

Alice in registration land-part II

Just when you thought it was safe to read the "Guilfordian" again...
[with fonder, more obseant, apologies and acknowledgements to Mr. Lewis Carroll]

By Constance Irving

"What are you doing?" asked a voice. Alice looked up to see a senior sitting on a large mushroom, smoking a hookah.

"I'm afraid I don't know, sir," said Alice. "You see, it's changed so much of late; first, I was writing my paper, then I fell down the book elevator after the rabbit, and then..."

"What do you mean?" said the senior sternly.

"I'm afraid I can't tell it more clearly," replied Alice "for I can't understand it myself. It's something to do with a paper bag. It's very confusing."

"It isn't," said the senior.

"Well, you may be used to it but I should think you'll feel differently next year when you have to go on to a job, or to graduate school."

"Not a bit," said the senior.

"You may not be, but as for me, I'm confused."

"You!" said the senior, "and what are you doing?"

This brought them back to where they'd begun, and Alice thought it simply too unpromising, and so she turned to leave.

"Come back," said the senior, "I've something to say."

This sounded rather more promising, so Alice came back.

"Don't follow leaders, watch your parking meters," said the senior solemnly, drawing even more resolutely on his hookah.

"Is that all?" asked Alice.

"No," said the senior, "so you think you're confused now, do you?"

"Yes sir, I'm afraid I am," said Alice. "I can't remember the things I used to, not a bit!"

"Can't remember what things?" said the senior.

"Well, I've tried to say a poem, but it came out strangely" replied Alice in a small voice.

"Repeat, 'You are old, Father William.'" said the senior.

Alice folded her hands and began:

"You are old, Dr. Rogers," the student said,

"And you hold a prestigious position,

Yet you entered a pie-eating contest last month -- pray,

How does this help your ambition?"

"In my youth," Dr. Rogers replied to the lad,

"I studied religious psychology, But now that I'm sure I'm

immoral and mad, I can do this without an

apology."

"You are old" said the youth,

"as I mentioned before, When I thought you might let

me begin. Yet you hold ice cream parties,

and several each month, What keeps you so frightfully

thin?"

"In my youth," said the President, grinning a grin,

"I grew twice as fat as a cow Till I swallowed a tapeworm, it's

made in Japan, And you're being recorded just

now."

"You are old," said the youth,

"and your background is strange, As strange as you'd find in

America, Yet you're making a living, and

are well-employed. Is all that from such esoterica?"

"I have answered two questions, and that is enough,"

said the President quickly, and sneezed,

"You should be so lucky to find such a job.

Do you think I can listen all day to you, slob?

Get lost, or no B.E.O.C.'s."

"That's not at all the way it goes," said the senior.

"Not exactly," admitted Alice, "but it was an original thought."

"Oh, that will get you nowhere quickly indeed," said the senior.

"Please sir," inquired Alice timidly, "how does one get nowhere quickly?"

"You're surely new at this school," said the senior. "Have a bit of this?" he said, motioning to the hookah, "or perhaps you'd like a bit of the mushroom I'm sitting on?"

"I think not," said Alice cautiously, "I've a paper to write in the library -- If I ever do get back to the library!"

And so she turned on her heels and went on to search for her desk and the notes she'd left -- ever so long ago.

Alice stood outside of the house a moment, her ear to the door. Inside she could hear a great turmoil of some sort: a mingling of harangues, high-pitched wails, and assorted thumps and clatter. Ordinarily Alice would have left bad enough alone; it often seemed best in such matters to mind one's own business; but suddenly from behind the door there came a very GREAT wail. And Alice, overcome with pity, compassion and curiosity, opened the door and went in.

The door led straightaway into a large classroom which was full of flying papers: a tall, bespectacled Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, lecturing a baby on her lap: the Printer was leaning over a mimeograph machine, turning the crank with an alarming fury.

Alice picked up one of the pages from the veritable blizzard: It was full of assorted and repetitive nonsense about freedom. It went on and on; Alice selected a few other pages, and found they were much the same.

"There's certainly too much freedom in that press!" Alice said to herself, as well as she

could for pushing aside the flying papers.

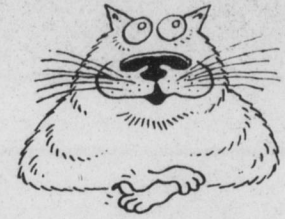
There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess was covered over occasionally; and as for the baby, it was continually being buried and reburied. The only two creatures who did not seem blinded were the Printer who kept spinning the handle so furiously she looked only a blur, and a large cat, which was lying on top of a filing cabinet underneath a large office-hours schedule, grinning from ear to ear.

"Please would you tell me," said Alice rather timidly (for she was not sure it would be proper for her to speak first), "why does your cat grin like that?"

"It's not a cat, it's a Cheshire-Advisor," said the Duchess, "and that's why, Pig!"

She said the last word with such sudden violence, Alice jumped, but she soon saw it was not directed at her, but at the baby.

"He's a Freshman," said the Duchess, poking her finger rather roughly at the baby as



though that explained things.

All of a sudden the Printer switched off the machine, and began randomly collating and binding pages with one hand, and hurling them madly at the Duchess and the baby with the other. The Duchess took no notice of the books, even when they hit her, and the baby was howling so fitfully already, it was difficult to say whether the books hurt it or not.

"Please mind what you're doing," exclaimed Alice, leaping about with anxiety. "Do be careful of his tiny ears!" she cried, as an uncommonly fiercely flung book beamed the baby and nearly carried it away.

"Never mind that my dear, I've the privilege of royalty, or rather, royalties. 'It's my book and I can do with it as I please!' growled the Duchess, grabbing the baby by his privates and continued on page seven

Watching WQFS

By Brenda Esch

WQFS, Guilford College's FM radio station, has been undergoing some restructuring this semester, and a major force behind these changes has been the WQFS Advisory Board. The Board is working toward reorganizing and balancing various staff positions, creating clear job descriptions, revising the policies and procedures handbook, and establishing long-range goals, and policies of the station.

The Advisory Board has the responsibility of any necessary mediation between WQFS and the Board of Trustees who are the legal licensees of the station. It is structured to act as a sounding board for many questions, suggestions, or com-

plaints coming from either party.

To this point, things have been proceeding rapidly, and significant changes have been made. A new position of Office Manager has been created to fulfill the need for more organized management of financial and routine paperwork. Also, a new "off-air" duty stipulation for D.J.'s has been an essential addition in balancing the responsibilities for all members of the station staff. These changes are a reflection of the Advisory Board's goal of supporting and guiding WQFS towards becoming a more professional organization and a genuine service to the Guilford College community.

From the back of the class

by John Steely

Ever since before the election, we students have been subjected to a barrage of high-emotion, low-intellect content propaganda. From every side, it seems, people are reacting to Ronald Reagan's election with fear, disgust, and ridicule; of course, included within this target range are the conservative Senators who have won seats.

I don't understand. I don't understand why these newly-elected officials are condemned before they even start to do anything. Why not wait until the officials in question do something before you judge them? I thought, in my ignorant way, conviction without a trial went out with the Bill of Rights. Obviously, I was wrong.

Politically, I am a conservative. On a college campus this is a sin; I realize that. But I must confess I am happy about the

election results, so this propaganda is especially offensive to me. Even so, I feel Guilford is above these actions.

The recent editorials, feature, and posters have impressed me with one attitude, that of Provincialism. What else can we call an attitude that judges before anything happens, without waiting for any bad decision or law. Closed-minded, unwilling to hear the defense before reviling, isn't this the action of peasants rather than the supposed intelligentsia? I think so.

Last week, Warner Lewis sent a letter to this newspaper saying let's give Reagan a chance. All I ask is the same thing. If Reagan had already been president, then you would have basis for condemnation, but he hasn't. Give him a chance, just a chance. You might be surprised.

For over twenty years, liberal Democrats have controlled Congress, and if you look at what they have done, it is not impressive. Governmental regulation has increased like a cancer, without helping the economy. We can no longer defend ourselves except by resorting to nuclear weapons. The national debt is astronomical. True, we have, on the whole, been kept out of wars, but more in the fashion of Prime Minister Chamberlain of the '30s than anything else.

A time for change is here, now. This change would have to be very, very bad in order to do worse than what has been done. Looking at it objectively, I don't feel it will be that bad. So let's help it and, in the process, maybe it will improve in your standards. I don't think it can do worse than what has gone before.

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our pleas for their input on matters that affect them.

The Student Committee on Promotion and Tenure was created so that the students would have a voice in the process of reviewing and tenuring faculty. We collect your opinions of the professors being reviewed. You, as students, know whether or not a given person can teach effectively, what their good and bad quirks are, if they are active in the community, whether they are open-minded or highly opinionated, whether they play favorites, if they are available to you for help or even if they are interested in helping you. All of what we receive is treated in a highly confidential manner -- in fact, replies do not need your name or class.

In the past, this committee has had a significant influence

on decisions of tenure vs. no tenure for several faculty. We also have made recommendations that have been acted upon by the college administration in matters of overburdening of faculty. We have given recommendations for some counseling of faculty that may make them better teachers (we hope).

Please help us maintain or improve the quality of Guilford College as an academic institution. The better Guilford is, the more your degree will mean in the future. Invest in your future by giving us your honest opinions -- positive, negative or neutral.

Thank you,
Karen Lewis
Co-Chairperson,
Student Committee on
Promotion and Tenure