

Let us not only remember the significance of Christmas, but do our part toward bringing about those things for which Christ died.

## A Noble Effort

The Guilford College Dramatic Council is to be congratulated for presenting an outstanding production. True, there were several instances where lines were quite slow, but there are several things to be remembered in judging the performance.

In the first place, Isobel Thayer was on the stage for the first time when she played the role of Elizabeth Barrett. Seldom it is indeed when one finds a person with courage enough to take a leading role in a play, when she has never before even been on the stage. And, to top it all, Isobel Thayer displayed characteristics of a real trouper in her performance.

Another thing not to be forgotten in attempting to criticize the play is the fact that it is an extremely long play, and there are scenes upon scenes where only two people are carrying on the whole show.

The Dramatic Council has only recently begun its climb to a return of fame on the Guilford campus. The group has produced but few plays in its return to the spotlight, but we cannot help but feel that the recent production was certainly to be considered among the best. The casting was excellent, and the entire performance was one of which the Council may be justifiably proud.

## Thanks!

THE GUILFORDIAN feels that a purpose has been accomplished in the changes which have taken place in the Dining Room at Founders. There are no tablecloths or centerpieces as yet, but definite improvement in the atmosphere of our dining room can easily be detected.

Music has been provided, there is less tendency to rush students along, and the plate that is handed to the student now is decidedly more appetizing.

Sincere thanks are in order for the "Boys in white coats," and for the dining room staff as a whole, for a desire to serve students better, and for work toward that goal.

## The Missing Links

By SWISHER and REINHARDT

### Part of a Day in the Life of Two Guilfordians

"The alarm clock rang with cruel alacrity." (This is a sentence which I learned in the ninth grade. It is an example of something. This is the first time I've had a chance to use it.) If you have ever had any experience with a Big Ben Alarm you know that it does ring with cruel alacrity. Not only that, it rings with unmerciful promptitude. A contest then ensues as to which link can stand the sound of that fugitive from the fourth district fire department the longest. Reinhardt invariably weakens first and hustles to silence the villain. He then announces to the world, "It's a quarter past seven." This is really an unnecessary and inaccurate announcement, for everyone knows that the clock is set for 7:15 every night and will therefore ring when the dial registers that hour, regardless. Since our Big Ben loses ten minutes a day it is more likely to be 25 past seven anyway. Reinhardt makes his morning waking-up trip. (Yes, but that's not what we are referring to. Let us finish.) The main purpose of it is to wake up Ray Blakeslee, the Psychology student downstairs. This has been a daily ritual since Ray committed the unpardonable sin of sleeping through one of the just-you-guess-who's classes.

At approximately 7:30 Swisher makes the momentous decision of the day, the outcome of which depends on several factors: the hour of retirement, amount of nourishment consumed before retirement, both liquid and solid, last night's pinocle score, and his basic metabolism rate. He says, "I have decided not to get up for breakfast." Then he slumps into a state of semi-consciousness until 8:25. Meanwhile Reinhardt has swabbed out his mouth with Dr. Ljung's Tooth Powder and staggered over to the Guilford College Stockyard.

We are lingering too long on the process of getting up, even though it is the most important part of the day. We shall jump to the end of second period. Reinhardt has suffered through Religion and Spanish and is on his way to History. (The one he takes for credit; he audits more courses than he takes for credit.) Swisher remembers from Philosophy class that Charles Farrell remarked that "Sylvester II was one of the most interesting Popes of the Renaissance."

In Physics 21 Dr. Purdom filled up three blackboards with division of the equation on the intensity of diffraction from a double slit by integral calculus and differential equations which we are assured is "perfectly straightforward, Clem, perfectly straightforward; any first grader can work this out."

After Physics is over, half the class (Al MacQuarrie, Bill Phillips, and Swisher) usually journey down to Sid's Place for breakfast. On this fateful day MacQuarrie was served a hamburger which emitted odoriferous stimuli which rendered it unfit for human consumption. The poor boy was so disappointed that he hasn't been able to tell an isobar from a cold front since. (In case you didn't know, Mac is an employee of the U. S. Weather Bureau.) We now eat breakfast at Hollowell's or at Steve's at the airport.

And so the day progresses. Lunch at Founders was much on the order of the hamburger at Sid's except that we had to eat the stuff. The afternoon passed quickly because both links spent it in the proverbial sack.

### Sleepy?

Do you find it hard to get eight hours of sleep a night? So do the links, so we do something about it. After careful consideration of all the available data (the links are products of the liberal Guilford

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## The Spectator

By Darrell Peeler

Dignity is something you are born with or without. Too many people confuse dignity with pomposity and pretense.

—MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE

Since this column last appeared, I have been approached by more than fifty people, thoughtful people, all of whom had some idea or suggestion to offer about what is perhaps the most controversial Spectator in some time. I am deeply indebted to each of them.

Twenty-eight of them, including six girls, said they enjoyed the item and approved the method. Six others agreed with my purpose, but did not wholly approve the method. One person thought the column was not worded strongly enough, and another thought it the exact opposite; namely, that such reporting has no place in a college newspaper. At least three faculty members thought it "undignified," and I got nine of the deadliest looks any human ever survived.

As I understand the purpose of this newspaper, it is a publication by and for the students of this college; paid for by them, and operated for their benefit. It is to be their eyes and ears in certain matters, and their voice in others. Indeed, it is their most powerful voice, short of armed rebellion. As such, it is at once the reflection and expression of crystallized public opinion.

Unfortunately, it is not possible for each individual to have a separate voice, and the issues most relevant to the good of the majority must be decided upon and voiced by the few who are sufficiently concerned to trouble themselves. However, no one will be denied the right to speak; or to rebuttal, if they should be wronged.

(The thing that pleased me most in the matter is this: after the shock of first surprise, most of the people affected began to think, considered their position, and modified it if they felt they were wrong. In addition, there was surprisingly little ill feeling, for which I am profoundly grateful. I would not willingly offend anyone, particularly those I love, but I will speak if I must.)

This calm reaction speaks well for the maturity of our people, if they are thinking.)

For those critics, all of whom I am sure are sincere, who consider that polite people do not refer to certain subjects in print, let me say this: This newspaper, or at least this column, is written for

the benefit of a young, supposedly mature and open-minded group, the Guilford student body. It is not intended as a pleasant little idyll for the public relations office to hand out to little girls and boys who may come to Guilford when they grow up, or to be sent back home to maiden-aunt Lizzie.

I agree that good public relations are important, and I boost the college at every opportunity. However, since we pay for this newspaper, and it is supposedly ours, it seems that we might reasonably deal with news of particular interest to us, and with our own internal problems. (By problems, I mean those problems which bear on the wellbeing and morale of the group. I do not propose that this newspaper become an omnipotent chaperone.)

Moreover, those problems should be dealt with in an honest and forthright manner, written in plain English, and calculated to stimulate thought.

Perhaps I am wrong. If I am, I would be grateful for your instruction.

However, if this newspaper is going to be a Little Mothers' Home Weekly and Household Visitor, peddling predigested pap for adolescent minds, concerned with a see-no-evil-hear-no-evil-speak-no-evil dignity based on a refusal to face problems, and designed to win the applause of maiden aunts, then let me out at the next corner, driver, this is where I get off.

### The Play's the Thing

In thinking over the play the other night, one wonders what our dramatic group might be able to do if it were helped along a bit.

Personally, I enjoyed this play, and the ones before that. This one bogged down a little in the second scene, but, all in all, it was a very creditable job, especially in the light of the time and materials available.

I don't know if you had realized it or not, but we have a group of interested and capable people trying to put on plays here. The talent isn't limited to those on the stage, either. There are people behind the scenes who have the ability to do well with a minimum of equipment. Joyce Taylor and Bill Utley, for instance, with a bit of ingenuity and a lot of sweat, whipped up a quite acceptable set in a short while. They had help in the staging, of course, from people like Hugh Downing and Jennie

## This and That

By Les Warrick

This is just a column to show the reader how bad one can be and still be printed. In this column will be bits of junk that are definitely useless to anybody for anything except possibly the NSPH (National Society for the Protection of Humans).

Our first news is that Billy Furr Hatley has a job working as Santa's helper in the Charles Department Store in High Point. He got the job on the condition that he would lose some weight so that he could get in uniform. Santa's helpers are having a hard time all over the United States along with New York City where the adults, especially the women that weigh 200 pounds insist on sitting on Santa's lap. Let's hope that Billy Furr doesn't have the same trouble.

Your writer has been informed that there is a new floor show out at the Casa Blanca and she is better than ever this time.

They are talking about remaking "Little Women" in Hollywood with a new cast which includes Marlene Dietrich, Bette Davis, Tallulah Bankhead, and Mae (Come up to see me sometime, Big Boy) West. They should be top box office attractions. Maybe we could show the picture in Mem. Hall some Saturday night.

For the Christmas dance a number of boys are bringing imports in, not that the Guilford girls aren't queens or anything like that, it just seems good to have new faces with accessories around to brighten up Dear Old Guilford into the feeling of sisterly love.

Neville Long is reported to have gone native and started a collection of Lefty Frizelle, Eddie Arnold, and Little Jimmy Dickens records. The Fine Arts Club could take up a project of starting a Guilford College Grand Old Opry with such famous personalities on the campus as Bailey (I'd Walk a Mile to Mary Hobbs) Nunn, and Howard (frog-gigging) Coble.

It was too bad that they couldn't get the pig (500 pounds of it) into Founders on Farmer's Day. The poor thing got all "flustrated" and couldn't quite make it. If she could have gotten in, she would probably have gotten a superiority complex and felt so well off that she would never have grunted at a human again.

As all good things, good and bad, must come to an end, we must bid you adios, bon voyage, aloha, and goodbye until we meet again in 1952. So here's wishing you, each inmate, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with a lot of "spirits."

Smith, but the total group was small.

On stage, there was evidence of both talent and hard work. McManus and Jo Cameron did their usual nice work, and I thought Isobel Thayer and Andy Hughes did very well for a first play. Frances Petty and Beaman Griffin also show a lot of promise, to my mind.

Now, considering the fact that we have interested people, people of ability, who work well together under difficult circumstances to give us essentially good plays, what could they do under better conditions?

Well, you ask, what would be needed, and, more important, how much would it cost?

Evidently we have most of the ingredients. We have the talent, and we have some equipment. Most needed now are better lighting and more work space, and, above all, unhampered leadership. Daryl Kent is a capable man, interested and willing, but his time is limited by an already heavy load. As it is, he must sacrifice to help, and he is too valuable where he is to make a shift thinkable.

What we need, then, is someone with specific training in teaching dramatics; someone whose teaching schedule would be made up to include time for dramatics; someone, for instance, who would teach speech and dramatics as a full-time faculty member.

The benefits of such an investment would be many fold. Our people, sparked by someone with time to show them how and what to do, could produce plays to rival those of the Playlikers with even modest equipment. This would bring us more good plays, good public relations, and would send out better trained teachers, trained in producing plays with modest equipment.

The benefits of public speaking courses (required elsewhere) and a dramatics course are obvious, particularly for those of us who must appear (as most of us will) in public life.