

Editorial

Love on my shoulder

By Dale Easley

With Valentine's Day approaching, the obvious subject for an editorial is love. When I mentioned this to a friend, he suggested I write about something of which I was knowledgeable. However, since personal failures have little place in a newspaper, I will keep my experiences to myself and draw upon persons more knowledgeable than I.

Who then might know the most about this important human interaction? The obvious answer popped into my mind -- advertisers. (Do you think this \$25 toboggan will make Susie notice me? -- Put your money where your mouth is.) The way to true love seems intimately tied to fresher teeth and whiter breath, or something to that effect.

Or maybe love has more to do with atmosphere. Chasing a girl through the canals of Venice in a speedboat with a bottle of wine is enough to make anyone fall in love. However, the last girl to whom I offered any wine, ended up (after I picked her up off the floor) with her head on my shoulder saying she felt like throwing up. It hardly made for an intimate evening.

But alas, I promised not to talk of my personal experiences. I could return to advertising, but I find a confusion between love and lust, a distinction with which I already have enough trouble.

If I only knew what true love was. . . It is time to pull out the master of love for consultation.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest;

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Already inspiration drives to find myself a cutie and live happily ever after. However, reality drags me back down. A friend of mine recently told me that when she met the man she now loves, she didn't know whether she was attracted or repulsed. As David Jewett commented in a cartoon, "They're mostly sardines or mackerel. I hanker after chicken of the sea." Unfortunately, David missed something that dear old Bill saw, a possible key to true love:

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
 And some perfumes there are more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

Happy Valentine's Day.

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Chain saws in the boardroom

A column by
O.L. Backer

I was walking through open woodland, winter sunlight filtering overhead through bare branches. It may have been especially silent, but you expect that in nature's off-season. I had just paused to look down at and study a young rattlesnake plant. My attention was absorbed, and they took me easily.

A hobnailed boot flashed down on the tiny plant, crushing it. They were all around me, and the cold air filled with a coughing roar as their chain-saws cranked to deadly life. I nearly panicked, almost unleashing a kick at the nearest hideous grin barely visible on a stocking-covered face. Stopping in time, I realized that was what they wanted me to do.

I could hear the story: "Officer, we were cutting timber for our grandmother's sawmill when this maniac came running out the bushes, foamin' at the mouth and screaming about 'Mother Earth.' It was him or us, officer. We had to cut him into 37 pieces before he stopped trying to rip our throats out."

No, it would not do to give them the excuse. Did I detect disappointment in their attitudes, smoking saws at the ready? The obvious leader, a squat man with an eye-patch, grunted "He's the one. Take him downstairs, boys." I knew the grim implications of having seen his uncovered face. He did not expect me to be able to identify him later.

A trapdoor opened from its clever disguise as a sewer line manhole, and I was pushed ahead of them down the steps.

At the bottom waited a large office filled with a florescent glare.

Behind a mahogany and chromium desk sat a pale entity in a dark blue three-piece suit, flanked by four standing junior-executive types. After a long moment's silence, his impassive voice said, "I hope you won't make this any more difficult than necessary, Mr.

from side to side. "Take him to the Board Room."

I turned to fight, but I knew it was already too late. The saws were coming closer, closer. . . .

Do you believe that? No? That's just as well, because not a word of it is true. The truth, so far as it can be identified, is that I gave up on last week's column in mid-page, after it had turned into a rather

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Backer." I began desperately, "I'll have you know it's Reverend Backer. My congregation will miss me, I have a service starting in 20 minutes, all about the healing wonders of plutonium. . . ."

He cut me off with an icy stare, seemingly annoyed at having to speak further. "Mr. Backer, you are well aware that your support for excessive environmental regulations and wasteful non-development of certain 'park' lands has incurred substantial penalties."

"No!" I shrieked. "I have a column to write! If it's not turned in there'll be a big hole on page two, and the editors will never forgive me!"


The stone face shook slowly

nasty explanation of why it's okay to be paranoid about Ronald Reagan. Decorum prohibited my turning it in to be printed. Decorum and the libel laws.

That column was approaching too close to unmitigated reality. And political reality these days can be too grim for consumption unless it is cut with a healthy dose of satire and twisted humor.

Speaking of twisted humor, last week's Presidential Address on Inflation and Its Cure comes to mind. It was funny enough on its own -- I'm sure that Ronnie's little charts (tax cuts + increased spending = balanced budget) had 90% of

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Letters to the Editor

All Letters must be submitted to the Guilfordian at Box 17717 by Friday night, and should be no longer than 200 words. Names may be withheld if requested by the author in person or in writing.

Thank you

To the Guilford community:
 We wish to thank you for the planning and work that went into making the inauguration activities a success. Your support and enjoyment meant a great deal to us.

Sincerely,
 Bev & Bill Rogers

Fraunholtz wrong

Dear Editor,
 As a former player for Jack Jensen, I feel a strong desire to respond to Peter Fraunholtz's recent article ("Quakers drop eleventh," Feb. 3, 1981). Throughout the years I played organized basketball, I came to realize and appreciate the pressure a coach endures to maintain a winning tradition. What credibility does a student have to question a coach who has experienced the success that Jensen has? In addition, it is hardly imaginable that anyone who follows collegiate sports would compare strategies used by coaches in the NCAA Division I with those in the NAIA.

It is my opinion that at no time this year or in past years has Jack Jensen's performance as a coach warranted such unjustified and biased reporting as presented by our Guilfordian. I feel that if in the future anybody wants to express his opinion he should do so on the editorial page. Coach Jensen is a proven winner and regardless of what happened or what will happen, he will continue to be such to those who are knowledgeable and fully aware of the circumstances involved.

Sincerely,
 Charlie Welborn

Jensen a winner

Dear Editor,
 Ever since Mr. Fraunholtz's article appeared, all I have heard is that it is a great piece of literature. This I do not deny, though I would quickly point out that fiction is literature also, and it often makes good reading, just as Mr. Fraunholtz's story does.

I do not feel that Mr. Fraunholtz, whose basketball experience consists of four years of high school basketball, is quali-

fied to criticize the coaching maneuvers of a man who is known as one of the best basketball minds in the NAIA. Maybe Coach Jensen's refusal to use players other than his most experienced and proven players did cause him to lose the Pembroke game, but I would like to remind readers that hind-sight is always 20/20.

Also Mr. Fraunholtz had the audacity to compare Coach Jensen with Dean Smith. The only thing that Jensen and Smith have in common is that they are both very good coaches. I don't know where Mr. Fraunholtz is from, but if he followed Carolina basketball as well as I have, he would not have made that assinine statement about Smith using a lot of players. Dean Smith has never used nine players extensively except for a couple of seasons when he was incredibly deep in players.

I agree with Mr. Fraunholtz, Coach Jensen does have a fine record. One comparable to Dean Smith's. Yet there is one difference. Jack Jensen has

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