

Football

Davidson rains on Guilford's parade

By Doug Brumley
Sports Editor

There had to be some sort of relationship.

The penalty flags that were hitting the field paralleled the staccato of the raindrops hitting all in attendance at Guilford football's season opener at Davidson last Saturday.

The flags were responsible for delaying the progress of the Quaker's offense just as the rain was responsible for delaying the progress of the game—a rain delay of just over an hour made halftime seemingly drag on forever.

When all was said and done, Guilford was on the losing end of a 18-3 score.

"I think [our team] played hard enough to win," said Head Coach Mike Ketchum.

"I was really proud of the way we

especially played with emotion and desire."

The Quakers led in time of possession by over ten minutes and were close to Davidson in total yards—275 yards for Davidson, 250 for Guilford.

But penalties kept the Quakers from finishing their offensive drives. Sixteen flags cost Ketchum's squad a total of 125 yards.

"I told the players yesterday—and I still think it's true—it's difficult enough to beat Davidson without having to worry about beating Guilford too," said Ketchum.

"We made too many mistakes to win."

Senior Ty Clodfelter put the only points on the board for Guilford, booting a 26-yard field goal in the second quarter.

Running back Pat Tully led the Quakers in yardage, rushing for 82

yards over 22 carries.

Ketchum played all four of the team's quarterbacks during the game, but is still unable to make a choice as to who will receive the starting role on a permanent basis.

"I hope after this week we will have a real good, clear picture of where we are going at quarterback," said Ketchum.

He indicated that Chris Chavis and Brindon Christman, who are currently competing to earn the spot as the quarterback, are both talented enough to start. The one who is not chosen to start at quarterback will start at another position.

Ketchum was particularly impressed by the performance of sophomore quarterback Jim Bob Bryant.

"He didn't get very many snaps, but I think he was the most impressive with what he did. I think he really

increased his opportunity for playing time."

Play on the other side of the ball made an impact on Ketchum as well.

"I'm probably most pleased with the emotion and the intensity of the defense in the second half," said Ketchum. "I think pretty much you can discount the last touchdown as something that happened more because we were trying to do extra things to take the ball away as opposed to them really doing anything."

That "last touchdown" came with just under three minutes remaining in the game and put the Wildcats firmly in control, 18-3.

Ketchum plans to work on the consistency of the offense, hoping to eliminate the offside, holding, and illegal motion penalties that plagued most of Guilford's drives.

Changes for this week's game

against Methodist will include playing more people.

"I thought we got a little tired...I don't think we played enough [people] last week."

Ketchum saw improvement in the play of the new members of the team over the course of the game.

"A lot of the problem in the first half was people getting used to playing together in a game situation," said Ketchum.

"That's why I'm so pleased that we played so much better in the second half."

Ketchum was also appreciative of the Quaker fans in attendance.

"It's great to see everybody come to the games," said Ketchum of the Guilford contingent who travelled to Davidson.

"It really brings the kids a great deal of pride to see their classmates at the game."



Photos by Brad Aldous

A Slice of Life from the Butcher

Consider the cost of the cross—His and yours

By Butch Maler

The rain stopped eventually.

"Let's get wet! Let's get wet!" a smattering of Guilford fans beckoned from football bleachers as scattered drops fell from a gray Davidson sky.

I joined in the chanting. Why? I don't know, now that I look back. I had planned on a muggy afternoon of football between the Quakers and Wildcats Saturday, dressing in shorts and a tee shirt.

But I would have been better off opting for a wet suit. We didn't just get water-logged, we got cold feet—and cold hands and legs and, well, you get the picture.

The longer we stayed, the more we justified staying to the bitter, drippy end. Well, it wasn't gonna get any wetter than this, we surmised. Just colder.

Davidson began the game with a dry opening drive capped off by a short

touchdown run.

Guilford made it down the field shortly thereafter, bringing in a fleet of wideouts—including my suite-mate Bill—for a third and long play.

The ball snapped, I followed the pass patterns, then the quarterback, then looked for an open receiver.

Phil Lemons, the Quakers' main receiving target, attracted a good portion of Davidson's secondary by the near sideline. Our quarterback rolled out in his direction, seeing Phil blanketed. So to whom do we throw?

There was Bill "Knoxious" Lively, wandering down the middle of the field, waving his arms, desperate for the ball.

"Bill's wide open!" I roared, hoping Guilford's quarterback—which one of the four, I can't recall—would hear and respond with a soft pass to #86 for an easy touchdown.

The throw fluttered over Phil's head and out of bounds. Bill's arms dropped, I slumped in my seat, mouthing, "Bill

was wide open, Bill was wide open."

Then the rains were let loose.

Some raised umbrellas, some raised goose bumps—with no where to run or to hide. The masochistic chanting began, with my soaked shirt coldly clinging to my chest.

The Quakers cut the lead to 6-3 with a second quarter field goal, but Davidson would take a 12-3 lead into the locker room. Guilford would take its fans in.

The warmest place to be anywhere near the stadium was in the Wildcat basketball gym, where Quaker players and devotees waited out an hour-long halftime delay as the rain continued to pour.

I tried hopping, I tried standing near people, I tried thinking of an arid desert—it was still cold, we were still losing.

A fifty-yard Davidson quarterback draw blew the lead open to 18-3 with only minutes remaining.

Undaunted, my roommate Allen,

some friends and I stayed until the last seconds ticked away.

Union had chartered two busses for the game. I returned to mine to find the refreshing cool air from the ride up now chattering my teeth and numbing my bare arms and legs. I also discovered that, oddly, I felt warmer after taking off my shoes and socks than with the spongy fabrics on.

A steaming cup of hot chocolate at Hardee's did wonders.

When I got back to my room later that evening, this note was on my board:

Butch & Allen,

Thanks for coming to the game today & cheering for me. I appreciate it.

Love, Bill

A touching message, but the week-end drenching leading up to it was quite unpleasant.

The cross, be it the most beautiful display of affection, was horrific firsthand. Taking up ours can seem nearly as scary.

I gave up my Saturday afternoon,

my ABC college football with Keith Jackson (Whoa, Nellie!), my two prepaid meals in the 'caf', my time to finish homework and my physical comfort for a disappointing touchdown catch that almost was, a chilly drizzle, a loss and a cold bus ride. The costs of friendships are many—the cost of discipleship is great, requiring your life. But it's worth it.

What we cling to in this world and what clings to us only leaves us cold. Jesus Christ came that we might have life—abundantly at that. We can have nothing else before Him, we need nothing else.

And His reign never stops.

Large crowds were traveling with Jesus, and turning to them he said: And anyone who does not carry his cross and follow me cannot be my disciple. In the same way, any of you who does not give up everything he has cannot be my disciple.

—Luke 14:25, 27, 33, NIV Bible