

THE GUILFORDIAN

Guilford College Guilford College, N. C.

SPREAD THE SPIRIT

"Christmas is in the air!" That is a statement that can be proven true by a glance around—first to one side, then to the other. Plans are being made for Christmas parties, Christmas dinners, Christmas dances. Before very long, trees will be dragged into various buildings to be laborously decorated and ardently admired. And the dreamy look of Christmas-vacation-in-the-air is to be found on the face of every student, both on and off campus.

Christmas is in the air—you can see it, you can hear it, and you can even feel it. The old Christmas spirit that was put away in mothballs for a year is coming to life again. You can feel this spirit — and you can radiate it to others with only a meager bit of effort. With just a smile, or a laugh, or maybe an encouraging and friendly word, others can catch the Christmas spirit, too.

There is an old saying that is gaining popularity every day: "To win joy you must share it. Happiness was born a twin." And truer words were never spoken. In fact, this is the modern essence of the teachings of Jesus Christ — you can be happy yourself — much happier — if you try to lighten someone else's load. And this is no great task to take on — it won't take time away from your own activities, and it won't take any extra effort on your part. But it will make Christmas for someone else.

So you feel lively with this year's Christmas spirit. But there must be a few people around you that aren't quite as happy — for a variety of reasons. Count your blessings, really count them. It would probably take an adding machine if you really got into the process. But some people aren't so fortunate. You can recognize them with no trouble at all . . . and without even a word you can make this Christmas the best of their lives . . . and perhaps the best one of your life, too.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Guilford College is "an institute of learning founded by the Society of Friends" — and just what are you doing here? Maybe that seems like a rather asinine question, but who can give a completely honest answer?

"I came to college to get an education" — of course you did, but when you open a textbook to read tomorrow's assignment, how many of you stop after reading three paragraphs and turn to the end of the chapter to find out how many more pages you have to read? This is not reading to learn — this is merely going through the motions. And yet this is what happens, more often than not.

"All I care about in this course is getting a decent grade." But you came to college to get an education. And while it is true that some notion of the subject will sink in from pure exposure, you are not really out with the primary purpose of learning if you are studying merely to get a good grade.

As a matter of fact, a person who is really here to get an education, will not have to worry

about making good grades, for the tests will take care of themselves, if you know the subject. It has been said that things people say cannot always be believed by others, even though they are said in what is meant to be complete honesty. For oftentimes we even deceive ourselves with what we believe to be our purposes.

Guilford College offers an education to each and every one of you that are enrolled as members of its student body. But the opportunity cannot be forced upon you. The education, with capable professors and adequate learning materials, are here, they are here if you want them. If not, you are most certainly wasting both your time and that of the person who is trying to teach you . . . and you would be better off spending your time working where you could make money at it. Certainly the college would be better off to have someone who really wants a college education taking up your space.

The education is here—take it or leave it.

WHAT AM I?

"I am more deadly than the screaming shell from the howitzer. I ruin without killing; I tear down homes, break hearts and wreck lives. I travel on the wings of the wind. No innocence is strong enough to intimidate me; no purity pure enough to daunt me."

"I have no regard for truth; no respect for justice, no mercy for the defenseless . . . My victims are as numerous as the sands of the sea, and often an innocent. I never forget and I seldom forgive. My name is . . . GOSSIP."

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man; kites rise against and not with the wind.

Before you twist a phrase, make sure it won't disconnect a thought.

Obstacles are those frightful things you see when you take your eyes off the goal.

"Daddy," asked the small boy, "what is wealth untold?" "That which does not appear on income tax reports, son," replied his father.

Those Quarter Grades!



STUCK IN QUICKSAND? GRAB SOMETHING — QUICK!

Now it is over. The first quarter grades have been issued, and a deadly silence falls over the students who find they are not doing quite as well in something as they had expected. Or maybe they are not doing quite as well in anything as they had expected. And perhaps you are one of the ones who felt that you are bogged down in a hopeless mess and the only way to get out is to quit the whole thing and leave.

But stop a minute — and take another look at it. It may be bad, but not as fruitless as it looks at first. And trying to forget that you got those grades won't do anything — because they will be averaged in at the semester, regardless of what you may regret having done before.

No — don't turn away and go

out every chance you get to try and forget about it. There is only one solution to the problem — face it and WORK. Everyone of you students are supposed to be mature and adult enough when you reach college age to meet problems, no matter what they may be, sensibly and squarely. If this cannot be done, you are not college material — either emotionally or mentally.

There are three weeks before Christmas vacation and almost two after we return from the holiday until semester examinations start. More can be accomplished than you think in so short a time. But not if you keep putting it off. Start to work now — so at the end of the semester, you won't have the same regrets that you had at the end of the quarter.

REMEMBER HIM?

Remember the thing from last year about the "Litterbug?" Well, he is still with us. There is evidence on the campus of his presence. Walking back from the corner, he hides in the hedge and sees how far he can throw a candy bar wrapper across the street. He usually misses, and it lands in the street.

He also makes known his presence around the dorms, and the other buildings on campus. He seems to delight in scattering old envelopes and disused homework papers within sight of the trash cans that are placed around the campus—but never IN them.

This is merely a matter of being childish. It would be a different story if there was the feeblest excuse to back such an action—such as there being no other

place to dispose of such litter. But that cannot even be used. At least two waste cans are passed on the way back from the drugstore and the post office — and there is one not three steps from the front door of King Hall. Yet this crazy little bug that made so many appearances in national advertising last year seems to delight in defying the natural beauty of even the barest piece of ground.

What can we do about him? Not too much really — unless we catch him, and he seems to have a knack for putting trash in the proper places when someone is around. Let's see if we can't stop this bad habit dead in his tracks. The only thing worse than one litterbug is two litterbugs — so don't be one.

.... LEFTOVERS

Pat O'brian lay at death's door and he sent for a lawyer to make his last will. O'brien's wife remained in the room while the lawyer was there. And the lawyer said, "State your affairs briefly."

Pat: "Timothy Duggan owes me \$5."

Mrs. Pat: "Sensible to the last."

Pat: "Patrick Kelly owes me \$15."

Mrs. Pat: "Good, sensible to the last."

Pat: "To Michael MacKay I owe one hundred dollars."

Mrs. Pat: "My soul, listen to him rave."

So he is a gentleman farmer now?

Gentleman's farmer is right. Believe me, he even had his scarecrow changed into evening dress at dusk.

Then there was the story of the young doctor who treated a patient for five years for yellow jaundice before discovering he was a Jap.

"What would you do if you had five dates with a man and he had never attempted to kiss you?" asked one coed of another.

"I'd lie about it," was the prompt reply.

Did You Know?

Did you know that a spider web can be woven into cloth? There used to be a little factory at Languedoc, in France, where spiders were raised especially for the webs they weave, which were spun into gloves and stockings. However, it failed because of the expense of raising and caring for the spiders. It was found that they are much more difficult to keep than silkworms, for they fight fiercely and will eat one another unless kept in isolated quarters.

These spiders are also very active, and therefore need a great deal of room in which to weave their webs, adding to the expense for rent and labor. Each spider has to be fed separately, and the yield of the web is a much more elaborate and lengthy business than the winding off the cocoon of a silkworm. This web is much finer than the silk. It is only a thirty-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

More than a century ago there was a good deal of experimentation to find out if there was some economical way of getting the web from the spiders, and in 1830 the Society of Arts presented its silver medal to Mr. Daniel Rolt for having invented a winding spool attached to a tiny engine which in two hours wound 18,000 feet of web off twenty-four spiders.

WC Presents Play; Starts December 9

The Theatre of the Woman's College has scheduled at its next production in their International Season Oscar Wilde's hilarious play *The Importance of Being Earnest*, thought to be the wittiest comedy in the English language. Performances will be given at Aycock Auditorium on December 9, 10, and 11 at 8:00 p. m.

When Wilde saw the first production of his play in 1895, he called it "a trivial comedy for serious people." If you can smile at a paradox, chuckle at an absurdity, laugh at truth and nonsense so mixed you can't tell one from another — this is your treat. For sixty years critics and audiences have agreed that while Wilde was unraveling the comic complications of this absurd situation, he missed no opportunity for caustic comments on the artificial manners, morals, and customs of Victorian high society.

Maynard French will be seen in the celebrated part of the bored and languishing John Worthing, a role which has distinguished the careers of actors from Henry Miller to Clifton Webb, and furnished John Gielgud with one of his most successful Broadway engagements. Linda Wright makes her debut on the W. C. Theatre's stage as Gwendolen, daughter of formidable Lady Bracknell. She will only consider marrying a man with the name of Earnest, much to John Worthing's dismay.

In the role of Cecily Cardew, Mary Wilson is the young ward of John Worthing. Her native surface hides a polished and fine nature. Hunter Tillman as Algernon is John's polished sophisticated friend who complicates matters by posing as his brother.

Dot Griffin assumes the role of Lady Bracknell, one of the wittiest comic creations in stage history. The observations of this brittle witted Lady on love and life are among the highlights of this play.

Also appearing in the play are Susan Meyer, as the prim governess Miss Prism, Carl Del Prado portraying the manservant Lane, Pierre Schlosser as the butler Merriman, and Bob Utley as the fashionable Rev. Canon Chasuble.

The Guilfordian



Published bi-monthly during the collegiate year by the students of Guilford College

Editor-in-Chief Carolyn Nimitz
Managing Editor Margaret Haworth
Business Manager Arlene Sheffield

EDITORIAL STAFF
Sports Editor Herman Clark
Sports Staff Glenda Watson, Judi Nelson, Groome Fulton, Philip Fulton.
News Editor Anise Joyce
Reporters Sara Lou Phillips, Betty Koster, Robin Holland, Mary Greenwood, Gary Dent, Richard Golby.

Art Editor Helen Brown
Cartoonists John Huffman, Don Bell.

TECHNICAL STAFF
Advertising Manager Danny Moore
Exchange Staff Judy Wells, Jane Coltrane, Melinda Goble
Typists Judy Hamilton, Cleavie Wood.

Circulation Manager Patty Gibbs
Assistant Circulation Manager Bill Rhoades

Circulation Staff Susan Forrest, Brenda Ferguson, Marianne Lancaster, Margaret Mcharen, Linda Sheppard, Gloria Stadler.