

## An Inside View of Homecoming

by Chris Benfey

Frieda had a bridge party so I decided to take my son Billy to the Homecoming game. A Guilford alumnus myself, I was apprehensive about meeting some of my friends from the class of '58.

Sure enough, at the main entrance was Fred Krebler, who used to buy my old biology exams. He blushed, and told me he was a doctor in Evansville, Indiana.

Then I saw Mandy Gurkle, now Mandy Gurkle Himple, who taught me the facts of life in the Founders basement. This time I blushed.

I had seen Mandy's husband Dexter an hour earlier in the Founders men's room. I wouldn't have recognized him if it weren't for his gray and yellow striped socks - the same ones he'd worn fifteen years earlier.

Then a warm, fat hand closed around my own. I was trying to remember a Libb Neslo when I realized the nametag was upside down. Having little else to say, I asked Bill if he still had my Fats Domino record. No, he had sold the record along with everything else, because he had taken stock in New York City.

Billy and I sat on the grass. "Git 'em Quakeys!" shrieked a seven-year-old behind us. My Billy was visibly upset. "What's a Quakey?" he asked.

"Well, for one thing they don't fight", I answered.

Billy pondered for a few minutes. "Then why does everybody keep saying 'Fight, Quakeys!'?"

"Watch the game, Billy", I said.

At the end of the first quarter no one had scored. Red bodies kept running into yellow bodies. They would give them big hugs, then toss them on the ground. "This is boring", Billy said. While Billy was watching a cricket crawl into the armpit of a man in front of us, Randolph-Macon scored a touchdown.

"Where's the bathroom?"

Billy inquired. I explained that there are no bathrooms on football fields. "Well, what do the football players do?"

"Enough questions!" I shouted. But Billy had me speculating. Must be something like the astronauts...

Then disaster. "That's Herman!" my son screamed. I hoped no one had heard. For sure enough, wobbling out to the line of scrimmage on her fifteen-year-old legs, was my faithful mongrel bitch, Herman (They named her rather hopefully, before her sex was ascertained).

After the officials had given her some nasty words, and threatened a kick in the midriff, Herman wobbled off the field.

At half time Billy opened the old wound about pacifism. "If Quakeys don't fight, why is the army here?"

"That's not the army", I whispered, "that's a high school marching band."

I asked myself what the other parents at the game were doing with their kids. There seemed to be plenty of children around; but I noticed that not one of them was watching the game. Two were scrounging for cups in a garbage can. Three others were flying airplanes made from programs. Billy had joined a mob of grimy children who were crawling around like rats under the bleachers. They seemed to be collecting trash.

After the game I collected Billy and we wandered over to Founders. There I chuckled with the class of '58 about President Ford and the economy. We told each other what a nice building New Founders is, and we had a good laugh over Himple's socks.

The game we all agreed was a shame. They should have chosen a bad team for Homecoming, to make us alumni feel good.

Then Billy and I drove home. Frieda was still playing bridge. I sat down with a beer in front of the idiot box and mourned the fall of the Quaker warriors.



"Just folks at home" celebrating homecoming atop the award-winning Milner float.

Photo by Catoe

## CYF—We Were There

by Kathy Hood and Donna Beck

Have you ever walked into a room with a heap of shoes for right feet sitting inside a circle of 30 half-shod people who are contemplating whichever they considered to be the most interesting piece of foot gear?!

Well, that was the scene you would have met at Evans House in Quaker Hill in Richmond, Indiana had you walked in about 7:30 pm Friday, October 17. The planners of the weekend collegiate Young Friends Conference thought this would be a good way to get acquainted: pick a shoe and meet someone from Asbury College, Ball State University, Earlham, Earlham School of Religion (ESR), Guilford, Purdue University, UNCG, Wilmington College or one of a few other colleges.

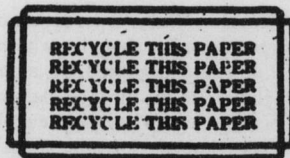
The theme for this conference was "Christ in Quakerism", and sessions were led by Jack Kirk, Dorean Bales, and T. Canby Jones. We followed American Quaker history through the divisions of Yearly Meetings, both geographic and theological ones. Dorlan Bales, second year student at ESR, was our biblical scholar in a discussion about "Early Quakers and the Bible", which opened our eyes to the struggles these people faced in establishing themselves as a religious group.

T. Canby Jones read from cherished old volumes some beautiful epistles of George Fox, and expressed his concern over the loss of color

in our everyday use of the English language, as opposed to the richness evident even in Fox's letters. Saturday night concluded with a small group discussion on our personal beliefs about the place of Christ in Quakerism.

Folk dancing, informal singing, nature walks, and a trip to Earlham were among the options chosen for our free time on Saturday. (Those that visited Earlham had the privilege of witnessing Bundy Hall's declaration of sovereignty—they had just wired the governor of Indiana, the President, and other government officials concerning their Declaration of Independence. Bundy also wrote to the UN, requesting that the new sovereign state be permitted to send a representative to the General Assembly.) Spontaneous discussions arose among some during this time, and they discovered their likenesses and differences as Friends.

Unfortunately we had to leave Sunday morning before sunrise, so missed the final session and meeting for worship. The part of the weekend we spent there however, was very interesting and enjoyable. Meeting people of our faith with (often), very different backgrounds and beliefs helped us to question and clarify many things for ourselves. Another similar conference is planned for the spring here at Quaker Lake. We urge all Young Friends and anyone else who is interested to attend.



## Choir

### Performances

by Pat Townsend

The Guilford College Choir presented a short program of choral music to Alumni at Friends' Homes this past Wednesday evening, and to a larger gathering during the Homecoming Luncheon, which was held in honor of past and present choir members on Saturday. A medley of tunes from operettas by Sigmund Romberg was sung, and during the luncheon, past members of the choir joined this year's students for a rendition of "Fairest Lord Jesus" or "Beautiful Savoir". It is tradition for choir members, at reunions, to sing together this song. To open the homecoming football game, the '75-76 choir sang the National Anthem, and at half-time they presented the rarely sung Guilford Alma Mater. Their next performance will be in conjunction with the Greensboro Symphony and the combined collegiate choirs. This will be later in November. More on that to come...

## Year book Now Accepting Work

The Guilford College Quaker (yearbook) staff would like to accept the creative works of all students and faculty members. We would like to encourage favorite black and white photographs, drawings, and creative writings. All

works will be carefully treated and returned if not used. This may be an excellent opportunity to publish your favorite works. All items may be submitted through Campus Mail in the mail room to the Yearbook box.