

# Chester Named '70 Fellow

GREENSBORO, N.C. -- A student at Guilford College has been named a winner in the annual Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship competition.

David W. Chester, a history major at Guilford, was among the 1,153 finalists selected from approximately 12,000 outstanding graduating seniors nominated for the honor by more than 800 colleges in the United States and Canada.

The Wilson Foundation's selection committee picked the finalists, or "designates," as "the most intellectually promising" 1970 graduates planning careers as college teachers, the foundation president, Hans Rosenhaupt, explained.

"Today's disaffected youth complain that a factory atmosphere pervades our country's educational institutions," Dr. Rosenhaupt said. "The student-teacher encounter lacks the human qualities young men and women seek.

"The Designate Program is our response to their plight," he explained. "Taking scholarly excellence for granted in our nominees, we look further for those human qualities that make good, even great, teachers."

A list of the winners will be sent to all graduate schools in both Canada and the U.S. with

recommendation that the school provide winners with graduate fellowships.

In past years, a majority of the Wilson Designates secured grants from their chosen graduate schools, Dr. Rosenhaupt noted, adding that the foundation reserves 150 Woodrow Wilson Fellowships for designates who fail to receive funds from schools of their choice.

Chester plans to do graduate study in international relations, with particular interest in the United States foreign policy regarding Latin America.

The 27-year-old veteran of three years of service with the 82nd Airborne was on the Greensboro police force one year. In addition to attending Guilford College, he also works part-time as a chemical research assistant for the Charles Pfizer Co.

Chester came to Greensboro in 1965 from Kirkwood, N.J., and enrolled at Guilford the following year. He is married to the former Penelope Landreth of Western North Carolina. They live at 604 Longview St.

## Music Contest

The Guilford College music department is conducting a contest to collect both old and new Guilford College songs for publication, performance and recording.

Dr. George L. Gansz, music department chairman, said the deadline for receiving original, adapted or "remembered" songs is April 30. Entries become the property of the college and will not be returned.

All suitable songs will be published in a collection of Guilford College songs next year, Dr. Gansz said, adding that selected songs will be recorded and performed by music groups this year and in the future.

## Last Hobbs Lecture

President Grimsley Hobbs delivered his "last lecture" Saturday afternoon as a part of Parents' Weekend activities. The Last Lecture series, sponsored by the College Union, is a series of talks by Guilford administrators and faculty members in which they tell their listeners what they would tell them if it was their last chance to address them.

Wisdom, commitment and building rather than destroying were the three things which he thought most important for living a full life.

He stressed that wisdom isn't knowledge of facts, but meaningful involvement in using knowledge. He referred to the freshman "Man in the Twentieth Century" requirement, saying that one of its main goals is to get the students involved enough in current problems that they can make decisions about these problems for themselves. He stated that true wisdom is knowledge used for the benefit of humanity.

Committing oneself to certain goals in life is essential for a meaningful existence according to President Hobbs. He mentioned the need for personal discipline in one's commitments and challenged the students to choose a vocation to which they feel they could devote all of their time and energy.

The necessity of being a builder rather than a destroyer was his final point. He emphasized that lack of concern for the total group to which one belongs is destructive, and that a destructive attitude should be avoided.

The Union is planning to continue the popular Last Lecture series. Watch for dates and details of those to come.



DR. GRIMSLY T. HOBBS

Photo by Willson

## Feeney Explains Outburst Thurs.

Dear Editor,

Last Thursday during a discussion period after the Man In The 20th Century lecture it would seem to many of the people who attended that I had grossly lost my temper. I feel an explanation in a sense is necessary.

Many of the comments made by the Black Panther representatives were unrealistic as far as my own ideology was concerned. Instead of an explanation of their philosophy, I felt as if the black students were making demands of which I could not personally be able to fulfill. During my remarks I felt that I might have offended some of the people who were lecturing; though this may-

be true, I felt that I was also being offended. It is obvious to me now that at least at this point it would be difficult for me to adhere to the revolutionary beliefs of the students who spoke to us. Though it may seem that my beliefs are racist I feel that it is only your misinterpretation, I was just telling how I felt, just like the Panthers were.

I don't have a closed mind, and in many respects my attitudes are changing. Though black people don't like to hear this I really feel it takes time for people to understand. I guess I can understand how black people can't wait any longer.

Jeff Feeney

## Who Fiddled This Time?

"They burned the hut last night." What a beautiful flame through Bacchus eyes; how funny-comical in the sick mind of the vengeful (still satisfied when sober?)

"I really got to know my friends," one student said.

"Surprising spectacle of cackling girls flirting with firemen and frenzied fellow students breaking bottles.

"Our victory-wagon out of control throttle open wide veered with unknown speed to chaos."

Today the academic question is raised in classrooms; Whose was the hut? Whose was it?

Why, it belonged to me, the S.C.A. a group of sit-around-the-fireplace planners of good things and sometimes doers, too.

No, it belonged to me, a clergyman turned counselor professing poli-sci, here holding rendezvous with students.

And it belonged to me the language lab repeater of sounds stored up, spit out, spit back, now ricocheting elsewhere more efficiently.

More recently the arts held sway or politics and other forms of play;

It was the students' (not the silent majority's of course! But it belonged to each creative crew who knew a way to make it useful) and its walls reflected many lights until this final conflagration left them black and mourning.

## 10 Days After The Hut Fire

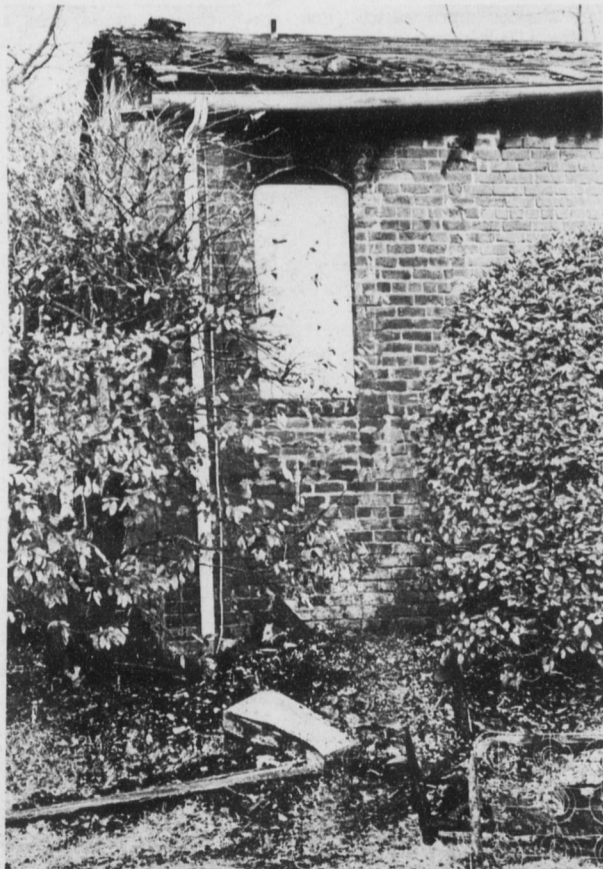


Photo by Willson



Photo by Willson