



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

A few thoughts

Well, though this is a little early, this is your Christmas issue. We, the staff, feel, however, that it is not too early to impose on you a few thoughts about the season to which we all look forward.

Some look forward to Christmas with difficult outlooks. It depends on who you are, how old you are, where you are, what kind of music you're getting on the radio, how far you are from home, and how difficult it is to penetrate the oyster shell which encloses your heart.

The kids look forward to the Christmas season as the time of year when they can look forward to receiving gifts from Santa, eating good food, and going places. Not all of them enjoy any of these privileges, but have you ever seen a child who didn't look forward to Christmas, even though he might have been very disappointed the year before?

Some look forward to Christmas as a time when they can sell their goods to a thrifty public which has suddenly relaxed its purse strings. To some, it is the part of the year when they just simply quit, and go home for a visit with the "folks." To others, it is the holiday season for gay parties and "doing the town."

And then there are those who interpret Christmas as a solemn, holy occasion: the birthdate of Christ and of Christianity. They think of their neighbors, and their hearts swell with an undefinable something when they hear the chimes of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." They save and cut the budget in order to buy modest gifts for loved ones, and enjoy putting into practice the saying which goes with Christmas—"It is better to give than to receive."

This group thinks about another group that will not have very much joy at Christmas time . . . For reasons beyond their control, many childish feet will stumble in the early morning to find out what they were afraid of before—that there is no Santa Claus.

And then, at last, is a group which we cannot classify. With his horn-rimmed glasses, scuffed buckskins he paid \$8.50 for and claimed to the boys he paid \$12.00, his baggage containing the maximum amount of dirty clothes for "mom" to wash, the book on Plato to impress the bus station attendants, and a bill to be presented to dad for a preposterous amount so he can give that little girl a nicer Christmas present,—the college student goes home. He will recuperate there from three months of rigid study, in order that he will be able to take post-Christmas exams.

A desolate and odd figure, yes; but in him we see a mass of potentiality that may be released someday for the good of all the above-mentioned. He may even help convince the kids who have reason to doubt that there is a Santa.

A successful season

We heard a sports writer say on Thanksgiving day, "Well, if Guilford wins today, they've had a successful season. If they lose, they've had a bad one." We lost, but I challenge this sports writer for this reason:

When the idea of athletics began, to win was not the number one objective. Looking good on the field, and playing hard and fair and clean were emphasized more than winning. Also, the spirit of good sportsmanship ranked high in athletic purpose. Though in our time we do not accept these theories, but strive for wins first, we believe that Eddie Teague looks for the highest in athletics. We say this by virtue of candid remarks not meant for our ears. The boys who play for Coach like him. We overheard two seniors say that they were glad they had played for Eddie Teague, even for just a year, because they had learned a lot from him besides football.

As for us, we've enjoyed seeing the fine type of football we've had this year, and we liked the way the boys observed the training rules, and those of fair play. They, with the help of their coach, have accomplished something we believe will be alive for years after the game scores are forgotten—and again next year, no team will trot out on the field without respecting and playing their hardest against the team Eddie Teague sends out there!

Of course we've had a successful football season!

MISCELANEA

By Cochran

Mark the carol angels shout,
Seven days and we'll be out.
—Brahms

Our degenerate scouts having all been hopped to the ears on stimulants such as opium, benzedrine and Soda Shop coffee for the past week, we find gossip nil. So we have decided to devote this column to culture. Thus is presented a resume of all the important items and happenings which at present feature the "higher type" life on campus.

DRAMA

A Short and Truthful Tragedy Entitled "How Low Down Can You Get?"

Scene: College room where "Sampson" Shugart is busily grooming himself for the big date. In rushes "Slick" Satterthwaite.
Sam: Swish-swish (hair brush noises).
Slick: My date's waiting at Founders.

Sam (happily): Mine too!
Slick: Gee, she is beautiful.
Sam (breathlessly): Mine too!
Slick: You got any money?
Sam: Dol-glug and urg quart-glug-glug (tooth brush noises).
Slick: Only a buck and a quarter—I'll take it. (And he does.)
Slick: See you! She's gonna take me walking.

Sam (sighingly): Mine too!
(Scene changes to show the happy Sampson rushing towards Founders, as buddy Slick emerges with young female.)
Slick: This is my date.
Sam (heartbrokenly): Mine too!
(Lights fade, leaving a lonely Sampson busily tearing down Founders' columns, with no date—no friend—and not even a nickel for coffee.)

MUSIC SIDELIGHTS

The lyrics quoted, at the beginning of this column were penned by Sam Brahms, who pounds piano in the Chili-Cafe in Yonkers. He is not to be confused with the earlier musician who did the stuff the choir puts out on occasion.

POETRY

A short rhyme inspired by the Natural Science course . . . entitled "Anode" (woo ha—you get it?)

Oh may our teachers all be blessed,
The holiday spirit has kissed us.
The time when we like Guilford best
Is when we're off for Christmas!

MYSTERY STORY DEPT.

The "Who Is Henry?" saga . . . lots of people think they know . . . and Rudy Craven would like to know . . . but Betty knows for sure (and we don't care anyway).
Second one is more baffling—how could a little old Santa Claus suit mess up a romance like Day and Jessup? This comes under the "Weighty Problems" classification.

REMINDER

This may come under the heading of a direct plug . . . but it's well intended. There is still time to make it to the Christmas dance . . . and anyone who misses this . . . the scent of evergreens and perfumes, woven into a pattern of soft lights, soft music and the soft yap-yap of the fair sex . . . misses an essential part of the things which go together to make Christmas at Guilford.

WHY?

Why do I love you, you'd like to know?
First of all because God would have it so.
Why does the sun rise and slowly climb
Except to show the way to the stumbling blind?
Why does the dew fall so early in the morn
Except to quench the thirst the weary night has borne?
Why do the flowers bloom so early in the spring?
Except to show the world that God reigns supreme?
Why do the winds sing so proudly from the trees
Except to give a song to those who are in need?
Why does the moon rise with its golden amber glow
Except to prompt a kiss and help to make it grow?
Why do I love you, you'd like to know?
Most of all because I would have it so.
—Tyson

ANGLES . . . by JOE KEIGER

Our minds hunt the familiar roads into the Christmas season—this is the time for treasured tradition. Time is a smelter for our spirits; it purges the dross and fuses the pure sensations into something like gold—something which resists obliteration and exists as a thing of beauty. What remains of the Christmases past is not a fond recollection of the growling, grasping, greedy commercial melee, but happily, something that glows and glitters.

Thus of the remembered sensations we perceive in this holiday glow, we recall music. And of the Christmas music, the "Messiah" is as old gold. Its musical richness has become a part of what Guil-

fordians mean by "sacred memories through the archways . . ."

This oratorio's Biblical text expresses the things hoped for in the Messiah that was to come. His coming fulfilled these hopes, and while Christmas celebrates His birth it more significantly rejoices in the accomplished expectations. Living with the Handel masterpiece for a couple of hours at least once, then, should be a part of any person's Christmas experience. No one, even a self-proclaimed Philistine, capable of enjoying the glow of Christmas, is incapable of listening intelligently to a performance of the "Messiah."

One who has never experienced this musical expression of the real meaning of our greatest Christian festival may be faced with the question of why the Handel work is so esteemed. Perhaps it is not an original answer to say that it depends upon the Old Testament text's inspiration of hope and upon the power of the musical setting, especially in the choruses. While there are gentle and tender passages appropriately descriptive of the Christ, it is the many-voiced rejoicing of the choruses that is symbolic of a common people's crying search for peace, security and love and their rejoiced finding of refuge.

Definition of what each individual must find for himself is attempted only by the naive; but he who has perceived a scintillating within himself on hearing it, best knows what great music is. And if on hearing that music once more, new meaning and beauty is revealed, it can truly be called great.

Judged by these standards, the "Messiah" deserves its place in tradition.

Program Tonight

(Continued from Page One)

deliver a talk on "The Family of Dolly Madison at New Garden"; and Miss Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert, associate professor of English, will give a historical address entitled "The Planting of Quakerism in Piedmont Carolina."

The program was commended highly by a large group at the ninth annual meeting of the N. C. Society for Preserving Antiquity at Raleigh last Thursday.

Miss Gilbert prepared the play for the Charter Day celebration in 1942. She is also author of "Guilford: A Quaker College," a history of the institution from its birth through 1937.

37-Year-Old Psych Test Is Located

Students in Mrs. Milner's Psychology 21 would probably be interested in knowing what Psychology was like 37 years ago, and what the teachers at Guilford then considered a "good" test. A quiz given by Dr. Louis Lyndon Hobbs on October 16, 1913, is in possession of Miss Era Lasley, college registrar. Miss Lasley took the quiz.

The paper reads as follows (take note, Psychology 21 students):

QUIZ IN PSYCHOLOGY

October 16, 1913

The Stream of Consciousness

1. Explain the two methods, the analytic and the synthetic, and state which is followed by James and why.

2. What is fundamental fact of our inner experience?

3. State the four characteristics in consciousness and explain and illustrate each.

4. Explain the substantive and the transitive states.

5. Why is it difficult introspectively to see the transitive parts? What is meant by relations?

6. Explain what is meant by psychic overtone or fringe.

ILLUSTRATE WORDS. MEMORY
7. Explain the difference between mere acquaintance and knowledge about.

(Ed. Note: What do you think about it?)

Born in Corn Country, Hilty Happy; No "Peeves"

By EDWARD POST

Every college has its absent-minded professor and its family-minded instructor. Our amiable Spanish instructor, Mr. Hiram H. Hilty, fills the family category adequately.

The Hiltys have two girls, and are expecting another addition to the family in the near future. When asked how many children they would prefer, the answer was three or four. He has hopes of trying Eddie Cantor's record of four girls; "but," he said, "the trouble is you can't pick the sex. If salaries rise and inflation decreases, hopes may be turned for having even more," he added, in a jesting mood. Mr. Hilty is one of eight children.

Mr. Hilty was born in the corn country of Iowa. His father was a Mennonite minister. Because of the common tendency of churches to transfer their pastors often, they moved to Missouri, where he spent his boyhood life. Guilford's young and quiet professor was educated at Buffton College, and received his B.D. from Hartford Theological Seminary.

ped me on the shoulder, and said seriously, "You are excused; it is time for your service."

The Hiltys lived in Cuba from 1945 until the summer of 1948. That fall he came to Guilford. While in Cuba he had a church and had supervision over other Quaker churches on the island. Describing the average Cuban, he said, "He seems to be like the average American, except he has not had the breaks."

For the benefit of those of you who are business-minded, Mr. Hilty believes there are great possibilities for developing resorts along the coastal areas of Cuba.

Photography is Mr. Hilty's main hobby, although he has many diversified interests. He is greatly interested in the history of explorations and enjoys reading about the work of Columbus in both English and Spanish. About Columbus he vows, "His discoveries constitute one of the most momentous of historic events. America had better been called 'Columbia.'"

Mr. Hilty does not have any special pet peeve. "What some professors consider a peeve, I just overlook. I am just too happy," he said. However (editor note) he thoroughly dislikes to read mistakes in the newspaper. His favorite paper, besides The Guilfordian, is the New York Times.

After having been a resident of various sections of the country, Mr. Hilty feels that Guilford College is his home. He said, "Guilford College has a tradition to be proud of. It has great possibilities. I think we can do much experimentation in the various fields, especially in social studies, to better mankind."