

# Salute to Wallace

## Quaker

### "Tolerance"?

I came to Guilford with the impression that its basic policy would be very similar to the three other Quaker schools I have attended, that is, that it would be based on Quaker principles strongly believed in by those running the school. I have found many individuals here, both Quaker and non-Quaker, who operate on these principles, but on the whole I see nothing to recommend Guilford as a Quaker college. Guilford seems to view its Quaker heritage as good P.R., not as something to live up to.

One myth I have encountered here - and nowhere else - is the term "Quaker tolerance." Several times when I questioned practices that appeared to me directly opposing Quaker principles, I received a benignly understanding smile and the answer "But that's what Quaker tolerance is all about!" So I have found out that Quaker tolerance means it is all right for military recruiters to come on campus and advertise organizations who hide, behind fancy educational and vocational programs, their basic purpose, which is training people to kill other people. To not let them on campus would be denying them their right to voice their opinions. Quaker tolerance also makes it next to impossible to enforce what little restriction there is on alcohol consumption - surely we cannot deny the right to drink what one wants in whatever one wants? And I suppose it is Quaker Tolerance which smiles indulgently at the toilet paper thrown over the trees after victorious games, ruining the view and wasting money, resources and countless person-hours required to clean up the mess. We don't want to squash school spirit, do we?

It seems to me that Quaker Tolerance is a rationalization for the reluctance to play the heavy, or to stand up for beliefs. Maybe it is a lack of beliefs. Whatever it is, it is preventing Guilford from seeing standards as a Quaker college and sticking to them.

I am not advocating a change to rigid Victorian conduct. Quakerism is a moving, viable way of life for today. I hope those in charge of running Guilford know this, because if not, Guilford has no chance as a Quaker college.

Margaret Brown

When Wallace Galloway gave his myth lecture, he brought on such a storm that Guilford was without power until two the next morning. A tree fell across New Garden and a tornado tore through Jamestown. Wallace hasn't yet offered an apology for damage done, or candles melted. And why should he? Let the ignorant believe that storms are beyond our control.

Galloway's education has put him in touch with an alchemist called "Stoneburner" and a mysterious magician named Merlin Quasar. Each of these savants has guided the young hero, Wallace Gilgamesh, on his quest for spiritual perfection. From his lonely cell in the Bryan Cloisters, Wallace has devoted himself to the spiritual problems of our time. His cellmate is the notorious Captain 10-4. Together they fight the fires of Hell.

"Quasar to Gamma Ray, do you read me?" Wallace takes this to be a reference to a recent assignment. "Yes, I do read you, Merle". All of Systematic Theology as a martyr of fat. "And yet my thought is so unsystematic", he mumbles into his beard. (He has mastered the fine art of muttering!)

In the course of his various metamorphoses on the Guilford campus, Wallace has carried many masks. The crewcut freshman from the mountains became the bearded longhair known as The Old Testament Prophet. His fervent protestantism has won him the appellation "Reverend Golly-Wally".

In the days when heroism still had a place in campus life, Wallace could be seen astride a maintenance wagon, rolling over the fields. His beard was longer then, and he looked like Ivan the Terrible surveying his domain.

Wallace still inspires terror on occasion, though his friends say he has mellowed in the meantime. They have, over the years, compiled a photographic study of Wallace's strange sleeping habits. Herein is reproduced a view of our subject asleep in broad daylight, with an open book on his chest. At three the next morning he woke up and returned to his reading, muttering something about looking glasses and Indians.

C.B.

See Page 7 for Related Photo

# SO LONG, SENIORS!

## Farewell, "Slick"

To: Kenneth "Slick" Chandler,  
We'd all like to say that we wish you good luck in your future endeavors, and to say farewell the best way we can. We'll miss you and we dedicate this poem by Micky to you:

If only we were born  
Starting out like chicks  
Hatched into a world  
Knowing all,  
Knowing in minutes how to walk, and  
communicate; things that take so long  
For us.

Things that take up time we  
Could be using to reach others.  
Time we could be using  
To learn about ourselves.  
Time we could be using  
To love.

If only we were born  
Starting out like chicks.  
Hatched into a world  
Knowing all.

Wishing you all the success  
in the world, Micky, Lesia,  
Linda, Nicky, Cheryl, Puppy  
and especially Glynis

John Ladd and the Union  
must be applauded for their  
excellent planning and carry-  
ing out of Serendipity 5!

another human being. You free-thinkers out there may never find out that athletes are people, too.

Sincerely yours,  
Al Patterson  
(A redneck jock)

P.S. Many thanks to the Political Science Department, Chairperson, Dr. William Burris; the History Department, Chairperson, Dr. Edward Burrows; and Dr. Robert Bryden of the Biology Department.

indeed,  
but like i said...it's been four years....  
do you remember the day we met? it was love at first sight  
you were so sunny and green (and i was just green) -- but impressed!  
so much so that i had to stay...so i did.  
but now it's time to go -- 1972-1976-- that was the plan,  
but don't worry...i'll be back;  
'cause i've got your number,  
guilford college.

## Thanks to Robyn and Peter

Peter Riess and Robyn Brunkhardt have both worked in varying capacities with the Alumni Association for the past year. The staff and the Alumni Board of Directors have enjoyed them both.

Peter and Robyn have taken on any task asked of them and demonstrated their individual leadership most especially through their work with the Pre-Alumni Council.

We of the Alumni Association will very much miss their presence on campus but we are particularly pleased that they will soon be official members of the Alumni Association and we will continue to benefit from their active participation.

I personally will miss them both very much as close personal friends.

Karen M. Reehling  
Assistant Director of  
Alumni Affairs



Dear Guilford College,  
In my four years here, I have noticed many students, professors, and administrators who profess to be so liberal in their thinking until something touches their own personal prejudices. These pseudo-liberals would rather die than use terms like nigger, polack, wop, or jap, but they freely banter about terms such as redneck and jock. Not unlike other minorities, I had to first prove my personal value in order to be accepted instead of being thought of as just

To Kim, Pam, Annette, Beth, Nina, Barbara, Dag and Kathy - A great group to work with. Thanks for a fine semester. - D.K.

To whom it may concern:  
Best of luck for the future, hope you find who you're looking for. It was all so typical.

The unsubmissive woman.

Dearest J.W.D. III - Please. E.S.

To Al: What a waste -- what a damn waste!! (We luv ya) BAD

Faye and Frank: Hats off on making it out of Guilford!

Sara Beth, Tom, Gg and Robyn...Thanks for making it work.

Annette  
p.s. - Good luck next year, Sara Beth.

Tho' its early, Happy Birthday, Pooh Bear from an owl that loves you.

# GUILFORD COLLEGE... I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

Anita Jones

ok, guilford.  
it's been four years  
and i stuck it out.  
it's time to pack up my three trunks,  
five boxes, three suitcases and my  
portfolio and  
"get the hell out of dodge."  
oh no you don't!  
don't try to tempt me with your good looks!  
i know all about your  
dogwoods in spring and  
all that red, yellow, and orange in the fall.  
don't brag to me about snow and how beautiful you look  
in crystal and white.  
i've even know you in summer when you become enveloped  
in green and shadows.  
yeah, yeah i remember your woods and lake...two handsome assets  
indeed,  
but like i said...it's been four years....  
do you remember the day we met? it was love at first sight  
you were so sunny and green (and i was just green) -- but impressed!  
so much so that i had to stay...so i did.  
but now it's time to go -- 1972-1976-- that was the plan,  
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