

THE GUILFORDIAN

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Another Page

Election day at Guilford has come and gone, and a new set of student officers is "taking over." THE GUILFORDIAN congratulates those elected and the student body in its choice of leaders.

The election system in vogue at Guilford by which there is no "politicizing" and factionalism is also to be commended. The balloting went off quietly; students voted for those they thought best deserved the honor and could most efficiently do the work.

When the new officers take up their duties, they turn to a clean sheet in the record. Whether they will write "debit" or "credit" on that page of Guilford's record, remains to be seen. Or they may leave it blank, which is the worst way of all.

Succession

Outside the student government associations, the student organizations are run by a veritable bureaucracy. Except where the candidates were nominated from the floor, it was not candidates who were put on the ballot. In practically every case it was the person who was already chosen by a very small group to be the new officer, together with a scapegoat who was merely running for the trip. One who was sure to be elected and one who was a good candidate because he could not possibly draw enough votes to upset the calculations.

This situation was due, in most cases, not to partiality but to a lack of available candidates. But it requires no doctor of political science to see that the power wielded by the nominating board is to all intents and purposes absolute.

It should be borne in mind by the leaders, of publication boards particularly, that while it is all very well this year for a group of seniors to do all the work, that makes for chaos next year. A line of legitimate succession should be established, so planned that the heir apparent, a junior, will be fully trained and ready to take up the scepter as each throne is vacated.

Under that system, THE GUILFORDIAN, for instance, would not have started the year, as it did, with editor-in-chief and business manager totally unfamiliar with the task handed them.

If the offices of the publications are to be filled by election, the student body should, by all means, have one nomination from the floor if merely to safeguard democracy.

A better way would be to have the offices taken over by a line of planned succession, approved by the boards themselves.

A Straw in the Wind

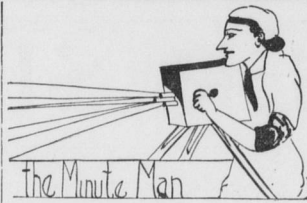
Spring is in the air—there is not so much more of the semester impending. Certain boxes in the post office have lately become burdened with mail in the form of college catalogues.

Guilford does much more for the student who needs financial assistance in order that he may complete his college course. It may be that Guilford is neglecting those few students who come here, even though they could go to school elsewhere. One particular department of the college, a department which is apart from the academic field, has recently achieved much adverse criticism.

Economy is a good thing when it can be practiced without costing more than it saves. It might be well for those responsible for the money coming in from students to carefully adjust their relations with those who spend it.

Is the money saved, by having boarding students discontented, enough to balance the wanderlust shown by the college catalogues that have been ordered?

THE GUILFORDIAN does not kick. It merely registers a rumbling from the dormitories to which the authorities appear to be deaf.



Greetings, felicitations, salutations, and—hello. Scoop! After careful observation and much shadowing, Kyke has at last substantiated his opinion that Martha Lane "hesitates" behind the door in Mem hall. He caught her in the act!

But we find after even more careful observation that the same Kyke "indicates" with his index finger. Shame on you, Earl.

Once upon a time the choir went on a trip to Burlington, and imagine Jesse and Bill's chagrin when, returning at some ungodly hour, they found not their own homey room but one of Farmer Jones' cows placidly chewing her cud in the middle of an empty cubicle. When they finally succeeded in getting all their furniture back in its destined place and had gone after the last load, the chagrin turned to tress tres beaucoup de anger and censored words when they found it had all been pitched out the window. I always say "Give them an inch and they'll take the whole darned tape-measure."

And will someone please enlighten me as to the causes, symptoms, and nature of the ailment which has been causing "Georgia" Lassiter no end of trouble for the last week, which the nurse cannot diagnose, and which when it is suggested that she ask "Dr. Jones" makes Helen turn all the colors of the rainbow.

Did you know that the way to catch a man is to go to Founders every morning, noon and night and be chatting nonchalantly in the hall when they come out of the dining room? And that Nell has fallen down again and will show her skinned knee for the asking? And that Tuck also took a tumble when she tried to cross a ditch that is less than a foot wide?

Far be it from me to see how Guilford could produce anyone so gentlemanly (???) as this: a former student actually got up nerve enough the other day to ask his girl's mother if it would be all right to kiss her even though he had been going with her only two years.

Note to swains: Gee, why don't you ask my ma—she wouldn't care!

Famous excerpts of the week:
An excerpt from a soph. speech: "There is so much inter-marriage between the blacks and whites that the white race is gradually being doomed to extinction." Gee, and I thought it was dirt on my neck all the time!
From a fellow staff-member: "Dancing is only 'necking' set to music, and the music is usually rotten, so why bother about it at all in the long run?"

Davis' last stand upon seeing Weston preparing to pump up an already flattened tire: "Hey, lkey, don't let the air out of that tire; we've already done it."

Poole's dress rehearsal speech: "Do you wonder that my . . ." Ask him the rest and please note the profuse blushes.

Hepler: "I ought to be a good wrestler now, I have been practicing all my holds on . . . another censored one . . . ask him."

And they do say that a certain couple thought that we were applauding at the dance the other night when we all stopped dancing and stood and watched them and they still don't know why the radio went flooie and George Silver got out at twelve o'clock and tried to catch two of a man's et rabbits for biology and succeeded only in getting his clothes ruined—so carbohic acid—goodbye in any language.

The Fable of the College Dignitary and the Loyal Alumnus

Urgently requested by the college dignitary to call and talk over plans for improvements, the loyal alumnus arrived at the time appointed, and after brief formalities they got down to business.

"I wished to discuss with you," began the college dignitary, "a plan for keeping bull calves out of the classrooms and dormitories. We have been extremely annoyed of late—"

"Ah, so I have heard."
"A sustaining fund of perhaps \$600,000 would be required to carry out the project as I have it in mind."

"Is it proposed," asked the loyal alumnus, "that Plin Mears be excluded from college?"

"A sinking fund of \$400,000 would be required to carry through that part of the project, to be subscribed over a period of 4,000 years. Realizing your loyalty to the institution, I had wondered if you—"

"I shall be glad to co-operate in every way possible, especially in such a worthy cause. Co-operation, there's the secret of getting things done. I suppose you remember my editorial on co-operation in '79."

"Oh, quite well. Returning to the matter of the little bull calves, or, as I should say—"

"Yes, of course. I was thinking, Doctor, that if there were fewer professors, there would be ample room for the bull calves."

"Ah, but professors are traditional. A corollary to your solution, and one which I have contemplated is that the students should be allowed to return to their homes, and their quarters be turned over to the bull calves. This solution is infinitely more appropriate, I may add, for the attitude of the student body toward the suggestions of the administration often resembles the attitude which might be expected from a bull calf. Ah, what a veritable Eden would be a college without students. Heigh, ho!"

Absorbed in dreams of the earthly paradise, he sat without speaking for a long while, and the loyal alumnus respected his silence.

"But consider, Doctor," he ventured at length, "how bull calves would add to the natural beauty and richness of the landscape."

The college dignitary hoisted himself in his chair with an expression of distinct displeasure: "That sounds slightly porographic to me," he thundered.

The loyal alumnus bowed his head. "It was meant to be."

"And besides," continued the college dignitary, to use his advantage, "it would be a sock in the puss to our dear Quaker friends. And furthermore," he concluded, "when bull calves become grey-headed, they are no longer considered bull calves."

"That is quite true, but in this I was thinking of them as students exclusively."

"Alas, I fear that is impossible."
"Perhaps not, Doctor. Why couldn't we have bull calves for quarterbacks, and stable them in the gymnasium? Then, when they grew up, they could be fullbacks."

Chuckling richly, he gave the college dignitary a dig in the paunch.

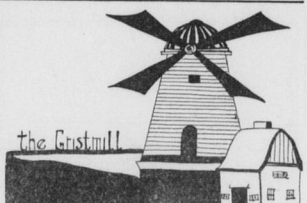
"Levity and facetiousness do not become you. Please to remember the gravity and import of our subject. There is a crowning disadvantage to the prospect of having bull calves for professors of which I have not yet spoken. I fear that a herd of bull calves would be exceedingly difficult to manage in faculty meeting."

"They would indeed," admitted the loyal alumnus. "But now we have a further menace to consider. We must prevent the bull calves from replacing the student body."

"A distasteful task, but, I fear, necessary. We must float a bond issue of \$800,000 as a guarantee.

"Enough! Would I ruin my good name for such a thing! Doctor, this is a lot of bull anyway."

"Quite right. I shall seek out the person who has made me indulge in



The English teacher calmly looked over the class. "You may each bring in an essay of not less than 500 words for the next recitation."

Such was the edict. I looked at him, but he was paying no attention to us, he being occupied with gathering up his books in preparation to leave the class-room. Not many of us expect to become Lambs, Wordsworths, or Emersons, and a written theme is something that strikes consternation to my soul. It makes me feel as if my liver has been out of order for a week. But— "It's ours not to question why, Ours but to do or die."

So, after delaying as long as possible, I take a nice sheet of paper and hopefully write a title. Then I bite the lead off the pencil and look at the title. It doesn't look so warm. So I make a lot of little marks all around the edge of the paper and a new idea comes into my head. I change the title. It looks worse this time. The pencil now has teeth-marks. Now I feel thirsty and a journey to the water cooler follows. There another inspiration strikes me and I think a little fresh air would help me. I take a walk down to the end of the hall, stop at the window, and gaze at the stars. Then I thrust both hands down into my breeches pokes and finger a miscellaneous collection of coins, a knife, a corkscrew, two nails, three shirt buttons, a round pebble, and an odd little piece of carved wood which I secured from a fortune-teller and is supposed to bring me good luck.

Now, I think I will go back and write an essay that will tame any Lamb. I return to my table. Somehow the inspiration has all oozed away. My mind is a perfect void: wholly empty of any thoughts or ideas. I take a sheet of paper and write something across the top. Then I crush it up and throw it on the floor. That makes me feel better. So I take another sheet and write a fresh title. It still looks bad. I roll it into a nice long funnel and shoot it at the ceiling. For a little variety I tear the next sheet asunder and scatter it on the floor. Now I get up and tear my hair, fling off my coat, and kick off my shoes. And declare I will stop the English course tomorrow.

But at last I compose myself and begin to write. The more I write, the more rotten seems the subject I have chosen. However, I sweat and strain till I complete one sentence after another. All the time I know how bad they are because I am apt to get 15 different tenses, eight kinds of verbs, seven persons, and voices: active and passive, soprano and bass. The subject also has an uncontrollable way of leading off into something else, blind alleys preferred. Then when I think I must have written at east six hundred words, I count them—and find three hundred and twenty-four. But the royal edict was five hundred words! Now, Noah Webster got forty thousand words out of twenty-six letters, but it almost gives me a brain storm to select the one hundred and seventy-six from this number needed to complete my theme. One thing I promise here and now: when I teach English no boy will be required to write essays. The class and myself will go out and play mumbly-peg. JULE SHARP.

such expressions, and let him feel the weight of my hand.

"By all means let us execute summary justice on him. But I am exceedingly thirsty, and may I suggest that a mug of Royal Pilsener would wash the taste of unpleasant words from your mouth?"

"An excellent suggestion."
MORAL: Posterity is just around the corner.