

Author takes in adventure; Increases ecology wonder

By RICHARD FULTON

Strapping on my boots, I was glad it was raining. The North Carolina weather had been too beautiful and, my boots were getting bored. So I swung my green North Face pack on, and my boots and I were off to do some mud stomping.

It had been a long while since I went rain hiking or strolling by myself through the woods near the Guilford college lake (thanks to a couple of famous friends, S. Simon, E. Parker, and others).

On my way down to the lake, I decided to take a closer look at the construction area. The rain was

really pouring down, like beer from a Bryan Keg party, and the red clay sucked at my boots as I approached the small area of trees just before the lake.

I pulled out a small piece of paper and pen and copied the words on a small rust ridden metal sign that stood just beyond a series of marsh plants. The transcription of the rusty letters was hard as I attempted to write on my rain sprinkled paper. I believe the sign reads as follows: "Biophile marsh-acting for preservation, and for Environmental and Conservational purposes. Do not make changes here without the permission of the Biophile Club."

I wondered how long that sign has stood there, I also wondered how many people knew about it. My mind couldn't stop wondering as I looked at the huge hole in my right and the lake and marsh on my left.

I wondered what good the small bundles of hay, perhaps a foot tall, were doing. I guess they were carefully designed to stop tennis balls and floating beer cans from reaching the marsh and eventually the lake.

Behind the hay was a knocked-down barbed wire fence. The purpose of this eluded me. The mud nearly swam inside my boots as I continued to wonder.

If these preventive measures were an attempt to stop the red clay runoff, they were pretty ineffective. My boots could have told me that.

I stomped onto harder ground as

I walked towards the lake. I noticed that the creek on my left was not only at a higher level than usual, but was also an outstanding brick-red hue. As this water ran past an old rubber tire, the sight of the lake sent my memory back to my high school days.

Not more than a year and a half ago, a couple of friends and I had this great swimming hole a half hour drive from home. We'd go there after school, during school and even after midnight on clear summer nights.

However, like all good places within 50 miles of Washington, D.C. it was destroyed by bulldozers and steamrollers as they leveled the land for houses.

The builders had enough foresight to cut down all the trees between the hill they were building on and our lake.

In no time at all, our swimming hole was polluted with so much excess mud the water became too hot to swim in. Even midnight dips became a sauna bath experience for the skinny dipper.

Back at Guilford College I sat down on the small wooden dock and wondered . . .



Professor pleased with move

continued from page four can't get interested in others, and to me that is an unforgivable sin."

Through teaching languages and through his publications, McNab seeks to spread the enrichment he has gained from other cultures to his students.

And, to the public. McNab is co-editor of "Degree Second: Studies in French Literature from the Renaissance to the Present," an international journal which accepts articles in French, German and English.

The journal's editorial board consists of scholars from such distinguished American schools as Princeton, Vanderbilt, Amherst and Duke and from many outstanding foreign universities.

James has written numerous articles on French literature and

recently submitted a book on Saint-Germain-des-Pres, focusing on 20th century artists in the small French town.

Although he has been living in Greensboro only a little over a month, he is "cautiously happy and optimistic here."

He has quickly developed an interest in local history, particularly the Battle of Guilford Court House and the role his Scottish ancestors played in the bloody confrontation.

Many a morning he can be seen running in Battleground Park or merely sitting or walking, soaking up the history and reading the monuments for his own education.

In other words, getting to know the world around him and, of course, adding another wrinkle to his "cultural schizophrenia."

"Maybe it will go away."

The five most dangerous words in the English language.

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We want to cure cancer in your lifetime.

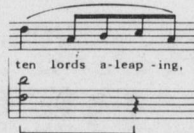
Leaping lords can be expensive

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Nine ladies dancing can be seen on The Lawrence Welk Show. It will cost 25¢ to turn on the TV and 15¢ for the ear plugs (a-one-and-a-two-and-a-three).

Ladies also dance at local discos, so go watch them do their thing. Cost shouldn't be more than \$20.00 for the evening.

Hiring live lady dancers from the School for Theater Arts will cost \$275.00 per day.

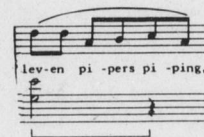


Lords a-leaping, in plastic, will cost 59¢ each. For ten Lords, using higher mathematics, a grand total of \$5.90 can be figured.

However, real leapers are much more exciting. At \$37.00 per hour, per actor, this would be \$370.00 per hour or \$2960.00 per day.

Hiring real lords to leap (assuming that they can be found) is rather expensive. Air fare from London to

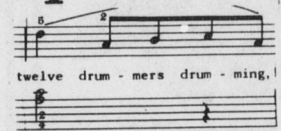
Greensboro will run \$13,160.00 for a first class round trip. It will cost \$650.00 per day to house them in a hotel suite suitable for their rank, \$300.00 to feed them ("Hello, could you tell me how much Lord Feed is?") and \$5,000.00 for wages.



Eleven pipers piping can be very cheap if there are 11 friends who don't mind playing kazoos for a day (get members of Kudzu to do this - The Kudzu Kazoo Corp). Cost is \$5.61.

Musical quality will probably improve if eleven eighth grade recorder players are hired. Great music at \$55 a day.

Of course professional pipers are the best. An assortment of pipers from the North Carolina Symphony, local bands, and a few big names like Ian Anderson and Jim Horn will cost \$30,000.00 per day.



Money can be made when getting twelve-drummers-drumming for a day. Many parents will pay you to get their kids (and the racket) out of the house. Since loud noise is associated with mental distress, the true love might not appreciate this gift.

A local high school marching band is more expensive but they would not cause as much trouble. Expect to pay \$120.00 to hire this budding talent.

Of course pros are the most expensive. Get a group of rock drummers like Ringo Starr, Keith Moon (if he'll make a return performance) Charlie Walter - the list goes on - to \$50,000.00 a night.

At the end of Twelve days, the poor (cheap) lover will spend \$383.38. The middle class (spend-thrift) lover will spend \$12,967.51, and the wealthy (lavish) lover will fork out \$1,285,292.20!

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WED DEC 13: KEYBOARD AT 7PM IMMORTALS - FEATURING FREDERIC CHOPIN

WED DEC 13: GREAT ATLANTIC RADIO CONSPIRACY - TOPIC: "SCHOOLS FOR CHANGE"

MONDAY DEC 18: SEARCH FOR MENTAL HEALTH - TOPIC: "SUICIDES"

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