



The Guilfordian

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Our Policy

Once again you have a new editor. The customary procedure is to enumerate in this first edition the policy which the new editor will follow throughout his term of office. Because of the high standards which the past leaders of THE GUILFORDIAN have advanced, the editor feels that a drastic change in policy is not needed. Dirt columns, which many of you feel are an intricate and necessary part of a college newspaper, are definitely on the way out as far as college papers go. We have on our exchange desk over one hundred college and university news organs, and in these you will find very little space devoted to such columns. However, since this is your college paper, our policy will not be to eliminate these columns completely, but rather to continue giving them a limited amount of space.

We feel, just as the past staff felt and practiced, that THE GUILFORDIAN should be "the slave of no one—students, faculty, or administration." The paper will not at any time show partiality to any group or sect. Whenever possible our editorials will compliment, rather than criticize a person or group.

In following this policy, however, we will not at any time withhold news which will affect the student body as a whole. Trivial complaints will not be the basis for any editorial. All editorials will be unsigned when all on the editorial staff are in agreement with the contents. Letters to the editor will not require the writer's name in print if the author makes his identity known to us.

THE GUILFORDIAN is your paper, and we, the staff, welcome any comments from students, alumni, and faculty members.

Keep It Up

The students who room on the campus should be congratulated for the spirit with which they endured the bathless, shaveless days we had last week. Most students, almost a majority, continued their daily chores without complaining. Instead of the usual "gripe," which many of us generally have in similar situations, the majority kept the same smile on their faces. Instead of filing the usual petition, many cheerfully used the available cold water.

Many people say that it takes a war to reveal the material of which we are made; however, here at Guilford, the recent hot water shortage proved that the majority of the students are mature enough not to complain, but rather intelligent enough to endure and wait with the patience of an educated adult.

The spirit displayed was truly "Guilford spirit." In the Letters to the Editor column a former Guilford student compliments us on our politeness and friendliness. Rather than stop at this point, let's continue the good work.

Success

Are you considered successful when your income is near or above normal? Does laughter and a glowing smile signify your success? Could success mean being loved a great deal and having respect from little children, friends, relatives, and all the multitudes with whom you come in contact? Does success mean a pat on the back or an encouraging word? Can you say you were successful when you have accomplished a task or neared your life's goal, whether the task be improving a garden, composing a song, or building your home? Does learning to appreciate nature's beauty indicate success? Can it mean looking for the best in others, and giving them praise rather than condemning their acts?

Success, of course, can mean one or all the above questions. However, in this uncertain age, it cannot be limited to wealth or happiness.

People argue that your income measures your success. In many cases this is undoubtedly true. Just because you have a new automobile, money in the bank, and all other luxuries, if they may be called that in this dynamic age of invention, doesn't in itself signify that John Doe is successful. May be to you, the outsiders who look enviously at him, he is successful, but maybe he feels he has not accomplished the goal which he has set. In fact, he may feel that he has been a complete failure.

Something which to you, the outsider, appears trivial could be a legitimate goal. A good example of this is the farmer and his crops. If the harvest is good, then maybe he considers himself successful.

You see a person with a broad smile on his face. Without a doubt he may be happy, but has he secured success? Again you, the outsider, cannot answer yes or no and be right.

When an individual has accomplished life's goal, or if he appreciates nature's beauty, we may say he has secured success;

ANGLES... by JOE KEIGER

CHOIR TRIP

A tour's itinerary is a sterile thing — it tells nothing of the hilarious moments which bubble forth from the big kids leaving piles of studies miles behind. True! A few books of Academic calibre did show up among the bags and boxes being stowed aboard a chartered Greyhound the early morning hour when the choir began its tour. But soon the most determined scholars gave up—most of the time the uproar was too much for concentration and of course quiet hours were for more interesting amusements.

Those first day foibles—"I forgot the key to my suitcase"—"wonder if I packed my toothbrush"—the morning glory romance of Marshall and Brice that blossomed, was entwined, and then faded by the moon—the paintings of mountains made by Neville Long—the sweets packed for the choir by Mrs. Weis, Bobby Wall's mother, and by Neville—the Carroll comment, "Kiss me quick, Jane, I'm thirsty"—the bitter cold of just-over-the-Mason-Dixon-Line—Jane Hockett's having to push the bus to get it started at Gettysburg — the after-midnight civic pride and two hour tour of some hosts in Wormleysburg—the Hadacol jokes especially in connection with rest stops.

Such are the choir trips. A recounting of the little angles and twists probably can be appreciated only by the participants but here goes:

For protection, Bobby Marshall borrowed a wedding band for the trip—and did he need protection!—Dr. (?) Goodrich's remedy for rough throats—they say it tasted like Scotch—Scott Root's acrobatics in the aisles of the bus—his black hat—his roommates and the little "mixups" in names (their hostess called them Scott Keiger, Joe Small, Bowman Root) and the personality shuffle that ensued (Small became the staid math and physics major, Root became a star athlete, and yours truly acquired a wife and a daughter and four mongrel pups for conversational purposes that night.)—tropical Carol Browne's raptures at the first day of snow in N. Y. and the subsequent dampening of her enthusiasm by a barrage of snowballs right on the streets of Poughkeepsie—the innocents on subways ("They sound like tobacco sheds back in Yaddickville" or "Look at all the moles coming out")—the surprise of our audiences that the singing lacked a southern drawl—the observations that real hospitality is not confined to the South—Caroline Lee's coat, "the horse blanket" — "Shiney's" thirty-six—the last day pillow fight with Mr. Underwood in which he got a bloody nose, the kid—the bus driver's sense of humor and wells of jokes—the single bathroom in some churches—"They're cold!"—the church bulletin board in Lynchburg which read, "11 a. m. Sermon, 'Out of the Depths,' Guilford College Choir, 8 p. m."—that's what a choir trip is like.

... LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ...

Editor of the Guilfordian
Guilford College
North Carolina

Dear Sir:

Just wanted to say that I have been very much impressed on recent visits to the campus by the politeness, courteousness, thoughtfulness, and friendliness on the part of the student body.

Probably more than anything else that prompts this letter was a visit about a week ago to the campuses of three of the larger state institutions. The comparison of the conduct that appeared between these three and Guilford was most favorable. I could not refrain from passing on this favorable impression of conduct and general appearance, which I believe and am sure will be noticed by others visiting the campus and which will go a long way in making Guilford known for that "Guilford spirit"—a spirit which is characteristic of a few other colleges which have been my privilege to visit through the country during the past years and which have become well known and famous for their college spirit.

Sincerely,
N. C. English
Thomasville, N. C.

Dear Editor:

Recently, a woman student at Guilford reported another woman student for smoking at the corner. She was attempting to follow the rules set up by the Honor Board. As a result of this incident, and other factors, the girl who was turned in, was suspended from college.

Since that time the campus has been buzzing with "gossip." Everyone, especially male students who actually know little about the incident, have been giving out the "hot dope" on the case. Actually, it is none of their business, except that someone has finally lived up to the standards imposed upon us by the honor system.

If more of us had the nerve to report offenders when we see them, social standards at Guilford would be improved considerably. A lot of credit should go to the Men's and Women's Student Government which have served a thankless job for the past year. There have been

but how are we to know what the individual's goal was? It may have been to reach the moon, paint a picture, compose a song, make a million dollars or develop a new invention.

How do we measure success? Your success is something invisible and untouchable. Only by you, the individual, can it be felt, understood, and accomplished.

a number of difficult cases, and the council has had many hard decisions to make. We should remember that the members of Council may not be perfect, but they certainly try hard to do their job as fairly and impartially as possible.

In a college the size of Guilford, it is only natural that sides will be taken on every issue that comes up before the Council, but let's stick with the Council's decision, for after all we voted the Council members into office.

A place on Council should be an honor that students fight to get, but as matters now stand, no one wants the job. The reason is obvious. No one wants to be torn apart, piece by piece, after every Council Meeting is over, and no one wants to be called "Tattletale" when he attempts to do his job.

We, the students who are on council, should realize the difficulties under which council members are placed.

On the other hand, council members should try hard to live up to the Guilford standards in order to be respected by the entire student body.

Yours truly,
Barbara McFarland.

Pulling Strings...

By SALKIND

In the past few weeks we've heard talk of Senator McCarthy (Rep., Wis.) shouting about Communism. At first he said that there were over a hundred Communists in the State Department, and he named roving ambassador Phillip Jessup as one of them. Those accused proved they were not Communists, and accused him of undermining U. S. foreign policy. Then McCarthy said there were sixty Communists in the State Department, and now he's cut the number down to seven. Mc Carthy said he would repeat those charges in public, where those falsely accused could sue him, or resign his Senate seat; but so far has done neither.

As I see it, although not having inside information, the real problem has nothing to do with Communism. The problem coincides with the topic by the Dialectic Senate—"The Problem of Senatorial Immunity." Should a senator be allowed to say anything he wants to on the Senate floor, regardless of whether or not it is true? Under present rules a senator cannot be sued for libel in conjunction with anything he has said in the Senate. Why shouldn't he be an example of truth and justice, instead being a man who can get away with false accusations?

Freedom has many ambiguous meanings. It may mean liberty, but

MISCELANEA

By Cochrane

It is lawful to be taught by an enemy . . . —Emerson.
(Lawful, foey, it's commonplace)

Spring being sprung, the campus will now be obscured by a thick cloud of flying golf and baseballs, and the men in Yankee Stadium will find that the shelling of Bastogna was nothing. For the enlightenment of a few backward girls, and boys who never got out of the pool room, we will attempt to set forth and define a few of the widely used terms in these sports.

Baseball

Curve—predominant motif in the geometric design of acceptable females.

Bunt—something you do to a football—with your foot.

Pitcher—main source of trouble in Philosophy 24 . . . "two weeks to learn 300 pitchers."

Catcher—a bunch of pads with Sam Venuto inside . . . serves as a sort of marker so our umpires can find their way to home plate.

Fungo—disease caught in locker rooms . . . "I got fungo between my toes."

Golf

Putt—loud sound made in pairs by Skip Riddick's new car.

Green—Ben Baker's usual color after missing a short putt. Ben says he quit throwing his clubs away . . . he kicks them now.

Fairway—obsolete method of keeping one's score . . . not practiced among Guilford men.

Iron—possessive plural pronoun . . . "Tain't yourn, it's iron!"

Niblick—girl's manner of eating . . . "I bought her a steak, and she's just niblick it."

Golf balls are a-flying
Bats and horsehides ring
But always, on our campus
Stoop-Ball will be King.

We asked one of the Bearded Wonders of the Boys' Dorms if they really had hot water again t'other day. He said he didn't know, he was too dirty to feel it.

Hot water can't be beat
No matter what the cost
Yesterday I washed my feet
And found some socks I'd lost!

The Fiends:

Spring and lovely balmy days
Have ended winter's drought
Just when all are feeling gay
They put exam lists out.

General Info . . .

Ought to warn everyone. A new scourge will soon descend on campus. Bill Kerr, the man with the newspaper carpet, has decided to branch out into the realm of high-class hustlers . . . peddling life insurance. One thing we'd really like to know is what Charlotte Flanders is doing for her thesis. Six of her guinea pigs are dead, one is having convulsions . . . and the last one hung himself in his cell!

Betty Jane's man is generous
A lover who's simply grand
He presented her a mammoth rock
And let her choose the band.
(It's on her left at present.)

And Day's new chick is also fine
Her looks are up to par
But she could look like Dracula
If we could drive her car.

Sights Worth Seeing . . .

All Connor trying to peacefully sit in the library with either Ruby Sharpe or Polly Edgerton . . . without having the other one walk in. Somebody tell the boy it's warm outside now.

The punchy smiles on the faces of Ringler and Gresham as they come in at 10. (Wickersham and Jessup have something to do with it.)

George "work is for mules" Tate out raking leaves in the sun . . . with Janet naturally.

Marriage is in high gear, son
They're wedding far and near, son
Is Betty Jo
The next to go
Or will it be Miss Pierson?

not license. Freedom of speech means you can say anything, provided you do not infringe on someone else's rights, nor make any untrue, detrimental claims. Why should this not apply to our legislative halls, as well as to the rest of the United States?

Once someone's name has been slandered, whether justly or not, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to gain a good reputation again. Many untrue accusations would not be made if it were not for the protection of this immunity.