

# Pushing the Stone Up the Hill Again

This space of the first issue of college newspapers is usually reserved for a welcome back to returning students and a greeting to incoming freshmen. On the assumption that the freshmen among you have been greeted innumerable times now, and returning students have had it with "How was your summer," we will skip on to the more relevant matters such as—What is Guilford College all about this year?

Guilford College is about education, no doubt. But what kind of education? A great deal of education goes on here out of class, and since in-class education has several weeks before it begins to truly affect you, the basic concern of the moment is the education which you receive out of class. A myth comes to mind which has some bearing on this question of your education out of the classroom.

Briefly—"The gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly rolling a rock to the top of a mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. They had thought with some reason that there is no more dreadful punishment than futile and hopeless labor."—The Myth of Sisyphus.

The year is beginning, clearly, with the stone at the bottom of the hill again. The nature of student life at Guilford in the coming year remains an unanswered question. Everywhere we find evidence of a new breed; of students, of active faculty, and of administrators. New, but undefined. Are we, once again, to get to the top of the mountain only to follow our rock as it tumbles down?

The answer lies in several factors—how hard we are going to push, the size of the hill we have to climb, and whether or not anyone is going to help us. The force of the push depends entirely on you, your house councils, and your SGA. The size of the hill depends on the college administration and trustees, and the amount of help we receive lies both with our imaginations in seeking outside help, and with the college administration.

Specific actions, remedies to specific problems must come from you. As the Guilford Community struggles to resolve each issue at a time, it would be wise to keep The Myth of Sisyphus in mind. Not as an absolute forecast that all effort is futile, but as a basis for judgement of where we stand. If the rock begins to slip down the hill, it would be all too easy to create a self-fulfilling prophesy by saying that it will end up at the bottom. Sisyphus found a way into his cyclical pattern, perhaps we can find a way out of it.

Perhaps it would be well to conclude with the reasons why the gods condemned Sisyphus to his fate. Out of the several reasons given in different Mythologies, two consistently stand out. Sisyphus stole the secrets of the gods, and he put death in chains. Perhaps we can do it and get away with it.

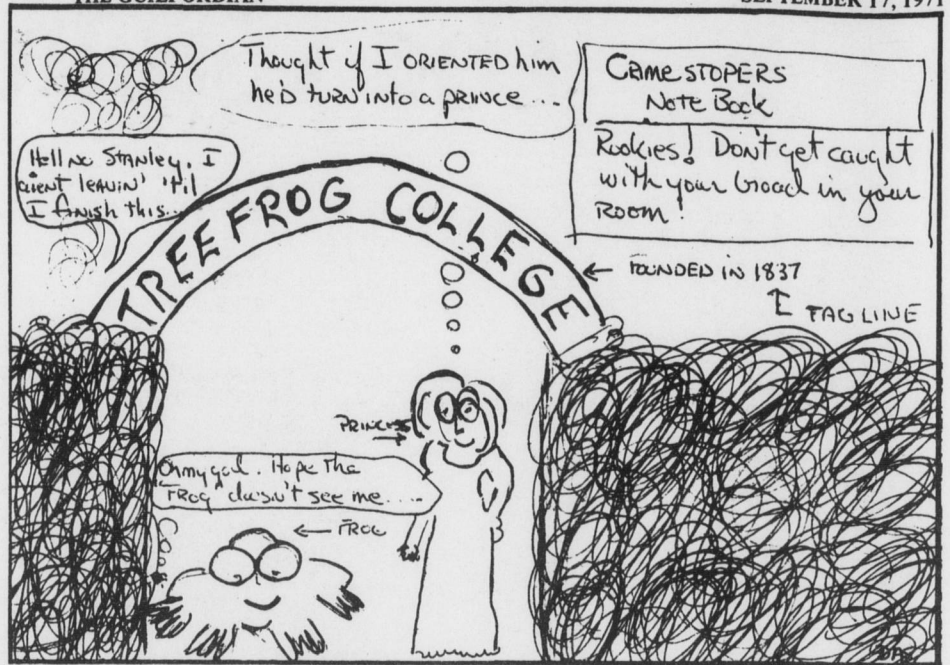
## Register and Vote

With the ratification of the 26th amendment to the Constitution, the college age population of this country has at last attained one of the major symbols of maturity that this society, in its infinite wisdom, cherishes most. The U.S. Census Bureau says there are 11.2 million 18-20 year olds in the country, a number which would have been the swing vote in the 1968 election had they been allowed to vote. Obviously not all eleven million are going to register and vote, but the greater the number that do, the larger our political clout will be in 1972.

As of this date the only students who can register in Guilford County are persons with a legal residence here. A legal residence usually consists of either your parents home, or local car license and registration and payment of local taxes. If you can't register here, register at your parent's home, and vote by absentee ballot. A complicated process, but not impossible. (Note: Absentee voting is not allowed in primary elections in North Carolina.)

## Editorial Policy

All unsigned editorials in this column are the opinion of the editor and editorial staff. Signed editorials are either by the general staff or by guest writers. Letters to the Editor of under 300 words will be printed in full, over 300 words we reserve the right to edit for space considerations. Letters to the Editor may be placed in the GUILFORDIAN box in New Garden Hall, on the Founders mailstick, or delivered to the office, Cox 223.



# Making It in Greensboro

If you're new to Greensboro, or this area of the country, you may be wondering if it's possible to survive here. Of course, the best way to find out is just to try and see, but here're some handy hints on how it might be done. You might just want to clip this out and save it for future reference.

**GETTING AROUND:** If you haven't got a car you can still get about anywhere you need to be with a minimum of hassle. Hitch hiking isn't hard, especially between campus and sowntown. On weekdays, the Consortium runs a VW microbus between Guildord's two campuses, Greensboro College and Bennett. Anyone can ride free, and its route goes past Friendly Shopping Center, UNC-G and the downtown area. It leaves at seven minutes before every hour. There's a city bus which picks up passengers on College Road beside the Post Office at 7:50, 8:45, 9:15, 10:30, 1:30, 3:30, 4:30 and 5:35. This costs 20 to 30 cents and takes forever to get anywhere.

For long distance travelling, leave a note on the bulletin board at the entrance to the cafeteria telling where you need to be and when. If you're lucky someone will be going your way and will offer to take you. You can also place a free ad in this paper if it's not over 15 words long.

**KEEPING BUSY:** Of course there are Union activities and organizations to join or organize, but in case you get bored, it won't hurt you to know some simple and cheap things to do in Greensboro. By all means check out the Campus woods and Battleground park. Also, Hobbs dorm has a craft center you can play in. There's a day care center at New Garden Meeting which could use volunteers. Other campuses have things going on. The bulletin boards in Elliot Hall at UNC-G sometimes announce good things to do. If you're still bored, start something.

**SAVING MONEY:** Support Parabolis Book Exchange so it can exist to save us all money. You can get used clothes and stuff from The Salvation Army and Goodwill stores on South

Elm if you're into that sort of thing. There are factory outlets for local mills in that neighborhood too, where you can get jeans and shirts for cheap.

For cheap food, don't forget the Grill Room under the cafeteria. The food is fair and it doesn't cost much more than it has to. Of course, it will be closed when you have the late night munchies, so check out Jan's House on West Market. It never closes.

To advertise things you want to buy or sell, you can put a free 15 word ad in this paper. Or you can use a paper called The Trading Post which has ads from all over the area. You can pick it

up for 15 cents at the drug store. But remember, if you deal with the Trading Post, you're dealing with capitalists and you will lose some of your money if your item sells.

**KEEPING OUT OF TROUBLE:** The campus has hired Burns patrolmen to keep you out of trouble. Mostly they just check to make sure doors are locked, and cars are parked in the right places. City policemen cruise by every so often but they seldom stop. City police cars are a little darker than Chicago blue, and state patrol cars are black and gray. Any car with North Carolina license tags which begin

*continued on 5*

## The Human Condition

by Douglas Scott

It's a really funny feeling to be the continuity on this paper. Just the news and me is still the same. I don't feel that I wear the role well. Juniors and Seniors in college are old. They're smart, sure of themselves and their future. Like they're, ... uh, ... adults even.

Would somebody please tell me what an adult is? I talked to one (once) the other day on a park bench while he fed the squirrels. With deference I approached the figure whose only sign of life was the sunflower seeds he was frustrating the little animals with. I sat at the far end of the bench, carefully wording my question.

"Master..."

"....." (Reply Unintelligible)

"... what is the nature of

age, and does truth come with it?"

"....." (What appeared to be magic words of extortion of demons.)

I slunked off as he siced the squirrels on me. After sufficiently contemplating the instance, one truth occurred (don't give me facts - the point here is truth).

He didn't understand anything more than I do, or you do. He was just as confused as everybody else, and for the same good reasons; if you really understand the world, even a little, you'll end up being very screwed up all the time.

Adults might know facts, upper classmen might know things but nobody has the market cornered in truth. Freshmen particularly, take note.

## The Guilfordian

The Guilfordian is published by the editors and staff weekly except for examination periods and vacations. The Guilfordian is not an official publication of Guilford College, and the opinions expressed herein are solely those of the authors and editors. Office: Rm. 223, Cox Old North. Phone 292-8709. Mailing address: Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C. 27410. Subscription rates: \$4.00 per year, \$2.50 per semester, distributed free of charge on the Guilford College Campus.

Editor, Kyd D. Brenner, Business Manager, Terry L. Romine, Managing Editor, Jeanette Ebel, Photography, Jerry Clawges, Advertising, Marc Weiner, Staff, Carla McKinney, Terry Wyszynski, Susan Hardee, Clare Glore, Sue Schieder, Mitchell Clifford, Charlie Sewell, Alan Socol, Doug Scott, Judy Harvey, Karen Reehling, Nan Mengebier.