

And It Came To Pass...

...in these days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one unto his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judaea, unto the City of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David;)

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And it came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

Now the Birth of Jesus Christ...

...was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily.

But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.

Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife:

And knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name Jesus.

The Carolinian

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By Tommye Barker, Virginia Morrison and Terrill Schukraft

One of these days I am going to be rid of bureaucracy forever. I promise it to myself most faithfully. But one finds oneself lending one's fair name to the strangest things around this place, let alone one's not-so-fair portrait. Spinach, for instance, is dear to my heart, go against the grain though it does. Student Government rolls right along regardless of my occasional catcalls, and well it might. No Dorm Discussions, no Dorm Devotions, no Dorm Dances, no Haul Bawl. Just Coke Bottle Champ (30 days), that is all. But, o cursed spite, I am a Dining Hall Hostess, table type, bona fide, with seven hungry mouths waiting each night to be fed. And that's not all, not by a long shot.

1. Appearance: I have not arrived at a satisfactory definition of "sweat shirt" that fits all occasions. Furthermore, I am not sure of which station I get off, deciding. Also "Sunday dress". Maybe it's because I'm an over-the-river-and-through-the-woods-type churchgoer, or I've run all my hose, or I just go in for the simple life anyway, but here I run aground. Thanks be for Jerry's.

2. Guests: Misery loves company.

3. Be on time. This cometh not under etiquette, you get reported.

4. Blessing. The hostess begins every function. I sing like the New Guilford shower, and my Mother's Knee was lacking most of said carols.

5. Pass the dishes this way. There's an ornery streak in me that just won't down.

6. Hostess serves the meat. OK. OK!

7. Clean plate campaign. No problem here; tonight we only got seven cutlets, anyway. Besides, mama told me never to comment on the practices of others.

8. Tidbit of conversation. No shop talk. Eat slow. Converse. Well, my table is strangely resourceful conversation-wise, and if I could have one wish for them, it would be that never in their lives might they be confronted with a tidbit. Boston Cream Pie we have always with us; tidbits, no. Sometimes when people talk about what is uppermost in their thoughts, interesting things happen. And if someone wishes to refrain from contributing to the universal hullabaloo, far be it from me to say them nay!

9. No unnecessary noise. To this I shout amen. Peace, it's wonderful—but let's not get nostalgic.

10. No rushing. Suits me fine.

11. "A sympathetic, yet business-

(Continued on Page Three)

I Say It's Spinach

Legislature Scrutinizes

(Continued from Page One)

Pat Thomas Heads Committee

To look into the function of the Curriculum Committee when it was active, Neelands, on the request of Legislature, set up a committee of five. Pat Thomas is chairman, with Nancy Benson, Margaret Crawford, Rose Farah, and Jo Okey helping her.

Emily Butler, Hoppy Hopkins, and Isabel Madry were sworn in as new members of Legislature. They are newly elected freshman class president, freshman representative, and Colt delegate, respectively.



By Tommie Lentz and Nancy Benson

Listen, my children, it's time to cheer; Christmas vacation at last is here. I am packing... as a result of not knowing what to take home.

LONG and SHORT of it

I have packed my nail polish and my Christmas present from my roommate. This year I have decided to take home very few things, however... just the bare necessities.

The last week before vacation is always so hard and trying. Monday is the day after the 1st weekend before vacation, and surely no one expects anybody to do anything on Monday; Tuesday is chapel day and the time for Christmas shopping; the next day is Wednesday—

(this blank is for your own excuse, nothing would ease my conscience.); Thursday we have to splurge and go out to supper and the movie as a relief from the constant tension of work and study; Friday is packing day, and what upsets me most is that I will have to take home so many books because somehow I have gotten so behind.

I have now added as a result of the guilty conscience two library books, my French vocabularies, notes for my history term paper, and *Praise of Folly*. I am exhilarated at the prospect of striking them off my list of "what to do's". I have also added by bluejeans and shirt to wear most of the time since I will be studying.

It will be wonderful to go home... the smell of the snow (if it would just snow)... and the heated perfume of the Christmas tree, and seeing everybody, and shopping, and the Christmas carols and parties and dances and families together...

It has just occurred to me that we will have only fifteen days, and if I study, the holidays will be so short and if I don't, they will be so long. I would take my books out of my suitcase and leave them if I weren't a strong person (and if I didn't have everything I own packed on top of them).

Well, at any rate, Christmas is almost here; the days leading up to it, and after it, the spirit throughout, and the very vividness of the holidays enrich our very selves and add to the greatness of being alive.

Sound & Fury

Dear Editor:

"One Scotch! One Bourbon! One Beer!" blared the shiny juke box in earnest anticipation of the Saturday night Christmas Dance. Suddenly, the music ceased; they had come to take it away. The "Darling Daughters" were horrified. Maybe Judy Board didn't approve of the record! But no—they must look elsewhere for the villain. The girls cast down dismal eyes. Ah, there it was—the rug, and it seemed to wear a diabolical grin.

Word came from Headquarters. "Oh no, we couldn't think of rolling up your rug (though we promised), for you did not put a written request on our desk (of course, we didn't tell you you had to make a written request!"

"Why no, we can't roll it up now; our men have all gone home. Roll

it up yourselves? Of course not." (It seems that rug rolling is a skilled art requiring many years of specialization), spake the villain.

Darling daughters queried. "But why not let us hire some 'professionals' from downtown to roll up our beautiful rug?"

"Do you," quoth the villain, "realize how extremely valuable your rug is?" That, my dear villain, is an ironical question, for the gorgeous woolen article is in grave danger of falling apart when even professionals handle it.

Enter the conquering hero—or at least he does in the work of all my predecessors. Darling daughters waited in vain. No one came to their rescue. So they left the den of the villain and trudged their tidbits and the shiny, screaming juke box to floors uncontaminated by "valuable" rugs.

This is all there; there ain't no more, Saint Peter said and tried to close the door; however, one daring damsel, whose house was besieged by the same villain, stuck her foot in the crack and the villain could not keep her out. Her predicament was the same—no written request.

"Either you roll it up, or we will," she exclaimed. And Villain sent her cohorts out to roll it up.

If the distressing basis of this little tale is not apparent, we give it to you in plain English. Affairs have reached a pretty sad state when threats triumph where reasoning and an appeal to help solve a problem, wherever the fault may lie, fail.

Sincerely,
A darling daughter

Christmas Cards Around The World

Christmas is the time of giving and of extending good cheer and greetings to our friends. It is the time of "good will toward men". In this light of the true Christmas spirit, the faculty members, the administrative staff members, and the students have joined together to greet their friends this year in the form of helping the needy. Instead of sending their friends Christmas greetings in the form of cards, they are sending in your names greetings through the Campus Purse Drive to help those less fortunate than ourselves. So to their friends on campus the following faculty members and administrative staff members and students extend a sincere MERRY CHRISTMAS to you the Campus Purse Drive Way.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Adams
Miss Maude L. Adams
Mrs. May L. Adams
Miss Louise B. Alexander
Dr. Edna Arundel
Dr. Warren Ashby
Dr. Helen Barton
Dr. John E. Bridgers, Jr.
Miss Ethel V. Butler
Mrs. Ruth A. Clarke
Dr. Ruth M. Collings
Miss Helen Cutting
Mrs. Ouida C. Deiter
Miss Bernice E. Draper
Dr. Elizabeth Duffy
Dr. William N. Felt
Dr. Marc Friedlaender
Mrs. Kemp Funderburk
Dr. and Mrs. E. K. Graham
Miss Dorothy Claire Gregg
Miss Magnhilde Gullander
Miss Ruth Gunter
Dr. Mathilde Hardaway
Miss Mary Harrell
Miss Ruth Harwood
Mrs. Esther W. Hatchett
Mr. Wilson J. Hicks
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Holder
Miss Sara Holroyd
Miss Marjorie Hood

Frances Alexander
Ann Allmond
Mary Elizabeth Alsbaugh
Mary Henri Arthur
Mary Ann Baum
Thirza Benedict
Marilyn Brannon
Roberta Brown
Emily Butler
Flora Christopoulos
Dolphine E. Cobb
Sara Copelan
Margaret R. Crouse
Barbara Evelyn Davis
Pat Davis
Harriet Edwards
Nancy Evans
Anne Ford
Bucky Freeman
Barbara Friedman
Cledia Garrison
Emily Graham
Nancy Greenlee
Alice Griffin
Francis Harris
Peggy Harris
Margaret (Peggy) Hartle
Eunice S. Heilig
Carolyn Hendrix
Betty Jo Hill
Carie Hobgood

Miss Edith Huffman
Dr. Eugenia Hunter
Mrs. Mary Alford Hunter
Mrs. Minnie M. Hussey
Dr. Pauline E. Keeney
Miss Nancy Kendall
Miss Elizabeth N. King
Miss Anna M. Kreimeier
Miss Augustine LaRochelle
Miss Elizabeth Ann Liddle
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Lockhart
Miss Louise Lowe
Dr. Meta Helena Miller
Miss Helen Wallace Mims
Miss Vivian Moose
Dr. Franklin D. Parker
Miss June Rainey
Marie I. Riley
Dr. Katherine E. Roberts
Dr. Hollis J. Rogers
Miss Elizabeth Sampson
Miss Florence L. Schaeffer
Miss Marian Sifford
Dr. G. Callaway Spivey
Miss Katherine Taylor
Dr. Albert F. Thiel
Miss Nettie Sue Tillett
Mr. Ray Venable
Miss Frances Wolfe
Mrs. Alice B. Zimmerman

Alice J. Irby
Ruth Long
Julia Louise Lowder
Helen Malis
Debbie Marcus
Rosalee Mollock
Gayle Muir
Terry Dawne Nash
Kay Neelands
Betty Ann Nunn
Rachel Pharr
Daphne Plaster
Polly Roberts
Anne Rothgeb
Alida Schiltz
Nancy Shankle
Lynda Simmons
Mary Ann Spencer
Elizabeth Ann Spruill
Barbara Still
Ellen Strawbridge
Peggy R. Taylor
Mandlene Tenf
Anna Tilson
Mary Banks Timmons
Pat Thomas
Martha Washam
Jean Watson
Alice Clark Whitehead
Ruth Friddle Wilson
Evelyn (Evie) Winkler



MADCAP CAPERS

Ah yes, 'tis Christmas time again—no one quite ready for it yet, as per usual. Speaking of Christmas time, I am reminded of Christmas shopping, which reminds me of the difficulty of doing one's Christmas shopping at the Corner in twenty-minute Lab break—quite difficult!

Just in case no one knows this fact except myself and a few others, this is the birthday of MADCAP CAPERS, which originated in the Christmas of last year's CAROLINIAN. For a while, Louise Easterling and I were capering around as the Cary Madcaps, but now the Madcaps are Gilbert and I (any semblance to journalism this year is purely accidental).

Speaking of Christmas spirit—Gilbert and I just paid our yearly visit to Santa Claus. There was quite a long line, therefore we had to wait almost five hours to see him. Finally our turn came. We both propped ourselves on his lap and proceeded to tell him what we wanted for Christmas. After stating our wishes for a baby doll and an electric train, we tried to convince him that we had been good little girls all year. As he seemed to be

somewhat doubtful at what we told him, we tried to think of some good deeds that we had done during the year. After thinking for a while, we remembered some of them. We told him that we made it a constant practice to help Boy Scouts across the streets so that they wouldn't get run over (we always have our future in mind!)—this noble feat must have swayed him because he smiled, patted us on our little heads, and said that he would see what he could do for us. Upon our departure he gave us an all-day sucker and a bright red Christmas stocking. Just in case no one believes us, the doubting people can just come by our rooms to see our Christmas stocking and can also have a lick off our all-day suckers.

It is now time for us to turn on our radios to see if Santa Claus is going to read our letters to him on the air. We have listened for two weeks now and he hasn't read it yet—so maybe today is the day! So, in conclusion, Gilbert and I both wish you a Merry Christmas!—and—most important of all—we wish for all of us—Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Man!

SUTTONS

For Flowers

High Point Road

Phone 2-4127

Gimme Writes To Santa For A Merry Christmas

LETTER TO SANTA

309 Weil
Woman's College
December 18, 1953

Dear Santa:

Tomorrow we all leave to go home for the holidays. I suppose you know that by now though, since all the girls have probably written sooner than I. I haven't written, you see, because I've been awfully busy trying to finish packing since Thanksgiving. Everyone else seems to be very busy too — rushing around with sprigs of mistletoe in their hair. Why, I don't know, because there is certainly no one on this campus to take advantage of it. Maybe it's just the principle of the thing.

What I'm really writing you for is to ask you for a few things I don't think I can get for my friends myself. I have thought and thought and I've decided these are things I believe they really need. Would you please try very hard to get them for me?

1. Bring Artie Major some abstract scenery so she can paint from real life. I'm giving her money for supplies.

2. Bring Firsta Grade-thinker a drum that really plays and a hand-craft set. She has worked hard for her classes, but her oil can with the inner-tube stretched over it, doesn't work too well.

3. Bring Typa-Letter an accounting machine and a transcriber so that she can put down her pencil and book long enough to speak in something besides short-hand.

4. Englis Major needs three term papers (footnoted, please!) and a book of novel summaries. Also she wants a good reading lamp and a projection screen that can shine the pages of her books on the ceiling. This way she can read in bed. It would help if she could have some eye drops, too.

5. Bring little Algebra an adding machine, one that has an attachment for working Calculus, too, please. She needs some more notebook paper, also.

6. Hefty Belle needs a complete "Little Gym" outfit—with a swing, a seesaw, and a slide. She wants some barbells, if you have them. Then she could work out in her own room.

7. Remember Fax would like to

have a list of all the important dates in history and some new textbooks—the kind with the meanings of the words in parentheses. If you don't have that kind of book, a real good dictionary would help.

8. Bring Ima Domestique a needle-threader, and a cute little sewing kit. She has mentioned that she'd like to have a sewing machine of her own and a big stack of original, already-designed and cut-out patterns. By the way, when you stop at her house, would you mind leaving her a few of Mrs. Claus' favorite recipes?

9. Banga Piano said she wanted a Baby Grand for her room, but it's already clustered with manuscripts, so I think she'd settle for a trombone or trumpet that plays.

10. Maida Discovery has looked all over for some good specimens of the plant life at the North Pole. She wants to examine them under the microscope and observe their sex life. Would you mind picking a few good ones and dropping them off at the Science Building?

I hope I haven't asked for too much. Anyway, I haven't asked for anything for myself. I heard someone say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," so this year I'm going to let everyone else be blessed and give to me.

Thanks, Santa, Merry Christmas.
Faithfully,
Gimme Something

I Say It's Spinach

(Continued from Page Two)

like attitude, (sic) should be kept toward the waitress. Sorry, against about fifty-nine of my principles. The waitresses are no servants of mine. Just fellow students who happen to value their education enough to work hard for it. Quicker and better Coffee Counts, but business schminess. Let's leave the caste system to the Indians.

12. Nobody needs permission to do anything. I am not eating with either Cretan idiots or ten-year-olds.

13. No running in the dining hall. Except nylon hose on Sunday.

14, 15. At Columbia University they breakfast in lounge robes with newspaper and smoke. Well, we do things differently. Anyway, we will

Wire Plus Skill Equals New Decoration Ideas

By Shirley Brown

Among the glitter, the greenery, and gay trimmings of Christmas decorations you'll find many good ideas for decorations that you can make yourself if you'll take a closer look. Most of them require simple materials to work with and little skill so why not try your hand at making your own decorations this year?

Many of the newest ideas out this year utilize plain chicken wire. A novel Christmas tree can be shaped from the wire and then covered with angel hair. Sprinkle some silver sparkle on it and bank the base with blue balls.

From the same wire you might shape a bell. Paint the bell with gold or silver paint. Make the clapper from a colored ball and hang the bell by a piece of wire at the top which can be concealed by a large bow of ribbon.

Chicken wire makes an easy background material to work with in framing wreaths, stars, trees, or sprays of greenery. Cut the desired shape from the wire and simply stick or tie the greenery on the wire. Clusters of Christmas balls can be tied in the center to make a very attractive greeting for the door.

Make bells for your front door by simply covering paper cups with colored tissue paper or aluminum foil. Wire the bell clapper made of colored ball to the top of the cup. Cluster these together amid a background spray of greenery and hang them on the door.

Perk up your mailbox with a spray of pine across the top and a crisp red bow. Tie sleigh bells to the box and when you hear the bells tinkle, you know the postman has arrived.

Make onlookers curious with daily wrapped packages of various sizes fastened to a bow and hung on the front door.

Next to the symbolic tree, the hearth is the center of holiday festivity. Probably beat them with General Duction.

16. This one is for the entertainment of Judy Board, and many stray cats have starved thereby.

One closing hooray for Democracy, Individual Responsibility, Loyalty, and Honor.—T. B.

activities. Some of the prettiest decorations here are the simplest of all. Colored balls and greenery left over from the tree can be used in stunning arrangements. You might have a decoration quite in tune with the season.

Driftwood or hawthorne branches make interesting centerpieces for a table, mantel, or low bookcase. Paint them with white, gold, or silver paint and sprinkle some glitter on them while they are still wet. Tie colored balls to the branches, or use angel hair. Tying the branch on the mantel off-centered to give it the modern touch.

Use this idea for a table: stand one large candle on a large tray or mirror; hang colored balls on toothpicks which have been stuck in the candle at an angle. Place the small balls at the top and the larger ones near the bottom. Pine evergreen boughs around the base and cover with different-colored ornaments.

Pine cones are attractive used in their natural color or whitened. Cones or greenery take on the appearance of snow merely by painting them. You might also mix flour and water to give this effect. Snow can be made by beating soap suds very thick. Add a little sugar to make it hold its shape. This type of snow can be used on a mirror or tray and banked in mounds.

Melt old candles and pour into oyster cans or milk cartons. When they are hard, a hot pick will make a hole into which a twisted string can be placed for a wick. Small candles molded in cups for baking cup-cakes makes a pretty centerpiece when placed in a bowl of water and allowed to float while burning.

Fruits and nuts stay prettier longer in an arrangement if you will first paint them with shellac or plastic paint. Bows made for outdoor wreaths or sprays will stay crisp and shiny if you will make them from oilcloth rather than paper or ribbon. They can be saved and used from year to year.

Give your whole house the gay and color of the holiday season with decorations that you can make and arrange Good Luck and Merry Christmas.

Young Pianists Play In Recital Hall Today

The annual Christmas piano recital given by pupils of the student teachers will be given Friday, December 18, in the recital hall of Music Building at 4:00 p. m.

Student teachers whose pupils will perform are Libbey Almond, Susanna Barbee, Jo Beatty, Fran Green, Sara Beth Hearn, Vivian Miller, Emily McLees, Jerry Tatum and Lois Turner.

Pupils who will perform are Billie Wharton, Beverly Harrelson, Mickey Williams, Crystal Rhodes, Janet Williams, Eddie Clodfelter, Joe Griffin, Broughton Stokes, Lila Wolff, Jane Oppen, Marina Cook, Betsy Clodfelter, Elizabeth Holder, Dick Parker, Jess McFarland, Jimmy Dutton, Niles Woelf, Eleanor Straughan, Sue Latham, Anne Woelf, Susan Jones, Julia Graham, Jeanette Hinson, Jan Mooney, Ardina Klock, David Johnstone, Alice Blue, Fayette Klock, Jeannie Bullock, Marlis Jones, Mike Cecil, Susan Brosius, Margaret Anne Dutton, and Sammy McFalls.

Graham Widens Road

(Continued from Page One)

from the faculty if it is to come at all. Dr. Graham concluded, "I can well understand the concerns and even the anxieties that many of us have felt during the past three years . . . I simply feel we have reached a point where concerns and anxieties have become much less important than pride in what the college has accomplished in the past sixty years, and the hope of good that might be accomplished through avenues not yet attempted to a great extent on our campus."

Developments in the United States in recent years have given rise to a new sport which has become quite popular in the larger cities. It is called hunting for a parking place. Parking places are much more difficult to find in the urban areas than in the smaller country towns, which has caused city officials no end of bewilderment. No license is needed for this sport except a driver's license. No stamps or tags are needed either, although tags are sometimes issued by the cities after a parking place has been found by the hunter. This sport promises to grow in popularity for many years.

"Hanukkah" Commemorates Jewish Festival Of Lights

By tomorrow evening the campus will be bare as the Students of Woman's College start on their homeward journey to spend the Christmas holidays with family and old friends. For most of us, the day of gift-giving and good will is just around the corner. But, for about seventy-five girls, the winter holiday has passed.

These seventy-five girls are Jewish. Their holiday, Hanukkah, falls on a different date each year since it goes according to the old Hebrew calendar. This year it started on December 2 and, since it lasts eight days, ended on the 10th.

Hanukkah, or Festival of Lights, recalls the brave deed of a family named the Maccabees who fought, so that they might have freedom of conscience, and won. The story tells us that the Jews ran out of fuel to burn. One small light was obtained and was placed in the temple where, by a miracle, it was kept burning for eight days, thus

establishing the length of the Festival of Lights.

During the holiday, the Jewish family lights candles, an additional one for each night, and places them in a menorah, or candle-holder. One member of the family says a blessing over the candle and each child in the household then receives a present. Special holiday services are held in the Synagogue.

This year Hillel, the Jewish religious organization on campus, celebrated Hanukkah with a party. Gifts were distributed, candles were lit, and a visiting Rabbi gave an informal talk.

Usually, Hanukkah falls later in December, enabling Jewish students to spend at least part of their long holiday at home. But, despite the fact that their holiday is over, none of them seem to be sad about leaving the campus for two weeks. After all, whether you celebrate Christmas or not, it's good to be home.

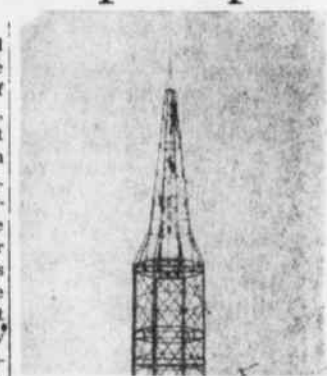
Workman Erects Tree Atop WF Chapel Spire

By Jean Ragan

Should a premature visit be paid by any of us Deacon-lovers to the embryonic Reynolda campus of Wake Forest in Winston-Salem, we might get the impression that somebody has gone "gungho" on this Christmas-decorating business. Swaying majestically atop the towering 223 foot steel spire of the College Chapel stands a little fir tree, placed there many weeks ago by a fearless worker. The love and meaning of the builder's craft seems to have vanished completely from this materialistic, industrialized world in which a dollar-fifty cents an hour is customarily the inspiration behind a giant construction.

The erecting of a fir tree atop a building in an early stage of construction is done in accordance with an ancient custom called "Richt Fest" in Germany dating back to the 12th century. As a blessing upon the workmen and those who will inhabit the building the fir tree is placed on high as a symbol of good luck.

Although no ceremony was held on the Wake Forest campus, several German men and women visiting in Winston-Salem at the time told of the colorful ritual that accompanies the observance of this ancient custom in their own community of Hildesheim. There the



Fir Tree sways atop WF Chapel erection of the tree symbolically gives life to the building, thus making it an integral part of the soil it is built upon. In other German communities, a crowd is placed on the spire while the foreman of the construction proclaims to the crowd below, "This has been done with the help of God."

The fir tree will reign atop the spire of the College Chapel until it is naturally removed by the wind, or until the workmen, reaching that point in construction, will be forced to remove it.

Should we mistake the meaning of this fir tree for Christmas, we would not be very strong. Its symbolism is far from being alien to the true meaning of Christmas.

Calling your attention to
our new telephone number

2-5177

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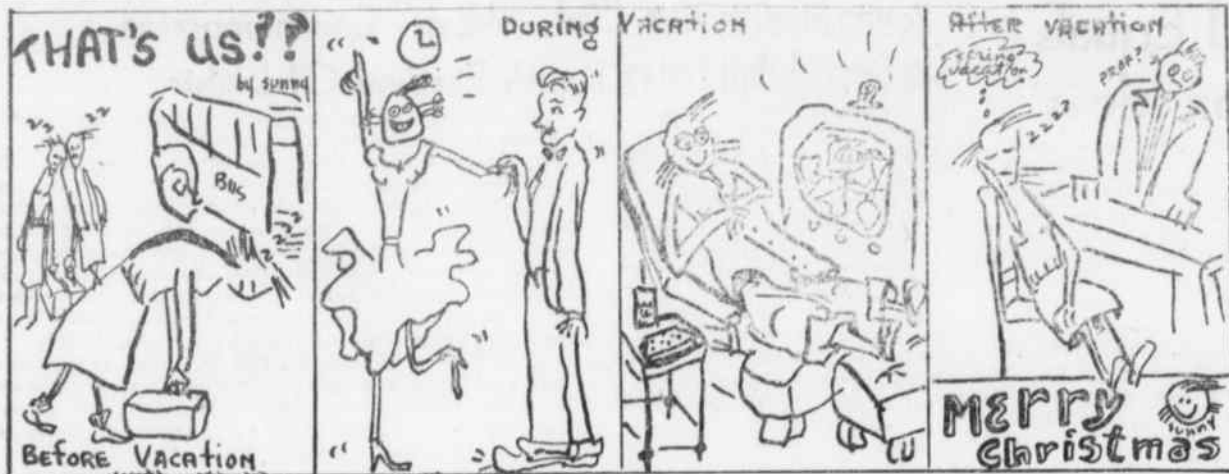
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CAMPUS COGS

By Helen Jernigan

"Everybody always knows when Linda's around because they fall on their faces when they come in," Barbara Dobbins said fondly of her roommate, as she pointed to the pile of books and newspapers in the middle of the floor.

Linda Carroll, a petite brown-eyed and haired Art major from Atlanta, Georgia, says her fondest memories of freshman year despite the feeling of being "lost, green, and uncertain" were spent on second floor of Gray Hall. "I remember how we got in trouble one night for banging on the pipes with coke bottles during closed study." It seems that they were sending messages around and it could be heard on first and third floors as well as second. She and her roommate were standing there with coke bottles in hand when in walked their counselor. Wow!

"I knew I'd be an Art major since I was nine years old," states Linda. She first copied comic strips, but soon turned to fashion designing. Her high school prophecy stated that she would live on the Riviera and paint nudes! Next, however, she wanted to be an illustrator, but now "I just want to paint everything."

Linda likes to give a lot of credit to her parents, "who have given understanding, encouragement, and freedom of decision," plus her instructors and all the people she has worked with. "And all these girls who have given rubdowns and food at the proper times," she said laughingly.

The Art Club holds Linda's main interest and she is real enthusiastic over its work. She is also on the Fine Arts Committee; and music.



Linda Carroll

and dance hold a prominent place on her hobby list. Linda sings alto in the New Guilford Choral Group. "I keep scrapbooks, too, of all kinds. About twenty of them." One favorite is filled with all kinds of "junk" that turn up during the year and another has newspaper articles and pictures. "I used to collect wishbones and stamps—chicken wishbones, turkey wishbones, and bird wishbones—," grinned Linda, "but I gave that up for a lost cause."

Linda claims that her pet peeve is "prudy people, which is not true of WC students particularly. A lot of people don't like to take chances, but you have to, to get anywhere."

As for the future Linda would like to go to graduate school next year. She hasn't made up her mind definitely yet where she'd like to go—"maybe to the West Coast."

So with the dog-biscuit mobile to think about, this busy senior is anxiously looking forward to her southern holiday and also—a twelve-hour bus trip home!

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FACULTY FOIBLES

By Jackie Murphy

There is at least one person on campus who should feel at home in the winds of the past week. She is Miss Estelle Obara, native of the Windy City of Chicago and now member of the Art Department.

"I like the East," she said, "and I like the South, which is one reason I came to Greensboro. But I was hired sight unseen—I hadn't seen the campus and they hadn't seen me." She is becoming a real Southerner, too, and is showing a decided partiality to the old saying: "Take two and butter 'em while they're hot!"

W. C., in Miss Obara's opinion, is a fine place. "The best thing about it is the women. They are fine to work with and you can be friends with them." Then she added, "It's unfortunate that there are no more men around, but there's still time and I'm still young."

As a teacher, Miss Obara should be well qualified and well prepared after having studied at no less than five institutions. "My de-



Miss Estelle Obara

gree is from the University of Chicago, but when I found courses that I liked I took them because they liked I took them because they were interesting." For a while she

was going to college, working, and going to evening school at the same time.

While she was at Northwestern, she taught at Evanston Township High School in Evanston, Illinois. That, she said, was one of the most interesting things she ever did, by a community of rather wealthy people who are very education-conscious and who are tremendously interested in the school. As a result the school is highly progressive and the last word in everything modern. "And the students are such well adjusted young adults."

As an artist, Miss Obara has had exhibits at the Art Institute and in several other smaller gal-

NSA Sponsors Pen Pal Program, Asks For Correspondents

The National Student Association is again conducting an International Correspondence Exchange Program. By means of this program, American students are able to communicate with their counterparts in all areas of the globe.

The entire program serves to fill a vital need in the student Community, as the exchange of ideas on a personal basis plays a significant role in the furthering of international understanding.

One of her more recent accomplishments in the field of art was made here in Greensboro when she designed and illustrated the City of Greensboro Annual Report of the Department of Parks and Recreation for 1953.

All persons interested in participating in this program should forward their name and choice of country to the following address:

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