



The Guilfordian

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Your Vote Yesterday . . .

. . . in the spring elections will mean much tomorrow. Remember that those persons elected are here to stay until this time next year. You have based your vote not on the personality of the individual, but rather on the potential leadership of the persons, their capabilities, and their ableness to accept the responsibilities of their offices.

There are always a few people who vote for a person because someone told them to. You have had a mind of your own, and have voted for those persons who, according, to your opinion, seem to have had the experience and general qualifications for the positions.

As in national elections, candidates often promise many things, but once in office, do little about it. On the other hand, we have those candidates who promise nothing and do just as much. Somewhere in between these two is the happy medium. It was up to you, the student voters, to distinguish between them and vote for those nominees who would work together to make a better Guilford. You have chosen well. Both you and these, your officers, are to be congratulated. M. E. F.

Although . . .

. . . this is the last paper to be issued by the present staff, we do not have the desire to write a long editorial describing the hardships and the heartaches the staff has met with this year. There is a new staff coming in after spring holidays. No doubt they will give you better service . . . a little more often. But in all sincerity, we doubt if the incoming staff will meet the crazy and seemingly impossible situations that have come about since last April.

Let it suffice to say that we have enjoyed every minute of it . . . what little there was of it. There are so many things to remember . . . McCracken begging for one more day . . . with his "But baby, I just haven't gotten the inspiration yet" . . . and screaming "Sports!" at Al Connor every twenty-four hours . . . glaring at the reporters who have failed to hand in their assignments, on time . . . and receiving an extremely exasperating look in return . . . all these and more.

The best experience came from the printers of this paper. I learned a lot, not only about printing and the paper itself, but about people and everyday living. I learned to "slow down," and learned to forget about worrying. I learned to take life easy and watch the world go by. I learned it so well, that I am now content to sit back and let someone else do the real work. I'll read and criticize THE GUILFORDIAN . . . so many of you do. M. E. F.

Vibrant Realities . . .

Several weeks ago, the words of Dr. Carl Herman Voss not only greatly clarified the Palestine situation, but also provided a greater stimulus for thought for the students of Guilford College than perhaps any other comparable event this year.

It would be of little value here to reinforce Dr. Voss's vigorous arguments for the new state of Israel. The facts he brought out speak for themselves. If there are any who maintain the opposite viewpoint after listening to the irrefutable sense of his talks, they certainly will not be persuaded to change their opinions by any further discussion, and the all too many who still are stolidly indifferent to the question will assuredly remain in that indolent state of mind. It also would be of little value to elaborate on the disgrace that was brought to Guilford College by the regrettable actions of certain individuals antagonistic to the guest speaker.

A thought for the future also remains to be expressed. Apparently, the words of Dr. Voss, which certainly must have proved rather irritating to some, continue to have repercussions: talk of retaliation in chapel is evident. Let those who plan such talk, and those who may have to listen to it, keep in mind one undeniable fact, which remains more prominent, tangible, and conclusive than any other, even that of justification for the state of Israel, which was the gist of Dr. Voss's speeches: Israel is; it exists; it is, as Count Bernadotte said even before it won its struggle for its life, "a vibrant reality"; it has been recognized by all civilized nations; it is assured of membership in the United Nations. Why repeat the performance that followed Dr. Voss's talks, when Guilford College can instead catch up with the reality of the times, and disregard the whims of a few, by not resorting again to digging up an old skeleton? D. V. P.

Introducing . . .

NANCY JENKINS—Freshman
From Buck Hill Falls, Pa. . . light brown hair . . . large blue eyes . . . pixie look . . . well dressed . . . rooms with Edith Hofmann . . . a laugh that lifts you out of the dumps . . . wears sox Yankee style . . . has a weakness for Bostonians . . . a gal with good humor.

BEN BAKER—Sophomore
A Burlingtonite . . . golfer extraordinary . . . has a laugh that sends you . . . every inch a football player . . . "go ahead, feel his muscle" . . . engaged to Barney . . . good looking clothes . . . the kind of friend you can tell your troubles to . . . always ready with a joke . . . trusting eyes . . . popular with everyone.

PEGGY TWEDDELL—Junior
"Tweedle" . . . a native New Yorker . . . has never made the dirt column . . . gullible . . . and friendly . . . Spanish major . . . headed for South America . . . "If the play is a success, you can fly home" . . . weekends at Chapel Hill . . . puts up with June Nelson for a roommate . . . blue-eyed brunette.

JACK CHATHAM—Senior
From Elon College . . . tall and dark . . . goes with Lucy Leake . . . at home on the basketball court . . . as well as on the diamond . . . phys ed major . . . "Have I got you, Baby!" . . . cohort of Brooks . . . good looks . . . and a friendliness that just won't quit.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir:
Liberty of thought is a priceless American heritage. But it is no longer news that this heritage has been trampled upon at the University of Washington where thre professors were fired for holding unorthodox political beliefs.

An immediate consequence of this action was the spontaneous formation of the Student Organization for Academic Rights (SOAR), which is a non-partisan organization of student with a broad representation of political and social opinions, governed by 25 outstanding student leaders. SOAR is united in the aim of preserving freedom of thought and expression on the University of Washington campus and in support of the policies of the American Association of University Professors. We do not attempt to answer current questions concerning Communism and Democracy nor to pass judgment on any ideology, but rather maintain that every man should be judged individually by his peers on the basis of his acts and that therefore a professor's qualifications to teach should be finally judged by his colleagues on the basis of his actual performance in the classroom as attested to by his students and by colleagues in his field.

In order to express publicly our strong belief in these basic ideals of American Democracy, SOAR immediately held a student rally at the University Unitarian Church at which three university professors and a Unitarian minister spoke in defense of our apparently fast disappearing freedom of academic thought on the University of Washington campus. The same week an open letter to the AAUP was circulated for student signatures. We have since held several other rallies and are now planning on bringing nationally recognized educators, writers and scientists to the University.

We are writing you as fellow students for two reasons: first, because you should realize that academic freedom may at any time be abrogated on your campus; and second, to enlist your aid in the battle that SOAR is spear-heading at the University of Washington. Our funds come from voluntary student contributions and are consequently limited. To those of you who are deeply concerned over these issues and would like to help further the cause that SOAR is pledged to uphold, contributions may be made payable to the Students Organization for Academic Rights and mailed to 2710 Westlake Ave. No. Apt. No. 1, Seattle 9, Washington. Even more important, write to Dr. Ralph Himstead, Secretary, American Association of University Professors, 1101 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington 6, D. C. expressing your dissatisfaction with the recent action taken at the University of Washington. For further information about SOAR and its work, contact Miss Afton Woolley, Correspondence Chairman at the above address.

Very truly yours,
Robert W. Craig
Chairman, SOAR

CANDIDLY SPEAKING . . .

. . . j. wm. mccracken

The game our basketball team played with Catawba last Thursday night brought out a lot of things besides victory. Our team which has seen quite a few games slip out of their hands in the fatal final minutes of playing, never played harder, and never played better than they did that night. The same spirit that set the goal when the game ended 60-55 in favor of Guilford, wasn't only in the hard work of the team—it filled the whole gym, it made one Catawba graduate remark to a student, "I hope that Guilford wins this game," and students from Elon and Lenoir-Rhyne said the same thing. It was the spirit that ate its way thru the skins of Guilford's oldest foe, High Point, and sent them cheering to their feet, shouting all the way for Guilford to win. It was a spirit that raced tauntly on the hardwood floors, and made the air ring. It was sportsmanship, plus the rich, hidden meanings in a referee's voice when he says, "Play hard, men, and may the best team win." The best team did.

But, there was also, another feeling there in those four walls, between the baskets. It built and mounted in one man, and when the game was over, his words spoke for themselves. Perhaps, if they had been uttered by some lesser person, they might not have been noticed. But more than one witness heard them, and was surprised. When the final whistle blew, a Guilfordian yelled good naturedly to the Athletic Director of Catawba, "The jinx is broken," and the latter was heard to reply that Guilford had not really won, that the game had been given to her, but then he was glad that Guilford had won, "because it might teach her how to act when she finally won a game, for Guilford was a sorry school, full of sorry athletes and sorry coaches."

Those were odd words for a man in his position to utter, a man who should be a living example of sportsmanship. And those from Guilford who heard them couldn't help remembering the Catawba game when one of our payers was called "Sticks" in an effort to psychologically ruin his playing ability—the caustic, personal pointedness of it—, nor could they help remembering

the letter that Guilford received from Catawba stating that there wouldn't be any seating arrangement at Catawba for Guilford Students, and so, there wouldn't be any use in Guilford students coming down to watch their team play.

And as one of Guilford's coaches walked by the gentleman in subject was heard to remark that there went the coach who was still in a daze, who really didn't know who won the game. Coach didn't hear him, but the Guilfordians who did set him straight. They told him that all those present in the gym during the game knew who won the game, as well as the ball club, itself.

Later, at a grill outside Elkin, a Guilfordian and his father couldn't help hearing some of Catawba's team say that they (Catawba) should have won the game by twenty points, but that must have been just one of their off nights. One official's statement differed with theirs. He thought that it was as good a ball game as he had ever seen Catawba play. While another of the officials in the tournament told one of Guilford's players that he had seen Catawba play, but with the brand of ball that Guilford was playing that night, Guilford could have given any Southern Conference team a good ball game, up to the point of winning from them.

And so the bouquets were given when the curtain rang down the final scenes of the season. And when the lights clicked out and flicked the gym into darkness and silence, the gym in which victory had brought pandemonium a few hours earlier, two things were evident. First, Guilford had won her laurels, over a past that had taught her the truth behind Coach Doc Newton's saying, "Some days we win, some days we lose—and some days it rains." It had been proven, even though the next night she lost in her bout with Lenoir-Rhyne, that her potentialities were strong. Her past would never be as great as her future. And second, the value of true sportsmanship had been brought out. The next best thing to a good winner is a good loser. One man had shaken the dust from that truth.

But then, perhaps for him, it rained.

Straight From the Horse's Mouth

Sing has sprung, the grass is riz, I wonder where the boidies is. Ah yes, as it comes to all places, so spring comes to Guilford with its sunshine and young love. The only difference in the latter is that everybody does outdoors, what they've been doing inside all winter.

The more permanent of these young lovers are Walt and Betty Nunn Moon. We hope to see a half dozen young fullbacks running around the campus in the years to come. Speaking of future Guilfordians, that long-legged bird flying over the Ullman hacienda down in Passon Flats looks suspiciously like a stork.

We now come to those planning the fatal step in the immediate future . . . this includes Punchy and Corny, Darwin and June. Darwin has his bid in for a pre-fab, Punchy prefers Rock Hill.

Then there are those off and on kind who go to make up the material found in this column. Here we find Edith Hofmann and Charley Jones . . .

. . . we hear Charley's golf game has suffered as a result. And what's this about Charley "If you don't pay me that three cents I'll tell Mr. Parsons" Hendricks? The latest has it that he's been squiring Miss OrNSTEIN about . . . we didn't think Hendricks was the type. Mary Price, who has suddenly blossomed out into a very charming young lady, has been seen in the local amusement spots with Gayle Craddock. Better watch him when he starts crooning to you, Mary.

Margie Benbow spends her Saturday nights playing cards with Charley Carroll . . . wonder what games they play together. Mike "I'm in love" Davis just can't seem to stay away from Betty Roberson for a minute. And for some reason Walt Burdsall has put aside his Bull Whip, Anne Stabler and the Argonaut, to date the Tall Texan, Barbara Scott.

Noticed in the Daily News . . . Anne Coble, Molly Cox and Jim Rouche and that parental batchelor (we thought) Clark Wilson are all getting hitched this spring.

There seems to be two little triangles on campus. Mary Strang, Vid Mira and Bill McCracken comprise one and the other is made up

of Nancy Parker, Joe Mitchell and Jim LeGwin. It's only fair to warn Joe that LeGwin can be a pretty rough character at times.

We didn't see this ourselves, but we hear tell that the feature of the open house at Mary Hobbs was Jo Butner's room. Seems she has all kinds of trick gadgets and booby traps scattered about and also, if you'll pardon the expression, empty whiskey bottles piled high in her closet. No wonder Presnell is here every weekend. While we're on the subject of Presnell's, Jean has Earl Dunkle on a leash. For some unknown reason, and we shudder to think what it may be, Dunkle has been taking body building exercises like mad since he started going with her.

What's the scoop on the "get away" car? For further information, see Gene Redman. Have you heard? Have you seen? Yes, Benbow finally hooked a girl as tall as he is . . . will wonders never cease?

He'll deny it, but doesn't Sammy have that "lost without her" look since Rodney went home?

Some lucky girl has a big surprise in store for her . . . Bill Ringler has finally decided to come out of hibernation and date for a change.

Barter Theatre Gives "Hamlet"; Lead Role Is Taken by Crony

(Continued from Page One)

in the drama. Theirs was a most welcome interpretation.

The costumes, setting and lighting were adequately done to make this contribution to the famous tragedy a fitting one. However, the music and the voice of the ghost seemed far more distracting than aiding in the stern, mystical atmosphere of ghost sequence. One was prone to dread their continuation as the play progressed.

Taken as a whole, the production was a thoroughly pleasing one, turning Guilford's eye to next year's presentation in sincere appreciation to this remarkable group who have had such a meager beginning and have climbed so far in the theatrical world. J. W. M.