

## THE GUILFORDIAN

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## MISS LOUISE

One place has been vacated at Guilford College that can never be filled—that is Miss Louise's. Just why there is such a feeling existing no one can exactly explain but it is there just the same. After carefully helping 34 freshmen classes to finish Guilford and the same number of senior classes to start out in the world it is not unnatural that hundreds of Guilfordians all over the United States feel a keen sense of regret when they learn that Miss Louise will not be back. What a congestion there will be in the halls with Miss Louise not there to chase the boys over to Cox Hall after each meal! And the love affairs—will they progress with no one to encourage or to discourage? To whom will the secrets be told and to whom will the confidential confessions be made?

Pessimism is dangerous. After all Miss Louise is alive and in good health. There seems to be a feeling that she will never be seen again, but after a person becomes as much a part of an institution as Miss Louise has become to Guilford College a mere year's absence seems as eternity.

THE GUILFORDIAN wishes to take this first opportunity to publicly and graciously acknowledge its appreciation for what Miss Louise has meant to Guilford College and as a reward we offer the hundreds of Guilford students who have gone out into the world holding Miss Louise before them as a living example. Could there be a more worthy and desirable compensation?

## RATS!!!

Faculties are altered each year. Students graduate. But the big wheel of Education and College life continues to turn on its well-greased axis—never losing a turn or slipping a cog for the loss of a faculty member or senior class. Fortunately, no senior class or no faculty member ever existed which was absolutely essential to the life of an institution. Juniors become seniors; sophomores become juniors; freshmen become sophomores; and the annual vacancy is filled by new material. How dependent a college is upon its new freshman class, its timid, green, but ambitious little RATS! Rats they are called, yes, but certainly

out of no disrespect. On the contrary it has become an honor to bear this title. Practically every upper classman considers it so; if not why should they desire to cast reflections upon themselves by applying what they consider a disrespectful term to what they once were? Yes, upper classmen have more respect and consideration for the RATS than their language would indicate at times, and even underneath the hardest sophomore faces of effected intolerance and superiority, gleams one of sympathy and pride.

## FLOTSAM?

Man's allotted time on earth is three score and ten years. Some lead such lives that they fall beneath this mark while others attain an even greater number of years. But the question which is of most vital importance is after all not the number of years attained but the way in which the allotted years are lived.

Colleges and universities are today turning away from their doors hundreds of young men and women seeking admittance that they may bask and become tanned in the sunlight of education, that elusive thing which leads to richer, fuller lives. Where one is turned away hundreds matriculate each year and embark upon their journey supposedly in pursuit of education. But alas! The waters are soon strewn with wreckage. There is driftwood on every side. Flotsam of life, now here, now there, caught a minute, then gone, drifting on at last to the open sea.

We are told that the freshman year in college determines to a great extent the course of the individual's career. The drifting process is started early, for the fruits reaped in the junior and senior years are directly consequent to the steering done during the first year. And yet many of the incoming freshmen insist on allowing their barks to float through the same waters that countless others have sailed, merely because there the crowd is thickest. They oppose education with all their might and main, resisting it with every power of their own abundant ignorance, and fighting any attempt by delegated authority to assist in the steering of the vessel. And what is worse they are not content with their own drifting—their ignorance. They insist that every one else be ignorant too. It is well known that misery likes company. Occasionally there are those who refuse to become company or flotsam, who refuse to acquiesce with a set standard for both body and mind. They refuse to use axle grease on their hair because it is the style; they refuse to acquire a vocabulary of wicked cuss words and slang, to smoke, drink, paint, waste time in loafing, fail in studies and affect a general sang-froid of indifference towards cultural things, thinking to run a bluff and appear sophisticated and cosmopolitan. Such individuals have no idea of becoming Fords—that notoriously standardized product—the cheapest on the market.

It is to these strong-willed individuals, who pass by with eye on compass and rudder firmly grasped, that we look for results and accomplishments during their three

## "GUILFORD FIRST" A Guilfordian's Creed

(With Apologies to  
Ashton Oldham)

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.  
Not merely in campus, buildings, equipment and endowment fund, but also in ideals, principle and character developed.

Not merely as an A grade college, but as an institution where men and women may attain true culture.

Not boasting of prowess in athletics, but of clean sportsmanship, fair play, honest effort and earnest team work.

Not as a Quaker institution, but as an educational center.

Not in pride, arrogance, and jealousy of other schools and colleges, but in friendship, cooperation and understanding.

Not in the number of graduates handed a diploma each year, but in the number of men and women who go forth equipped and ready to establish Christian homes and work for a citizenship based on the nobler ideals and principles of life.

Some college must take the lead in these things if education is to mean what it should, and that honor I covet for my beloved Guilford.

And so in that spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my heart "Guilford First."

score and ten years. They are the ones who reflect credit and honor upon their alma mater.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who attained many more than his allotted span of years said, "If I had the opportunity to say a final word to all the young people of America, it would be this: Don't think too much about yourself. Nourish your minds by good reading, constant reading. Discover what your life work is, work in which you can do most good, in which you can be happiest. Be unafraid in all things when you know you are right."

The eyes of Guilford are upon the incoming Freshmen, watching each individual, speculating. Freshmen, will you too become Fords—mere flotsam?

## Y. W. LAYS PLANS FOR AROUSING INTEREST

(Continued from Page One)

ings so that more nearly all the people on the campus will wish to attend. The Open Forum will be continued this year. It is hoped that students will take an active part in making it a success, because it is essential that college students keep in touch with the happenings in the world. A few plans for new types of socials and games were set forth.

A mosquito might get away with what he does, but the darned fool flies around and brags about it.

"A kicking horse never pulls."

## THE MARCH OF REFINEMENT (From an English Copy.)

No man can serve two masters.—Matthew 6.24.

Sons and daughters of Fox, from your slumbers awake ye,  
No longer in listless indulgence recline;  
From the fetters of sloth and luxury break ye,  
And put on your beautiful garments and shine.

Time was when your fathers in wisdom grown hoary,  
In their doublet of leather, the pilgrim's rude guise;  
Contemning the pride of this world and its glory,  
Pursued their rough path of reproach to the skies.

Unlettered as they on Juda's lone mountain,  
By her wind-ruffled lake in deep forest and glen;  
Drawing water of life from Salvation's deep fountain,  
Surrounded the homeless Redeemer of men.

Your sons, by His Spirit's blest influence guided,  
Regardless of danger, prisons and death;  
Alike by the sage and the trifle derided,  
Looked o'er this vain world with the keen eye of faith.

From the lure of false glory, false happiness turning,  
With the courage of martyrs, they followed their Lord;  
Their loins girded close, and their lamps brightly burning,  
Unceasing they published His life-giving Word.

Those days are long past, and new light rises o'er us,  
No longer we suffer such hardships and loss;  
"The March of Refinement" now opens upon us,  
And points other ways than the way of the cross.

No longer we talk of meek, patient endurance,  
Of low self-denial, and watchful restraint.  
But of confident hope and exulting assurance,  
And triumphs that wait on the steps of the Saint.

Knowledge waves her light wand, and poor wandering mortals,  
No longer a rugged and thorny road trace;  
The gate that was straight, now unfolds its wide portals,  
The way once so narrow expands into space.

Religion has softened her features around her,  
The attractions of taste and of fancy are shed;  
The arts with their graceful adornment surround her,  
And weave a rich veil for her delicate head.

Our maidens no longer the homely task plying,  
That once could engage the matrons of yore;  
Are all in each accomplishment vying,  
And high on the pinions of sentiment soar.

So our scrap books and albums of curious adorning,  
The sufferings of friendship so richly unfold;

E'en the Yearly Epistle, its humble garb scorning,  
Now sparkles in silver or blazes in gold.

'Tis true there are some who these flowery paths fearing,  
Again and again tell us plainly we stray;  
Who the standard of ancient simplicity rearing,  
Exhort us to pause and consider the way.

But many, though granting their honest intentions,  
Deem rigid and narrow of prejudiced minds;  
And believe that amidst thousands of modern inventions,  
Some happy expedient yet we shall find.

To reconcile things in their nature discordant,  
Inclination and duty no longer at strife;  
Religion and luxury kindly accordant,  
The peace of the soul, with the pride of this life.

Vain hope of blind man, in his fond self-deceiving,  
Whilst immutably true stands the Saviour's own word;  
Happy they its sacred assurance receiving,  
In lowliness, follow their crucified Lord.

\*No man can serve two masters.

(Copied by Mary Louise Moon, Woodburne, Pa., Fifth Month, 1926.)

## COLLEGE LOSES SEVERAL MEMBERS OLD FACULTY

(Continued from Page One)

Miss Huth, the piano teacher for last year, could not return to Guilford on account of the illness of her mother. She will be at her home in Germany for the winter.

Mr. Howard O. Smith, the Chemistry professor for the past two years, will teach and do research work in Iowa State University this winter.

After careful consideration of two and one-half years Mr. Algie Newlin has decided to lay down his burden of teaching and enter into the pleasures of being a student again. This fall he is to go to Johns Hopkins University and do extensive work in the field of history and political science.

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