

Bromberg's comin'.

Bryan to Sponsor Charity Dance

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On March 25, 1977, starting at 9:00 p.m. the charity marathon dance sponsored by Bryan Hall will begin. All proceeds will go to the Kendall Center for the retarded. Many prizes will be given away including free movie passes, steak dinners, and record albums. Plus twenty-five dollars will be given to the winners of the marathon.

Admission is only 25¢ per person, or 50¢ per couple, and everyone at Guilford is invited. Couples who wish to participate in the marathon please register at Founder's information desk by Thursday, March 24. Everybody else just come and dance, and win prizes. The music will consist of 50's, 60's, and 70's rock

n' roll, soul, beach and top 40.

Rules

- 1) One ten minute break will be given every two hours.
- 2) A challenge dance will be given every half hour to 45 minutes to prevent people from just shuffling all night.
- 3) There will be no running in circle sessions.
- 4) Any marathon couple who sits down or leaves the dance will be expected to remain out of the marathon part of the dance at anytime except a break. Any violation of this rule will mean immediate disqualification of the couple involved.
- 5) All marathoners who win a door prize (given away every

half hour) will be expected to pick the prize up at the end of the dance and signify by calling out that they have won so that we won't give their prize to a later winner. Everybody else will be expected to pick up their prize immediately after their number is called.

- 6) The winning couple will receive \$25.00.
- 7) If more than one couple is still dancing at 5:00 a.m., their back numbers will be put in a bowl and one number picked by a third party. The couple that had the chosen number will receive the money.

For any additional information please contact Doug Davis or Jim Weiner in Bryan A-32 or call 855-3907.

Spring Thoughts

BY JIM HOOD

I was wandering around the other afternoon, trying to convince myself that spring was at long last here. All the signs were right: the grass was greener, the maple blossoms were already staining the sidewalks, the willows were gingerly greening their drooping branches, and, to my surprise and delight, the wild violets on the path in the woods were already open. Who could deny that the sun was being more generous with its warmth than it had been in months? Yet in all the excitement of the blooming and greening, something was yet to arrive; there was still a nagging in the back of my brain.

In the past I have considered spring in a number of ways. I have thought of the March visitor in the traditional manner: as the birth and growth of new life; a refreshing break after winter's kill. I have envisioned spring simply as a return to hot weather (Miamians tend to see it this way). And I have chosen at one time more recently to see spring not as a birth at all, but as the death of winter.

Winter is the only secret season. The others, each in its own way, are chronic exhibitors of their fortunes: spring of new growth, summer of over growth, fall of color and fruit. Winter conceals its treasures.

They hide beneath the covering of autumn leaves upon the forest, and inside the bared branches oaks and maples raise toward the sky. Spring steals the secrecy and displays it to the world. Spring murders winter's quietude with its loud blossoms, yet I could never want it another way.

Perhaps what was missing from spring this time was a new look at its wonders. I am probably more acutely aware of spring's blooming this year than ever before. I see myself noticing more closely each tree that is opening its new leaves, daffodils that are spraying their yellow across lawns, and even weeds that have flowers I never saw before. But in this greater awareness, in this more specific appraisal of spring, I seem to have lost the purer perspective of ignorance.

You may very well wish to ask what kind of perspective one can gain from a lack of knowledge about any subject, but think about it for a moment. Once you acquire knowledge about something your relationship to it is permanently altered. A painting never looks the same after it has been analyzed for color, texture, shading, and so forth. I do not mean to give the impression that one perspective

is any better than the other. Each has its own greatness. It is worthwhile to note though that one can experience that which he knows nothing about, in any more tangible sense, in an innocent fashion, and still experience it as genuinely as the expert.

As I learn more about the mechanics of spring, its colors alter: they do not become any brighter or any less joyous, but they are changed. It saddens me to lose a part of myself, this more innocent perspective, and

it scares me to know I am that susceptible to change.

It is both exciting and reassuring to see spring in a new light. Now the missing part is in place. The swelling buds are no longer some strange phenomena offering no explanation. They have become a mass of furiously divided cells, each division effected toward a common goal. Some of the mystery of spring is gone, yet some remains. How do those energetic cells in a maple bud know what to do: when to

divide, how many times, where to go? The mystery is changed.

Yesterday I saw trout lilies, trilliums, and blood-roots with their bold flowers of yellow, red, and white. I find assurance in that I am completely spellbound by the fragile beauty of these spring offerings. Spring has come and through its sensible qualities are different, in my loss I find a gain. My apples should be coming up soon.



We've come a long way since Woodstock

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