

Sorry, this is a private party

BY KELTON COFER
Staff Writer

Imagine you are having dinner at your favorite four-star restaurant. Everything is perfect, the best table, the best service, and your meal is to die for, but you cannot eat. You can't eat because you have no appetite; you can't eat because everyone in the restaurant is either looking at you or taking your picture.

Abracadabra! You're famous.

This past Saturday's interment of Princess Diana was the first peace and quiet this remarkable woman has had since she became part of the royal family more than 16 years ago.

Like sharks in a feeding frenzy, the media's masses have been biting off each other's tails desperately trying to find the perfect whipping boy to condemn for Diana's death. They seem to believe there's a 50-50 chance they'll crucify the right one.

First there was a tail between the legs finger pointed at those camera-happy hell's angels, the paparazzi. These are the "journalists" that participated in the 100-mile-per-hour chase that ended the lives of Diana, Dodi Fayed, and

their driver. Apparently, they actually pushed away the first officers on the scene, saying they were ruining their photographs.

Later with a sigh of relief and a wiping of the brow from the media, it was reported that the Princess' driver was more than legally drunk at the time of the accident. He had consumed the equivalent of nine shots of whiskey before being called to drive the Princess and Dodi Fayed away from the Ritz hotel. The legal French blood alcohol level to operate a car is .05; his was .24.

While the media continues to seek someone to blame, the true villains are all around us. They're the people you see flipping through the tabloids at the grocery store. They're the people at home watching Hard Copy or Entertainment Tonight.

As a society that always hungers for more information, we are to blame. We are the fire that drives the media to obsess in people's lives.

Diana was a special woman. Her death, and the circumstances surrounding it should show us all the need to mind our own business.

Be misunderstood

◆ Hold back what you say? Not a chance.

BY GREGORY RINALDI
Staff Writer

"You're crazy, Callisto," Hercules said.

"Not crazy, just misunderstood," Callisto replied.

Okay, why is Greg quoting *Hercules: the Legendary Journeys*? Because it's good advice for the Guilford student. No, not go crazy. . . but be yourself, even when others are going to call you crazy.

When you have an opinion about something, voice it. Don't allow others to shut you up out of fear. Don't let others silence you because you might feel that they'll shout you down and hate you for-

ever.

Be misunderstood.

There are going to be those who will disagree with you. There are also going to be those who are going to slander you. But your voice counts. You should speak your mind and you should be honest.

Because you spoke up, others will too. Maybe someone who agrees with you will hear what you said. You might inspire others to speak up as well.

Whether you are liberal or conservative, whether you are pro-life or pro-choice, whether you are Christian or atheist. . . don't be afraid to speak your mind.

Remember, you're not crazy, just misunderstood.



I've got a smart card, but no feeling in my knuckle

◆ The little problems around campus go unnoticed

BY LAURA PARKER
Editorials/Online Editor

Upon entering my room for the first time this year, I found that my air conditioner lacked a knob to regulate the temperature. Hey, that was no problem. I would just open my window and let some fresh air in. Hence, I had my first encounter with my deadly, finger-crushing window.

I couldn't get it open. No matter how hard I tried, that window was determined to stay closed. I had to call in a friend to help, and when we finally got it up, we made the mistake of letting it go, and it came 'acrashtin' down. Let's just say that after 10 more minutes of struggling, my French dictionary solved the problem.

Well, the day came when the pliers had to be brought out, and the air conditioner had to be turned on. I was carefully pulling my French dictionary out from under the window (we didn't want to air condition the outside too) when the window slammed on my finger.

Being that it was impossible to open in the first place, there was no way I was going to get my finger out from underneath the window with only one hand available. I had to scream for my

roommate to open the window. And when she did, it fell on her finger, cracking her fingernail and pushing it into her flesh.

We were never going to complain, but as my roommate and I stumbled about our room, we knew it was time to say something.

We reported our injuries and our window to an appropriate individual and were told that all the windows in Milner are like that. There's really nothing to do about it.

Well, since I simply have no feeling in my knuckle (with the weight of my window, I'm lucky I have a finger) nearly three weeks after the accident, there is a problem. Yes, my finger works, but if you touch it, I wouldn't know.

I know Guilford is working to improve the school overall, and I applaud its efforts (though it hurts me to do so). Everyday something new pops up to make things more accessible to all students. Even the roof of Milner is being repaired.

I just want to remind Guilford not to forget the little things. Don't be so blinded by the technological advances that the smaller problems are ignored. Because it is often those smaller things that cause the biggest difficulties.