

THE GUILFORDIAN

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EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas time is a time of joy and gladness. It is a time when all the family gathers around the hearth for a period of rejoicing and fellowships. Probably those that have not been in the family circle for the year will return at Christmas time to share the brotherhood and cheerfulness of the home folk.

Christmas time is also a time of giving and receiving. Many of us will give to our friends some little reminder and likewise we will receive some token of friendship. The elements of giving are essential to Christmas and and this custom is practiced universally in all lands where the event of the birth of the Christ Child is celebrated.

Christmas time is a time of feast and plenty. All of us will sit down before tables laden with the good things of the end. We eat rejoice and be merry.

Christmas time is a time of singing, for singing is an expression of gladness. From the little red church on the side of the hill the strains of "Joy to the World" will peal forth in the clear night; from the century old cathedral the sound of the Christmas carol will reverberate its joyous note. The big church on the corner will echo with the sounds of the glad notes of "Peace on Earth Good Will toward men." Song and cheerfulness are expressions of the Christmas Spirit.

Christmas time is story time. How glad we will be to hear the stories of old about the Christ Child. How the Wise Men came from the east bearing their precious gifts and how they laid them at the feet of the little Babe. How the shepherds on the hills saw the bright star in the east and heard the angles singing that eternal chorus "Glory to God in the highest." Then there will be stories about giving of good gifts and being kind to even the beggar on the street. Glorious stories these stories of Christmas time.

Christmas time is a time of peace. We like to sit at the window and look out across the fields probably covered with snow—how peaceful and calm they look. Then in the sunshine they seem to reflect the glories of a kindly spirit. During the night the moon creeps up over the trees and spreads a silver wave over the world. Then in the heart all is at peace. You hold no hatred against any man. All are your brothers, and you are all rejoicing that Jesus is born and that he is the Light of the World.

We have mentioned that Christmas time was a time of joy, of gladness, of peace, of singing, of feast and pleasure, of giving, of story telling, of brotherhood and of kindness. They all are parts of Christmas and go to make up the Christmas spirit. Yet

there is one part of Christmas which we are apt to neglect. We hear beautiful stories and give beautiful gifts, we know about the Christ Child yet do we stop to think about what it all means? Are we so wrapt up in the material things of Christmas that we do not have time to think that Christ gave his very life for us that we might enjoy and sing and live in a land of brightness? Do we ask ourselves whether we are doing the things that Christ would have us and will we strive to live the Christ life? These things are probably all thought of at Christmas time but we hope that we will go over the feeling of joy and gladness will not disappear after the Christmas time is gone but we will go through the year with the true Christ Spirit.

OUR NEIGHBORS

Last spring our neighbor boys, the Guilford High School quint, came within one goal of winning the state basketball championship. The winners in that contest, the Durham Highs, went into the national series and climbed well toward the top. That's history. What of the future?

Already the Guilford Highs have played 11 games this fall and have not met with a single defeat. This statement does not mean that they have practiced with many Y. M. C. A. teams and come off with that many victories. Two weeks ago the Greensboro High team came out here and was snowed under by the locals. Last week the Quaker highs went to Winston-Salem and took a workout with the Tobacconists and came home with a victory that left not the slightest doubt as to which was the stronger team. Indeed, they have displayed the fact that they have something to show basketball fans of the state when the championship series starts. And they have done this in spite of the fact that practically their whole team graduated last spring.

Such plucky work deserves the highest respect of the Guilford college student body. The Guilford Highs have contributed at least two men to our present varsity from their last year's team. These men are not only good athletes and likely to bring much credit to Guilford College through their work on the basketball court, but are without exception men of the very highest scholastic standing. They all demonstrate the fact that the man who is the best athlete is capable of being the best student and are measuring up to their scholastic capabilities. The Guilford High School is due the respect and support of every Guilford College student. Let's back the Western Champions and support the team that is going strong toward copping the state honors this year!

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Catherine Shields

The Christmas Spirit is an intangible thing; something that is so fragile and elusive that it refuses to be pinioned down and classified. It is found in little children, for the one who brought the Spirit of Christmas into being was a baby, you know. It is found in tenement houses, in the crowds that throng the street on Christmas eve—it's a thing that can be given; it's a thing that can be felt; and that is all.

The nearest one can come to an understanding of this, is in the measurement of our own thoughts and feelings, and if ours is a little soul, then that ever old gladness and joy that the world calls the spirit of Christmas, must always remain a wistful, elfin sprite, who runs before us and beckons, but ever we catch only the flutter of its drapery as it goes by, and hear the echo of its laughter.

And like Scrooge, we discard our Christmas joys to the limbo of forgotten things, and try to fill an emptiness with other larger worries. For that emptiness is the loss of our child faith in Christmas, and it is pathetic at best when we can no longer remember the child that used to be ourselves; who thrilled for days before the great event; who hung a bulgy, roomy stocking on the fire-place fender, who listened with sleepy wonderment to

the croon of the church organ on Christmas eve; and who was finally tucked into bed, with a confused but happy memory and jumble of carols, of pungent cedar and dripping candle smoke, a manager and lowly oxen, a fat Santa, hot coffee freshly ground, and the hard, frozen feel of the earth as we walked homeward. But somehow—just before we quite forget to think, and slipped drowsily into oblivion—we heard, ever so clearly, the faint, glassy tinkle of little bells, and felt on the roof the tiny tapping as of small trim hoofs. Then we forgot—and soon in a twinkling it was Christmas morning!

Why should Christmas mean for one person a time of rush and hurry, of lots to eat, of visitors and home-coming, of much worn gift lists—and of head ache when all is over? Or again why should another person wonder and be happy over penny cards, wishing a Merry Christmas from just ordinary, every day people, who have remembered that they like you, at this the one glad time of the year? Why is it that people forget petty dislikes, and that he who would wilfully wound the feelings of any one just now, of any simple joy, of their fun at Christmas time, is out of tune with everything in nature?

But not every one can catch the Christmas Spirit, because it is a spirit and not a reality. If you are one of these people who have forgotten these things—if a cedar tree is just a cedar, and not "star-bearing and odorous of Bethlehem"—then this is not for you. If "Hark The Herald Angles Sing," is only an ordinary hymn, and not glad music that brings again for one impalpable fraction of a second, the far away smell of scented rooms, of flowers of holly and cedar, of glancing, flickering firelight on walls and ceiling—and that most undefineable of smells; one that eludes every descriptive pen—the crinkly, storey scent of tissue wrapped gifts!—if I say, there is no such magic of poetry in this song, then there are those that pity you!

But if you can get a thrill out of little things, if red striped candy mingled with the fragrant odor of spruce, brings back old memories and of Christmas carol bring a lump to your throat—if you can feel all this; then you have truly caught the spirit of the rest of the world—the spirit of Christmas itself.

ALUMI NOTES

1893.

Cora E. White '93 of High Point, N. C., recently underwent an operation in St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond, Va. The report came a few days ago that Miss White was improving rapidly since the operation.

1919.

Elizabeth Lynn Williard arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvie N. Williard of Jamestown, N. C., on November 19th. Both Mr. and Mrs. Williard are members of the class 1919. Mr. Williard holds a position with the Commercial National Bank of High Point, N. C.

CLAYS ENJOY A LIGHT AND VARIED PROGRAM

The Henry Clay Literary Society at its regular meeting Friday night enjoyed another one of its well prepared and entertaining programs.

The final number was an extemporaneous debate. Resolved:—"That there is too much class work for the welfare of outside activities." For the speakers, Edwin Rozell was asked to represent the affirmative and William Thomson the negative.

As a second number Levi Wilkins and Waldo Williams gave a number of instrumental musical selections. Paul Holt then gave as a third number a silent oration in which he demonstrated the principal gestures made by fanciful orators. The last number on the program, a reading by Harvey Dinkins, was undoubtedly the outstanding part of the program. It consisted of a number of short humorous selections from Stephens B. Leacock on topics concerning every-day life.

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