



The Guilfordian

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If Henry Wallace . . .

. . . and his supporters do nothing else during the ensuing campaign for the presidency of these United States, he and they should be congratulated for one thing: they have recognized the political potentialities of the college student of this generation.

Reports returned verbatim from the Wallace student convention held at Chapel Hill last week end indicate an enthusiasm which may catch hold like the proverbial wildfire; an enthusiasm which may sweep campuses throughout the nation; an enthusiasm which is not based on psychological and emotional tricks, but based on clear and common practical sense.

Before continuing our "polititorial" let us emphasize that THE GUILFORDIAN is neither advocating nor admonishing Mr. Henry Wallace. Political policy should not be set for a majority by a few; that is why we feel that the paper should remain neutral and preferably unbiased. However, we have every intention of giving full coverage to all meetings and plans formulated by the new Wallace Club which has been inaugurated on campus.

Frankly we're darn proud that politics on a national scale has reached Guilford. To us it would not make a particle of difference if the club were the Taft Club or the Truman Club; they would receive the same share of news coverage. Our point is that a few people have become interested enough in the state of our world to try to do something about it. These people are going to try to do something about it right here on our own campus. They may not reach any world-shaking decisions, but one thing will be accomplished—a non-material element which we feel is of major importance—thinking.

Wallace supporters have already begun to think; the delegation of students who organized last week have spread all through the state of North Carolina to spread the message of the Wallace party. This is being done in every state in America. Soon, colleges will elect students to attend a national convention of students.

We should all be sensible enough to realize that it is not necessarily the man who has stirred up this "active thinking"; it is the people who have done it. The people are seeking to make their voices heard; heard even above the bellows of Congress and the selfish screaming of pure(?) politicians. Wallace has placed the American people above the plane of politics. For this he must be commended.

We visited the convention site at Chapel Hill last Sunday because we did not feel justified in voicing opinions about something that we did not know too much about. If Taft or Truman had sponsored a similar rally there, we would have gone for the very same reason. During our visit we discovered something which we thought it very important. At least it was to us; it may not be to you.

Delegates supported and urged Wallace's election, to be sure. But of greater importance is the fact that the surrounding spirit seemed to urge the adoption of his ideas for a lasting peace—not secondary to his election, but primary. In other words, even though Wallace may be defeated for election, this group will still continue to support his basic ideas for a world understanding. The point is that it is not necessary to be an active supporter of Henry Wallace to join this fight. This fight is for everyone; not the few, but the majority.

A Liberal, a Democrat, and a Republican—who to vote for? It's less than a year before you decide, but begin to think about it now. It's important, not only for you but for ensuing generations. But when you think about the party, think about the man behind it. Let's hope that the Wallace Club on Guilford's campus will be but the forerunner to other political organizations. Let's all start thinking in terms of future government; condemn no one until we are sure that someone else has a better plan to solve the chaos which is creeping closer and closer to us all. It can be solved.

Although it's another . . .

. . . few weeks before campus elections, it isn't too early to begin thinking about candidates and organizational positions. Students who voted in last year's elections will remember the whirlwind campaign which was conducted by so many . . . for so few. With blaring of bugles and colorful signs, they managed to coerce a lot of irresponsible individuals into voting for their party.

Now we don't mean to insinuate that all the candidates were not fit for their elected positions. There were some people who joined the party organization simply because they realized that students were stupid enough to vote a straight party ticket rather than on individual merit. The majority of the party were elected; a few of them have performed tasks which demanded the responsibility and capability which no one else could probably have done. Students probably realize who these few are; unfortunately there aren't too many.

And how about the ones who let the school down? Weren't there a lot of promises made with a lot of new ideas suggested? Did you "Read THE GUILFORDIAN ON TIME?" We pick that catchy little phrase out of the woodpile to use as our specific example; we remember all the great plans for your paper. What happened? If you don't know, then find out before you vote again.

Be careful how you vote next time. Remember—your vote will mean a lot in the long run and for a long term. So let's think twice. Vote for what he or she can do for the school; not on the basis of personality, but on the basis of responsibility.

In the chapel debate . . .

. . . on "the honor system," one of the speakers for its abolition made the point that since we have not shown any ability to manage responsibility, we should therefore be deprived of ALL responsibility by institution of the proctor system.

First, let us point out that children and young people are expected to acquire, through home training and formal education, an understanding of the demands of responsibility, along with the knowledge that helps us control our environment. Education is fully half, and preferably up to two-thirds, a grasping of what personal responsibility involves, and how to meet it.

One can never develop a sense of responsibility unless one has it thrust upon him. Naturally enough, we start with small things—an allowance of 25 cents a week. When our parents see that we know how to manage that much, it is increased a bit. We are given charge of the house and baby brother for an hour while mother goes to the Art Club meeting. When we have shown that we can meet that responsibility, we are left with the house all evening while the folks go out to dinner.

Thus it is a process of gradual increase in learning how to take responsibility. When you take a job, your boss doesn't plump you down on a very responsible job right away; he starts you on a small job so that he can size up your ability—and primarily to see how well you can handle responsibility.

Persons who are about to go out into the world as college graduates are presumed to be better fitted for life than one who has not had that advantage. A college graduate is expected to be better able to handle responsibility than one who only went through high school. It is admitted that such is not always the case, but if there are those in college who still need training in responsibility, they will not have the opportunity of learning it if every such opportunity is stripped away from their pattern of living.

The college student has a favored position in that he has four more years to learn the implications of personal responsibility than the high school graduate. The honor system is the nearest approach in college to the cold hard world. If the honor system is taken away, or if we throw it away by abusing its privileges, then we are admitting our intellectual infancy.

ROBERT CAREY

CANDIDLY SPEAKING with McCracken

There are moments in the lives of all people when confusion, doubt, ignorance and often complete bafflement seem to take the wheel and drive the man. There are moments when we seem to be utterly lost in the scheme of circumstances that surround and corner us. Out of these certain situations come the leaders and the fools.

At this moment, three political parties are battering each other's platforms for the elections this fall. At this moment, on a little plot of land in New York, men are arguing the problems of the world. And at this moment, the fall of the prices of commodities on the stock exchange, while promising the end to inflation, may bring the thought of another depression.

Out of these problems can come understanding or panic. Out of these can come progress, a better way of life, or collapse.

Man, himself is essentially a selfish individual. The state of being man makes him so. The idea of the elevation of personal self, personal standards, personal needs come foremost in his thoughts. The average man takes no interest in his government until an issue arises that directly concerns himself. It broadens from factors that concern his country to those that concern his world. It is because, that in each man's eyes, he, himself, is the community, the state, the government, the country, the world. It is hard for him to conceive of the effects of such upon others.

Many years ago, this country was founded on democratic principles. The moment was as great as the country has become, because it had its basis in these democratic ideas. We have become the most powerful nation in the world because of far-seeing, unselfish leaders; those that could rise above their insignificant selves and think clearly, plan and build in a universal sense.

Now, as never before in the aftermath of war, we have a need of statesmen, not politicians; of thinkers, not schemers; of builders, not parasites. We can have peace, prosperity, good-will among men and nations only if we cling to those great thoughts set forth in our constitution, not only

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Sandpaper

By "FRISCO" BRAY

Midge, "I told you I love you, now get out, or this season's over, you've had it, Bub or But Doc lets me use his car . . . he comes in handy." Ridge may even be interested in the fact that Smithdeal has returned. Will she discard Jack Elkins, and pick up on the star baseball player, or perhaps a hot tennis champ will do for the spring months. Which one will it be? How will she do it? When will the brush-off come? Will "Totia Ridge" face life? or will life make a face at Portia? . . . Continued in the next month's thrilling issue . . . don't miss it!

Pinky Fishillis, to visiting blind-date from Penn. (Quote) "Jack Elkins? . . . Oh, he and I go steady, but he doesn't mind if I date other boys when he's playing ball . . ." (Unquote) Generous of Jack don't you think?

Al Poggoli had to send his Valentine candy to Bernice "Money bags, Plantation Club" Koury via freight car 'cause the lbs. were more than he could carry.

Herb Schoelkolp's sudden rise to stardom includes not only two points in the Lenoir-Rhyne game but smiling Dennie Belton, too.

Jimmy Mann doesn't mind riding the bench since Ruth Hines came into his life, for now he has sweet day dreams to occupy that spare time!

Inga, "I will not go to town without signing out . . . I will not go to town without signing out." Lonerich has suffered the consequences and fully repented for reporting herself . . . Bradshaw Snipes was the motive back of the misdemeanor . . . Tch, Tch, Amatruda was never so wicked!

To Ina, "We just can't wait to get married" Rollins, we ask Which One???

From all appearances, it looks like Cuneo dropped Betina. From Betina, it sounds like Betina dropped Cuneo! Oh, my aching pride!

Seems like Betty Nunn has gone Hog Wild over J. W. . . . (Oink-Oink) Suppressed emotions may cause trouble later, but over excitement now, may cause nervous breakdown . . . Take it easy!

Just whinnying to gather for three meals a day at Hollowell's we find Pettinzale and Barbara Pearson . . . with constant companions, Gerke and Rollins.

Incidentally, with the present Physical Education set up at Guilford, I can't understand why we can't have more money spent for equipment that is definitely needed to complete the department.

"Hoppy" Toad Davis maneuvering slyly under cover of darkness, whispering (go go goos) to Jean Pressnell as they walked under a street light—she used ta' love the Plantation Kid!

Gerry Garris can't get away from the yankee stadium lovers and this time it's a true yankee—Roy Cuneo, formerly of Mary Hobbs Hall—Aw, Mush!

Walt "Bathub" Moon is definitely "fudged" — since his little sweetie Bob "Mazie" Kerr pulled out of Guilford and took a one-way ride to Florida with Smithdeal . . . What'cha say, Lilly! — Look out, Gordon . . . Whoa, Teague . . . Remember . . . Duh-h-h-h!

Girls: If you haven't noticed him—please do . . . they call him Mr. Dado and now for the rumor . . . he's a mad lover . . .

Cuddle and red dog; this paragraph we withheld for Black mail.

Problem: Jean Van Leer. Solver: Moe Campbell — "To be or not to be" (in on time) that was the question . . . Answer: \$3.00 and a taxi! Poe Moe!

I like peanuts but Alyce Valeer likes Goober!

Since M. J. Sweeten doesn't cater to Joe Ruzicka any more, she doesn't cater to Barbara Ruzicka either. These people who use their friends and then throw them aside . . . Shame, Shame! Never-the-less, Barbara is Chummy around with Joe Coleman.

What's up between Carlyle and Rachel Pringle???

Betty Beckerdite is taking a back seat while Jenn Lindly is on campus for a visit . . . But after she's gone . . . Dick Campbell! Why you old two-timer!

There is always at least one case of the ole "triangle situation," but this time there seems to be more than there oughta! Just look at this lineup:

Pat vs. Rodney for Tom Andrews, Betty Benbow vs. M. J. Sweeten, for Dick Ryder.

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