

A Day in the Life: Dana House

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Living in the Dana houses is, at the least, a unique experience. There are four houses, located next to the intramural and soccer fields. The houses are exclusively for returning Guilford students. Groups of students apply for the houses. The Dana Houses are unlike any other place on campus and I am now going to try and recreate a typical day.

The phone rings. It's Kitson Broadbelt, the authoritarian Features editor of the Guilfordian. "Hey, Marc, I really need a story on the Dana houses..." I wonder what, if anything, there is worth writing about? There are never scandals down here. Few incidents. For the most part, life is slack. I tell Kitson I'll give him a call later.

I go into the bathroom. My room is special because it has a private sink and toilet attached to it. The privacy is nice. I grab my towel and jump in the shower. Sometimes it's a pain having to share a shower with six other people. However, it's wonderful to take a bath. I'm the type of person who could spend hours relaxing in the tub.

Sitting on my bed, it occurs to me that whoever designed these houses must have had the creativity of a drill sergeant. The outside is made from red bricks and a shingle roof. The houses are rectangular in shape—giving a distinctive motor-home feel.

As I walked through the house, I notice the concrete walling and linoleum tiled floors which so very much resemble my putrid looking public high school. But don't get me wrong, this house is nothing like high school. In all actuality this small corner of campus is fairly unique for Guilford.

One could say that since the beginning of the school year we have worked hard to make our Dana a comfortable place to live. We have collected a number of odds and ends to overcome the architectural flaws.

For example, in our living room we have laid down plush, royal blue carpeting and a cozy green

velvet chair. The feature item is a red-hot barber chair picked up at a yard sale. The chair spins side-to-side as well as up-and-down. Thus, we were able to turn this barrack-looking compound into a warm and friendly place to live. As fellow housemate Fred Williams put it: "Our house rocks."

From the kitchen, I hear hollering. It must be a sporting event. In the "backyard" (or, on the intramural fields) Guilford is battling Winston-Salem in a brutal game of ultimate frisbee.

Jeff, a fellow housemate, is comfortably enjoying the game in a chair he carried out to the field. He is sitting with Crissy, a residence of D-1. They are discussing their alternative housing projects. Crissy's house is working with Gateway Learning Center, a center for autistic children. My Dana is the gender-awareness house. We are planning a movie-meeting later this month. All the Dana houses are working on community service projects.

Some guys who live in the neighborhood are kicking around a soccer ball on one of the adjacent fields. It's a beautiful, care-free Sunday afternoon in the community.

Relaxing in lawn chairs are Anna and Krissy, two other residents of D-1. Both went to the apartments last night. Both feel that the alcohol rules have to change. We are all in consensus that the campus drinking policy should be loosened, especially in regards to alternative housing. After lying around the yard, reading and socializing, I wander back into the house.

Back in the Dana, something's burning. It's Heath and Bishop attempting to toast bagels. I see some Lucky Charms with my name on them. I love the green clovers. One of the nicest aspects of the Dana house is that the cafeteria supplies food every Sunday. This week they've supplied us with bagels, cream cheese, milk, and Fruit Loops.

In another room, Heather and Erin are massacring Andy and Brian in an intense game of spades. We spend countless hours in this room playing chess, listening to music and—oh, wait! What's that?



Lande's fellow Dana 2 residents (from left) Andy Hipp, Chris Bishop, Fred Williams, Jeff Barham and Brian Granthem proudly pose in front of their living quarters.

All of our heads turn towards the soccer field as we hear the roar of that dreadful machine. The sun shines as she comes rising over the hill. She's tearing up the fields like a bat out of hell. She's dressed in her usual gray jump suit along with safety goggles and ear muffs. And she's coming straight towards us. Last week, as it seems with every week, she woke us all up. Now she's back. She's the most dreaded enemy of the Dana houses: *The Lawn Mower Lady*. I hate it when she wakes me up.

Well, the rest of the day goes the same way. People are doing laundry, playing cards and watching TV. Fred's working on his latest art project.

I walk back outside (through the back door). The back door is one of the best things about the house except that it has no screen door. Because of that, our house has been infested with all sorts of creepy crawlers: from mosquitoes to spider crickets.

Anyway, outside the sun is setting. As I look across the field and

beyond Guilford College road, I feel happy. After three years of living in dorms, I am finally satisfied with where I'm living and who I'm living with. The Dana houses offer a peaceful and enjoyable community.

Well, somewhat peaceful (the exception being, of course, the Lawn Mower Lady) and somewhat comfortable (considering the cell-block design).

A note from Pope House

Interested in Children's Theater? Revelers will be having a meeting about their children's theater work on Tuesday, Oct. 4 at 7:00 at Pope House. If you have any conflicts or questions, call Lauren at x3885

Heather Glissen