

The Guilfordian

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Fraud From MIG

The MIG Judicial Board's decision to ask MIG to appoint a committee charged with deciding whether impeachment proceedings against MIG Vice-President Phil Edgerton should be heard by MIG or all men students is most unfair.

In fact it appears to be an attempt by the MIG Judicial Board to deny Edgerton his right to a fair trial on charges that he allegedly warned the coeducational occupants of a men's dormitory suite parlor concerning the impending arrival of the head resident.

Instead of adhering to the wording of the MIG Constitution which states that verdicts in impeachment proceedings of MIG officers are to be decided by all men students, the Judicial Board members are apparently attempting to circumvent the MIG Constitution.

Although this attempt is a clear-cut breach of judicial trust, it comes as no surprise.

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Despite all publicity to the contrary, the MIG Judicial Board is basically a closed corporation. Once members are elected, they are not expected to consider the wishes of their constituency in determining general Judicial Board policy.

Traditionally, Judicial Board members have meekly accepted their roles as incommunicado enforcers without challenge or audible complaint. With Edgerton's election, a change in these policies has been witnessed.

For the first time the students have a spokesman on the Judicial Board who is unafraid of responsibly challenging the archaic and inflexible methods used in the handling of Judicial Board cases. Unlike most other Judicial Board members who have consistently relied on rules and penalties sanctioned by non-students, Edgerton conscientiously attempts to responsibly transmit the wishes of his fellow students in the administration of justice.

In addition, Edgerton maintains that the students are entitled to know the verdicts and penalties which the Judicial Board hands out. This opinion is in complete conflict with those of other Judicial Board members who prefer the protection of secret proceedings to hide their mysterious verdicts and penalties.

With such a conflict between responsibility and mediocrity, it is not surprising that the MIG Judicial Board is attempting to insure Edgerton's ousting by resorting to such deceitful tactics as the organization of a phony committee to reinterpret the MIG Constitution.

Letter to the Editor

End Treason, Support 'Principles'

Dear Editor:
To The Nation

I am an American, and proud to say so; Proud of my Country and her heritage.

I do not feel that it should be necessary for one American to stand before other Americans and attempt to persuade them to be aware of and experience this glow of National pride. However, what should be, and what is may be the case to a significant degree. I am referring to the disgrace that has been brought, by recent scandals, to positions of high esteem in our political and military structure. These scandals were characterized by dishonesty and greed; by traitorous abuse of our principal of freedom of speech and expression. I define treason as: "The giving of aid or comfort (whether physical or mental) to an enemy of our country." Consider the

recent incident in Mississippi where a young man displayed the Viet Cong flag on Veterans Day.

This is treason in that an enemy of our country received direct comfort through this gesture of support to his cause. If there is any question of the Communists in Vietnam being an enemy of our country, I, an American, could rip off my clothing and expose the scars resulting from three rounds of automatic fire that I received while serving as a Marine in Vietnam.

I do not think, however, this should be necessary, as any individual who is averagely well informed on current affairs, and who possesses a rudimentary capacity for reason, will understand that the NVA and VC are

the enemy of any true American, even though this individual has not met the enemy face to face.

Faithfulness to one's country.

What has happened to simple, sincere respect for America, and for the principals of unselfish honesty and unity upon which she was founded? I submit that this quality is abundant in many, but far too lacking in others.

I submit that our country could use a little "Aid and comfort" through direct support by all Americans of her basic principles, of her cause, and by the recognition of her enemies for what they are.

To the silent majority I submit this, and to it I ask, "What have you to say?"

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SEE THE STUDENTS MEMORIZE
USELESS FACTS!
SEE THE DIABOLICAL TEACHERS TORTURE
INNOCENT STUDENTS!
FEEL THE TERROR WHILE WAITING
FOR THE GRADES!
SEE THE STUDENTS BURN THE
MIDNIGHT OIL!
SEE THE DORMS FILLED WITH PANIC-
CRAZED MANIACS!

CAST OF A THOUSAND

Now Playing At Your Local College

Poets' Corner

Ode To A Love Biafran Baby

By Minette

To fall in love is such an art
For a girl works hard to win your
heart.
And as you respond to her loving
advances
The immediate beauty of this
wonderful trance
Your loss of reality suddenly
enhances

Which has placed your life in
the grips of chance.
When love takes hold, one soon
discovers
The freedom of heart as he steps
from the covers
Of the everyday hub-bub, the rat-
race, the grind
Which all fade away, because love
is blind.

Your feelings are high-your out-
look is bright
Your emotions are centered, and
so is your life
Your only goal is to do things
right
To have her always near you, as
your wife.

But then one day, when your back
is turned
The love disappears, which
between you has burned
And nothing is left but smolder-
ing ashes
In a heart which once burned with
fiery passions.

Now he returns to the world of
today
Deciding for him there's no other
way
Than to live in the rat race,
the hub-bub, the grind
Which an even better man would
find hard to decline
For a world of flowers is impos-
sible to find.

A leaf alone,
Falling,
From a vine encased bough.

The moon alone,
On a summers night,
Against the ebony sky.

A silhouette,
In a doorway,
A woman on Sunday morn.
A scream of life and
Silent death.

Another to starve is born.

Ride on skeletal horses,
You quartet of the texts.

Laughing at malnourished
bellies,

Their bodies will be next.

Two million fell dead
in the streets,
How many more will die?

One lonely mind to watch it all,
To feel the children cry.

To drag unwanted bodies onto
The funeral pyre.

How long must you cry
for nourishment

Not in your mother's breast?
How long did you cry
from compassion

And aid
From all the rest?

You, little one, and more.
Alone with others on a
starving street

In the war
Against
All war.