

Feet don't fail me now!

By Tina Hodgin

About a month ago Brenda Fraser was playing intramural basketball with the Hobbs team. Near the end of the game Brenda was running full speed down the court when suddenly a wall loomed ahead.

Because she knew she was going too fast to stop, Brenda threw up her arms to brace herself against the impact. She



A friend helps Brenda brush her hair.

ran directly into the wall and broke both of her wrists.

After her accident Brenda was seen around Guilford with both arms in slings against her body. For about the first two weeks Brenda had to have help with everything from eating, to typing, to brushing her hair.

People opened doors for her, carried her books and did many other little things not usually considered to be difficult -- one doesn't even think about them.

When Brenda got rid of the slings and had only her casts to

deal with things got better for her (relative to what they had been!) Luckily, besides receiv-

ing help from students she also got cooperation from her teachers in adjusting her work to her situation. So, a lot of people did what they could to help Brenda get by.

By the time this article appears Brenda should have her casts off (they were scheduled to come off Monday.) The memories of the month of the broken wrists, however, will be with her for a lifetime.



Without help, even simple grooming can be a challenge.

Myths and marvels reign for a knight

On Saturday, April 14, the Arthurian Myth class (IDS 401) gathered at the house of their professors, Mel and Beth Keiser to hold a feast in the medieval tradition of King Arthur and his court. Preparations for the feast began early Saturday morning in the kitchen of Mary Hobbs when Leslie Honaker began to make the parsley-brede which was to serve as trenchers. Later in the day, a number of other women joined her to help with the rest of the

food. They prepared several tart de bry (a quiche), many luce wafers (flounder cakes), a huge pot of lemon whyte (rice with lemon), two large sallets (vegetables arranged in fantasiful designs which were dipped in a sauce), a huge bowl of fruytes (strawberries and melon balls). In another place someone made a marvelous vegetable soup. At four o'clock, the weary cooks in Hobbs vanished to transform themselves into aristocratic ladies. The food was transported to the Keiser's by a magic chariot.

When the class gathered at the Keiser's, most of the students and both professors had been transformed into ladies and knights. King Arthur was there, a lady bard, a bishop, a gentle nun, the Grail-bearer, a Florentine knight who had wandered in from the 16th century, and other assorted figures.

Two ladies arrived very excited for they had witnessed a miracle on their way through a field. (Arthur was glad about this because he never began a feast without one. They had "seen a knight under a spell" which caused them to hit an albino hedgehog with a petrified snake and then run in circles. The men told the ladies they were enchanted for nine thousand years.

Arthur had just declared that the feast should begin and a welcoming song had been sung, when a strange couple emerged from the shadowed wood. It was Death clad in a gray cloak with his sythe over his shoulder and Lady Love dressed in a filmy white robe and crowned with flowers. After a stunned silence, Arthur declared that Death should lead the procession to the banquet tables under the trees.

About half the class took their seats around the table to be served as aristocrats while the others were servants. Later, there was a trade off and the aristocrats became servants and the servants aristocrats except for the cooks who remained aristocrats for the entire meal. No sooner had the first group seated themselves than Sir Lancelot came in with Queen Guinevere on his arm. This precipitated a quarrel between Lancelot and the bishop with the

bishop accusing Lancelot of dallying with the Queen. Lancelot denied this, saying it was his duty to escort the Queen. The bishop did not believe him and said so. This issue was never resolved.

Everyone had received a trencher and a piece of tart de bry when a horrible noise like a roaring lion was heard. Soon there appeared a knight in a mail shirt (made of letters and postcards) leading on a thick rope a wild filthy man. The knight announced that this wild man he had captured was once a gentle knight who would be restored to his former state if a lady would kiss him. The wild man roared about during this speech trying to free himself and uprooting a young tree in the process. He was encouraged to approach a lady which he finally did. She kissed him and he crashed to the earth in a faint. A few minutes later, he arose and was once more a gentle-spoken knight. He inquired about dinner.

This was the last of the miracles. The evening proceeded amid much joking and laughter as the guests tried to observe all the medieval customs such as washing fingers between courses and eating their plates. After everyone had

eaten their fill, they processed to Henry Hood's house for dessert which consisted of the fruytes. The fruyte was borne in the Holy Grail by the Grailbearer, Elaine. (The Grail was an aluminum colander in disguise.)

At Henry Hood's house, they were shown the magnificent stained-glass window and the glorious azalea beds. After that, while the guests were eating their dessert, Henry Hood played the harpsichord and then put on some music by Thomas Tallis. The latter entranced everyone present. After that, they listened to some English lute music. As it was growing dark out, they realized that they had to return to the twentieth century and reluctantly took their leave.

The procession wended its way slowly up the road through the darkness. Under a street-light, they paused to dance an ancient circle dance to round out the evening, then proceeded onwards. Once they reached the Keisers, everyone helped to do some general cleaning up. Goodbyes were said and the weary guests left for home and bed. It had been a marvelous evening and everyone had a good time. That is one experience none of the participants will ever forget!

A final tribute

How good it's been

By Richard Fulton

Mixing up some blueberry pancakes on the backporch of George White on a fine Friday morning, I can't help from thinking about this place and how good it's been to me the past two years. I've found many close and important people and absorbed my fair share of knowledge on many, many subjects. This two-year stay has given me a fine path to start the rest of my life down. A final poem is the best way to end my series of articles.



Stomping in from the Smokies
 Clearing cobwebs of sleep
 From my weary head
 One morning in a crystal clear stream
 The next in a Milner dorm
 Important people pop up
 Every which way I turn
 Making views of life
 That much different
 And clearer in the end
 The next go round
 Starts the ending of travelling
 Yellowstone Lake and Tetons
 Fresh in my blood
 My third room
 Keeps getting better all the time.
 Mountains, Ridges we climb
 Always turn to valleys
 On this crazy, changing path
 People all over
 Love'em
 More beautiful than mountaintops
 Shining their sunshine
 Around every corner
 I walk past . . .

