

Guilfraudulent

Vol. = L x W x H

Bluesville, NC

April 1, 1981

A behind the scenes Guilfraudulent report

Vicious squirrel attacks continue



Guilford College Maintenance Department "advisor" studies enemy habits in an attempt to get control over the worsening squirrel-human conflict.

Factions in the administration, faculty and student body of Guilford College have often argued over issues, fundamental and otherwise, but rarely come to blows over them. Recently however, a serious problem has evolved with the opening of hostilities between a new group on campus, guerrilla bands of commando squirrels and better armed administration controlled maintenance staff "advisors." Despite their better organization, training and equipment, the administration has not been able to subdue the factious rebels, and all members of the Guilford community have suffered.

In order to explore this problem, one month ago staff writer Stephen Harvey donned a furry gray squirrel suit and went "underground" with the rebellious freedom fighters. His report follows;

On the evening of March 25, several students of Guilford College joined 52 of their fel-

lows when they disappeared in the evening while walking across campus. For other students, it was an evening of loss, the loss of friends, perhaps never to be seen again. For another segment of the Guilford community, however, the evening known as the "The Night of the Long Tails" proved another resounding victory against the administration.

These students, 7 in all, were captured by bands of guerrilla squirrels acting, for the first time, under an organized command.

The issues in the conflict remain somewhat unclear, but appear to be rooted in charges of "hedgemony" by the squirrel forces. The charges stem from the removal, several years ago, of shrubbery from the campus along Friendly Road, when several squirrel families had to leave their ancestral nests.

My experiences with the freedom fighters came as a member



Stephen Harvey incognito

of one of the many semi-autonomous commando groups, known as "tribes." Posing as a mercenary, I was assigned to the Sciurini tribe, headed by a squirrel-of-fortune Pygmy named "Fluffy," who hailed from San Salvador.

This squad, nicknamed "Beecroft's Scaly-tailed Division," was responsible for patrolling the "Chipmunk Quadrant," including the George White and Dana Auditorium areas. During my stay, we managed to "stow away" 3 Guilford students and a dog.

The squirrels involved in the

continued on page 3

Martin leads them on

Paternity prospects grow

By Dennis Kirschbaum

We all know that Martin Jones has recently been elected father of the student body (a paternity suit anyone would hate to be faced with) but how many of us really know anything about Martin the Man? Being just another frustrated constituent, this reporter set out to find out something about the man behind the myth that is Martin Jones. One fine evening I trudged down the dark road to the "bio" house to see what information I could glean.

My initial reaction to Martin was one of shock. My impression of Martin had always been that he was a rather light-hearted fellow who could never quite take anything seriously. However, when I found him quietly reading in his room with some soft classical music playing in the background, I began to realize that Martin is not the happy-go-lucky fool that many people take him to be. Martin does have a serious side. Not really knowing where to begin, I asked him about his childhood which he recalled fondly.

Martin Well, I was born in High Point but soon after we had to move to Flint, Michigan. Not too many people have ever heard of Flint. It's nice there. We were real poor. We lived in a small one-room shack, just me and my Mom and my sixteen brothers and sisters. We never

had a lot, but we had each other. Sometimes my Mom would go without supper just so'd there'd be enough for us kids. I worked from age ten to help support the family. I did test driving for some of the motor companies up there, you know? Well, I saved my pennies and by the time that I was fifteen, I had saved enough to get myself a reader. It has

Guilfordian: Some people have said that you've never told a lie. *Martin*: Well, that is not quite true. I did tell a lie once. *Guilfordian*: Could you tell us some more about that. *Martin*: Well, back in Flint in front of the shack, we had a small cherry tree. I didn't have any money, and as it was one of my brother's birthdays, I decided to make him something from

When my mom came home she found me with an axe in my hand and the little tree at my feet. She said, "Marty, did you chop down that cherry tree?"

I said, "Mother, I did not!"

always been my dream that someday I would learn to read though it hasn't been until recently that I've really had anytime to work on it.

Guilfordian: There are many rumors going around about you Martin. Could you tell us, for example, if you really threw a silver dollar across Lake Ontario?

Martin: Well yeah, that's true, but it was the narrow part. . . no big deal.

the wood of that small tree. When my Mom came home she found me with an axe in my hand and the little tree at my feet. She said, "Marty, did you chop down that cherry tree?" I said, "Mother, I did not!" Boy did she whop me.

Guilfordian: Martin, you have a sort of a reputation as the campus stud. What does that mean in terms of your love life? *Martin*: I really don't understand it, to tell you the truth. I



Martin Jones, father of our Student Body shows for the camera a little of the style that has earned him the title of school "hunk" for half of the campus, and "dad" for the other.

guess I'm not ugly, but I just don't know why I have people following me all over the campus. Not just women but guys too. When you're in a position of power like I am, people are coming on to you all the time. It's hard to tell who's sincere

and who's not. *Guilfordian*: Obviously Martin, you have a great interest in politics. How do you feel about your recent election to office?

continued on page 4