

# A Community Reaction: The Day in A Life

## THE PLAYERS

Stackhouse  
 Craig, Brad, and the Sweeper  
 Milner People (including Bob L.)  
 Dean Andy Gottschall  
 Bill Beidler  
 Fred Parkhurst (Bruce & Joanne)  
 Ralph Speas  
 Breakfast People  
 Ruth & her car  
 Hobbs & 68 People  
 Judge Doyle  
 WQFS People  
 Bob  
 Bruce Stewart  
 Pat Capello

## THE DAY IN A LIFE

by Alan T. Socol

I envisioned Tuesday April 10th as likely to be a fairly normal day. Of course that vision occurred on Monday. Tuesday's arrival was to begin with an urgent awakening around 3 A.M. "They're busting in Milner." Stack probably said more, and I probably heard him, but those four words were enough to pull me out of my warm bed and throw me into action. You see, what those four words represented was the end of life, as we had known it at Guilford College. Our happy world had been soiled forever by the intrusion of the Blue Nasties. And so, at three o'clock in the morning, I found myself emptying ashtrays from the previous day, going through drawers, and going to borrow a carpet sweeper. I found the sweeper with Brad and Craig who were pretty much engaged in the same activities. "What's happening?" seemed to be about all anyone could say. "Who got busted?", became the next question. To answer these questions we went over to Milner. They were buzzing. Their reality had really collapsed. In the dark cover of night they had witnessed

police maneuvers that would have rivaled anything the Marines did on Guadal Canal. Swiftly and thoroughly the police had come into the house of Milner and left with eight prisoners. Criminals they called them. What the hell did they mean... these were our friends, room mates... And anyhow, who in the world ever asked them to come out here. This was pretty much the sentiment I sensed in Milner in the aftermath of the raid. I called Andy Gottschall around four o'clock. I informed him of what had happened and left him speaking with one of his interns in Milner. It was back to 68 and a phone call to Bill Beidler, on the advice of Lou, that was next. He really helped me in getting back some control in the situation. He suggested a call to Fred Parkhurst for some legal advice and said that he would stay in touch. Over to Bruce and Joanne's apartment and another call, this one to Fred. His advice was to contact Ralph Speas who worked with the Civil Liberties Union and taught at the downtown campus. I had had a course under Ralph a couple of years before, and my spirits were lifted upon hearing his name for I knew that he would help us in any way possible. My phone call minutes later confirmed this. He wanted names of people in jail and information to get started. We arranged through a couple of following-up conversations to plan on getting together around 9:30 in the courthouse. Then it was off to breakfast which was a pretty gloomy scene. Ruth was the heroine and loaned me her car. Thus we were moving from the preliminaries into the leg-work. Off we went to the courthouse, and there we found Ralph who looked a little dazed (as if someone had awakened him at 6:15) and a lot peeved. He hadn't been

able to find John or get into the jail to speak with the others. He told us which courtroom would be the scene of John's initial hearing and went on down the line in search of John. We went into the courtroom, spotted others from Guilford, and sat down. Amazingly enough, there, right in front of our bloodshot eyes, not ten feet away sat John. After running through the winos and violence freaks on the docket, Judge Doyle looked over and pointed at Skydog and said "Who are you?" Here is an accurate description of what followed.

SKYDOG — John

JUDGE — Do you have an attorney?

SKYDOG — No

JUDGE — Can you afford to pay for one?

SKYDOG — No

JUDGE — Have you called your parents?

SKYDOG — No

JUDGE — Do you intend to call them?

SKYDOG — No

JUDGE — (turning to the clerk) Have the Sheriff's Dept. call his parents.

SKYDOG — (looking a bit vexed and/or confused) I think I have enough money for bond.

JUDGE — (turning to the clerk) What's his bond?

CLERK — (whispering loud enough for all to hear) \$2,000.

JUDGE — (whispering loud enough for all to hear) Make it \$5,000 and I'll call his parents.

Due to the pressures of a deadline for finishing this story, and the fact that I can't remember the last time that I ate and would like to make lunch today, I will not go into my feelings about this 'trial' (I use this word because I don't know what to call it... and I bet if you asked a lawyer he wouldn't know either). I ask you to think for yourself and decide how you might have felt in Dog's position. I was later learned that Skydog was for the most part kept in a different jail and was out of touch for the bulk of his time in jail, and all alone in court. Mucho bad-news. When we got back to the campus it seemed as if we were really stuck. Ralph was out hassling

## Letter To The Editor

Route 1, Box 480  
 McLeansville, N. C.  
 April 4, 1973

To the Contributors of Books for Our Library,

We would like to express our many thanks to all of you who so graciously contributed books to our library. We would like to offer our appreciation especially to Mr. Jon Canin for all of the many services he performed on this project. Rest assured that these contributions will be used as intended. Our deepest appreciation to all.

With deepest respect,  
 Inmates, McLeansville  
 Dept. of Correction

(Anyone wishing to make any further contributions to the McLeansville Dept. of Correction library may do so. The collection box will remain on the floor, next to the front desk in the library.)

with the jailers, and I knew not what could be done. Then Bob told me that Bruce Stewart wanted to help. Off we went to Bruce's office and he called a local law firm that he knew and they invited us to come down and talk to them. It was back to Ruth's car and on the road again. We saw Pat Capello and she was great. Again our spirits picked up and we were fortified to go back to campus and continue with the business at hand. For Bob and I that meant the Student Senate Budget Hearings (which seemed to

## Afterthoughts

by L. Lathrop

This is, in case you haven't been listening, the last issue of the Guilfordian this academic year. We of the Guilfordian staff came on at the beginning of this semester with virtually no experience and tried to put together an informative, interesting and regularly appearing paper. In some regards we have succeeded, in some we have failed. We have had the support and help of a lot of fine people in the Guilford Community, have learned a little bit about a few things, and had some good times.

Somebody, we hope, will step forward soon to claim the Guilfordian editorship for next year. It is not an easy job, it has frustrations which are virtually built-in. Guilford College has never seen fit to offer its newspaper staff any great financial rewards and most students at Guilford don't seem to appreciate the amount of energy that goes into turning out a weekly paper. Rather than writing stirring editorials, the editor's time is likely to be filled with trips to the typesetter, to the printer, lay-out and nagging people about unwritten articles.

It's not a glamorous job, but it is one that has to be done, if Guilford wants a newspaper. We have done it for a semester and now want to be turned out to a nice pasture with no deadlines to meet. We want to be able to pick up the Guilfordian next semester and not feel personally responsible for every crooked column.

To the next editor of the Guilfordian, whoever you may be, we offer encouragement and a few kind words now and then. You are going to need them.

ten or fifty phone calls during the day, around ten miles of walking around campus, and a twenty minute cat-nap in my office, and you have a pretty good picture of what I did yesterday. The picture you can't see, is all of the patient, wise, industrious, benevolent, and concerned people in the Guilford College community who got together and made possible the release (on bond) of seven of the nine Guilford students before bedtime Tuesday night. Skydog should be out early Wednesday, and all students have legal counsel to aide them. We as a community responded in a together fashion that seems all too uncommon around here. I hope this means something.

## Exodus?

My sincere thanks to everyone who has in any way contributed to the Guilfordian this semester. The many people who have donated time, talent, and moral support are far too numerous to list here, but they know who they are and how vital their contributions have been.

Special thanks are due Jim Shields (the Phantom Typist), who, after 3 1/2 long years as sports editor, consented to stay on for one final semester. With the exception of two articles, he wrote every sports item this semester, which has been an enormous amount of copy — and a huge expenditure of time.

And to Lucy ("Patience of Job") Swan, managing editor: May you never be promoted. Thank you. K.R.

## Spring Cleaning

On Saturday, April 14th beginning at 9:00 A.M., the Biophile Club will participate in a Guilford College Community Clean-Up sponsored by the Guilford College Council of Garden Clubs. The emphasis of the clean-up will be on recycling. Cans and bottles will be separated from the collected litter, deposited in the New Garden Friends Meeting parking lot, and later transported to recycling collection sites within the city. The Biophile Club has been asked to concentrate their efforts cleaning up the Guilford College campus and lake. All interested persons are urged to meet in front of the cafeteria on Saturday morning at 9:00 A.M. to join the Biophile Club in this project.



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