

The Guilfordian

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UNDER THE CAPITOL DOME

Japanese Peace Treaty

by BARBARA McFARLAND

... Guilfordian Washington Correspondent

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss McFarland graduated from Guilford College last spring, and now is working in the Pentagon in Washington, D. C. Beginning this year, she will be the Guilfordian's Washington correspondent, keeping Guilfordian readers informed on happenings of importance in our Nation's Capital.

In San Francisco on September 4, President Truman opened a conference which was one of the high points in the entire history on international relations with the following words: "I am glad to welcome you to this conference for signing the treaty of peace with Japan." He was addressing the representatives of fifty-two nations who were meeting to sign the treaty of peace with Japan and to deliver final addresses on their faith in the recognition of Japan as a sovereign and equal nation, the first step on the long road toward the settlement of war and aggression which began in Manchuria in 1932.

Although fifty-five nations representing the peoples of the world who had a definite interest and dread of the aggressive threat of warlord-led Japan were invited to attend the conference, Burma, India and Yugoslavia declined the invitations, probably because of the narrow thread which separates their

nations from the threat of Communist aggression. Another notable absence was that of China, due to the impossibility of deciding on which government, the Nationalists or the Peiping regime, truly represented the Chinese people, who played a large part in turning the tide of Japanese aggression. Of the 52 nations in attendance, three—Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia—were bent on obstructing the action, while the other nations were intent on their position—stating and treaty-signing only. The obstructionist tactics were blocked from the start by the rules adopted by the conference and the admirable chairing done by Secretary Acheson.

The treaty which was signed in large measure the result of the work of two men, General Douglas MacArthur and John Foster Dulles. General MacArthur, through the enlightened use of occupation for construction and creation rather than retribution, created in five years a nation which could stand under the United Nations Charter as a free, peaceful and democratic member of the community of nations. John Foster Dulles, through repeated negotiations with the nations represented at the conference over an extended period, was able to draft a treaty acceptable to all, and yet unequalled in its enlightened leniency to a defeated nation. Many compromises were necessary, and many questions were left unanswered, but the final draft, signed at San Francisco, was undoubtedly the best treaty written in the history of the nations.

The American people may justifiably pat themselves on the back for the leading role which their nation, through the Department of State, has taken in restoring the full rights and privileges of a former enemy, as that enemy has been created into a state worthy of recognition, despite attempts at obstruction. "We shall here make peace," said John Foster Dulles at the conference. That is what was done, and the word peace with its multitude of ramifications of trust, freedom, equality and liberty has rung out from the free world to tower over the bastions of totalitarianism, and to add another light to democracy as it attempts to brighten the world.

are not discussed at all—it's just there! and we're glad!

Hell-fire, and so on . . .

Now we come to the "hell-fire and brimstone" part of this little column. What are the little things, the reactions, of this second chance for life that all of us have been given—for most of us believe subconsciously, if not consciously, that this is actually a second chance given us by God (or whatever name we give the Being of Providence) for a little more life, a little more freedom, a little more happiness. The effects are some good, some bad—but all interesting. Let's take a brief look at some of them . . .

Dancing . . .

Something very interesting was noticed at the Freshman Dance. I heard it remarked by several different people there that night that we had an unusually large number of upperclassmen present. It was quite noticeable to me. I could well remember that whereas last year nearly everyone there was new or faculty, this year nearly everyone was an old friend. The freshmen this year seemed definitely in the minority. And to boot, there was no hesitation about getting out on the dance floor as there had been in the past!

Disorder . . .

Strictly speaking, "disorder" is not the word I should use, but for the sake of the alliteration of my title, I've let it stand. Remember the day they dressed the frosh girls up? All that day the campus life was greatly animated by their various antics and general great fun-making. It quite exceeded the same event last year. And that night in the dinner line the mob singing (and what else could you call it?) shook the very foundations of the old hall. In fact, I think I can safely say it almost reached the point of what a good many profs would call "disorder." Rat Court this year was complete with yelling mobs carrying lighted torches and greater revelry than usual over wet freshmen (and incidentally wetter freshmen)—to mention just a few things! Now, all this is okay—perfectly harmless—in fact, it's sort of nice to (Continued on Page Eight)

The Spector

By Darrell Peeler

Every year, sometime during the year, there is a great whooping and hollering about the honor system, or lack of it. Half of the people don't know what they're talking about, and the other half don't give a . . .

So we go on, year after year. Some people try to live by the system, some people try to get around it, and some never think about it.

We do have an honor system. It's too lax, but it is workable if everybody is honest with himself.

It is based on what some consider an unreasonable requirement: any work turned in by a student, whether it be homework, exam, quiz, or doodling, should be his own work if he claims credit for it.

But a few people don't see it that way. Ten people copy the same set of problems, or John writes a few relevant dates on his cuff, or lets somebody slip him the answers during a break. Sometimes it gets to be a regular habit. Some people even cheat their way through college, and expect to do it all their lives. But life is more watchful than old Fuzzmugg, who leaves the room after he hands out the exams.

Who does the cheater really cheat? Himself? His parents? His classmates? Certainly not the near-sighted prof.

Cheating is an easy way out, temporarily. So is taking dope, if you can't face reality.

Suppose a hypothetical John, who never cheated before, is sitting in class. Suppose further that he is behind in the course, that Fuzzmugg has left the room, and that (Continued on Page Seven)

Letters to the Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE GUILFORDIAN would like to give as many students as possible an opportunity to express their opinions, and is offering this space for that purpose. It is hoped that each student will feel free to write a letter, or letters, if he has a particular concern he would like to express.

Pforzheim/Baden
10 Beethovenstrasse
Germany
September 5, 1951

Dear Harry:
I came back to old Europe a week ago and the first days of excitement and of becoming reacquainted are over. In spite of that, my thoughts are still over there in the States with my friends, and it is very hard to realize that the wonderful year at Guilford is already a matter of the past.

I got your nice letter of August 20, and want to thank you for writing me. It is always nice to hear from old friends, especially from "Guilfordians" . . .

. . . I am very much interested in getting the first "Guilfordian" from you, because I am very much interested in everything what's going on at Guilford College.

In closing, I have a special favor to ask of you: As you know, I have many friends who will come back to college this September. It is impossible to write everyone of them individually because I lack the time and money. So I thought it would be very nice if you could make up a little piece for the first edition of the Guilfordian and say to all of them a hearty Hello from me. Tell them that I want to thank all of them for the wonderful year I had at Guilford College and that I won't forget the many fine hours we spent together.

You know that I am always glad when I hear from you and I am looking forward to the next time you drop me a line.

Sincerely,
Udo (Gensgenbach)

Ed. NOTE: Let's keep the mail flowing over!

Editor:
I would like in some way to thank all those who helped decorate for the freshman reception, but thanks aren't nearly enough. It was because of them that the dance was a complete success.

Also, the help that was offered on the freshman talent program was some of the best I have ever seen. Honestly, with cooperation like that offered on these two Social Committee activities, we cannot fail to have some really fine organizations this year.

Again, thanks to all you who helped make the dance and the talent show so successful.

Sincerely,
Bob Wall
Chairman, Social Committee

Commies at Work

Communism in this country, despite government action, has gained a definite foothold. It is continually playing a role in the formation of some of the labor unions even here in North Carolina. Some men were arrested in Detroit recently, charged with being Communists. These same men are reportedly among those who helped organize the union at the Reynolds Tobacco Company plants in Winston-Salem.

During the summer session at one of our leading Southern universities, posters were displayed all over the campus advertising a watermelon festival. On these posters there was a caricature of a Negro child, smiling broadly, preparatory to digging into a huge slice of watermelon. Communists in the vicinity of the university, but not in the university itself, took this opportunity to pass out leaflets strongly condemning the caricatures as being indicative of the South's hatred and prejudice against the Negro. They demanded that the university white students openly apologize to the colored students, and that the university itself never again permit "such discriminatory publicity to be displayed on its grounds."

When one stops to analyze this move of the Reds, he finds that such leaflets may possibly have more of a deteriorating effect on race relations than anything else. It is actually nothing more than another of the typical moves of the Commies to gain a few followers, no matter what the cost.

That is the way the Commies work. They sneak up behind you and catch you sleeping. The first thing you know, you are falling for something that, upon further study, is nothing more than a move to gather strength for "the party," and, consequently, for the Kremlin. They are not interested in the "betterment of the working class," or better race relations. The Kremlin-directed Communist party in this country is interested in one thing; and that is the weakening of our country by introducing hatred in the hearts of its people through superficially highly motivated organizations.

You might wonder how this affects us. Obviously, the future of the Communist party lies in the youth of the country. Get a good nucleus of young people—we of this college, for instance—shoot a few pseudo-idealistic proposals in our way of thinking, and they have a firm foothold on the future breakdown of our present way of life.

The best thing that we can do right now is to be aware of these false organizations, and do what we can to enlighten others as to the real motives of these groups. We, who are free to think as we please, and who have been taught to think twice and look carefully before we act, must not be caught in this dragnet of false ideology. We cannot afford to fall into the hands of those who appear to offer so much, but who, in reality, offer nothing, while taking from us a way of life we cannot fully appreciate because we have never lived any other way.

Water, Water Everywhere

No one need be told that the floors of Cox Hall have been completely refinished, or that Yankee Stadium has new ceilings throughout. But many are wondering why the other sections didn't get new ceilings. The answer is obvious. Guilford's "men" students have a funny habit of getting involved in a war of water occasionally, and these new ceilings and refinished floors take water about like "Junior" takes a spanking. The two (in either case) just don't mix.

If these "men" would like to see new ceilings in the rest of the sections, we suggest that using waste baskets for waste, sauce pans for sauce, and the showers for showering (instead of flooding) may help.

Dr. Raymond Binford

The memory of Dr. Raymond Binford, who gave fifty years of his life to Guilford, will linger as long as the school itself remains in existence. Those of us in the present college generation perhaps are not aware of the outstanding work which our former President did. But whether we are aware of what he did or not, we shall feel it for the rest of our lives, and those who follow us will receive equal benefits from it.

Not only Guilford, but Quakerism, and Education as a whole will forever be indebted to one of the greatest teachers and workers ever known.

Josh-N-Along

By JOSH CRANE

Dancing, Disorder and Drunks

Signs of the Times . . .

It seems remarkable how the attitudes and feelings of a group of people are so clearly shown in their actions and reactions. Since school began about a month ago, I have been observing quite a lot of little things, comparing them with things last year, and arriving at some bigger things about the obvious differences. I believe that the whole situation is really something for us here to think about—it's something that directly concerns us, in truth, is it!

Last Year . . .

To begin with, let us take a look at what things were like last year.

First of all, people were worried; their lives were filled with uncertainty. Most of the boys fully expected to be yanked out of school and stood up in khaki uniforms at almost any moment. At the end of the first semester there was a great deal of talk about "joinin' up before 'Unk gits us"—and a few of the guys did quit school then and actually did sign up. A few left for home with full intentions of doing the same, only to return at the beginning of second semester saying that "Mom and Dad talked me into it . . ." or "I guess I'll stick it out as long as I can." The girls were just as worried and uncertain; and the fact that they had a stake in the thing too was clearly recognized.

And then, furthermore, for this and other various reasons there wasn't too much enthusiasm for anything. What real spirit there was was almost hysterical and most frequently tended to subside very quickly.

So, at the end of the year everyone was a little dazed by the fact that they had made it through. We parted saying that a lot of us wouldn't be back. Guilford was expected to decrease sharply in attendance the coming year. If anyone would have cared to stop and talk with high school seniors graduating, then they would find that they were just as pessimistic. In general, things looked pretty gloomy.

This Year . . .

But when school started this year, to everyone's amazement, most all of us did return after all. And not only this, but the new faces, the freshmen, turned out to be the best bunch in four years. I have heard a number of times how "these freshmen girls are really good-looking—not just a few but practically all of them!" And the fact that the boys are really "swell guys" goes without saying. It seems that they, too, are surprised and very pleased to be able to go on. The whole war attitude has changed. You rarely hear it even mentioned any more. Last year's experience has taught us that it is not inevitable that our lives will be upset at any moment. There is downright optimism in many circles. The why's and wherefore's