Settlers, students find home in Goshen

by Gerald W. Schlabach

"An 1889 Manual of Goshen euphorically warbled that 'Goshen, the Gem of the St. Joseph Valley, like its prototype in Oriental Egypt, the Gem of the Valley of the Nile is in so many instances similar, that a comparison may not seem arrogant.' Actually, Goshen, Indiana, was more likely named after Goshen, New York, by an early arrival from the East than for the fertile Goshen of the Bible. But if Elkhart County's seat does shine, it is because Goshen has been polished by generations of hard-workers into a prosperous community not quite big enough to relinquish the term "small town."

For the college student, that means a city with readily accessible goods and services, adequate — though not exceptionally scenic — park and recreation facilities, and a better than average chance at part-time or summer employment. What it does not mean is an abundance of exciting places to take a date, unless you are satisfied with movies, on-campus activities, and the weekend "cruising" scene.

But for most Goshen residents, past and present, Goshen's utilitarian complexion is just fine. The first white settlers came nearly a century and a half ago to carve a living from Northern Indiana's fertile ground. Today, Goshen still draws settlers — occasionally Latino as well as white, (though rarely black) — to its recreational vehicle factories, rubber works, thermostat assembly plants and opportunities for small business. A few students even find jobs at its Menno­nite college.

Ever since the railroad arrived in 1852, Goshen has been more than just a center for Elkhart County's farmers to meet. Prior to this, the town's 780 inhabitants had been isolated and economically independent. In the decade prior to the Civil War, however, its population jumped more than 200. The newly expanded retail market still catered largely to rural needs, but Goshen began producing manufactured goods itself, especially through its woodworking factories.

Around the turn of the century came another surge of growth. In 1901, for example, the Goshen Churn and Ladder Co. and the Goshen Rubber Works were incorporated. In 1903, the Elkhart Institute moved to the scarcely occupied area south of town and appropriately changed its name to Goshen College.

But for most Goshen residents, past and present, Goshen's utilitarian complexion is just fine. The first white settlers came nearly a century and a half ago to carve a living from Northern Indiana's fertile ground. Today, Goshen still draws settlers — occasionally Latino as well as white, (though rarely black) — to its recreational vehicle factories, rubber works, thermostat assembly plants and opportunities for small business. A few students even find jobs at its Menno­nite college.

Ever since the railroad arrived in 1852, Goshen has been more than just a center for Elkhart County's farmers to meet. Prior to this, the town's 780 inhabitants had been isolated and economically independent. In the decade prior to the Civil War, however, its population jumped more than 200. The newly expanded retail market still catered largely to rural needs, but Goshen began producing manufactured goods itself, especially through its woodworking factories.

Around the turn of the century came another surge of growth. In 1901, for example, the Goshen Churn and Ladder Co. and the Goshen Rubber Works were incorporated. In 1903, the Elkhart Institute moved to the scarcely occupied area south of town and appropriately changed its name to Goshen College.

But for most Goshen residents, past and present, Goshen's utilitarian complexion is just fine. The first white settlers came nearly a century and a half ago to carve a living from Northern Indiana's fertile ground. Today, Goshen still draws settlers — occasionally Latino as well as white, (though rarely black) — to its recreational vehicle factories, rubber works, thermostat assembly plants and opportunities for small business. A few students even find jobs at its Menno­nite college.

But for most Goshen residents, past and present, Goshen's utilitarian complexion is just fine. The first white settlers came nearly a century and a half ago to carve a living from Northern Indiana's fertile ground. Today, Goshen still draws settlers — occasionally Latino as well as white, (though rarely black) — to its recreational vehicle factories, rubber works, thermostat assembly plants and opportunities for small business. A few students even find jobs at its Menno­nite college.

Ever since the railroad arrived in 1852, Goshen has been more than just a center for Elkhart County's farmers to meet. Prior to this, the town's 780 inhabitants had been isolated and economically independent. In the decade prior to the Civil War, however, its population jumped more than 200. The newly expanded retail market still catered largely to rural needs, but Goshen began producing manufactured goods itself, especially through its woodworking factories.

Around the turn of the century came another surge of growth. In 1901, for example, the Goshen Churn and Ladder Co. and the Goshen Rubber Works were incorporated. In 1903, the Elkhart Institute moved to the scarcely occupied area south of town and appropriately changed its name to Goshen College.

But for most Goshen residents, past and present, Goshen's utilitarian complexion is just fine. The first white settlers came nearly a century and a half ago to carve a living from Northern Indiana's fertile ground. Today, Goshen still draws settlers — occasionally Latino as well as white, (though rarely black) — to its recreational vehicle factories, rubber works, thermostat assembly plants and opportunities for small business. A few students even find jobs at its Menno­nite college.

But for most Goshen residents, past and present, Goshen's utilitarian complexion is just fine. The first white settlers came nearly a century and a half ago to carve a living from Northern Indiana's fertile ground. Today, Goshen still draws settlers — occasionally Latino as well as white, (though rarely black) — to its recreational vehicle factories, rubber works, thermostat assembly plants and opportunities for small business. A few students even find jobs at its Menno­nite college.

But for most Goshen residents, past and present, Goshen's utilitarian complexion is just fine. The first white settlers came nearly a century and a half ago to carve a living from Northern Indiana's fertile ground. Today, Goshen still draws settlers — occasionally Latino as well as white, (though rarely black) — to its recreational vehicle factories, rubber works, thermostat assembly plants and opportunities for small business. A few students even find jobs at its Menno­nite college.

But for most Goshen residents, past and present, Goshen's utilitarian complexion is just fine. The first white settlers came nearly a century and a half ago to carve a living from Northern Indiana's fertile ground. Today, Goshen still draws settlers — occasionally Latino as well as white, (though rarely black) — to its recreational vehicle factories, rubber works, thermostat assembly plants and opportunities for small business. A few students even find jobs at its Menno­nite college.
Of every new year it may be said: "In the beginning, 1200 persons remade GC in their own images." The are based on past experience at GC. Some are based on hearsay. And some are based on ideals. Each of us has an ideal GC in our mind — the GC that exists "in the minds of the people." This is the GC where everyone acknowledges one's program, or major, or favorite issue, or recreation, and religious experience to be the most important one around.

But because we bring so many ideal GCs to the campus we are often disappointed at the best place around for meeting new friends, having heavy discussions about trivia, playing cards till 3 or 4, and the "look in the datastore". For there, another seeks out the good times of our top priority longer than others do. Meanwhile, we're tempted to wonder why the others are so humored, and to decree GC's stilling social scene.

There is the academic GC. The serious-minded, non-nonsense burn-the-midnight-oil-and-neatness-obsessed students can already be found burrowed away in the library. They are impatient, or at least, apathetic toward fiddling behavior. Perhaps they have fixed career plans already in mind. Perhaps they just believe life's perplexities require immediate, unblurred action. GC's academic reputation for academic excellence has simply snared them, for their numbers grow steadily as the trimester rolls on.

There is the religious GC — perhaps the hardest to characterize. Having experienced exciting beginnings in the Christian life through a small group, a local church, a campus meeting, or even a sensible theological position, the pious student easily wonders whether this "new" student is he when he or she needed it. Maybe he or she even wonders why the college doesn't sponsor a revival.

There are more GCs, each with loyal fans and visionaries who quietly, or not so quietly, promote their dreams. We are a carry-over from the new movement of the late 60s, but at least a minimal understanding of dreams, but at least a minimal understanding of dreams is recognized by our ideals and activities.

The photos on these pages are of the life last year. Our love for the future. We're tempted to wonder why the others are so humored, and to decree GC's stilling social scene.

There is the academic GC. The serious-minded, non-nonsense burn-the-midnight-oil-and-neatness-obsessed students can already be found burrowed away in the library. They are impatient, or at least, apathetic toward fiddling behavior. Perhaps they have fixed career plans already in mind. Perhaps they just believe life's perplexities require immediate, unblurred action. GC's academic reputation for academic excellence has simply snared them, for their numbers grow steadily as the trimester rolls on.

There is the religious GC — perhaps the hardest to characterize. Having experienced exciting beginnings in the Christian life through a small group, a local church, a campus meeting, or even a sensible theological position, the pious student easily wonders whether this "new" student is he when he or she needed it. Maybe he or she even wonders why the college doesn't sponsor a revival.

There are more GCs, each with loyal fans and visionaries who quietly, or not so quietly, promote their dreams. We are a carry-over from the new movement of the late 60s, but at least a minimal understanding of dreams is recognized by our ideals and activities.
Former Dean compares changing GC lifestyles

by Carl Kreider

I came to Goshen as a student in 1932 but my mother had been a student here in 1907 and an older brother from 1927-31. I have been a faculty member since 1940. My most significant impression of Goshen College over these years is that of continuity rather than change. Goshen College has always commanded deep respect, for the academic soundness of its program, for friendliness among students and for a deep personal interest in students by faculty. But along with these continuing characteristics there have been many (usually superficial) changes.

The student body was highly homogeneous when I first came. Although a good number were non-Mennonite from Elkhart County most resident students were ethnic Mennonites from the U.S. and Canada. During World War II when the Nisei (second generation Japanese-Americans) were uprooted from their homes on the west coast one came to Goshen and made a highly significant contribution to campus life. After the close of the war foreign students and black students came in increasing numbers. At first the foreign students were largely European whereas later, African and Asian students were dominant. No student by his/her first name. Earned doctorates were still relatively few. Faculty who had them were considered strange. Those who didn't were called "professor".

There were many bikes on the campus, but few students bothered to lock them. This meant that they were occasionally "borrowed." I was ready to ride mine home for lunch one day but didn't find it in the rack. As I was standing there pondering what to do a student who was a major in my department came riding on it. He apologized profusely, he thought it belonged to another student! When students went to chapel or to meals they would leave their brief cases anywhere on campus and could be assured that they would find them unmolested when they returned.

I was a student during the depression, but students were much better dressed then than now. Blue jeans for men and slacks for women were not worn to class or to the library. Shorts were utterly unknown. On the other hand most men students had a wool suit or two (usually with vest) and invariably wore them to church or to public functions. They had a variety of neckties as well — sometimes even wearing them to class, although on those occasions usually, with sweaters rather than suit jackets. Some students (and I hate to admit that I was one of them) had white leather shoes. But in contrast to this affluence in dress, almost no student had a car. There were only three or four on the entire campus when I was a student. I bought my first car at age 27 (long ago, not the car's!) a few weeks before our first child was born. I paid for it with the proceeds of a $250 note which the College business manager co-signed so I could convince the bank to lend me the money. Neither the business manager nor I realized that 24 years later my son would marry his niece.

Fellows and girls had many opportunities for informal association. We studied together in the library (interrupting our reading with frequent conversation) and ate together in the dining hall. But we had many more or less formal "dates" to go for walks to the dam, boating on the river, or to lecture-music programs; if we got serious we went together to church at the College Church on Sunday evening. (If we weren't so serious we went to some other church in Goshen instead!) These dates sometimes led to a formal engagement, and if this became known, resulted in a good-natured shouting in the fountain. But many of us didn't announce our engagement because economic conditions meant that marriage would be postponed. I had three years of graduate study while my fiancée taught in high school. Schools didn't employ married women in those days.

There is some obvious nostalgia in all this but for the most part I'm not advocating a return to the "good old days." But one thing I would like to see revived is a closer student involvement in the work of the church. In the 30's and 40's most students went to church and Sunday school regularly. Many started their Sundays with a 6:30 a.m. meeting in the Christian Workers' Band. By 9:00 they had left the campus to participate in extension Sunday schools in north and east Goshen. The present churches in this part of Goshen (as well as Sunnyside and Locust Grove near Elkhart and Wawaasee Chapel) owe their founding to the work of Goshen College students and faculty.

Buildings echo whispers of the past

by Deb Hostetler

Few of us may stop to listen, but Goshen College is haunted — not by witches, vampires, poltergeists or other ghoulish ghosts, but by the spirits of students past. Let us find a time to wander through the older buildings on campus, and we just might be able to tune in to the laughing, whispering, and murmuring of the early days.

Perhaps a short, guided tour would help. The Administration Building (built 1904), Kulp Hall (1900), Science Hall (1915) and Ofman Hall (1929) are fine places to explore. In the basement of the Ad Building, for instance, we might hear a strange combination of stomping feet, lively conversation, raucous laughter, and thunderous脚步. jars of small chicks gathered from its days as a gymnasium, snack shop, post office, bookstore and library stacks.

The next floor has a more tranquil ambiance and we will most likely hear the faint echoes of subdued library sounds. Assembly Hall is quite another matter, however; it resounds with years of literary societies' programs, Lecture-Music performance, and graduation oratory.

But, on to Kulp Hall. The basement used to be a family-style dining room for all students. Three guys and three girls sat at one table in assigned seats which changed every week. We might hear the rasps of chairs as the men helped seat the women, the murmur of polite conversation, and occasionally sounds less strange to our ears, the cadence of whirring peas and lentils.

To listen in on weightier discussions, we must climb the stairs and hide near the front entrance. First, a request in a falsetto voice to a woman behind protective glass who repeats it dutifully to a microphone (the echo of repeated shrills)! Soon, the tap of light feet on wood (tentative or eager?). Finally, the steps lead off to the left into the famed "Yest's" kitchen. "Okay, I'll have to go to the concert Saturday night!" — "No, I absolutely must work on my research as long as we are in this respect, we must stop eavesdropping and go.

The basement of the Science Building might provide the "cheap" of small chicks gathering in the Agronomy Department. Up one floor, we can hear the slow white of the mechanical chattering as we listen to the clutter of baking pans, reminders of the Home Ec department, or springtime laughter and the clomp-clomp of bare feet above us. If we are in the library, we might move on to the old stacks. If we are in the library, we might move on to the old stacks.

Which brings us to a fitting place to end the tour — at the site of the old gym. We'll have to imagine the sound better because the building, which was built in the late 20's between the Science Building and the railroad tracks, but was torn down in the early 50's. Believe it or not, the gym was funded and built by students: a fine example of the energy and initiative of past Goshen College students. As we listen to the rhythm of hammers on nails and the whirring, clanging, fusing life around us, perhaps we can hear the whispers and echoes of our friendly spirits telling us who they have been and who we are.
Prudence Prufrock skipped the scavenger hunt Monday evening. She didn’t want to miss her chance to have the time of her life. Suddenly, Prudence, who was in a rather strange mental state due to Registration Fatigue, experienced a flashback. She remembered the familiar first trip she and her roommate had made to the cafeteria. For the first time, they had climbed over a stalled train, and her roommate had complained, “Nobody warned me that we’d have to risk our lives just to get to the supper counter!”

When they got there, the line was four miles long. They waited, clutching their purses and patting their hair. Prudence was wearing a blue T-shirt that said GOSHEN COLLEGE in large white letters on the front. The line moved, and eventually they reached the cafeteria doors.

“Go you first,” urged Prudence’s roommate. Prudence stepped through the doors and immediately found herself on a platform in the front of the cafeteria. All eyes were upon her. A voice rang out from somewhere, “Now this nifty little outfit, off-campus fashion,” a woman exclaimed. “It’s time for you by Prudence Prufrock. Notice the fine quality of the T-shirt and the oh-so-fashionable (traditional clothing) cut of your skirt. Prufrock is a nurse.”

Prudence shook herself and returned to a shudder to her purple room and piles of papers. Her sorority had brought her a computer print-out of course listings. She read over it, confused by the faculty. The upperclassmen in the room were always going blithely about referring to JLB, MKO, AI, and SLC as if they were under the impression that SIC was a nursing prof.

At this point, she thought to herself just about asconfusingly as the names of the buildings. There was a seminary building that the students formed to “do” religion. “I’m just a little out of it,” she thought, “as well as two libraries, one of which was used to house the departures’ building.”

Prudence sighed desolately. At least, she reasoned, the T-shirts the faculty and the freshmen made for the first days usually had some confusion. The only trouble was, to see what a person’s title was one had to look around back.

With this thought Prudence was caught up in another flashback. Just yesterday she was introduced to those strange and mysterious Gentlemen in the cafeteria. After she finished explaining that her mother was a psychiatrist and that she had just about as much of a chance of someone she claimed to have met once in Kansas City, she was offered the college. “Oh, once in a while, at any rate,” he had replied before changing the subject.

At that moment she noticed that he had a shirt on which was written, “Goshen College.” Some had been her in a mailbox. Some had been hand-made by the Carmel and sundry lines. All of it had been to “orient” her for those fateful first weeks as a freshman.

Suddenly, Prudence, who was in a rather strange mental state due to Registration Fatigue, experienced a flashback. She remembered the familiar first trip she and her roommate had made to the cafeteria. For the first time, they had climbed over a stalled train, and her roommate had complained, “Nobody warned me that we’d have to risk our lives just to get to the supper counter!”

When they got there, the line was four miles long. They waited, clutching their purses and patting their hair. Prudence was wearing a blue T-shirt that said GOSHEN COLLEGE in large white letters on the front. The line moved, and eventually they reached the cafeteria doors.

“Go you first,” urged Prudence’s roommate. Prudence stepped through the doors and immediately found herself on a platform in the front of the cafeteria. All eyes were upon her. A voice rang out from somewhere, “Now this nifty little outfit, off-campus fashion,” a woman exclaimed. “It’s time for you by Prudence Prufrock. Notice the fine quality of the T-shirt and the oh-so-fashionable (traditional clothing) cut of your skirt. Prufrock is a nurse.”

Prudence shook herself and returned to a shudder to her purple room and piles of papers. Her sorority had brought her a computer print-out of course listings. She read over it, confused by the faculty. The upperclassmen in the room were always going blithely about referring to JLB, MKO, AI, and SLC as if they were under the impression that SIC was a nursing prof.

At this point, she thought to herself just about asconfusingly as the names of the buildings. There was a seminary building that the students formed to “do” religion. “I’m just a little out of it,” she thought, “as well as two libraries, one of which was used to house the departures’ building.”

Prudence sighed desolately. At least, she reasoned, the T-shirts the faculty and the freshmen made for the first days usually had some confusion. The only trouble was, to see what a person’s title was one had to look around back.

With this thought Prudence was caught up in another flashback. Just yesterday she was introduced to those strange and mysterious Gentlemen in the cafeteria. After she finished explaining that her mother was a psychiatrist and that she had just about as much of a chance of someone she claimed to have met once in Kansas City, she was offered the college. “Oh, once in a while, at any rate,” he had replied before changing the subject.

At that moment she noticed that he had a shirt on which was written, “Goshen College.” Some had been her in a mailbox. Some had been hand-made by the Carmel and sundry lines. All of it had been to “orient” her for those fateful first weeks as a freshman.

Suddenly, Prudence, who was in a rather strange mental state due to Registration Fatigue, experienced a flashback. She remembered the familiar first trip she and her roommate had made to the cafeteria. For the first time, they had climbed over a stalled train, and her roommate had complained, “Nobody warned me that we’d have to risk our lives just to get to the supper counter!”

When they got there, the line was four miles long. They waited, clutching their purses and patting their hair. Prudence was wearing a blue T-shirt that said GOSHEN COLLEGE in large white letters on the front. The line moved, and eventually they reached the cafeteria doors.

“Go you first,” urged Prudence’s roommate. Prudence stepped through the doors and immediately found herself on a platform in the front of the cafeteria. All eyes were upon her. A voice rang out from somewhere, “Now this nifty little outfit, off-campus fashion,” a woman exclaimed. “It’s time for you by Prudence Prufrock. Notice the fine quality of the T-shirt and the oh-so-fashionable (traditional clothing) cut of your skirt. Prufrock is a nurse.”

Prudence shook herself and returned to a shudder to her purple room and piles of papers. Her sorority had brought her a computer print-out of course listings. She read over it, confused by the faculty. The upperclassmen in the room were always going blithely about referring to JLB, MKO, AI, and SLC as if they were under the impression that SIC was a nursing prof.

At this point, she thought to herself just about asconfusingly as the names of the buildings. There was a seminary building that the students formed to “do” religion. “I’m just a little out of it,” she thought, “as well as two libraries, one of which was used to house the departures’ building.”

Prudence sighed desolately. At least, she reasoned, the T-shirts the faculty and the freshmen made for the first days usually had some confusion. The only trouble was, to see what a person’s title was one had to look around back.

With this thought Prudence was caught up in another flashback. Just yesterday she was introduced to those strange and mysterious Gentlemen in the cafeteria. After she finished explaining that her mother was a psychiatrist and that she had just about as much of a chance of someone she claimed to have met once in Kansas City, she was offered the college. “Oh, once in a while, at any rate,” he had replied before changing the subject.

At that moment she noticed that he had a shirt on which was written, “Goshen College.” Some had been her in a mailbox. Some had been hand-made by the Carmel and sundry lines. All of it had been to “orient” her for those fateful first weeks as a freshman.

Suddenly, Prudence, who was in a rather strange mental state due to Registration Fatigue, experienced a flashback. She remembered the familiar first trip she and her roommate had made to the cafeteria. For the first time, they had climbed over a stalled train, and her roommate had complained, “Nobody warned me that we’d have to risk our lives just to get to the supper counter!”

When they got there, the line was four miles long. They waited, clutching their purses and patting their hair. Prudence was wearing a blue T-shirt that said GOSHEN COLLEGE in large white letters on the front. The line moved, and eventually they reached the cafeteria doors.

“Go you first,” urged Prudence’s roommate. Prudence stepped through the doors and immediately found herself on a platform in the front of the cafeteria. All eyes were upon her. A voice rang out from somewhere, “Now this nifty little outfit, off-campus fashion,” a woman exclaimed. “It’s time for you by Prudence Prufrock. Notice the fine quality of the T-shirt and the oh-so-fashionable (traditional clothing) cut of your skirt. Prufrock is a nurse.”

Prudence shook herself and returned to a shudder to her purple room and piles of papers. Her sorority had brought her a computer print-out of course listings. She read over it, confused by the faculty. The upperclassmen in the room were always going blithely about referring to JLB, MKO, AI, and SLC as if they were under the impression that SIC was a nursing prof.

At this point, she thought to herself just about asconfusingly as the names of the buildings. There was a seminary building that the students formed to “do” religion. “I’m just a little out of it,” she thought, “as well as two libraries, one of which was used to house the departures’ building.”

Prudence sighed desolately. At least, she reasoned, the T-shirts the faculty and the freshmen made for the first days usually had some confusion. The only trouble was, to see what a person’s title was one had to look around back.

With this thought Prudence was caught up in another flashback. Just yesterday she was introduced to those strange and mysterious Gentlemen in the cafeteria. After she finished explaining that her mother was a psychiatrist and that she had just about as much of a chance of someone she claimed to have met once in Kansas City, she was offered the college. “Oh, once in a while, at any rate,” he had replied before changing the subject.

At that moment she noticed that he had a shirt on which was written, “Goshen College.” Some had been her in a mailbox. Some had been hand-made by the Carmel and sundry lines. All of it had been to “orient” her for those fateful first weeks as a freshman.
City has alternatives to GC cuisine

by Brenda Smith

What should you do when cafeteria food begins to be boring? What do you do when even a Quarter-Pounder doesn't appeal? And where, in Goshen, can you take your parents when they visit or that cute date you asked out for Saturday night?

Goshen offers some eating places that can satisfy the palate without deflating the wallet. When the franchised chains don't fill the bill, other local dining establishments, from the more formal to the casual, can do it.

Peddler's Village, a few miles west of Goshen on U.S. 33, is sure to please both parents and dates. Vegetarians especially should go bananas over the salad bar. Easily a meal in itself, it is the specialty of the house. It includes macaroni, ham and various other salads, fruits and nuts, and, of course, lettuce with confinements and six different dressings. For the meal-eater, buffet dining from 4:00 p.m.-6:00 p.m. Monday-Friday and 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. Saturday, displays six meals, five vegetables, four potatoes, and various soups. Unlimited eating from both the salad bar and buffet costs $4.95.

Goshen also boasts a Pagoda Inn, a half-mile or so east of the Village. This represents a different cuisine and menu. Small statues of Chinese deities, pagoda-like architecture, and Chinese walls add to the atmosphere in this picturesque dining room.

The Plain and Fancy Essenhaus on Main Street downtown features familiar, old-fashioned Mennonite cooking. The Plain and Fancy is just what it says: Mennonite waitresses in plain garb and coverings serve both plain and fancy food from hamburgers to haddock. Prices vary as much as the food does. Plate lunches go for as much as $1.65 to $2.30. The 600-piece of homemade banana cream pie is definitely worth it.

Pennsylvania Dutch and Mennonite cookbooks and postcards from "Amish Country" are on display and for sale. The restaurant is open 7:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m. Monday-Saturday.

Other, more conventional diners in Goshen include the Holiday Inn on U.S. 33 East, New's Restaurant on Lincolnway East, and the Super Steak House on West Pike.

Formal dining aside, what about the times when the sweet tooth starts acting up and the Snack Shop is closed? Olympia Cosmic Kitchen downtown can satisfy the worst cravings for rich chocolate candy. The candy is made in a back kitchen, as it has been for the past fifty years. The old smell of chocolate is almost overpowering at first, and so is the temptation to indulge.

An old-fashioned fountain spouts out equally tempting phosphates and flavored sodas. Other drinks include real fresh squeezed orange juice — you can't even get that in Florida — fresh lemonade and limeade ("when limes are in season") and "Goshen's Famous Sour Cream Drink," a lime drink with a lemon fruit on top.

The sundae is even more unique. The "Goshen College," for example, is made with maple syrup and vanilla ice cream topped with marshmallow syrup. "The Chop Suey" is a creative mixture of strawberries, pineapple, bananas, cashews, and pecans with vanilla ice cream. The "Goshen High School" uses strawberry ice cream.

Even some of the sandwiches are a bit different. Stuffed olive, nut olive and pork olive are hardly conventional, but there are ordinary hamburgers and homemade tater-tots. Breakfast, salads and homemade soup wrap up the menu.

When "Bud" Beller drives representative of potential industries around town, however, "I show them the good with the bad. And I tell them to pitch in and help." But actually, according to Beller, Goshen is fortunate in that what we have is a salt- and-pepper situation. Certain sections in east and northeast Goshen are unixly, but he says, "There is really no one concentrated area. There are 'deprived units,' but they are there by choice.

Perhaps the influx of both factories and factory workers is leveling off. Beller — from his position in the Chamber of Commerce — lists another main problem for the city: "The labor market is used up and we can't expect many new industries unless there are workers.

Goshen's low unemployment rate of one percent, however, means that "there isn't a student that can't find a job if he or she wants to work," as Beller observes. In fact, he proudly tells industry representatives about GC's Study-and-Work (SAW) program, which he helped the college plan.

Of course, permanent residence and workers are not the only people who come to Goshen. Many employers would hire them over poor whites." Beller admits that the possibility of a black next door is "a question you wouldn't get an honest answer on" from most Goshen residents. "But I can take you to a town 120 miles from here where they'd drive a Black right out of town — or worse. That wouldn't happen here." After all, he points out, Goshen's postmaster is black.

Mainly, Goshen is comfortable with its status-quo self. Its residents don't ask for cultural diversity, spirited night-life, or major social problems, all associated with big cities, but an orderliness in which to earn a living and raise a family. Students who come to Goshen call it "cultural service," as the emblem says, will either have to be satisfied with whatever the campus provides or wait for SST.

Settlers, students . . .

Casa service agency. "There's just not enough decent housing, people have stopped calling us for help because they've given up. Even Habitat is full.""Beachy is quick to admit that every problem has two or three sides, but comments, "I don't think industry has taken its share of the responsibility." After all, most of those in need of housing have been lured to the area by the promise of work in a still-growing population of factories.

When "Bud" Beller drives representatives of potential industries around town, however, "I show them the good with the bad. And I tell them to pitch in and help." But actually, according to Beller, Goshen is fortunate in that what we have is a salt- and-pepper situation. Certain sections in east and northeast Goshen are unixly, but he says, "There is really no one concentrated area. There are 'deprived units,' but they are there by choice.

Perhaps the influx of both factories and factory workers is leveling off. Beller — from his position in the Chamber of Commerce — lists another main problem for the city: "The labor market is used up and we can't expect many new industries unless there are workers.

Goshen's low unemployment rate of one percent, however, means that "there isn't a student that can't find a job if he or she wants to work," as Beller observes. In fact, he proudly tells industry representatives about GC's Study-and-Work (SAW) program, which he helped the college plan.

Of course, permanent residence and workers are not the only people who come to Goshen. Many employers would hire them over poor whites." Beller admits that the possibility of a black next door is "a question you wouldn't get an honest answer on" from most Goshen residents. "But I can take you to a town 120 miles from here where they'd drive a Black right out of town — or worse. That wouldn't happen here." After all, he points out, Goshen's postmaster is black.

Mainly, Goshen is comfortable with its status-quo self. Its residents don't ask for cultural diversity, spirited night-life, or major social problems, all associated with big cities, but an orderliness in which to earn a living and raise a family. Students who come to Goshen call it "cultural service," as the emblem says, will either have to be satisfied with whatever the campus provides or wait for SST.
by Gerald W. Schlabach

Goshen, Indiana lies like a piece of raw meat, attracting gas gluttonous "cruisers" from all over Northern Indiana, Southern Michigan and beyond. I heard once that it offers the second best cruising in the U. S. of A. Rich, my comrade, said third, and he was backed by the authority of some hot rod magazine—but he couldn't recall which. The Goshen Chamber of Commerce doesn't advertise the town's real distinction, so I many never settle the question.

In any case, each weekend the bored species' exotic mating dance flashes its species' exotic mating dance flashes its flowers. What's a conscientious citizen to do?

"True children of the sixties, we had no choice..."

We were lost in a sea of steel, asphalt, exhaust and a hundred thousand light bulbs. Engulfed in the continuous roar of stymied horsepower, our minds—like the motors around us—began to idle along unless someone—us or them—did some living.

"Hey, are you gay?" came the question from five clean-cut jocks in red G jackets as we passed their Monte Carlo. 

"No, are you?"

"Yeah!!"

By now we were almost to the last light—where the traffic turns left unto the fast-food grocery-store-used-car drag and each cruiser chooses from a number of turn-around routes. But before we took our turn, the self-assured driver of a dark green Dodge van—who had just taken his comedic, "That's the way to cruise. You save gas."

"Yeah, we're poor," I agreed, not quite believing I might have my first convert. "You can't pick anyone up though."

"If I just had a tape deck..." I replied.

The light changed, we turned left and the traffic suddenly thinned out. Shifting into high gear, we re-discovered clean brisk air as we raced to the parking lot of Judi's—and other's—Drugs. Two motorcyclists...
I Ghandii:

her Scrawl of American Graffiti

followed and then passed us: "27 miles per hour," one yelled, thumb up. "Not bad!"

Maybe we could make it in this world after all, I thought, immediately recognizing my hero. Our bikes were Gandhian tactics of non-violent confrontation. I resolved, not fraternity initiation rites.

The parking lot offered us nothing. In minutes we had pedalled back to the cruising district, a distance greater than all of Main Street.

"There," I pointed. Our friend in the green van hadn't moved more than three lengths. In mock anger he turned on his P.A.: "What do you mean cutting in on me like that!"

We were caught on yellow in the next intersection, but the outside lane was clearer so we ducked over, rode half a block, and braked behind a silver Skylark with four adolescent females — old enough to be interesting, not old enough to be vivacious. Rich pedalled out on their back bumper, and rocked the car.

"Bad brakes," shrugged Rich.

From the other window emerged a head of sandy brown hair that had waited too long to be trimmed. "What do you do if you meet someone?" she asked.

By the time I thought of a come-back, the light changed and she didn't hear my answer: "We follow them." I thought.

We followed them into the inside lane. From beside me came a challenge. "Hey man, you wanna race?" I turned to see a pick-up with peeling light-green paint and a driver with a tourniquet of a head-band around his straggly long hair. His two buddies cheered him on.

"Sure," I cockily replied, "we'll head down the middle and leave you in the dust." My challenger said nothing more, gassed straight ahead and looked vaguely castrated.

As we moved again I noticed a wavy-haired chunky fourteen-year-old in the passenger's seat of his brother's or cousin's or Lucifer's car. Without a squeak of expression he turned, looked at me as he would a telephone pole and turned back. What do you want to be when you grow up?

We eased beside the silver Skylark and the untrimmed sandy brunette. I tried again and this time I tried: "You know what I do when I meet someone?"

"No, what?"

"I pull off my front wheel, put the bike in her trunk and take off... How 'bout it?"

She looked at me, then away, then back, her arm dangling out the window, her lips parted but uncertain.

The K-9 unit of the courageous men-in-blue sat across the street, a white and black El Camino with enclosed pick-up bed to haul their German Shepherds. Only an exposed bicyclist need fear. The policeman at the wheel, a noble example to the boys and girls of America, moved his cigarette and gesturing hand as he addressed us. "Better get off the street if you don't have lights," he yelled across all four lanes — not seeing the battery-powered red and white lamps strapped to our legs.

"We have lights," Rich yelled back.

"You'd better get off the street," replied the cop, as a light of logic.

We continued.

On the other side of the intersection where we'd begun a half hour earlier, we made an uncomplicated U-turn — possible only on our two-wheeled specimen of intermediate technology — and began a second lap.

We soon found ourselves behind a jet-black gauge-laden late-model Corvette, gleaming like Darth Vader's respirator. "I wouldn't put my foot on his bumper," I needlessly warned Rich.

The Vet was the strong silent type, however, aloof and oblivious to the "clowns" behind him. He was cautious not to get caught by a changing light in an intersection — a favorite pretext of the fly-swatthers. We tailed him two blocks, until the mid-district light changed, and he left us feeling very vulnerable at the head of the gregarious lane.

Oblivious for other reasons were the passengers of an on-crawling battered van we met in the next block. I was one more hallucination, and I received only a calm glance as the driver's head slowly rocked to his blaring eight-track rock. Maybe he'd been snorting carbon monoxide.

We weaved faster now, more experienced at changing lanes, and less content to wait for the action to come to us. Without leaving the cruising district at all, we made another U-turn and headed south a second time. It had suggested stopping for pizza along the drag, but where would we stash our bikes and how many enemies had we made?

Like a self-proclaimed princess of a stock car race, a young woman in a white pant-suit gave us the "once over" from her burnt-orange velvet interior. "That's not my style," she declared. She wasn't mine anyway.

The brown vinyl-roofed Mercury Monarch passed again, but that infectious virgin smile was soon a block behind. Fortunately. I was almost ready to curse Gandhi, curse every biking ecology buff anyway.

Rich was fulfilling the minimal citizen's duty of informing the man-in-blue that there had been an accident right behind him.

"Which lane?"

"Yours."

He turned on his flashers and got out. Paying no attention to us, we paid none to him, deciding quickly that it was getting late.

Like the gluttonous Romans who regurgitated to enjoy another course, our gas-gluttonous Americans lunched on.

But we were reassured. The mock protest was not over. A bright red Volkswagen convertible — top down — joined the chain of idling V-8s and other minor monsters of combustion as we pedalled. In our side-walk were five additional cruisers dressed, like Arab sheiks, in white headdress. The driver smoked a Sherlock Holmes pipe. A dog in the back seat wore sunglasses.
New faculty bring fresh ideas

by Carlyle Schlabach

Freshmen, you're not alone. There are fourteen new faculty members this year: excited, uncertain, anxious, or just plain worried. Returning professors or GC graduates find the college changed, the people changed, the curriculum changed. What would Goshen College be without fourteen new faculty members this year:

- A degree in community health at Northern Kentucky University.
- A director at Smith College.
- A graduate of the College of Social Work.
- A new resident advisor in Northampton, Maryland.
- A new resident advisor in Nairobi, Kenya.

Abebe hopes to introduce some new ideas to dorm life at Yoder. Abebe graduated from GC in 1976 and received his master's degree in community health at Northern Kentucky University this year. Abebe is from Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.

Abebe hopes to introduce some new ideas to dorm life at Yoder. The dorm should be "not only a sleeping place," he says, but a "social and educational center." It should benefit all the students, but especially those who have trouble finding involvement elsewhere.

For Anna Bowman, going from personnel director of the large child welfare agency in North America to teaching social work at GC will be a happy change. Bowman has been working at the Children's Aid Society in Toronto since 1968. Often working 15 hour days, Anna hadn't a lot of time for other activities. When she does have spare time, she enjoys traveling, entertaining, and swimming.

Bowman received a bachelor's degree from GC and a master's in social welfare from Smith College School for Social Work in Northampton, Maryland.

Dave and Melinda Hoffecker will share one full time position as Assistant Professor of Music. David received both his bachelor's degree and a master's degree in Music Education from the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York. He also received a master's degree in sacred theology from the Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary in Rochester, New York. He has taught at the Monroe Community College in Rochester, at Gordon College, and at Colegio Nuevo in Granada, Bogota, Colombia.

Melinda Hoffecker is also a graduate of Eastman. She is a concert violist and will teach violin and viola. Melinda specializes in the Suzuki method of string instruction. The Hoffeckers have three children.

"It's a hard set of shoes to fill," says David Hoffecker of his new job as Assistant Professor of Music. David has been moving into John Zook's former position since May, serving first as a student assistant. "The job looked better and better as time went on," he said. Hoffecker finds meeting young people exciting, especially those students whose futures he helps to shape.

Freshmen, you're not alone. There are plenty of people who are worried about the same things you are. There are some things you should know.

Anna Bowman

Zenebe Abebe

Dave Hoffecker

Photo by Doug Smucker

Photo by Doug Smucker

Photo by Doug Smucker

Photo by Doug Smucker

Liz Gunden

Dave Groff

Gropp graduated from GC with a B.A. in Communication this past spring. Groff was an active participant in theater throughout college. College did not leave him with a lot of time for reading, he says, so he hopes to do more of that in his spare time.

Liz Gunden returns to GC this fall to join the nursing staff. After a four year break since her graduation from GC, Gunden says she is excited about being back, is interested in seeing how things have changed and is looking forward to teaching.

Gorden worked as a staff nurse at the Memorial General Hospital in South Bend, Indiana from 1974 to 1977. She later taught psychiatric nursing at Memorial.

Gunden will resume her master's study in Nursing Administration and Medical Surgical Nursing full time next summer. (To be continued next week)

Administrative offices offer help to students

by Christine Wiebe

If you believe that "for every problem, there is a solution," you will be pleased to hear that at GC this is usually true. However, there is a right way and a wrong way to go about finding the solution. To save you time and frustration, this is a guide to the offices and officials at GC.

Suppose the air conditioning in your room breaks down, or the purple room next to you's been assigned to someone who doesn't match your pink curtains. The Physical Plant is the place to go. Paint can be ordered for your room, and general repairs will be done by these friendly individuals. The office is located just east of Coffman across the tracks.

If you're lucky enough to have your parents send you checks, you can cash them at the Cashier, in the basement of the Administration Building. (Ad 13) You can also use your account there for saving and withdrawing money.

If you don't have money coming home, and are eligible for Work Study, you may want to apply for a campus job in Loren Stauffer's office. (Ad 13) Though it's too late for this year, financial aid may be applied for in the Office of Student Finances, where Walter Schmucker presides. (Ad 10) J. R. Shek handles off-campus job opportunities, as well as vocational counseling, such as life-after-college plans. (Ad 14)

Any changes in enrollment should be processed at the Registrar's office, next to the Cashier in the basement of the Ad building. Forms for dropping classes can be picked up there, and when they're signed by your advisor, should be returned. (Ad 96)

The Head Resident of your dorm is a handy person to know. Any aspect of dorm life can be discussed with Head Residents. They do, however, have many responsibilities, so before bothering them, decide whether, having a mouse in your room, is really their concern.

The Dean of the Student Development Division is Norm Kaufman. He may be hard to get hold of to discuss dorm interior decorating, but you can be sure that if you've broken Open House rules five times in two weeks, he'll squeeze you in. (Ad 13)

Liz Gunden returns to GC this fall to join the nursing staff. After a four year break since her graduation from GC, Gunden says she is excited about being back, is interested in seeing how things have changed and is looking forward to teaching.

Gorden worked as a staff nurse at the Memorial General Hospital in South Bend, Indiana from 1974 to 1977. She later taught psychiatric nursing at Memorial.

Gunden will resume her master's study in Nursing Administration and Medical Surgical Nursing full time next summer. (To be continued next week)

Administrative offices offer help to students

by Christine Wiebe

If you believe that "for every problem, there is a solution," you will be pleased to hear that at GC this is usually true. However, there is a right way and a wrong way to go about finding the solution. To save you time and frustration, this is a guide to the offices and officials at GC.

Suppose the air conditioning in your room breaks down, or the purple room next to you's been assigned to someone who doesn't match your pink curtains. The Physical Plant is the place to go. Paint can be ordered for your room, and general repairs will be done by these friendly individuals. The office is located just east of Coffman across the tracks.

If you're lucky enough to have your parents send you checks, you can cash them at the Cashier, in the basement of the Administration Building. (Ad 13) You can also use your account there for saving and withdrawing money.

If you don't have money coming home, and are eligible for Work Study, you may want to apply for a campus job in Loren Stauffer's office. (Ad 13) Though it's too late for this year, financial aid may be applied for in the Office of Student Finances, where Walter Schmucker presides. (Ad 10) J. R. Shek handles off-campus job opportunities, as well as vocational counseling, such as life-after-college plans. (Ad 14)

Any changes in enrollment should be processed at the Registrar's office, next to the Cashier in the basement of the Ad building. Forms for dropping classes can be picked up there, and when they're signed by your advisor, should be returned. (Ad 96)

The Head Resident of your dorm is a handy person to know. Any aspect of dorm life can be discussed with Head Residents. They do, however, have many responsibilities, so before bothering them, decide whether, having a mouse in your room, is really their concern.

The Dean of the Student Development Division is Norm Kaufman. He may be hard to get hold of to discuss dorm interior decorating, but you can be sure that if you've broken Open House rules five times in two weeks, he'll squeeze you in. (Ad 13)

Liz Gunden returns to GC this fall to join the nursing staff. After a four year break since her graduation from GC, Gunden says she is excited about being back, is interested in seeing how things have changed and is looking forward to teaching.

Gorden worked as a staff nurse at the Memorial General Hospital in South Bend, Indiana from 1974 to 1977. She later taught psychiatric nursing at Memorial.

Gunden will resume her master's study in Nursing Administration and Medical Surgical Nursing full time next summer. (To be continued next week)
Umble Center stirs own drama

by Gerald W. Schlabauch

A routine agenda item at the last Board of Overseers meeting on June 3, brought what one member described as the most heated discussion since . . . we had sat on the Board. The item was a report by Business Manager Robert Burkholder of the administration's best estimate of how much extra the John S. Umble Center is costing.

Although the administration had occasionally informed the Board in the past that the Umble Center would surpass earlier cost estimates on certain items, the total significance of mounting costs had apparently not been caught.

"The Board was not staying close enough to the project," says Board Chairman Charles Gautsche of Archbold, "and suddenly being told was a shock. Not many of us are in the business of building housing, but have done construction recently. We've read about the economy, but when you confront the problems yourself it's another matter."

Gautsche says the Board hopes to stay in closer touch next time, but admits that keeping in touch probably wouldn't have changed many of the Board's decisions regarding the Umble Center. "There were lots of factors that made it almost impossible to stay within budget. No one person was at fault."

"The only thing that caught us," says President J. Lawrence Burkholder, "is inflation and the fact that you can never think of everything. It's a very complicated building."

Every delay, in a period of six to ten percent inflation per person means higher prices for materials than were originally planned. Delays have resulted when materials didn't arrive soon enough, when blueprints proved unexpectedly complicated and when the administration has waited for funds before beginning construction.

"If we've had a problem," says Burkholder ironically, "it has been because we've been too conservative. We've waited to build until we have the money and have had to stretch out the construction." Following the policy of the Mennohite Board of Education, GC tries not to invest in new facilities until all funds have been committed.

Changing plans in midstream has also raised the cost of the Umble Center. In fact, "the term 'cost overrun' doesn't mean anything to me," says Burkholder. "There are always many changes in plans. Estimated costs are often revised."

Once these changes were agreed to, Board members agreed that they were justified. For example, since the building plans were originally drawn up, the need for energy conservation has become more acute. Additional material costs have therefore come from heavier insulation especially under the roof, and double glazed glass.

Not all Board members were so sure that the switch to a more expensive brick -- a decision made by the President -- was equally justified. But "the last place to try to save money is on bricks," says Burkholder.

Pointing to repairs that have had to be made on Coffman and Science halls over the years, Burkholder says the higher quality brick was chosen "partly for aesthetic reasons, yes, but this is a building that should last 200 years. What you don't pay in construction you'll pay in upkeep."

Gautsche agrees that long-term considerations should override short term ones. "At this point, the building seems expensive, but in ten years we'll be glad we've done these things."

Gautsche gives high marks to Administration for raising the additional funds. "It's a credit to President Burkholder's relationship with the community," he adds.

But the job of raising the necessary money is still not complete. Daniel Kaufman, Director of College Relations says, "I think it will be hard to raise. Nothing is harder than raising funds for money that has already been spent."

Burkholder is optimistic, however, and expects almost all additional funds to be raised in the next couple months. "I hope that by the next Board meeting the term 'cost overrun' will be eliminated."

Accreditation attracts students

by Duane Stoltzfus

The social work education program has received accreditation from the Council on Social Work Education for the maximum possible period of five years.

The Council, a national accrediting body for all U. S. social work programs, both graduate and undergraduate, announced the accreditation in June.

Although Goshen College received accreditation in 1941, David Stahl, Director of Social Work, supplied several reasons why individual program accreditation is desirable: 1) it provides professional integrity in preparing students for the social work field, 2) it improves employability of graduates, 3) links the program with the national scene and requires a continual self-study of the program.

"Accreditation frees the department to get away from what we're about and to focus on how to implement what we're about -- to think creatively about further enrichment of the program," said Harley.

The accreditation, be it added, has increased the number of students transferring into Goshen's social work program.

news

Pizza inn

Welcome To Goshen
$2.00 off on Giant
$1.00 off on Large
With this coupon
Good Through Sept. 25

Chic ago-Pike Plaza
West Pike St.
Goshen

Carryout available
Phone 533-9524

MENNO TRAVEL
Welcomes
ALL COLLEGE STUDENTS
You Are Invited
To See Us For Any
Of Your Travel Plans
Both Domestic And
International
Over 20 Years Experience Serving
The College Community
533-3136
310 South Main, Goshen
TRAVEL HINT: Come In And Book Early To Get The Lowest Travel Fares

$4.50 value for $3.75

Maple Leaf Coffee Club
Free roll on 1st purchase
Southern cup of coffee FREE

Fifteen cups: $3.50 (plus tax)
at the Snack Shop
Donation aids construction of Newcomer Center

by Suzanne Gross

What has lately been called the "old seminary building" will soon be called the Newcomer Center, thanks to a large donation to Goshen College by Franklin and Maxine Newcomer of LaGrange, Indiana.

Renovation began this summer with a donation of $79,000 received the preceding fall from the Newcomers, at that time the Newcomers had asked that their name be withheld. College Relations continued to discuss with them the long-range project of complete renovation, however, and in July, the Newcomers agreed to fund the entire project. The Center for Discipleship, headed by C. Norman Kraus, became unusually busy for office and national offices of Digital Equipment Corporation will assist in other areas of the college's newly-acquired computer. The Newcomer Center will be occupied by members of the history and business departments now housed on the third floor of the library. According to Librarian James Clemens, space for books and magazines is badly needed.

Improved classrooms will help a number of departments. Also, the continuing education "evening" classes will have a single place to meet, which is helpful to non-campus students taking only one course. The Newcomers are the founders and former owners of FAN Coach Inc., a recreational vehicle company in Lagrange, Nappanee and Wakarusa. They recently sold their company and decided to share their profits with GC.

"Since God has blessed us financially," said Mr. Newcomer, "we feel we would like to leave something that will be of benefit to future generations. We feel the Center for Discipleship offers us an opportunity to be part of the ongoing work of the Lord in the areas in which we have an interest."

Certainly the center will be used and appreciated by many. About the generous addition President J. Lawrence Burkholder commented that "at a time when education is seen increasingly as a life-long learning opportunity, the Newcomer gift will enable Goshen College to expand its services in a dramatic way. Increasingly, Goshen will be seen as a learning center for the churches and community and not simply as a traditional four-year liberal arts college."

Malfunction of new computer adds to registration difficulties

by Rick Buckwalter

Fall registration, a notoriously hectic period for the administration and students alike, became unusually busy for office personnel and faculty as the college's newly-acquired computer malfunctioned two weeks before registration.

Repairmen from area, regional and national offices of Digital Equipment Corp. examined the computer for two weeks before locating the problem in the machine's disk drive this Monday.

Before its malfunction, the computer was being programmed with information from several administrative offices such as financial aid, registrar and admissions in an effort to alleviate the filing of data and vast amount of paperwork. During registration, scheduling and scheduling changes would be handled by computer rather than by hand.

A week before the computer broke down, Phyllis Stuckey (responsible for the day-to-day operation of the computer) and Bill Miller, (in charge of the instructional materials center) met with representatives from each office to discuss various options in the event of a computer malfunction. When the computer failed a week later, each office switched to their alternate procedures.

The PDP 1170 computer, built by Digital Equipment Corporation will assist in other areas at the administrative level. It will keep records of alumni giving and sorting of other college related information and statistics to be made available for surveys, churches and other organizations.

In addition to its administrative responsibilities, the computer will be used by the instructional materials center. The computer will sort instructional material and be used for teaching purposes. Students will work with it to learn business uses of computers. However, due to the delay in programming caused by the malfunctioning of the computer, it will not be made available to the instructional materials center or the students until the winter trimester.

Two committees representing the administration and the instructional materials center have been studying the need for a computer for several years. In past years, an outside computer service did work for the registrar's office but refused their services this year. Their refusal, compounded by the inadequacy of the instructional materials center's mini-computer prompted the committee to recommend the purchase of the $150,000 computer to the board of overseers.
**Hopeful coaches give fall sports outlook**

by Mark Gibbel

While most students were still having registration headaches and thinking about getting moved in, the sports program was well underway. The tennis team has already completed two matches and other athletes have been stretching, bending, running and lifting in preparation for the upcoming season.

Coach Harold Yoder, whose tennis squad finished third in the Mid Central Conference last year, has six men returning to the team. This year, the players are expecting to finish first Tri State, however, will offer some tough competition from within the conference. Hillsdale, Spring Arbor and Manchester will be tough opponents from outside the conference. The season will be highlighted by the NAIA District 21 tournament which this year, will be held at Goshen.

On the other side of the net, the women's tennis team is looking forward to a home opener against Manchester on Sept. 16. Coach Ruth Gunden said that she anticipates a good season. She notes the absence of "one or two outstanding players," but claims to be "even with the other colleges at the remaining positions."

Last fall the soccer team captivated student interest as they battled their way through tournament play to make it to the NAIA finals in Alabama. Unfortunately, a lot of last year's talent is gone. Seven senior starters and three underclassmen who saw extensive action will not be back.

This may sound grim, but Coach Dwain Hartlzer sees many bright spots. The two leading scorers, Paul Sawatsky and Jay Moyer, are back along with goalie Daryl GroCC. Last year's Junior Varsity, plus five Hesston transfers and 15 freshmen should fill out the team. "Hartz" stated that because last year's team was so talented, the players and coaches tended to be "complacent." This year, due to so many wide open positions, this year's team seems more determined and hard-working. The consensus among the players is that they are in better shape than last year and are looking forward to another fine season.

Field Hockey at Goshen College faces one drawback: it's season — along with the volleyball's — are both condensed to make two separate sport seasons in the fall. Hockey starts Sept. 20 and concludes in time for the Oct. 16 volleyball opener.

Sue Roth, who coaches both teams states, "This permits women to play both sports." Despite the complications of a short season, Roth is "looking forward to an exciting season," knowing she will be "pleased with her team's performance."

The addition of Tri State to the Cross Country schedule will make it hard to improve on last years 6-1 dual meet record. Due to students' outside jobs and academic workloads, Coach John Ingold is not sure who will be out for the team this year, but he is still looking for a satisfactory year and running against good competition. All Cross Country home matches will be at Shanklin Park, excluding the Tri State meet which will be held at Ox Bow Park.
Netters defend home court

The GC tennis team opened up the season with a bang as they rolled over visiting Defiance 8-1. Winning singles in such a considerably sturdy, can be washed and rear ranged endlessly and carries a built- in guarantee to renew itself again and again.

Whether you want to believe it or not, short hair is coming back. Granted, it is not to the point of crewcuts but it coming back, but there has been a definite upward trend, to be kind of thick, shiny, and manageable hair everyone wants.

Alumni team opens season

"The strongest alumni team we have ever had." That is how Dwain Hartlter describes the Leaps opponents for the season opener on Saturday at 2 P.M. Playing for the Alumni will be Goshens only NAIA All-American, Alex Irvine, and many of last year's standouts including John Sawatsky and Cal Esch. And of course, there will be plenty of Zehrs: Wayne, Marvin, Henry and Cliff for the Alumni and John for the varsity.

Playing goalie can be a lonely position, but Daryl Graef practices blocking the ball as Paul Sawatsky tries to get it past him.

**WELCOME COLLEGE STUDENTS**

Miller's Barber
And
Styling Shop

408 South 8th Street

For Appointment Call 533-6880

Village Washing Well
Complete Laundry Facilities
Let Us Do Your Laundry
&Dandy Lil' Store
Groceries – Sandwiches – Ice Cream
Snack Area
10th And Jackson Streets/Goshen

SEPTEMBER SPECIAL!

Mondays Thru Fridays

3-Hour Contacts (Only $3.00) per cance
Old Father Canoe Center Goshen, Indiana
(located on Indiana Route 119, West of Shanklin Park, on the scenic Elkhart River)

Hair

Using these basic stylings, plus a few variations from one of our stylists, the staff at the Mug & Brush can offer services. Tired of leaving your salon looking like the person who left just before you, looking like you have just been "stamped out of a mold!! Try us:"

Our clients, both men and women, are demanding more professional styling. Our answer to this is simply to know the facts about each person, such as hair density, amount of curl, the direction hair grows on the head, neck length and size, and body height and size. Our stylists have the ability to cut hair with precision, but it is the thought process behind this ability that enables them to become sculptors of hair. To use this thought process to control length, width and length to control the weight factor by using blending techniques such as differenze!!

The members of The Mug & Brush staff are accomplished sculptors and technicians. We are a new breed of hair cutters proven by the ability we possess and we move in tight circles...

Phone (533-9144) for your next appointment.

135 S. MAIN
GOSHEN, INDIANA 46526

The Mug & Brush