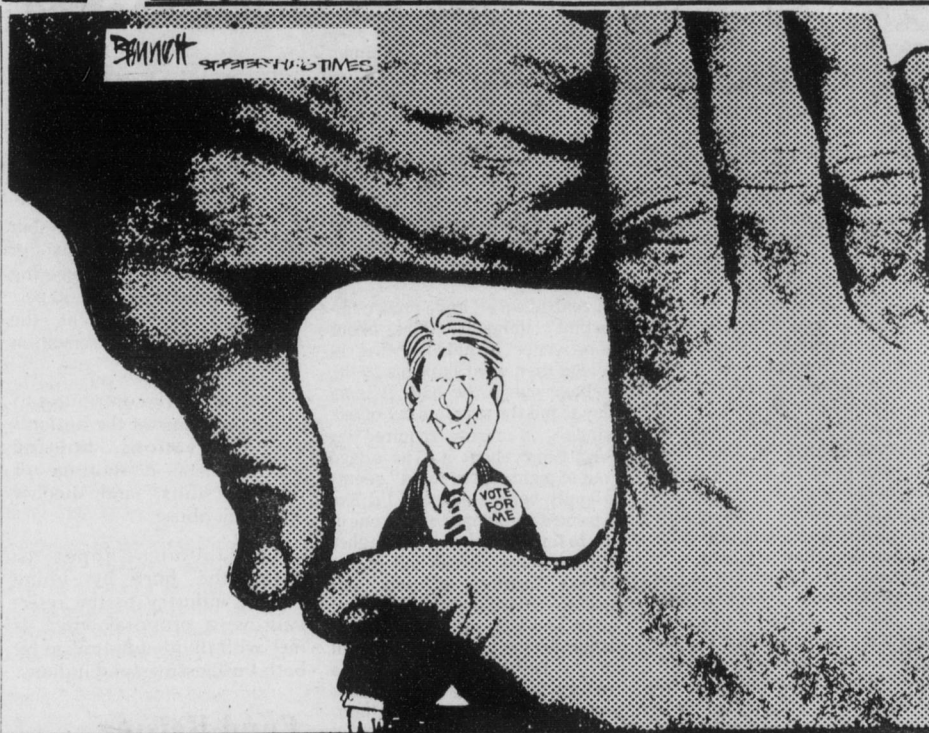




# Editorials



THE TRUE TEST FOR MEASURING THE VIABILITY OF A CANDIDATE.

# GUILLEMOT SEASON

Perhaps it is true that knowledge and the search for truth start with curiosity. Then a necessary element of a healthy academic program at Guilford must be the mental acquisitiveness of the students.

We are, however, at the point in our semester where the newness of classes, the excitement of work, and the joy of being reunited with friends wears off quickly.

The mind begins its great wonderings—spring break; the coming summer's job prospects; the Fourth of July picnic; or anything to stop the intake of facts—to interrupt the learning process.

The students may be described as incurious or apathetic when their thoughts drift to less intellectually stimulating matters.

This is then the time when something small and seemingly trivial can bring new interest to the minds of mental nomads.

Such is the case with Guillemot Season. Signs announcing the Guillemot Season in black, one-half inch lettering have appeared on campus. Hardly a study space or a relief room in Founders Hall are free of the signs.

The black and white penguin-like bird on the page bottom may remind one of the chill of Greensboro's January and February.

Who put them there? One of the first guesses was a student photographer who was mixing part of his school's name and part of his own in an innovative advertising campaign.

Guillemot has a much more obvious meaning, though, to those who have the desire to acquire. But why is this the Guillemot Season?

It wasn't discussed at the last Network meeting. Has it been in the sports' pages?

Some entity has created this sign and sparked the curiosity of many of us. We wonder if this is why he-she-they did it?

## Letters to the Editors

### Feminism

To the Editor:

Militant feminism is destroying America as the scourge of decency and civility. In the last two decades we have seen a dramatic increase in broken homes, spouse and child abuse and sex crimes, which has just about kept pace with women's decision to wear the pants.

Jude 16 in the Bible prophesized of militant feminists as follows:

"These are murmurers, complainers, walking after their own lusts; and their mouth speaketh great swelling words, having men's persons in admiration because of advantage."

Deuteronomy 22:5 is God's admonition against uni-sex and Jude 6-16 is the shameful result. Jesus strove against feminism and even said to His mother: "Woman, which have I to do with thee?" And for His crucifiers He said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

We can rebuild America with the only true word of God, the 1611 King James Bible, or we can continue to let TV hype lead us to the slaughter. But our salvation can only come about through believing that Bible prophecy was meant for the latter times - NOW (1 Timothy 4:1)

Wayne L. Johnson  
16759 Meandro Ct.  
San Diego, Calif. 92128

Note: This letter is copied because I'm sending it to many astute publications. But I pray

that you'll still publish it somehow, for it's the most important message this nation needs to reverse its ungodly direction. America can again become a respected leader of the civilized world, but we must first become civilized ourselves. Will your publication be instrumental in our nation's rebirth?

I'm a retired logger and road oiler from Oregon. See Malachi 4:1.

that at the end of A Christmas Carol, Scrooge is the hero of the story, for he brings hope to Tiny Tim and, symbolically, to the whole world.

We are proud to recognize Bill Rogers, the top Scrooge of Guilford College, for putting aside his budget-balancing burdens and opening his home as a place for despairing students to find rest and encouragement this past examination and Christmas season. Shouldn't we rejoice to have a President who so admirably carries on the true spirit of the Great Scrooge?

Bill Rogers, we salute you and are proud to recognize you as this year's Scrooge of the Year. Bah, humbug! Hurrah!

Sincerely,

Jay Van Tassell  
Head Humbug, NASSAW

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### Saga Continues

Dear Guilfordian:

I am writing to you on behalf of the North American Section of the Scrooge Admirers of the World (NASSAW). We are proud to see the President of Guilford College identified with our hero, the Great Scrooge. Bah, humbug!, you say? Let us remind you

### Lynch's Line

## A VISA Granted, Leads to Credibility

By Janice Lynch

In May, 1985, I will leave Guilford College with more than a diploma. I will depart with more than five years' worth of a NDSL. When I pass through the gates and abandon PO Box 17306, it will be with more than my share of parties, exams, long weekends, and astronomical phone bills. When I drive down College Road and head North I will have a VISA in my wallet.

I'll owe bills throughout Greensboro and North Carolina. I'll owe bills throughout the East. My name might still be embossed in gold on that little plastic card; I might even have some credit. I'm getting nervous though—worried, you might say. I've received my first bill. I've opened the envelope and read the card which indicates the account past due on January 27.

There are not enough work-study hours in the world to cover the monstrosity of this bill. Since I'm from D.C. you

might say that I went "hog-wild." This really should not be a laughing matter.

Many students received VISA cards early in December, the week before exams, the week before the last quarter purchased the last beer at Dolley's. There was something wonderfully fresh about the look of the card amid the family pictures in our wallets. We felt half-adult flashing those cards. I stood in front of my mirror and practised.

Receiving a VISA card was the greatest event in my life since learning to dial a push-button phone at the age of five. I should have learned then about great events: I dialed my grandfather's number at 5:30 one morning and spent a day confined to my room. Where will I be confined for use of this card?

The card arrived on a day when my friends and I had gone bike-riding to forget our empty wallets and stomachs. It was like the Second Coming with its promise of salvation.

When a car almost hit me on Friendly Avenue, I heard my friend cry, "Wait! You haven't signed the VISA!"

Credit cards are convenient. VISA saved my Christmas. I have new cosmetics and a shelf-full of bargain books. I took my younger brother out to lunch and impressed him with my high finances. I had a little credibility. I began to feel my twenty-one years. Cashiers smiled and waiters joked.

I ignored the admonitions of my grandmother. I turned a deaf ear when my sister inquired after how I would pay the bill on my twelve-hour work week. I told my brother to have two desserts even though he wasn't hungry.

Too late I understand what they were saying. I've locked the VISA in a safe-deposit box. I've stopped going to Happy Hour and buying necessities like shampoo. Next week I might open a pencil stand at the bookstore. Credit cards will not be accepted.

# Guilfordian

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