

The Guilfordian

The News and Opinion of the Students of Guilford College



BILL PENDERGRAFT Editor
CHERYL SPRINKLE Associate Editor
DAN RAIFORD Business Manager
PIEDMONT PRESS, Printers

'Save the Last Dance for Me'

by Linda Stedman

And it was a time for peace. You'll never see an Excedrin commercial geared to the poor college sufferers instead of to a poor middle-aged wench with four squalling kids. Students have their own method of releasing tension.

After Guilford successfully frustrated the Elon Christians Friday night, there came a second unique kind of victory. It was something like mind over matter. Every student was determined to forget about knowledge and all the unmerciful methods of obtaining it. I think they succeeded.

They threw books and syllabuses into the air and proceeded to steam their glasses up. After all, when the Quakers kill the Christians, you know there's been a major breakthrough.

The students' victory over tensions was well won but hard won. After all, it's difficult to forget that you have a couple of term papers due and a test with Señora Hunt on Monday. But the Guilford students made a glorious attempt!

They came in pairs and took their inevitable stand in front of the band. The Attractions played, the students warmed up, and the personified horseshoe around the band began to wiggle and sway. Guilford College was ready.

The Drifters were tough. They glowed in their tangerine-colored jackets as they paraded to the stage. Everybody knew they were ready. This is where the battle against tension began. And what a landmark it was! The Drifters went from "Under the Boardwalk" to "Save the Last Dance for Me" to "Come Over to My Place" and peace set in.

If freedom of movement is a sign of freedom of spirit, then half of Guilford College reached oblivion. If they didn't know how to dance, they made something up. One industrious couple in the rear of the room stood facing each other and kicked their feet up and down in the old tradition of the famous Rockettes. But that was okay. They only slipped down a couple of times, and no one noticed.

Everyone was there with a few exceptions, of course. Even the Gutzells made the scene, and the action was so interesting that he even forgot to bring along his selected poems by Robert Frost.

When the Drifters finished their show, one could almost visualize the tension drifting away in a cloud of cigarette smoke. For a time there was much laughter, hand-shaking, and back-patting.

But peace doesn't last long—and it's back to a messy room, books, and charts, and the only humble souvenirs are a pair of unpolished shoes, a bad case of battle fatigue, and a little message left on the left wrist stamped in red: PAID. And that, my friends, is the last laugh of the evening!

Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed.:
I personally feel that a Championship Basketball Team deserves a Championship Gym to win in. What do you think?

STUDENT

When one takes into consideration the prospects of the new Guilford College; one with emphasis on Academics rather than Athletics, a new gym is useless. The students of tomorrow's Guilford are going to have to be a hell of a studious bunch of people to even stay in school, much less participate in sports. I definitely feel, though, that we need a good student union with bridge-playing facilities. I am sure that I speak for the entire student body, with the exception of yourself.

Ed.

Dear Ed.:
While sitting in my spacious suite the other night staring at one of my well worn copies of something or other, I noticed a dull roar from the region of what was four years ago my abdomen. It seems now to be more of a sieve, as nothing seems to remain in it for very long. Could this condition

possibly be due to the food? I do not mean the quality, although this does leave something to be desired, but rather the quantity. I do not feel that my stomach is really full of holes, but it is definitely very empty at the moment.

As I said before, I am not complaining about the quality, but have you ever noticed how the portions of food make those plates look so large? Those are definitely some of the largest plates I have ever seen, or maybe it just seems that way; yeah maybe!

Would you believe that the other night I left the cafeteria and heard a wild roar before I made it back to the suite? Well you had better believe it! It frightened three boys coming in so badly that all three of them took off for the Castle.

One boy down the hall had to ask his roommate and another boy to help him walk or stumble over to the cafeteria the other night just so he could sit through another meal. Another boy down the hall has only lost 19 pounds since the first of the year. Now, that might not seem like a lot of weight, but that boy is not very large in the first place. Everyone up here is taking bets on whether or not he

Johnson Speaks

by Andy Meltz

On February 20 Russell Johnson of the American Friends Service Committee presented the assembly program. He has spent much time in Asia on behalf of the Committee and has just recently returned from Hanoi. Mr. Johnson bitterly attacked the American policy of bombing North Vietnam. The main result of the bombing, he said, has been to destroy civilian life and property and to further antagonize the people of North Vietnam. It has not brought us any closer to negotiations.

The audience reacted to the speech with mixed emotions. It could not help making one feel somewhat uneasy whether he agrees with the speaker or not. Johnson feels that the North Vietnamese have the moral issue entirely on their side. The Vietnamese see absolutely no difference between the past military occupation of France and the present of the United States. They were promised their independence, and the U.S. is standing in their way.

A point brought out much clearer in Mr. Johnson's press conference than in his chapel presentation was the basic misunderstanding that Americans have. Although Secretary of State Rusk has often accused the Viet Cong for acts of aggression against South Vietnam, the people of North Vietnam don't see it that way. Their goal is to reunite a divided country under a single effective government. According to Johnson, the Hanoi government will not even consider peace talks until it has a promise of American withdrawal. He advocates unilateral withdrawal of troops even if it means handing over the country to the communists. With a free election, he feels the people would choose communism as their type of government. He thinks the Vietnamese will be independent enough to pattern their country after Tito's Yugoslavia, which would be infinitely better than the present puppet government established by the United States.

Johnson said that it's hard to get a true picture of how the war is going because of all the propaganda being released by both sides but he would rather believe the North Vietnamese because he feels there is more truth in their press releases. They say the North Vietnamese have not sustained a substantial increase in casualties since the recent influx of more American troops. The major result has been the loss of even more American lives. Hanoi is quite willing and ready to continue the war until the United States decides the war cannot be won and withdraws all troops. The speaker also feels that the attention of the Peace Corps should be directed to the problems of Vietnam rather than the military strength of our country, for there is much rebuilding to be done in North and South.

will make it to the end of the year. I don't think I have to tell you how I placed my bet, but I don't think he's going to make it to the end of the week.

Well, I'm too weak to go on, but while I'm commenting on what's lacking, what ever happened to Men's May Day? You remember, those days when Freshmen were ingloriously pulled from their nice warm racks and requested to make a few quick laps around the women's dorms in the misty, freezing rain and then asked to take a seat on the nice, wet ground and view the proceedings while wearing a very small towel which was very wet and very cold. Maybe you don't remember those days but I do! It took me about two weeks to thaw out.

Well, I just thought I'd ask.

A HALF-INTERESTED STUDENT

Ruthless Resident

1966 marks the year of a new program for male students on campus with the advent of the Resident. It was felt that there was a definite need in Milner Hall for counseling and guidance of a personal nature for the men.

1966 also brought the fulfillment of the resident program with the addition of Mr. Wiley Ruth to the college.

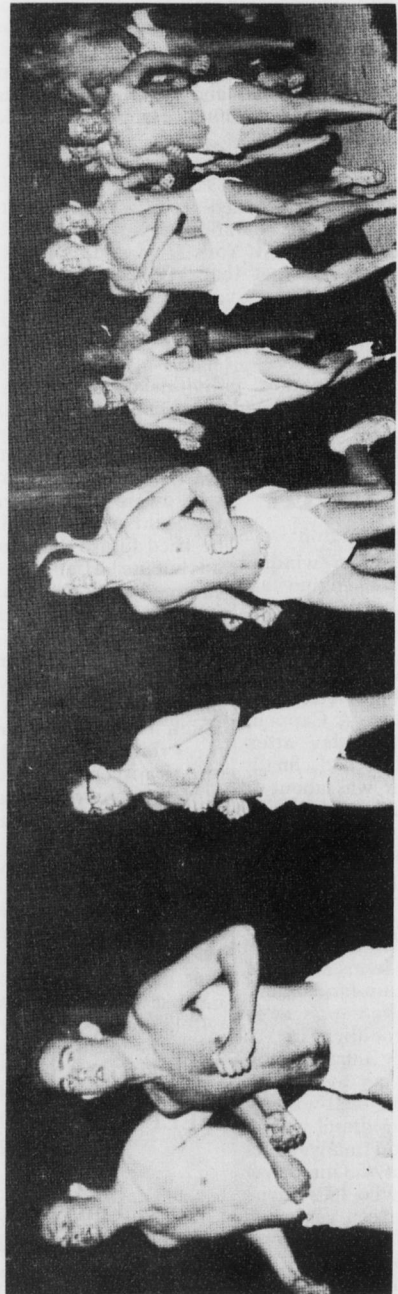
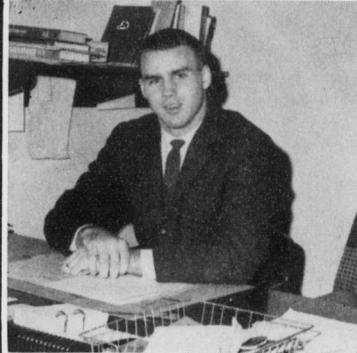
Mr. Ruth came to Guilford from UNC-G where he obtained his graduate degree in education with a major in Guidance. Before studying at UNC-G he graduated from Catawba College in Salisbury and later taught math, and coached various sports at Page High School.

His duties at Guilford include not only acting head resident of Milner Hall, but also assistant dean of men. In this dual role Mr. Ruth is called upon to direct the school's placement center which helps to find employment for graduating seniors as well as part-time work for the student body as a whole. He is called upon to counsel and advise students who are in need, and to generally supervise dorm life.

Mr. Ruth states that he plans to stay for an indefinite length of time at Guilford although he would like to pursue a doctorate degree sometime in the future.

Mr. Ruth feels that Guilford has a big problem with an apathetic student body, although he feels that this problem is being resolved by increased social functions, the formation of the Men's Inter-dorm Government, as well as the Resident Assistant program, and the formation of the Student Union study group.

It is quite obvious to residents of Milner Hall in particular that a great change has been made with the appearance of Mr. Ruth, for he has been ruthless in his search for men's problems and their solution. The entire dorm life has been affected by the steady gait and forward look of this new addition to our campus. Mr. Ruth stated that he found a warm faculty and student body when he began his work at Guilford, and I am sure that those who have worked with him feel the same warmth toward him and his goals for the male students.



Why run down May Day?

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Advisor Gene Key
Sports Editor Dennis Abramowitz
Advertising Manager Glen Cooke
Circulation Manager Ken Martin
Photographers Stephen Bowles, Charles Strowd

STAFF WRITERS
Lynda Stedman Mike Rinehardt Emily Hedrick
Rankin Whittington Janet Ghezzi Jennifer Schier
Andy Meltz Lucie Stafford Barbara Norton