

Letters to the Editor

REVVED ABOUT RECYCLING

To the Editor,

As first-year students, we were dismayed to realize Guilford lacks a comprehensive recycling program. One reason we both chose this school was because of its high social conscience. Coming from communities where recycling was a factor of everyday life, we do not understand why this most important aspect is lacking in Guilford's social action. What is being done? How can students get involved? We think there are enough students willing to work for this if they only know what needed to be done.

Adrienne Massanari
Laura Davis

EMBARRASSED ABOUT OTHERS' CONDUCT

To the Editor,

I have just returned home from attending "Parents' Weekend." My reasons for going were three-fold: 1) To see my daughter, 2) to meet her advisor and geology professors, and 3) to hear Jimmy Johnson's highly acclaimed blues guitar.

Results to 1 and 2 were gratifying. Needless to say, 3 was a disaster. I was appalled at the unprecedented rudeness the Guilford audience showed an artist of Mr. Johnson's calibre. It was inexcusable.

I am embarrassed for the school and the musicians. It is not a comfortable feeling. I am also angry, hence this letter.

In the future, I hope that whoever is responsible for booking artists to the Arts-Etc. concerts better matches the artist and the audience. This insult should never have happened.

To all who attended and walked out..."Shame on you!"... Jimmy Johnson and his talented accompanists deserved far better. Those who came to hear him were re-

warded by a fine performance by justly recognized musicians under trying circumstances.

My heartfelt thanks to Mr. Johnson and his band for playing on. I doubt I could or would have shown such grace.

Marty Donaldson

RESPONSE TO RANDY SPECS

To the Editor,

I would like to take this opportunity to inform you and your reading audience that I did not, I repeat, did not, nor have I ever, washed Randy Specs' mouth out with soap. I thought about it a time or two, but I never, repeat never, did this to him. Mainly because I could not find a bar of Octagon soap big enough for his mouth. His mother, Ma Podie, and I do agree with your policy on fowl language. It really is chicken to use such words in print and then hide behind a pseudonym.

In summary, T. Randy Specs is incorrect and you are right on target in exercising your license to edit.

Michael White

P.S. Randy never did eat collard greens when he was growing up. However, he did have plenty of opportunities. This deficiency could explain why he is prone to use so many four-letter words.

FAMILY WEEKEND A SUCCESS

Dear Editor,

FAMILY WEEKEND '93 has come and gone but the warm glow from having over 850 family members on campus is still being felt! Thanks very much to all the faculty, staff and students who hosted tables at the President's Brunch, greeted parents at the Parent and Faculty Mixer and helped with all the details that surface during such a large all-campus celebration.

Early comments from family members have been very positive and enthusiastic. Many of them are already making plans to be here next fall September 23-25 for Family Weekend '94!

Sincere thanks to everyone.

Lillian Lyndrup
Director of Parent Relations

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- RECYCLING FORUM
 - Tuesday Nov. 16 at 8:30 PM.
 - in the cafeteria
 - Student support is needed!
 - Sponsored by Environmental Concerns
 - Committee and Forevergreen
 -

A slice of real life from the Butcher

Butch Maier Special to The Guilfordian

When I last left you this April, I was signing off from my 234th and "final" Guilfordian article.

So much for finality.

Just like the transience of youth, not too many things stay the same, as one may hope, expect or be told. So here I am again, taking a slice out of my life and offering it with open palm to you, my former school chums and co-existees.

Upon shifting my cap tassel in May, I was forced to leave the friendly confines of Mr. Bill Rogers' Quakeresque community for a new beginning in Mr. Fred Rogers' neighborhood of Pittsburgh.

I suppose I wasn't forced exactly. I could have followed in the bare footsteps of many other recent grads who clung to their Guilfordite identity, puttering around Greensboro without a job, only to visit the familiar campus to realize there was no room in the inn, until no one remembered who they were anymore.

But not me. It was time to go. Four years and out was my understanding of the expected college stay. Unless you got red-shirted—or red-faced from exam blues.

Neither crossed my path, so I stuffed three cars full of my worldly possessions and motored home to West Virginia, never looking back, save for the occasional rear view mirror check.

Unlike many others, I did not have to fly solo, technically at least. My "roomdog" of three years Allen Hill, joined me in my pilgrimage to "William Penn's Woodlands."

Even with my college roommate right across the hall, we live such separate lives that I can't help but feel a twinge of loneliness at times.

Who am I kidding? I can't claim, like Art and Paul, that "I am a rock; I am an island." Not intentionally. It just seems that the ocean crept up to each of my shores until I was surrounded at every turn.

WAR

Cont. from page 5

Walter looked at the man on the ground. His brow was smooth; the lines of fear and worry had been wiped clean by death's hand. He looked so young. Here he lay—somebody's husband, somebody's father, somebody's son. Someone, somewhere would weep bitter tears over this man. He would not be going home.

In the front seat, Walter's

As if our generation—the baby bust—wasn't lost or misplaced enough, I've hit the age of irrelevancy. Just out of college, yet not quite married. The twenty-something crowd gets shuffled aside with nary an identity to claim.

I have found a wonderful church to attend, but involvement has been a different story. Sure, there are your basic school fellowships, all the way up through high school and college and there are young married couples and older married couples groups. But what about the single 20ish college grad crowd?

Nothing. Only a singles get-together every six weeks. Yippee.

In college, your choice of social preference is laid out before you as neatly as a grade schooler's outfit for the next day. Dorms—excuse me—residence halls offer the immediacy of friendly confines.

And even if you don't get to know your neighbors, at least you can be a groupie. Fellowship groups, varsity athletic teams, intramurals, publications, WQFS, Senate.

Or you can enjoy a get-together. Fellowship retreats, sport events, quad dances, meals in the caf, brown bag lunches, art exhibits.

I did it all, pretty much. But leave your place of higher education, and greater fraternization and relations become a chore.

As an almost full-time news writer for the *Sewickley Herald* (almost, 'cause they don't want to offer me benefits) and a sports freelancer for the *North Hills Record*, I keep pretty busy.

Two papers, 40 hours a week, and all I want to do is veg in front of my brand new television (which clashes miserably with the '60's-style furniture that came with the house).

And what do I watch? General Hospital, Roseanne, Moonlighting, Oprah, The Second Half, Seinfeld, Letterman, Lightmusic, Later with Bob Costas, Lip Service and The Real World.

The Real World. Seen that show?

voice wavered slightly, and he stopped abruptly and changed the subject. I rode quietly for a few minutes, silenced by this awesome new perspective. Soon my mind returned to more immediate things, and I had a great day helping these two men pour concrete at Camp Truett. But I saw new dimensions in Walter Middleton. He had taught me a side of wars I hadn't read about in books or seen in movies. Walter had stared the devil in the eye and lived to tell about it. And this was a devil I suddenly

MTV puts seven strangers in a house together and starts rolling the cameras, filming everything they do. So I watch, secondhand, other people communicating, relating and living from my orange couch, as I hold onto my faithful glass of Pepsi and bag of pretzels.

And what does my "real world" entail?

Grocery trips that magnify the difference between brand-name and generic item pricing. Dish piles that, if not excavated, can exude unbearable and unthinkable odors. Books of stamps sent on more envelopes that you receive, save for bills and "current resident" mailings. Phone bills that hit the roof from reaching out to keep in touch with those who don't write back.

Then, after a four-month hiatus, I returned last weekend for a 48-hour visit to that place where I felt I belonged. I was saddened by an overwhelming thickness of apathy in the air.

Guilford, realize what you have been granted.

Don't take higher education for granted. Do excel in the classroom—listen, share and learn.

Don't take the community for granted. Do get involved—give, care and grow. Don't take people for granted. Do love—encourage, celebrate and comfort.

Not many people are given a hiatus between dependence and independence to explore who they are and what they want to be. Be thankful.

You have a place to lay your head. Most of you have food prepared and dishes cleaned for you. And even have the whole sha-bang paid for.

How can you be apathetic toward all this? Ask yourself, do you really appreciate what you have, right now, this instant?

As the Hill Street Blues dispatcher would quip, "Be careful out there," I offer you a similar gentle, empathetic reminder.

Be care-full down there.

never wanted to face myself.

A few weeks later, I got out my old army men and looked at them. I set several up in random formation and snuffed a couple of lives with the tap of a thumb. But the old magic was gone. I gathered them in a box and stored them in the top corner of my closet. I think they graduated to the attic a year or so later. I'm not sure what happened to them after that.

SENIORS READ THIS!

Only 15% of the Senior class has responded to the Senior Event Survey. Does that really mean that 224 Seniors don't care a bit about Graduation? If you didn't receive a survey or would like another please contact Laura DeDois at x3192 or P.O. Box 17137.