

THE GUILFORDIAN

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Guilford College

Editor-in-Chief Ernest White  
 Managing Editor Frances Alexander  
 Assistant Managing Editor Mary Edith Woody  
 Business Manager Marvin Sykes

SPECIAL EDITORS

Feature Editors, Billy Anderson, Charlotte Parker, Anna J. Bonham  
 Sports Editor Clyde Redding  
 Alumni Editor Miss Era Lasley  
 Assistant Alumni Editor Mary Bryant  
 Society Editor Margaret Barnes  
 Typing Editor Ruth Fuquay

REPORTERS

John McNairy	Richard Archer	Earl Maloney
Marguerite Neave	William Collier	Herman Trivette
Louise Ward	Claude Hepler	Gladys Melville
Winston Davis	Esther Stilson	Ida Mae Higgins
Jim Parsons		Gladys Bryan

SECRETARIAL STAFF

Elizabeth Gilleam	Mary Weber	Millie Glisson
Ruth Anderson		Geraldine McLean

Circulation Manager Earl Kuykendall  
 Assistant Circulation Manager Mack Ray Robinson  
 Assistant Business Manager John Bradshaw

Address all communications to THE GUILFORDIAN  
 Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price \$1.50 per year

Entered at the post office in Guilford College as second class matter

Election at Hand

Nominations for the officers of the various campus organizations will soon be sent in and elections held. Elections at Guilford have become all too often a mere matter of form, the real choosing being done by outgoing officers or others, quite contrarywise to a real democratic organization.

It has been our contention, and still is, that a line of legitimate succession should be formed by some of the campus organizations, notably the GUILFORDIAN and the Quaker. It is obviously impossible that there be two good candidates for the offices of editor of either of these publications, for next year's editor should have been trained this year in a minor place, preferably that of managing editor.

Our suggestion is that but one candidate be named for editor of the GUILFORDIAN and one for editor of the Quaker. The student body could be given a yes-no prerogative, and if they were to vote "no," or a large percentage of them were to, an actual election with two names submitted could be held.

Incidentally, we would like to see some real "politicizing" and interest shown by the student body in the election of bona fide elective officers.

Sweet Land of Liberty

A few years ago, Samuel Haworth, professor of religion at an orthodox Quaker institution, secured a well-known Socialist to speak at the morning chapel exercises. There are many, many colleges in the United States where to have done this would have started agitation among patriots to have Mr. Haworth's job, but that is not the point. Many of us who have always been taught that socialism, communism and anarchy are synonymous terms and travel only with bewhiskered bombsters, were surprised at the logic of what the man said and the obvious intelligence and culture of the speaker.

We who are kept as much as possible in ignorance as to such things as possible changes in society, either by darkness, smoke screens, or "red herrings," are the Americans who are dependent upon our newspapers and our schools for knowledge of the affairs of the outside world and their significance. Our masters, school boards, and boards of trustees, taken one and all from the employer-capitalist class, and the newspaper publishers, to whose interest the upholding of the status quo is obviously advantageous.

It is easy to hold to your friends, and it is easy for a man who inherited millions and thus made hundreds of millions more under a system to think that system is the best of all possible layouts—W. R. Hearst, for example, who controls the thinking of millions. Likewise, a man who has attained a comfortable home and a comfortable living under the same system may logically think it is worth maintaining.

But any other way of doing things, any other way of organizing society, we cannot see that, for the trustees have seen that it is stigmatized or smothered in darkness.

America, as the "patriots" bellow, is the land of the free, where one is free to make all the money he can, to wield all the power he can obtain through his money.

We also want to see America the land of the free, where teachers are free to show all sides of an issue without being hounded out of their schools; where labor is free to control its own destiny; where editors can voice their honest opinions without keeping one eye on the adds and the other on the "old man"; where people can think their own thoughts and speak their own minds without being branded as traitors.

Of you, oh wearers of comfortable paunches and holders of our destinies within your rotund wallets, we ask one thing: Give us at least a look around before we have to decide the course of civilization tomorrow.



PIPE DREAMS

The pictured walls grow blank and the pipe hangs heavy from his teeth as grayness swirls like a bank of fog about him. His chair lifts and lurches and is gone.

Where is he? He knows. He is at the tiller of his first command (never was a boat that could mean what she has meant). Blackness is all around and his straining hand, damp with the night wind, are cold, and his body, crouched behind his sheepskin coat, is cold as a bar of iron is cold. Like crouching leopards the rollers come up from behind, strike, hiss, and sweep by.

Shattering the smooth pour of the wind, the simultaneous shouts of the two lookouts ring, "Starboard the helm! Starboard the helm! Starboard the helm!"

He puts one booted foot on the seat to brace himself and pushes the tiller down until the water screams under the stern. Far over on one side the boat heels, until he can hear the water spill over the side with a tearing sound. The boat jerks once, convulsively, and he senses that the foresail has jibed. A great, sullen black, sunken derelict of a tree flashes by right under him with white water breaking over it and is gone into the black astern. Shoulder muscles harden under their padding of coat as he swings back on the tiller bar and the swooping mainsail is quiet once more with wind.

Like a boxer who has taken a deadly blow and, weaving, shakes his head, the boat quivers and flees before the gale again.

He shouts to the little knot of men forward by the mainmast, "Take that foresail back over."

Grayness again, and his torso is bare and brown, with belly lean against a tight-drawn belt. It is a bleak, drizzly morning on the big river, with a rapid roaring ahead like a freight crossing a trestle.

He is in a canoe that swings giddily down the smooth yellow flood. "Port," says the bow-paddle curly and they bend their backs and he pushes out at the end of the stroke to turn to port. Nearer and nearer they come to the sharp, black rocks frothed in white. At the same second all realize that there is a big drop in the river ahead and that there is no passage to port. In the very center of the chute white-maned, red waves toss high.

"Starboard!" he cries, and the two ahead of him paddle like madmen, for rorks lie just below and on one side.

"Low, Roy!" and "Low, Ed!" he calls, and they drop down to their knees as he holds straight across the stream that whirls then sideways down toward the maw of the rapid. They are on the brink of the first huge omeber and directly above the teeth of the boulders.

"Like hell!" he exhorts, and while their wielders look furtively with dropped jaws at waiting death below, the blades flash even faster.

Just as the canoe lifts to start the first swoop down, he drops until his armpits are level with the gunwale. He bears out with his paddle. The canoe spins on her heel and they strike true through the first wave. Water is on their faces and their ears are filled with the bellow of the tortured water.

They chop quickly and nervously with their paddles, twisting and dodging by instinct. As though a giant hand had plucked it up, the stern rises and a solid wall of water rears in front of them. In a moment that is an aeon, they crash through it and he sees the whole forward end of the canoe go under and lift free as a flood of water rolls aft almost to his waist, bearing with it floating tins.

Paddle in the water to steady the desperately wounded craft, he shouts,

Ripped at Random

FOR VALENTINE THIS STORY IS PRESENTED

The following was taken from *The Tech High Rainbow*, which in its turn took it from *The Gamecock*, which took it from *The Emory Wheel*. To complete the cycle, the exchange looked back to the *Emory Phoenix* of 1895 where the original appeared:

"Kissing is, or should be made, one of the fine arts. While there is no immediate danger of its becoming one of the lost arts, or even lapsing into innocuous desuetude, still it is just as well to do what we can to keep it up as an art standard. For heaven's sake don't make a business of it, and don't jump at it with your hat in one hand and your overshoes in the other. Don't pounce down on a woman's lips as you would on a piece of watermelon, or a ripe tomato, and bend her head back until you hear the bones crack in the back of her neck. Don't glue your face to hers and have a good time all to yourself while you're flattening her nose against one of your cheeks. Don't take her by both ears and look into her eyes and try to grab it quick; you are sure to bump noses. These are a few general rules which may at all times be safely observed.

"Stand a little bit behind her, just on the right side. Place your arm diagonally about her form extending from her right shoulder down to and partially around her waist until the ends of your fingers touch her belt buckle. If she doesn't wear a belt buckle, the arm will get there just the same. Take it easy; don't get excited. Take your right hand and gently brush the golden ringlets from the left side of her alabaster brow, looking meantime into the liquid depths of her azure eyes. Take it easy.

"Don't get excited. Let your hand rest gently for a moment on her warm velvet of her pink and white left cheek. Then gently work the muscles of the right arm until her right cheek rests firmly on your left shoulder, just over the watch pocket. Take it easy; don't be in a hurry; it'll keep. Extend a little energy along as you can. Then remove your right hand from her left cheek, letting it drop gently under her chin. Work muscles of your right arm gently. Take it easy; don't hurry. As the chin rises, work neck muscles, and let your head fall gently forward. Now a little more action down the left arm as the ripe lips, like twin rosebuds, part, revealing pearly gates behind, through which there steals the warm, sweet perfume of her fragrant breath. Then, well, you know the rest as well as I do—only take it easy; don't hurry; it can't get away, and it would not if it could."

WILLING TO SELL

R. Martin: "What are you taking for your gout?"

B. McLain: "Make me an offer."—*Green and White*.

I heard Joe Penner tell this one: "Say, Ozzie, I've just bought myself a new pair of shoes, and they're so full of squeaks that I've decided to be a musician."

"Ozzie" Nelson: "Why, Joe, how do squeaky shoes influence you to be a musician?"

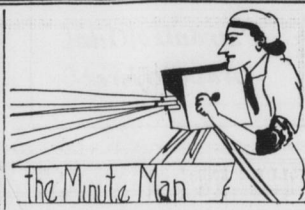
Joe: "Because I've got music in my sole."—*The Choconian*.

Orchids to the cutest joke I've seen—here 'tis—"Historic Moments"—when Stonewall Jackson heroically refused to wear a "Union" suit—get it?—*The Rotunda*.

N.R.A. me down to sleep.  
 Pray the Lord my code to keep;  
 If I should bust before I wake,  
 A. F. of L. my plant will take—  
 And this I ask for heaven's sake.  
 Amen.—H. L. S.

"If you ever want to see home and mamma again, BAIL!" and Ed does.

Lifting and swinging like a rider taking the jumps, they drive on and out into smooth, dark-brown water.



Well, here it's time for another issue and with the exception of the choir members everyone has been behaving so well that the poor minute man is in a state bordering on nervous breakdown from lack of copy.

We again sent our confidence man, Fifi, on the choir trip, both choir trips, to be exact, and because of the diligence of his research on the subject of—well, because of his diligence we are tempted to devote all our space to the choir, but this smacks of favoritism and far be it from us to become like a faculty member so soon.

I accompanied the choir to scotland neck phoebeville and raleigh among other things we ate griggs became a makeup man ward broke several hearts in phoebeville-on-the-railroad kelsey sat unexpectedly moorefield had the seat kelsey stood swiftly and redly coming back from raleigh somebody turned on the lights

Hey, Jimmie, are you making any time?

We understand that the trip to Sanford and Southern Pines was less eventful, except that the new music teacher, Miss Kirch, went, and Prof. insisted that some of the chaperons should sit in the back of the bus.

That reminds us, there has been a sudden filling of the ranks of those who take certain music courses. The administration is unable to account for this sudden interest. Well, if they can't find out for themselves, we'll lend them Fifi.

It seems that we have been having a few basketball games lately. Certain people have been seen with certain people. We've got our eye on you, Butch, and you too, Tilson. Watch that stuff.

BALLAD OF A STOOL PIGEON

i admire diligence in pursuit of academic achievement

the old ace sleuths her lessons from the vantage point of a stool a three-legged stool

the stool is unbalanced if like good homer the sleuth sometimes nods why then she is awakened

When our highly valiant basketball team was recently at Langley Field, Va., they met a man who offered them—well, you ask the team.

Well, from all we hear, Parker is giving himself a swell banquet.

Yes, they've busted up for good again. Yeh, that red-headed gal from Maine and the micromaniae.

i find that the girls in founders feel safer now that the dean is back

i wonder why the lights went out the other night and why so many red lanterns appeared

We are leaving the following space vacant because if we printed the article Mrs. Milner might check.

Did you hear what the sociology teacher asked our editor? Were we dumbfounded to see upon what plane her thoughts tend.