

KNOLS Participant Reports:

Outdoor Adventures Abound

by Jennifer Park

Now I'm on the 48th day of my semester in the Rockies with the National Outdoor Leadership School, and there are only five weeks left. I'm taking advantage of the fact that our bus drivers willing to mail last minute letters, he has decided to camp with us tonight.

Night comes early now that daylight savings has ended, something I had never so fully realized until I had to make dinner outside. It's 6:30 now and I'm already in my sleeping bag with two candles lit. They are standing in a plastic bag so they won't be blown out.

We sleep out now—either under a ledge, a tarp or the stars. I like it much better than the sagging two man tents that were so cozy with three of us.

Tonight we're in southeast Utah at the edge of Bullet Canyon. I've put my sleeping bag two feet from the edge of a 20 foot cliff hoping that by being a bit away from the trees, I would catch the earliest morning sun rays.

From here, the canyon doesn't look much like my idea of what a

canyon should look like.—There isn't a deep gorge and there are lots of juniper and pinyon trees as well as brush at the bottom.

We'll be hiking downhill through this canyon to Grand Guld Canyon and then downhill through it to the San Juan River. I like the downhill part. We'll be doing more miles every other day than we did during our month in the Wind River Mountains. The rest of the days will be full with side trips to look at the Anasazi ruins. And now, after a month of car camping while we climbed and caved, I feel just as out of shape as ever.

I really enjoyed caving, more than I expected. The tunnels were exciting if sometimes difficult or painful (because of nubby formations on the floor) to explore. Wind Cave in South Dakota has been described quite accurately as a sponge. Most passages join others that started in the same place.

It was quite muddy and dirty in the cave-red dirt, as in Greensboro. I had to remind myself a couple of times that the coveralls I had on were there-so that I wouldn't have to be concerned with staying clean. After

not being able to really wash clothes—only rinse them in streams and lakes—I am well trained in avoiding obvious mud.

At times the red dirt, showing in the banks of a stream, made me feel disconcerted. I associate it with Guilford, the only other place I've seen it, and not with a bison or Ponderosa pine or wide open prairie as are here.

We've got all sorts of people here—not just the Mary Hobbs and George White house sort.

My newest cook group includes a rich fellow from Atlanta who has a reputation for not cooking. Fortunately for "Mr. Rich" (as I won't cook for those who refuse to help) a Harvard intellectual (who came to conquer his fear of heights, dark and small places and do something unlike anything else he'd done) informed me that he would like to learn to cook.

But now my much shortened candles remind me that I have to be up early and ready to hike at 8:00 am. I hope I don't toss and turn more than I expect tonight—it's a long way down.

Ann Landers

'The Man in the Glass'

Jane Caris arranged for the Guilfordian to reprint one of Ann Landers columns.

Dear Ann Landers: My dear brother died a few months ago. He was 24. After years of struggling with a drug habit he finally decided he needed treatment, but it was too late. His body was shot.

He wrote this poem when he was drug-free. I hope you will find it suitable to publish (Please don't use his name.) Sister of a Great Guy (Louisiana)

Dear Sister: The poem is very moving. Your brother was a talented and insightful fellow - humble and honest. Thanks for sharing.

THE MAN IN THE GLASS

When you get what you want in your struggle for self,

And the world makes you king for a day,

Just go to a mirror and look at yourself,

And see what THAT man has to say.

For it isn't your father or mother or wife,

Whose judgment upon you must pass,

The fellow whose verdict counts most in life

Is the one staring back from the glass.

Some people might think you're a straight-shootin' chum

And call you a wonderful guy,

But the man in the glass says you're only a bum,

If you can't look him straight in the eye.

He's the fellow to please, never mind all the rest,

For he's with you clear up to the end.

And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test

If the guy in the glass is your friend.

You may fool the whole world down the pathway of years,

And get pats on the back as you pass.

But your final reward will be headaches and tears

If you've cheated the man in the glass.

Permission for printing given by Ann Landers, the Field Newspaper Syndicate and the Greensboro Daily News.

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Jump-on-the-Bandwagon Urges

Velvin's View on Smokeout....

By Iris B. Velvin

This Thursday, I doubt I will be my usual sweet and charming self. I will probably not be calm and collected, and perhaps not even entirely coherent. But I will be virtuous: the taste of nicotine will not pass my lips for 24 hours.

The Great American Smokeout is Thursday, Nov. 17. and I plan to join other cigarette smokers across the country who will abstain from tobacco that one day. I've heard that in the past years many who quit during the Smokeout never take up the habit again. That is not my goal. I will settle for getting through one day without once flicking my Bic.

I've been smoking cigarettes for ten years. I enjoy smoking. Maybe I'm a masochist, but I like the sensation of the smoke singeing in my lungs. I have also found the habit to be some use. Lighting a cigarette buys time to think in a stressful situation. A lit cigarette waved about well defines personal "space." The burning end is also a great weapon, if needed. Besides, when I'm smoking I don't bite my fingernails.

I'm not blind to the health hazards of smoking. I've seen pictures in full vivid color of diseased lungs. (actually, healthy lungs don't photograph well, either.) I've heard cancer stories, and I worry when I cough or get out of breath after climbing a flight of stairs. Unfortunately, worry makes me nervous and when I get nervous I - you guess - it - light a cigarette.

To me, the social stigma of smoking is more upsetting than the health hazards. I try to be considerate, but I've been made

An invitation to attend
NUCLEAR ARMS AWARENESS WEEK

November 15 - November 20, 1983

sponsored by the Nuclear Arms Awareness Group (NAAG), a group of Guilford students dedicated to fostering an understanding of the social, political, and economic effects of the manufacture, deployment, and use of nuclear arms

- Wednesday Nov. 16 8pm → "Perspectives on the Nuclear Arms Race," a discussion panel of Guilford faculty members: Martha Cooley, Tom Clark, Bill Schmickle, John Grice, Joe Groves, and Richie Zweigenhaft in Boren Lounge.
- Thursday Nov. 17 8pm → Coffeehouse — singing, playing, poetry, juggling featuring the local talent of Brick Goodman, Bobby Doolittle, Roy Porter, Tom Grant and others in Boren Lounge.
- Friday Nov. 18 "Holocaust day" → surprise events dramatizing the possibility of a nuclear arms attack on Greensboro
1pm → a joining of hands to symbolize our dedication to incorporating our differences into a combined effort to halt the arms race (on lawn in front of Founders Hall)
8:15 pm → "No Nukes" movie, admission 75¢ Sternberger Auditorium
- Saturday Nov. 19 1-4pm → Guest Speakers in Founders Hall: Mandy Carter of the War Resister's League & Rev. Larry Hill of Harvard Divinity School
8pm - midnight → Bands in Sternberger Auditorium: the Accelerators, TREVA Spontaine & the Graphics (co-sponsored by Guilford College Student Union)
- Sunday Nov. 20 8pm → "The Day After," ABC-TV, a realistic drama of a nuclear attack in Kansas, shown in Boren and Dana Lounges with discussion groups to follow

Educational displays will be in Founders lobby during mealtimes, Tues through Fri. All events free of charge unless otherwise indicated.

Guilford College, 5408 W. Friendly Ave., Greensboro NC 27410

"On Nov. 17th, adopt a friend who smokes."



Help a friend get through the day without a cigarette. They might just quit forever. And that's important. Because good friends are hard to find. And even tougher to lose.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKEOUT

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY



to feel many times as if I'm committing a grave social sin by daring to light up in public. Sometimes I almost expect someone to gag my mouth or put me in stocks, like the irate husband punishing the smoking wife in one of those then-and-now Virginia Slims ads. Only now, men and women are equally ostracized for smoking. (You've come a long way, Mac.) If I quit smoking, it will probably be for social reasons.

I have quit smoking before. I've tried Aqua Filters, nicotine lozenges, and cold turkey stoicism. I even had a bead attached to my right earlobe by an acupuncturist in Colorado. I was supposed to press on the bead when I craved a cigarette, and the pressure would block the impulse to the brain. My brain found ways around the bead within three months, and I fell back into the evil habit. If you can't beat it, join it.

Most people in the process of quitting, eat a lot. I eat a lot anyway, so thankfully I'm not affected this way. However, my personality changes. I become jumpy, short-tempered and anti-social. This passes within a few weeks, but you can lose a lot of friends in a few weeks.

Despite my ambivalence, I will join the Smokeout this year when I have ignored it in years past. Maybe I'm becoming a sucker for advertising. Perhaps I'm feeling one of my rare jump-on-the-bandwagon urges. Or it could be that I just want to prove to myself that I can spend a smokeless day without homicidal impulses. Wish me luck.