

Student Tours Crackerbox

By ELLEN JOHNSON

I think I have finally figured out why Guilford's gymnasium is called "Alumni Gym". The board of trustees must have decided to let the gym remain in its original condition in honor of all the alumni who have played in it. After all, how many alumni of thirty or forty years can return to their old gymnasium and find that there are still no locker rooms or showers made available for women athletes? And how many can return to find the same bunk beds and mattresses from their good-old-days still being made available for the visiting teams? And how many discover that they still have to come about forty-five minutes early to basketball games so that they won't find a wooden pole sitting between them and the goal? These three qualities are still found in Guilford's gymnasium. And there's plenty more to be found where they are.

story-he put a double coat of paint on last fall, but the floor just didn't want to be painted.

Oh, well—who cares about the floor of a stupid dressing room, anyway? (Apparently, not very many.) Glancing around, I noticed a door toward the back of the room. Nodding toward it, I asked, "Does that lead to the showers?" A sly smile spread across Coach Jensen's face, and as he started to unlock the door I could tell that he was going to enjoy showing me this. He opened the door and stepped back so I could get a good view. (He couldn't step into the room because a bunk bed was blocking the door.) I gazed into the darkness and saw a roomful of old, sagging bunk beds. I was thankful that the bunk bed was in front of the door, because I wasn't so sure that I wanted to step in and look at this. "That's where we put the visiting teams," Coach Jensen said. I couldn't believe what I was

hall. For an instant I forgot I was in the gym and thought I was gazing down the hallway of a prison. The only thing that jolted me back was the realization that prison doors are made of iron bars and these doors were wooden. "Oh, come on," I said to myself, give this place a chance. Things can't be all that bad." I had spoken too soon.

Coach Jensen opened the door to one of the rooms and in we went. Now, this room really did stump me. I didn't know what it could be. I saw a whirlpool over to the left and thought it might be a training room. "No, it couldn't be a training room," I thought. "Our high school training room was better than this, and it was next to nothing." "This is the training room," Coach Jensen announced. The only reply I could manage was a meek "Oh." As he started to shut the door, he asked if I had noticed the whirlpool. When I



Registration Frustration Hasn't Decreased Much Since 1965

Judicial Board Open

Any students interested in Campus Judicial Board may petition for membership through the Student Services Office in Bryan Hall by Friday, May 2. The Campus Judicial Board is responsible for trying violations that take place outside the residence halls. It

is also the first trial court for academic violations. The Campus Judicial Board needs student members who are both responsible and objective. So, interested students should petition for membership at their earliest convenience.



Survival Seminars

athletes? They're located in the basement of Shore and the first floor of Binford. In other words, there are no showers or locker rooms made available for women in the gymnasium. When a women's team comes to Guilford to play ball, they have to go to the dormitories to shower.

Of course, not all the rooms in the gym are as bad as the ones I have described. The football dressing room is quite nice - it has carpet, recently painted walls, wooden stained benches and lockers, and two new light fixtures. So why does the football team get all the good stuff? Well, it just so happens that three of the football coaches - Coaches Haglan, Dunning, and Vansant - took about four weeks out of their vacations last summer and worked their tails off fixing it up. And of course there's the Quaker room with its carpet, paneling, nice furniture, etc. It was furnished by a Dr. Johnson in memory of his father. The trophy case is also nice. It was paid for by the Quaker club. Funny thing is that with the exception of one piece of carpet upstairs, everything that has been fixed up in the gym to the point of half-decency, been fixed up by someone other than the college. It seems to me that its about time the college did something about bringing the quality of the gymnasium up to the high quality of its athletic programs and the rest of the college.

Simplicity has been a Quaker ideal for some time. As pointed out by Guilford graduate David Roberts, (in *Friends' Journal*, April 15, 1975) - now teaching in Liberia - a world of scarcity may face future (and present) generation to adhere to Quaker testimony on simplicity whether they want to or not. "It is time we decided what we want the future to bring. If we wait too long the decision will be made for us."

Those concerned with the survival may want to plan seminars such as the two week seminar recently held at UNC-Chapel Hill. A checklist of concerns might include: Food; unprocessed, low-sugar, home-grown, etc., CLOTHING: recycle, buy used (from Guilford College's "Kazoo", for instance), SHELTER: sharing houses, etc., TRANSPORTATION: bus, train, bike or walk, EDUCATION: self-education, and study groups, JOBS: those which do not aid war, and which leave time for use of capabilities and social change, MONEY: tithe to social change and humanitarian work and/or subsistence income, LEISURE: enjoy each other and nature, do peace education or human concern projects.

Persons interested in planning such seminars please call Marilyn Neuhauser, 294-0477 or leave a message on the mail stick in the cafeteria.



Last week I was taken on a grand tour of the gym by Coach Jack Jensen, and, well, I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it. After walking down the steps to get to the basement, we entered the first room. To say the least, it wasn't much. (It was so small that at first I thought Coach Jensen was going to call it the basketball players' locker instead of their locker room.) I guess what really caught my eye was the floor. It had once been painted green, in years gone by, but the paint was now cracking and coming up in strips. As I started to note that it had obviously been quite a while since the floor had been painted, Coach Jensen let me in on the real

hearing. "You mean they dress in there? I asked. "Oh no," came the reply. As I began to breathe a sigh of relief (no matter how much I was against the visiting teams, I wouldn't want anybody in that room), Coach Jensen continued. "That's where they sleep. See those bunks in there?" At this point I could only nod my head in agreement. "Well, Coach Maynard came here twenty-four years ago, and those same bunks and most of the same mattresses were in there when he came." If I hadn't been temporarily frozen into shock, I think I would have fainted.

We left the locker and walked through a door to a

nodded, he simply said, "It's broken."

On we went from room to room, my amazement steadily growing. Coming to the shower room I turned, expecting to step into a nice, big room. I don't know how I can describe its size. You've heard of rooms so big they almost swallowed you up? Well, this room was so big I almost swallowed it up. Coach Jensen estimated it to be about 12x14. It contained a total of thirteen showers. Thirteen showers! Can you imagine it after a football game with two teams trying to shower? I can't.

And speaking of showers, have you seen the showers made available for women