

Editorials

Community Notes

Pre-Law Notes:

The Legal Issues of the Draft: Attorneys John R. Kernodle, Jr. and Robert C. Cone will lecture on the legal issues of the draft in the Gallery at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, Sept. 28. Everyone is invited to attend this important lecture!

Ann Deagon will read from her novel, "The Diver's Tomb" at 7:30 p.m. on September 26 in the Gallery, Founders Hall. This

novel has just been accepted for publication by St. Martin's Press. A reception will follow. Sponsored by the Women's Studies House.

"The Piper", a literary-arts journal, is now accepting submissions for the fall editions. Poetry, essays, short fiction and artwork are welcome. Artists should contact Helen Passes. All others should be addressed to Janice Lynch, P.O. Box 17306.

This weeks' movie, sponsored by the Guilford College Union Film Series, will be "Lawrence of Arabia," at 8:15 p.m. on Friday night, Sept. 23 in Sternberger Auditorium. This Academy Award winning color spectacle made in 1962 is about the legendary British officer, T.E. Lawrence, and his exploits, military and non-military, in Palestine circa World War I. Stars Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Anthony Quinn.

Letters to the Editors

Hand to Cap

Dear Editors:

I want to compliment you on Julie Yindra's article on the Guilford experience of the handicapped. She has addressed, head-on, a concern which I think the college - so far - has dealt with irresponsibly - using the approach the actress Butterfly McQueen immortalizes in her role in "Gone With the Wind": Before

Lynch's Line

Blessings Are Mixed

By Janice Lynch

I've spent four years at Guilford College longing for my own room. I am the eldest of four children and thus have always been entitled to my own room at home. It is not easy to accustom oneself to a paired world: two beds, two desks, two dressers, two closets and another body in the room. It's hard to understand why a roommate should use your toothpaste or try some of your brand-new peanut butter. If your roommate snores, it may be impossible to shrug it off.

This year my status as a senior and as a dorm president have given me one grand privilege: my own room. How I gloated all summer to friends, family, and passers-by that I would have a single room. How I dreamed of indulging myself with all of my favorite vices—sleeping with five blankets and no one to laugh at me; eating peanut butter while studying; and reading "Cosmopolitan" in secrecy. By August 28 I was well prepared for the great move. I had my colors picked out—my towels matched my bedspread. I had enough junk for ten women.

Unfortunately, I had forgotten an old fear. I had neglected to consider one paralyzing aspect of my life: I am afraid of the dark. On August 28 I lay in my new bed staring out the window, waiting for the psychotics on Friendly Avenue to climb a tree, cross the porch, break the window, and crawl into my closet. I could not move and did not sleep.

On August 29 I crawled into my new bed and left the hall light on. I listened for unfamiliar noises in the yard. At 3 a.m. my terror forced me to sleep. On August 30 I

the fact: "Law Miss Scarlett, I know all about birthin' babies." (At Guilford, translate: "Law, Julie, we want handicapped students and are ready to deal with their problems.")

As Julie points out, Guilford responds to the situation like Butterfly McQueen's character who says, when Melanie's baby is about to be born: "Law, Miss Scarlett, I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' babies." (At Guilford, read: "Oh yes Julie, we recruited you, but now what do

you want us to do to meet your needs? We've complied with all the Federal guidelines and we don't know nothin' 'bout anything else.")

So, as Julie points out, a handicapped student has limited access to buildings - and as I remember from last winter and the one before - takes his/her life in his/her hand when sidewalks (except for those to the administrative offices in New Garden) are slick with ice and a real danger to those dependent on crutches or other resources for the handicapped. The college position? ("Law me, Julie, we don't know nothin' 'bout meetin the needs of handicapped, we've met the Federal guidelines, and you want more, where's the money to come from?")

I think Julie has pointed out a question - or questions - we need to address as a Quaker community: Is our concern really for the individual? Do we really value students who have had to confront suffering and are therefore "different" from most 18-year olds? Do we see them as assets with valuable lessons to teach all of us - or do we simply tolerate them, giving mere lip-service to the Quaker "respect for the individual" as we, in actuality, seek and provide for physical, conformists? Let's make an informed decision.

Sincerely,
Carter Delafield

pictured someone climbing through my window and landing on my bed. Terrified, I took my teddy bear and pillow and crawled into my sister's bed downstairs. On August 31, having been told by my sister that a single bed is made for one, I again crept downstairs and slept in an extra bed. On September 1, the women in our dorm heard someone knocking at a window. (We had no locks and our fear was magnified). Panic-stricken we stayed awake throughout the evening. I did not feel so stupid in my phobia. This pattern continued for several days, in spite of the new locks on our doors.

My mother then informed me that if I could not sleep in my own room I would have to move elsewhere. I could not continue to disrupt the house. Marcin Cash came over and shut my bedroom windows, thus psycho-proofing my room. He then threw a rock at my window proving its resistance to the outside world. I remembered the advice of a fifth-grade Sunday school teacher as he said: There's nothing there in the dark that isn't there during the day. I didn't tell him that fruitcakes breed in the night. I slept in my own bed for one week.

On September 15, there were suspicious noises on the driveway. Wind was blowing in the wrong direction. I went to my sister's room and found her sleeping with her Garfield. I saw her roommate sleeping with a teddy bear. I swallowed my pride, got my pillow, and crawled in beside Michele. We are college educated and we are afraid.

Correction

Dear Editors,

As Julie and Lisa know, I've had a long and rather personal interest in the often neglected problems of the handicapped. I am, therefore, certain I witnessed the construction of the front library and Archdale ramps after I came to Guilford in 1978; I did not, as Julie says, see dormitory ramps built, however; and I do not remember saying anything about Duke to her. I am pleased to have been interviewed on the general subject, and I know from where we are and however far we still have to go in meeting the needs of the physically handicapped, Guilford is more considerate and advanced than most institutions in this respect.

Cordially yours,
Bill Schmickle

Learning from the Past

When entering the brick gates of Guilford College, the eyes feast upon the green lawns, the beautiful oak tree outside New Garden, the majestic columns of Dana, the other Georgian-style buildings, remodeled, restored, or even relatively new, and the many squirrels scampering across the grass.

Visiting students are often attracted to Guilford on first sight and decide this is the place for them. Therefore, Guilford College is taken at face-value until the student arrives for freshman orientation. Absorption of knowledge begins from honor code regulations to alcohol policy to the IDS 101 book, 1984. The same student may now want to know more about this academic institution he has chosen—what makes it tick?

Everyone knows "that Guilford was founded by the Society of Friends in 1832 and began as a boarding school in 1837." But what is known concerning student involvement and concerns in the college's immediate past?

One way to answer this question is to speak with faculty and administration who have been with the college for the past 10 to 15 years. Another method of research is to visit the Friends Historical Collection in the library for an afternoon filled with moments of laughter and moments of deep concern.

To read about one's predecessors—their reactions and actions regarding campus and world events—is indeed a learning experience. In addition to the many historical documents and profiles held, the Collection houses complete volumes of the Quaker, the Guilfordian, and the Collegian—the Guilfordian's predecessors which was printed

through the early 1900's. Students have creatively, sometimes boldly, expressed through pictorial essays and news stories the concerns of the day.

For example, interesting items from the 1968-70 issues of the Guilfordian include: April 18, 1968...a shocked campus reacts to Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination while the city of Greensboro is under a curfew and National Guardsmen flirt with Guilford girls...

...students protest a proposed semi-formal dress code for evening meals and classes...

Oct. 23, 1970...a day student requests day student representation at legislature meeting and then withdraws his request...

...group of Guilford students in response to indictment and arrest of Kent State students support boycott of Guilford homecoming...

May 3, 1968... May Day '68 festivities include May Queen crowning and "The Platters" performing...

Nov. 13, 1970...students win right to be represented at faculty meetings.

...John Grice speaks out and as usual "This is free; you won't be tested on it..."

Why would a student want to ask these questions about Guilford's history? First, the answers can be interesting and fun. However, a second less obvious reason for inquiry sums up why we are students at all and at this college in particular. We need to know where we are going as individuals and as an institution of higher learning. The foresight takes consideration of the past of both the institution and the students who passed through those same gates decades before us.



LOOK

Guilfordian

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