

**THE GUILFORDIAN**

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idea that because they are college graduates they are capable of assuming positions carrying with them remuneration of at least ten thousand dollars a year.

When trying to find the root of the evil it is to be noticed that the fault does not lie entirely with the college administrators, neither does it fall entirely on the students. Rather it resolves itself into the fact that neither group is making the most of present opportunities.

The GUILFORDIAN agrees with Mr. Mackie that the following facts are essential in finding a remedy for the difficult situation that confronts us. People will become educated only when each person finds out what he wants to know and then becomes his own instructor. A large part of our required work should be abolished, thus leaving the student free to choose his work (we are glad to say Guilford's revised curriculum provides for this). Students must be themselves and cease to be content with imitating other people, no matter how brilliant or successful they may be. Every individual's personality is his greatest asset and should be completely developed rather than stunted by worthless, childish imitation of others.

**This Is Life**

The following editorial written by W. O. Saunders, prominent newspaper man, and editor of the *Elizabeth City Independent*, contains a gem of truth, it shows some of the harsh, stern reality of life. It gives us a view of the darker side of this drama we call life. It has been copied in hundreds of newspapers throughout the country and proclaimed an editorial, a work of art and more. Our optimists would do well to read it—then try to refute the thought expressed.

"Memory vaguely recalls an Omnesque line that ran something like this: 'One by one the leaves of life are falling; the wine of life is oozing drop by drop.' Out of the subconscious came that line to awaken me from my slumbers in the stillness of the night.

"Just a few weeks ago my boy went off to college. I embraced him at the railroad station and told him goodbye. I knew instinctively and for a certainty that boy had gone out of my intimate personal life forever. I went home with a heavy heart.

"Sunday a daughter married without previous announcement and left with love in her eyes and laughter on her lips to live with her man some other place. And this is life.

"Two vacant chairs at the table. Two young ones still left, but they are only awaiting their opportunity to try their wings, too.

"Already there is a forlorn note in the song of the canary that hangs by the window; the clock on the mantelpiece ticks ominously. I never paid much attention to the slow tick-tock, tick-tock of that clock before.

"Around me the leaves of autumn are falling; the trees are taking on a bare, drab look. And this is life."

Love is the quality which enables a woman to whistle over the supper dishes.—Exchange.

**OPEN FORUM**

(Contributions received by this paper for the Open Forum Column must be signed or the name of the author must be known, subject to the discretion of the editor).

Dear Mr. Editor:

I feel that I should take this means and opportunity to express my great gratification of the actions of the students during high school day that was held on the campus last Saturday.

As is well known, it has been the feigned custom on previous high school days to cast off most of the iron-clad rules that keep the men on the east side of the road and the women on the west side, and allowing them to act sociable for a whole day. It is indeed pleasing to note that this was not done this year. At last the camouflaged and spurious conduct has been put aside, along with the evils thereof, and the high school students have been allowed the chance to see us as we really are. No longer do they have the bad example set before them of college students of opposite sex meandering around the campus, or chatting gleefully in the parlors. It would not be surprising if a high percentage of the necking and petting now attributed to high school students could not be traced directly back to former high school days of this previous conduct.

As I said before, the conduct of the students should be commended. They found many other ways in which they could spend their idle moments that would show Guilford as it really is. Many of the men studied, and held bull sessions, while many of the women sewed, and cut out paper dolls. Many read *Pilgrim's Progress* in the library, or studied the Sunday school lesson for the next day. In other words it was a typical college day, and should go a long way toward bringing high school students to Guilford next year.

Yours very truly,  
 AN INTERESTED FRIEND.

**SPEAKER FLAYS OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM**

(Continued from Page One)

simply memorize what facts are absolutely necessary and try to get by with as little work as possible. The students are forced to take courses under poor professors who are not masters of their subjects and who are absolutely devoid of all personality.

The students are not allowed to express an honest opinion. If they do they are accused of trying to run the place, getting a little too fast, hot-headed, ignorant of the facts, imagination running wild and wanting to gripe somebody. The faculty allow outside activity to influence them in making



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up grades and the gentle art of legging plays too big a part in determining whether one gets A or C.

The speaker ended his discourse by voicing the opinion that students will not become educated till each becomes his own instructor. He must discover that which he wants to know and then learn it. It is also necessary that some of the required work that we are not interested in, do not want to be, never have been, and never will be interested in be abolished.

**MAX NOAH APPEARS IN A VOICE RECITAL**

(Continued from Page One)

Miss Dorothy St. Clair and Mr. Arthur E. Fidler, and Mr. Dan W. Smith as accompanist. Paul Reynolds will accompany Mr. Noah at the piano.

The program follows:  
 "Der Greise Kopf," Schubert.  
 "Frühlingsglaube," Schubert.  
 "Der Wanderer," Schubert.  
 "Il lacerato spirito (Simon Boccanegra)," Verdi.  
 Symphony No. 1 (first movement), Beethoven.  
 "Slumber Romance, (Philemon and Baucis)," Gounod.  
 "Love," Godard.  
 "On Wings of Song," Mendelssohn.  
 "Waltz, Brahms.  
 "Transformation," Watts.  
 "Slow, Horses, Slow," Jalowicz.  
 "The Pilgrim's Song," Tschaikowsky.

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Wanted: Some one to read the magazines.—(Librarian). We suggest another. Wanted: Some magazines worth reading.

Elon College goes for Hoover. It's a dead certainty he will be elected. Look at the support he has.

Something is radically wrong. All four literary societies met Friday night and each one had a quorum present—counting visitors.

The conspicuous handiwork of some freshmen during the past week has given additional proof of their lack of intelligence.

There are two classes of people who enjoy the dirt road leading up to the college—those who repair tires and those who keep off of it.

We have been offered the advice to go west and gaze at the wide, vacant spaces; personally we would rather stay at home and gaze at the wide, vacant faces.

Tradition was shattered when the college men and women were not allowed to have continuous dates on High School Day. Perhaps those in authority thought such a spectacle would corrupt the morals of our high school guests.

**Educated?**

It is our opinion that Mr. Mackie said a mouthful, to use the slang expression, in his chapel talk Monday morning. Each year thousands upon thousands of students are being turned out of our colleges and universities who have nothing to show for their four years' work except a parchment or sheepskin. Many of them have no idea of what vocation they wish to enter or what they are fitted to do. Their four years of college (instead of fitting them for life) has been instrumental in teaching them irregular habits, lack of appreciation of the value of time and giving them the