

# the goshen college record

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inside . . .

Special

Orientation Issue

## 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 protoplast 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 combination is just fine. The first white settlers came nearly a century and a half ago to carve out 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 plant and opportunities for small business. A few settlers 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 20-year-old community of 780 had been isolated and economically independent. In the decade prior to the Civil War, however, its population jumped to more than 2000. 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.

GC was certainly not removed from the life of the city, however. Modern Mennonites debating the efficacy of political involvement may be surprised to learn that, according to a Goshen News bicentennial series, the President of GC took up a collection at a 1911 rally to protect the city's two-year-old prohibition law. Evangelist Billy Sunday was the featured speaker against the evils of liquor. Those favoring a "dry" Goshen narrowly lost. (Of course, the political activities of college and community have not always matched so neatly, as GC alumni of the Vietnam era will recall.)

But Mennonites in the Goshen area have influenced the city in other ways. "The city of Goshen," Mayor Steven Chisick told Record reporter Mike Hennen last year, "would not be what it is today without the college," GC has given the city a cultural dimension and a drawing-card for business and industry considering the area, he said. It has pumped money into the local economy.

Clarence "Bud" Beller of the Goshen Chamber of Commerce also sees the Amish and Mennonite background of many residents reflected in the well-maintained, attractive and clean appearance of the community. Mennonites and Amish are "competitive" in the upkeep of the properties, he notes.

Of course, the foresight of the 19th century city planners also influenced the physical characteristics of "the Maple City." In 1847, a committee was formed to survey, mark locations and raise money for shade trees throughout the city. Fifty years later, in 1897, the city passed an ordinance requiring trees on every piece of property in new sub-divisions. Later, as the nation struggled out of the Depression, Goshen won a national award as a model city in the use of federal funds for civic improvements.

But Goshen has un-attractive sections too, which a GC student will not encounter until he or she turns off the trail between campus and shopping district. As students seeking off-campus residence may discover, the city's biggest problem these days is housing. The issue is not unrelated to Goshen's economic prosperity.

"Right now 150 to 200 families in the area are shacking-up together," says Moses Beachey, director of the Man-to-Man-La cont. on page 5



photo by Gerald Schlabach

As a welcome to freshman and transfer students along with their parents, a special outdoor convocation was held last Saturday afternoon.

# Variety of ideals enrich 'campus salad'

Of every new year it may be said: "In the beginning, 1200 persons remade GC in their own images."

We all bring expectations. Some are based on past experience at GC. Some are based on hear-say. And some are based on ideals: Each of us has an ideal GC tucked into our mind — the GC that "ought to be"; the GC where everyone acknowledges one's program, or major, or favorite issue, or recreation, or religious experience to be the most important one around.

But because we bring so many ideal GCs to the campus salad — sometimes known as "community" — we'll all be disappointed. For variety may be the spice of life, but the fine print on the label says that no one dream-for-GC can win out. Consider some examples:

There is the "good time" GC. We probably all came to campus influenced by the image of college as the best place around for meeting new friends, having heavy discussions about trivia, playing cards till 3 a.m., dating, and raising a little hell. Some of us keep the good times our top priority longer than others do. Meanwhile, we're tempted to wonder why the "others" are so humorless, and to decry GC's stifling social scene.

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

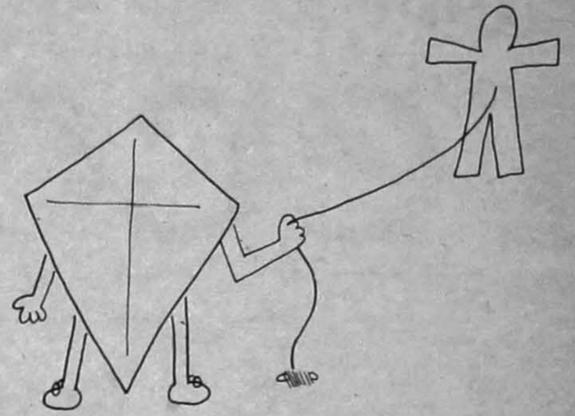
There is the activist, issues-oriented GC. The student body was more easily mobilized for action in the 60s, but nuclear madness and world hunger continue to demand our attention. Whether a student has been confronted with the biblical demand for justice, or whether he or she stares into the face of contemporary despair, it can be difficult to understand why more fellow-students do not at least attend the appropriate seminars to discuss world problems — to say nothing of petitions and demonstrations.

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 renewal movement, or even a sensible theological position, the pious student easily wonders where this "Church-related" college was when he or she needed it. Maybe he or she even wonders why the college doesn't sponsor a revival.

There are probably more GCs, each with loyal fans and visionaries who quietly, or not so quietly, promote them. But these four should be enough to illustrate the problem — and the painful joys — ahead.

The problem is that, if we care at all where GC is headed, we'll sometimes be frustrated with one another. We may even wonder whether GC is headed anywhere in particular.

American society has always been a smorgasbord and the creed behind the exhortation to "do your own thing" remains as fixed as ever. Furthermore, the Church most of us find ourselves somehow related to has, in the last century, become no exception. Obviously we reflect our environment and should not be surprised that GC is more diverse, more pluralistic, than ever before.



How then to find our way through the coming year?

The last thing we want to do is work to discover some lowest common denominator. No one will grow if we all hold hands, sing "They'll Know We are Christians By Our Love", (or an atheist's equivalent like John Lennon's "Imagine") and pretend we're automatically a "community."

Nor would we discourage anyone from expressing his or her ideal and working to build it. God knows, editors are the least likely to refrain once they've finally found their soapboxes!

What we must do is listen.

Big deal? Just a well-meaning proverb?

Listening is not merely a courtesy. It is in each person's and each faction's self-interest. It is the often-overlooked skill needed to promote whatever ideal we have to promote, simply because there is little hope for communication unless we learn the languages of one another's dreams, and aspirations.

For when we finally emerge from the microcosm which is GC, we will have only begun to use the skill we never even considered when we first applied for admission — the skill of listening.

GWS

## Menonite move to urban setting viewed apprehensively

by Rick Kulp

Editor's note: "Ear to the Rail" is an opportunity for three rotating columnists to look out from the campus at issues which influence us.

Rick Kulp is a married student who returned to college last year after seven years. In the meantime he has organized public housing tenants under Voluntary Service, and spent five years as a labor organizer for the United Farm Workers Union. He is majoring in Economics.

Extra! Extra! Read all about it, Menno Simons moves to the city. Read all about it!

The newspaper girl hawking her wares on the street corner was only part of a long, laborious dream I had the other night. I'm not a great interpreter of the meaning of dreams, but at least a minimal interpretation is that the dream's genesis was a carry-over from the new movement afoot in the Mennonite Church for a concerted effort in urban areas.

This deliberation, of course is nothing new. Regular readers of the Gospel Herald and participants in Assembly '77 are well aware of this new direction in policy. The time schedule for church-wide par-

ticipation in an urban effort has indeed been set, put into operation through the official church organs, and resources spent.

We Mennonites have been told that we are no longer a children of the wilderness. We have come of age. No longer can our mistakes or missed cues be explained or defended by our innocence.

As a grown-up child of the 60's, I should feel exhilarated with our loss of innocence. Admittedly, I have longed for this break and have, at times, tried to engineer the pricking of this balloon of innocence. The movement afoot to move Menno Simons into the cities is long overdue.

What bothers me however, is my lack of exhilaration. In fact, I feel no sense of exhilaration, but one of apprehension. An internal alarm that has become fine tuned after many years of labor organizing has been flashing its message of caution. It leaves me with a sense of foreboding, like ill winds blown up before a storm. Such signs are noticeable only if we're sensitive to an impending change in direction.

## '78 Maple Leaf praised

by Shari Miller

When it comes to a yearbook, everyone's a critic. Perhaps this is because a yearbook attempts to capture memories — it has the responsibility of holding the past for the future.

Though the new Maple Leaf '78, distributed this week in registration line, has some weak points, it has certainly succeeded in capturing the flavor of GC life last year.

Possibly the Maple Leaf's chief flaw is in its number of blurred photos, especially evident in the "Seniors" and "Groups, Organizations, Sports" sections. According to student Sean Coggan, a photographer for the Maple Leaf, the "end of the tri rush" last spring constituted the major reason for the blurring and lack of clear detail. Dust spots are also evident on several of the pictures, and these, too, are a result of hurrying in the darkroom.

The lifeless poses in the "Groups, Organizations, Sports" pages are another weak area. Instead of the Maple Leaf ending with a cheer, it fades out in a whimper. The photos on these pages are of the "stand-in-line-look-at-the-camera"

variety. Granted, these give more students the chance to have their picture in the yearbook, yet action photos are much more interesting; they capture more than faces — namely, emotion.

Redeeming the annual is the section of colored photos on the first seven pages. These shots let students view seemingly common aspects of the campus through awakened eyes. Some of the photos are a little too dark, however, and according to Coggan, this was caused in the printer's process of reproducing the originals.

Another favorable aspect of the Maple Leaf is the black and white section which covers academic departments and topics ranging from the "Blizzard of '78" to the "Bach Festival." The photos on these pages represent a wide cross-section of students, and the accompanying written descriptions (unlike a typical yearbook's) are well-written and informative.

Moreover, Editor Sally Weaver and her staff have given this year's Maple Leaf a feeling of organization — it's more than a "bagful" of memories. With its clear labels and divisions of faculty, senior and undergraduate pictures, it's possible to find the memory you want refreshed — without skimming the entire book.

## ear to the rail



The problem is that the designation of the church-wide movement into urban affairs has been determined at the top. The new reorganization of the church a few years back has created a bureaucracy that quickly gathers all the position papers it needs from the ever growing and evolving new class of Mennonite intellectual elite.

The bureaucracy can dispense this knowledge with amazing ease through its efficient communication channels. The newly created bureaucracy can quickly act out the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount without any cost.

The policy decision by the General Assembly for a church-wide movement to put Menno Simons in the city may fail on the grounds that we as Mennonites have not taken into account the change in social fabric. Nor have Mennonites considered

the still-pending economic and political realignment that this policy itself creates.

The call from the top, at best, is an exhortation of moral admonition. It has been made with more freedom and at a lower cost than the final destination of this policy — John Doe and family sitting at a local congregational church pew.

In conclusion, I personally don't feel the body heat that must be generated at a local level outside a few sincere individuals who are willing to pull up stakes and move. I don't feel the commitment at the local level, (or at least nothing that is in tune with the likeness of a George Brunk crusade in the earlier days of my youth.) I hope the movement afoot will survive and succeed. It must. But taking aim from long distance may have already sounded the death toll for the new direction in policy.

## the goshen college record

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# 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 (mostly superficial) changes.

The student body was highly homogeneous when I first came. Although a good number were non-Mennonites 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 would call a faculty member by his-her first name. Earned doctorates were still relatively few. Faculty who had them were called "doctor". 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 that 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 men (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 (my age, 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.



courtesy of Mennonite Historical Library

The Snack Shop in the early 40's may have been smaller, but it seems to have been a more popular place to go. At least Mary Oyer, GC Professor of Music (right), enjoyed frequenting it with friends.

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 dunking 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 30s and 40s most students went to church and Sunday school regularly. Many started their Sundays with a 6:30 a.m. meeting of 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 Wawasee 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, clattering and murmuring of the early days.

Perhaps a short, guided tour would help. The Administration Building (built 1904), Kulp Hall (1906), Science Hall (1915) and Coffman 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 the rustle of hundreds of pages of books, gathered from its days as a gymnasium, snack shop, post office, bookstore and library stacks.

The next floor has a more tranquil history, and we will most likely only hear echoes of subdued library sounds. Assembly Hall is quite another matter, however; it resounds with years of literary societies' programs, Lecture-Music performances, 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 rasp 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 whizzing peas and teabags.

To listen in on weightier discussions, we must climb the stairs and hide near the front entrance. First, a request in a husky male voice to a woman behind protective glass who repeats it dutifully to a

microphone (the echo of repeated shrieks!) Soon, the tap of light feet on wood (hesitant or eager?). Finally, the steps lead off to the left into the famed "Yes-No Room" ("Yes, I'd love to go to the concert Saturday night!" — "No, I absolutely must work on my research paper!") where, out of decency and respect, we must stop eavesdropping and move on.

The basement of the Science Building might provide the "cheep" of small chicks to remind us of the old Agriculture Department. Up one floor, we can hear the slow whir of sewing machines and the clatter of baking pans, reminders of the Home Ec department, or springtime laughter and the rustle of elegant dresses left by the annual "soirees."

On the top floor, the fizz and bubble of test tubes commonplace. However if we return on Halloween night (three minutes past midnight is best), we might be lucky enough to catch the clop-clop of a cow's hooves as a troupe of harried young men try to coax it up the stairs.

And then, of course, there is Coffman Hall. If we station ourselves in the basement and try to tune in to the Depression years, we should be able to catch the buzz of machines in the shirt factory where students worked to help pay their bills. In the background, there is the intermittent splash and splatter of showers which served Coffman residents and sweaty athletes after work-outs in the old gymnasium.

Which brings us to a fitting place to end the tour — at the site of the old gym. We'll have to imagine sight as well as sound 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, fizzing 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.



courtesy of Mennonite Historical Library

Goshen College campus, soon after WWII. The barn on the far right was built by students and used as a gym.

# GC orientation devastates Prudence

by Judy Weaver

Prudence Froshface skipped the scavenger hunt Monday evening. She didn't want to, and she hoped nobody missed her too much, but she'd been kept so busy she just had to have the time to organize a few things. She went to her room, which had been painted dark purple by some utterly tasteless previous occupant. In the middle of the floor was a three-story stack of papers, cards, letters, forms and red tape.

Prudence sat down in the middle of it and began to sort. Some of it had been sent to her before she came to GC. Some had been in her mailbox. Some had been handed to her in various and sundry lines. All of it had been meant 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 fateful first trip she and her roommate had made to the cafeteria. On the way, they had clambored over a stalled train, and her roommate had complained, "Nobody warned me that we'd have to risk our lives daily crossing train tracks and major highways just to get to the cafeteria!"

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.

"You go 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, the latest in campus fashions, is modeled for you by Prudence Froshface. Notice the fine quality of the T-shirt and the oh-so-functional (if traditional) cuts of the jeans..."

Prudence shook herself and returned with a shudder to her purple room and piles of papers. Her sorting had brought her to a computer print-out of course-listings. She read over it, confused by the faculty initials. The upper-classmen on her floor were always going blithely about referring to JLB, MKO, A2, and SLC (Prudence was under the impression that SIC was a nursing prof).

The initials were, she thought to herself, just about as confusing as the names of the buildings. There was a seminary building that had nothing to do with seminaries, as well as two libraries, one of which was really the Art department's building.

Prudence sighed desolately. At least, she reasoned, the T-shirts the faculty and staff wore for the first few days had saved some confusion. The only trouble was, to see what a person's title was one had to

sneak around back.

With this thought Prudence was caught up in another flashback. Just yesterday she had been chatting with a friendly older gentleman in the cafeteria. After she finished explaining that her mother was a fourth cousin through the Metzlers to someone he claimed to have met once in Timbuktu, she asked him if he worked for the college. "Oh, once in a while, at any rate," he had replied before changing the subject.

At that moment she had noticed that he was wearing one of those name-and-rank T-shirts, and she'd carefully read the name in front in case she would want to remember later who he was. "J. Lawrence Burkholder," it had said. Prudence had shrugged, and wondered if he was anyone important.

Shaking herself once again, Prudence returned to reality. "I'm just a little out of it because things have been so hectic," she reassured herself. "After tomorrow, classes will start and things will calm down. Then I'll have plenty of time to figure this place out." With that, Prudence Froshface fell into a fitful sleep in the middle of the floor of her purple room.

## what's happening

Ceramics by Lorene Nickel and Joseph Detwiler will open the 1978-79 college gallery series Sunday, Sept. 10.

The artists will be present at a public tea in the Art Gallery from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Both Nickel and Detwiler have attended Goshen College. Nickel studied from 1968-69 and 1970-72 and Detwiler, from 1970-72.

"Fifties" is the word tonight as the faculty, caught in the wave of fifties nostalgia that is sweeping the country, presents a spoof of the decade at 7 p.m. in the Union. The program includes a tribute to Elvis Presley and a review of "crazy" happenings in the fifties, said Marion Wenger, professor of German.

George Burns teams with John Denver in "Oh, God!", a fanciful adventure in humour and humanity, to be shown in the Union tonight at 8:00 p.m. It tells of God coming down to Earth in the form of old George Burns. The person he picks to help him straighten out mankind is the assistant manager of a supermarket — John Denver.

After the movie, the Snack Shop will be selling cherry shakes for ten cents a shake.

Quilts, foods and handicrafts made by Amish and Mennonite volunteers will be sold at the Eleventh Annual Michiana Mennonite Relief Sale on Saturday, Sept. 23, from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m.

All money raised by the sale, held at the Elkhart County Fairgrounds, will be contributed to the world-wide relief efforts of the Mennonite Central Committee based in Akron, PA.

A request has come again this year for persons who can work two hour shifts or longer beginning Friday evening from 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. and Saturday from 6:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Sign up sheets will be posted in the north hall of the Union Building. Please sign up no later than September 19. Much help is needed.

## HOW TO DISTINGUISH A GOSHEN COLLEGE SENIOR FROM A FRESHMAN...

FR: ATTENDS CHAPEL REGULARLY.

SR: ATTENDS REGULARLY (ONCE A TRIMESTER).

FR: OFFERS SALUTATIONS WHEN PASSING ON SIDEWALK.

SR: CUTS ACROSS GRASS TO AVOID FRESHMEN WHO OFFER SALUTATIONS WHEN PASSING ON SIDEWALK.

FR: LOOKING FORWARD TO FIRST DATE.

SR: LOOKING FORWARD TO SECOND DATE.

FR: ACTUALLY THINKS THAT THE LIBRARY IS FOR STUDYING.

FR: WRITES HOME WITH NEWS.

SR: WRITES HOME FOR MONEY.

FR: COMPLIMENTS CAFETERIA CHEF ON QUALITY OF FOOD.

SR: COMPLIMENTS CHEF ON MAKING IT THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK WITHOUT A MALPRACTICE SUIT.

FR: WONDERS WHERE THE EXCITEMENT IN GOSHEN IS.

SR: WONDERS WHERE THE EXCITEMENT IN GOSHEN IS.

FR: READS OPINION BOARD 3 TIMES A DAY.

SR: READS JOB NOTICES 3 TIMES A DAY.



graphic by Joel Kauffman

## Dear Mary Menno,

Editor's note: Because we know that new students have a lot of questions about the school, student life, etc., we have asked the campus expert, Mary Menno, to answer a few of the most asked questions, and to give a few insights on Goshen College to make the adjustment a little easier. (Her opinion is not necessarily that of the Record.)

DEAR MARY:

This may sound stupid, but this is my first time away from home and I'm really homesick. I'm worried this may interfere with my studies. What do you suggest? — Crying Every Night

DEAR LEAKY EYES:

I think what you need is to become more involved. A good place to start would be to join one of GC's many fine clubs. If you're of the Jewish persuasion, you'd probably enjoy the Young Rabbi's group. One of their many projects is supplying the cafeteria and snack shop with bagels.

For the true Russian, there's a Babushka dance club. They've performed at such dignified gatherings as High Park 4th floor meetings and selected sessions of the Bulls and Bears Investment Club.

Of particular interest might be the Green Student Union. They have Seniors come in as guest speakers to teach freshmen how to make it in the college jungle. — MM

DEAR MARY:

I came to GC because of the outstanding Physical Therapy program, but I am not a Mennonite. Tell me, is there any hope of my fitting into the student body, or will I be looked down upon for not being a true-blue Menno? — P. Umbrinsky

DEAR P.U.:

Of course you won't be looked down upon! GC is an equal-opportunity institution. As long as you follow the Unofficial Non-Mennonite Standards for Our Life Apart, you can be sure that you will be fully accepted. I'll include an excerpt for you.

8. Non-Mennos must eat in the back of the cafeteria.

9. Non-Mennos must not date Mennos.

10. Non-Mennos may not spread their anti-doctrine, lest it infect any Menno students.

Copies of these guidelines may be picked up in the College Relations Office. — MM

DEAR MARY:

I've found that a simple roll of toilet tissue is a handy do-it-all in the dorm room. I use it for Kleenex, and for dusting my desk and dresser. For the student without curtains, here's a nifty trick: tear off lengths matching that of your window and tape sides together. Hang by taping to top of window. With the aid of a few marking pens, you can really liven up the room! — A Helpful Sophomore

DEAR HELPFUL:

You saved the day with that tip! Here's another: if you find it hard to get off campus to a store, toilet tissue can be purchased cheaply from your cleaning lady, but take caution not to disturb her when she's watching her favorite soaps. Happy Decorating! — MM

DEAR MARY:

I don't know the GC campus too well and was wondering if you could point out a few of the hot spots. — Looking for a Groovy Time

DEAR SWINGER:

I know just the places you mean. I should begin by pointing out the Queue (pronounced kwoo-yoo) Room, located between Kratz and Miller dorms. Many an evening you will find the room filled with students chatting, playing pool, foosball, etc. or chowing on popcorn. Yes, this must be called the hot spot of GC. For a more casual atmosphere, you can visit the Snack Shop. This place is always buzzing, too. But I'm sure all GC'ers will agree that the best times are to be had on your own floor at floor meetings. Here students can get into heavy rap sessions as well as just plain FUN. Ask your R.A. when your next one is scheduled. Other than that, it might not be a bad idea to brush up on your volleyball. — MM

DEAR MARY:

I received a whole pack of IBM-type cards with my name on them in the mail. I'm not sure what they're for and they look rather important. Can you clue me in? — Left in the Dark

DEAR CONFUSED:

I'm sure other freshmen have been wondering the same thing, so don't feel bad. Those cards are your personalized computer dating cards. Student Development devised this system just this year and here's how it works: when you meet someone of the opposite sex who interests you, hand him/her one of your cards. That person then enters the card in the new (broken) computer, and GC will set up a date for the two of you (perhaps by the time you graduate). It's been predicted that the old system of dating will become obsolete within a few years, in which case GC will be far ahead of the times. — MM

CONFIDENTIAL TO SELF-CONSCIOUS IN THE CAFETERIA:

You've got it all wrong, honey. It's true there used to be a problem of guys at GC judging freshmen women on their looks, but it's been eliminated this year due to a new course offering: Mind Over Matter 101. GC males requested this course in an attempt to stamp out superficiality. The guys are just trying out the new techniques they've learned; to look beyond physical appearances in search of true inner beauty. So ladies, relax and let your mind shine through. Of course, if you're worried about what they'll find, you might try a long, wavy, blonde hairstyle.

DEAR MARY:

I'm a freshman and I feel totally abused, mistreated and generally stomped into the ground by upperclassmen. I'm terribly frustrated and don't know what to do about it! Please help!! — Seymour

DEAR SEYMOUR:

(no wonder you have trouble!) Try this exercise: lean out of your window and yell "I'm a freshman and I'm proud of it!" If you still don't feel better, just remember that freshmen are an easy target, and some day you may join the ranks of those throwing the poison darts.

# 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 condiments and six different dressings. For the meat-eater, buffet dining from 4:00 p.m.-8:00 p.m. Monday-Friday and 11:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m. Saturday, displays six meats, five vegetables, four potatoes, and various soups. Unlimited eating from both the salad bar and buffet costs \$4.95.

Most plate meals, costing at least \$1.00 less, include the salad bar with the meat and a choice of potato. Noon lunches provide salad bar buffet. Breakfast foods are served all day, with a special morning breakfast buffet consisting of homemade pastries, sausage, mush, ham, scrambled eggs and more. Sandwiches, desserts, and drinks complete the menu.

Rustic wood paneling and some old-fashioned pictures on the pastel wallpaper provide a relaxing, somewhat nostalgic atmosphere in the spacious dining room. And, after the meal, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, one can browse around the various shops in the Village. Alongside the fresh meat and produce markets, local people set up shop and sell such interesting items as old coins and jewelry. Every Thursday evening there is action at the weekly auction.

**Pagoda Inn**, a half-mile or so east of the Village, represents a different culture and menu. Small statues of Chinese deities, pagoda-like architecture, and Chinese waiters give the comfortable dining room an Oriental flavor. The specialty is, obviously, Chinese food — from chop suey and egg rolls to Wonton soup, with the ever-popular fortune cookies for dessert. The meals, both Chinese and American, cost between \$2.00-\$2.75. Pagoda Inn is open Monday-Friday 11:30 a.m.-9:00 p.m., Saturday 12:00 p.m.-10:00 p.m., and Sunday 11:00 a.m.-8:30 p.m.

**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 \$2.50. The 60¢ 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, **Norm's Restaurant** on Lincolnway East, and the **Super Steer Steakhouse** on West Pike.

Formal dining aside, what about the times when the sweet tooth starts acting up and the Snack Shop is closed? **Olympia Candy 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 sweet smell of chocolate is almost overpowering at first, and so is the temptation to indulge.

An old-fashioned fountain spurts out equally tempting phosphates and flavored cokes. 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 the "Green River," a lime drink with a lemon froth on top.

The sundaes are 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, pineapples, 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 tenderloins. Breakfasts, salads and homemade soup wrap up the menu.

**South Side Soda Shop** on South Main is similar to Olympia in that it too sells fountain sodas and phosphates, malts, and sundaes. But South Side's specialty is eighteen flavors of hard ice cream and sherbet. Not even Olympia can boast of that selection. Reasonable-priced

breakfasts, plate lunches, sandwiches and soups are also available throughout the day 6:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m. Monday-Saturday, and 8:00 a.m.-2:00 p.m. on Sunday.

The Shop also carries candy and gum, aspirins and Band-Aids, and, in place of the girly magazines that once sat on the shelves, Christian books, cards, and magazines. "It got so mothers wouldn't let their kids come over because of those things, and we lost business," explained William Aust, South Side's owner and manager with his wife. He added that he didn't like the smut either, and the Christian paraphernalia is going well. The atmosphere, very informal and friendly, makes it a nice place to enjoy an ice cream cone and browse or even study.

For late-night browsers, **J.D.'s Restaurant**, commonly known as

"Eyer's," is a popular spot. When the town rolls up the sidewalks for the night, Eyer's comes to life. The "greasy-spoon" joint — as some call it — opens at 11:00 p.m., serving hamburgers and other mid-American fare. Pinball machines ping throughout the night. The specialty here is breakfast — for those who come in before the restaurant closes at 8:00 a.m.

Of course, some students get Big Mac attacks, and for them, fast-food chain outlets abound. Azar's Big Boy, McDonald's, Burger Chef, B & K Root Beer, Mr. Donut, Dairy Queen, Wendy's, Pizza Inn, and Pizza Hut line West Pike alone. Goshen also boasts a Penquin Point, Arby's Roast Beef, Kentucky Fried Chicken, and two Dairy Queen Braziers.

So whether you're a Galloping Gourmet or a junk-food junkie, there's a way to make the tastebuds happy off-campus.

## Settlers, students . . .

cont. from page 1

Casa service agency. "There's just not enough decent housing; people have stopped calling us for help because they've given up. Even Hattle Hotel is full."

Beachey 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 unsightly, 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 — burned out. We can't expect many more 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 work in Goshen might be another matter, especially for some GC students. "I think it would be real hard for blacks to move into Goshen," says Beachey. "They'd feel it walking down the street. There are a lot of people who feel Goshen would go to the dogs if blacks moved in."

On the other hand, Beachey thinks "the Goshen community has respect for the Spanish as workers. 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 orderly existence in which to earn a living and raise a family. Students who actually came to GC to get "culture for service," as the emblem says, will either have to be satisfied with whatever the campus provides or wait for SST.



Even the heat did not keep GC students from waiting for registration lines to open on Monday. Though there had been rumors of improved registration processes, lines were as long as previous years.

photo by Doug Smucker

# centering in . . .

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 steel plumage and consumes its high octane. What's a conscientious citizen to do? True children of the sixties, we had no choice . . .

"Okay, let's get into line." It was almost 11 p.m. Before us crawled and idled and farted and crawled 200 V-8s and other minor monsters of combustion, each encased in a ton of steel, fiberglass, machismo, vinyl, rubber, paint, rock-and-roll, oil, grease, plastic and a sprinkling of rust. Each bore one or more warm young bodies toward the promise of another, the promise of shiny admiration for a shiny machine, the promise of pizza or the promise of "something to do." In the five seconds it took us to glide into the inside lane, gallons of gasoline hissed through 200 carburetors and needlessly spun 200 crankshafts — mostly disengaged from the 200 transmissions, 200 driveshafts and 200 differentials that were meant to spin 800 wheels.

The light turned green and then red and we hadn't even crossed the southern-most of six intersections along Main Street, the usual frontier for 600 cruisers and a dozen

cops. A police-car was spinning shafts of red light a block ahead of us. He had just swatted another fly, but the swarm hardly flinched.

Getting nowhere, we risked the stigma of a clod on the periphery of a party and wheeled our machines into the outside lane. It was to be my first lap of cruising ever and I was set. The mural on my back, a Guatemalan Indian design, could rival any customized van. My Peugeot may be stock, but with Reynolds 531 tubing, Campy hubs, light-weight rims, alloy components and ten gears, the PX-10 has "got what it takes."

Rich's bicycle is more prosaic, but he isn't. While sitting back at the light, he had been attempting to disguise us by imitating an idling engine. Now he offered to take the place of an eight-track, since we had to have some music if we were going to "make it."

"This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine; This little light of . . . Well, how 'bout the Hobo's Lullaby?" Rich asked. Not waiting for an answer, he swooned: "I know the po-lice cause you trouble, they cause trouble everywhere . . ."

But it was no use trying to blend. Five female teenage heads turned in unison to catch sight of us, but they were looking at the clowns, not admiring our physiques.

The inside lane wasn't moving, so we sneaked in. "Hey, that's an illegal lane change," joked the guy behind us. "I didn't see your blinkers." We had just learned a trick we would use often. A sharp turn into the limited space between idling monsters left us angled across the lane. But, ah, the joys of self-propulsion! We easily lifted the bicycles underneath our legs and aligned them with the traffic.

Our re-entry into the gregarious lane — where cruisers can converse, yell, jive and

curse at friends and enemies in the on-crawling traffic — was quickly rewarded. "Now that's style!" yelled a girl as she actually whizzed by at the breath-taking speed of ten miles per hour.

"Hey that's the way to go!" Thumbs up.

They're almost making us welcome, I thought. Any extra diversion must relieve the boredom of this attempted flight from boredom. But I soon learned what cruising is really about, and from the other side of those 200 windshields, we just didn't make sense: "What do you do if you pick someone up?" we were asked.

"There's plenty of room on the back," I lied.

We moved on a fraction of a block, but had unwittingly merged behind a mammoth metallic green 4 X 4 Ford pick-up. All we could see was its flat-black bumper, so we returned to the outside.

Two girls, too young for licenses, sat on the picture window sill at Steve's Head Shop. "We'll pick them up next time around," Rich deadpanned.

The movie "Goodbye Girl" had just ended and the theatregoers said hello to the same traffic jam they had battled two hours earlier. A middle-age couple attempted to bluff their Buick into our lane.

Back on the inside, the blue Chevelle we had cut in front of slowly narrowed our space and threatened extinction of our "pre-historic" machines. Rich's exaggerated gestures of trepidation, however, seemed to neutralize the driver, who wore a green cap that probably bore a John Deere patch. While looking back, Rich noticed our bike dealer's son in our bike dealer's red Ford pick-up. He told me who it was and rode back to say hello. The ultimate irony. "Is nothing sacred?" I wondered.

"Crazy jerk," shot the green-capped blue Chevelle driver as Rich returned. A

carload of girls asked us to let them into the lane, but we felt increasingly uncomfortable and cut ahead of them instead.

A cruiser in a Camaro just shook his head. Another shot at us with a squirt-gun.

But in a brown vinyl-roofed Mercury Monarch, likely belonging to her parents, a blow-dried blonde at the flower of her untouched beauty smiled at me.

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 jiving.

"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 — commented, "That's the way to cruise. You save gas."

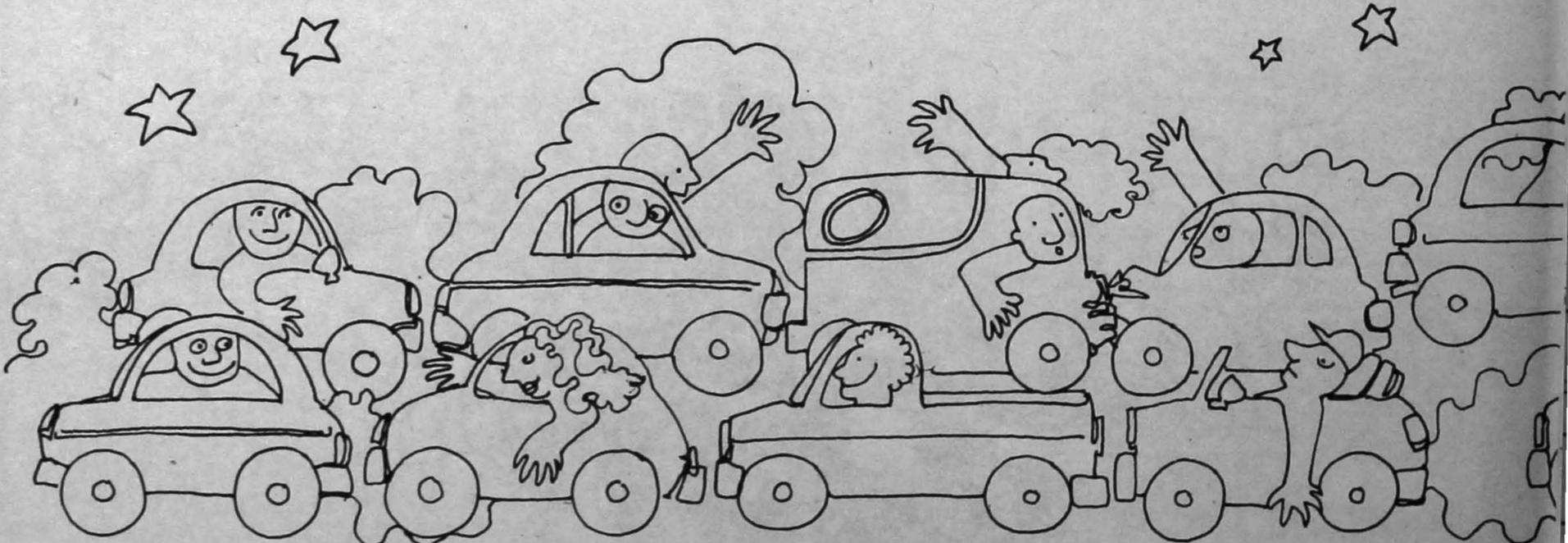
"Yeah, we're poor," I agreed, not quite believing I might have my first convert.

"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 Judd's — and other's — Drugs. Two motorcyclists

# Gas Gluttony and

# Another



# Ghandi: er 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 heresy. 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 pedaled 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, road 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 put one foot on their back bumper, and rocked the car.

Twisting around, the driver yelled not to hit them.

"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."

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, gased 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 in a flight 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 specimens 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-swatters. 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. I 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 I'd ever met, and negotiate a cruise in the seat of her car. Every crusade has its snare.

Another policeman caught Rich's attention, but I rode ahead unknowing. "Yer s'posed to bike next to the curb," the policeman advised.

"That's the parking lane," Rich replied. "We're just trying to get a feel for

cruising."

"Well, get a car!" — slipped encouragement that few automotive cruisers ever hear from the men-in-blue.

"We're trying to save gas."

The traffic was beginning to move, and I was ahead, so Rich made an abrupt and discourteous exit.

Two blocks later we were coincidentally abreast with another police car, but the patrolman took us for granted. The girl in the orange Maverick behind him didn't. She sneeringly informed us that we "sure must feel dumb. You look dumb!"

Before I could reply, someone even dumber smashed the Maverick's lovely rear-end. The culprit, probably in her parents' car and only recently licensed, looked horrified.

But we didn't hang around to get the details. Rich fulfilled 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 lurched 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 pedaled away. Inside were five additional cruisers dressed, like Arab sheiks, in white headgear. 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 lost. Returning professors or GC graduates find the college changed, the people changed, the curriculum changed. But what would Goshen College be without some new blood now and then?

Zenebe Abebe is the new resident director at Yoder. Abebe graduated from GC in 1976 and received his master's degree in community health at Northern Illinois 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.

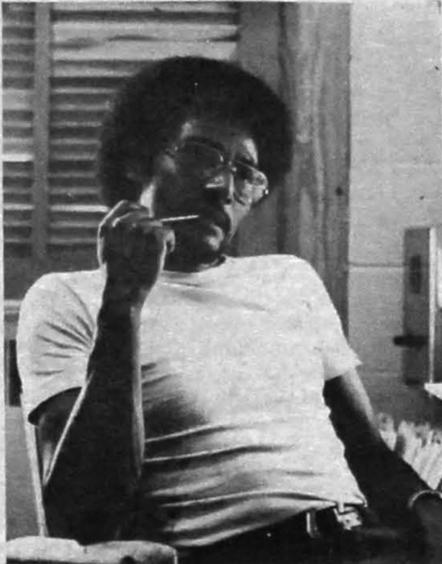


photo by Doug Smucker

Zenebe Abebe

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 18 hour days, Anna hasn't had a lot of time for other activities. When she does have spare time, she enjoys traveling, entertaining, and swimming.

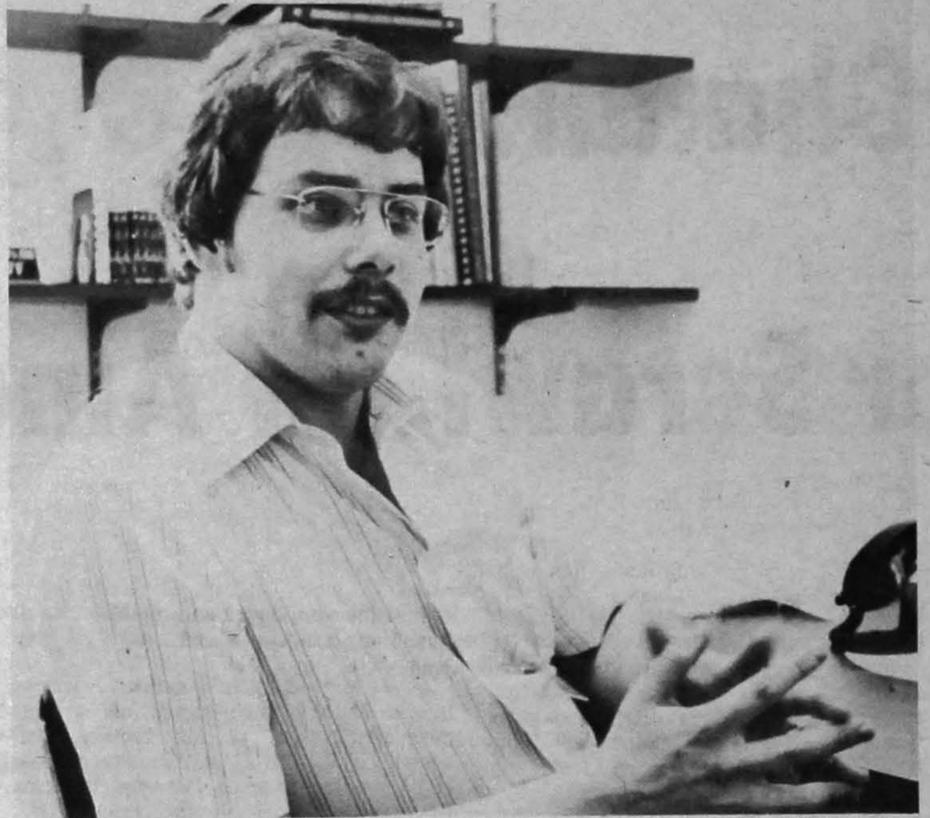
Bowman received a bachelor's degree from GC and a master's in social welfare from Smith College School for Social Work in Northhampton, Maryland.

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 Nueva in Granada, Bogota, Colombia.

David hopes to start some new wind ensembles this next year. He plays the French horn, and will concentrate on teaching brass.

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

"It's a hard set of shoes to fill," says David Groff of his new job as Admissions Counselor. Groff 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. Groff finds meeting young people exciting, especially those students whose futures he helps to shape.



David Groff

photo by Doug Smucker

Groff 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.

Gunden 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)

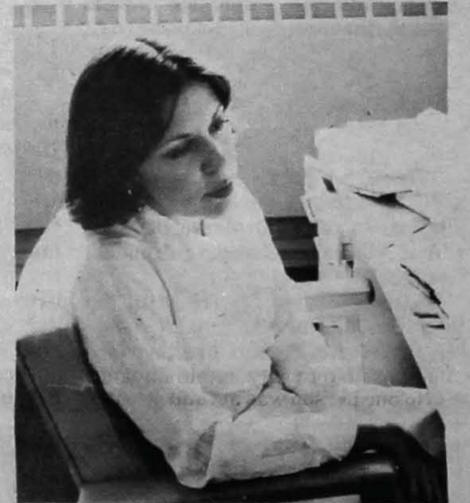


photo by Doug Smucker

Liz Gunden

## 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 you've been assigned to 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 05) You can also use your account there for saving and withdrawing money.

If you don't have money coming from home, and are eligible for Work-Study, you may want to apply for a campus job in Loren Stauffer's office. (Ad 08) Though it's too late for this year, financial aid can be applied for in the Office of Student Finances, where Walter Schmucker presides. (Ad 10) J. B. Shenk 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 06)

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 Kauffman. 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) Larry Rupp also works on housing policies and problems. Their offices are located on the first floor of the Ad building. (Ad 14)

Dean of Students, Russ Liechty, is the Director of Counseling. His office will help set up counseling appointments for personal as well as academic issues. (Ad 14)

Orville Yoder is Associate Dean, and is also filling in for Dean John Lapp, who is on sabbatical this year. Scheduling of classrooms, like using Ad 28 for recitals, is done in this office. They also handle advisor changes. Course offerings are made up in the Dean's Office. (Ad 13)

Record could not uncover the specific function of the Provost. However, should students either not find help in other offices or need to examine a case of tennis elbow, Record recommends a brief visit with Henry "Hank" Weaver. (Ad 13)

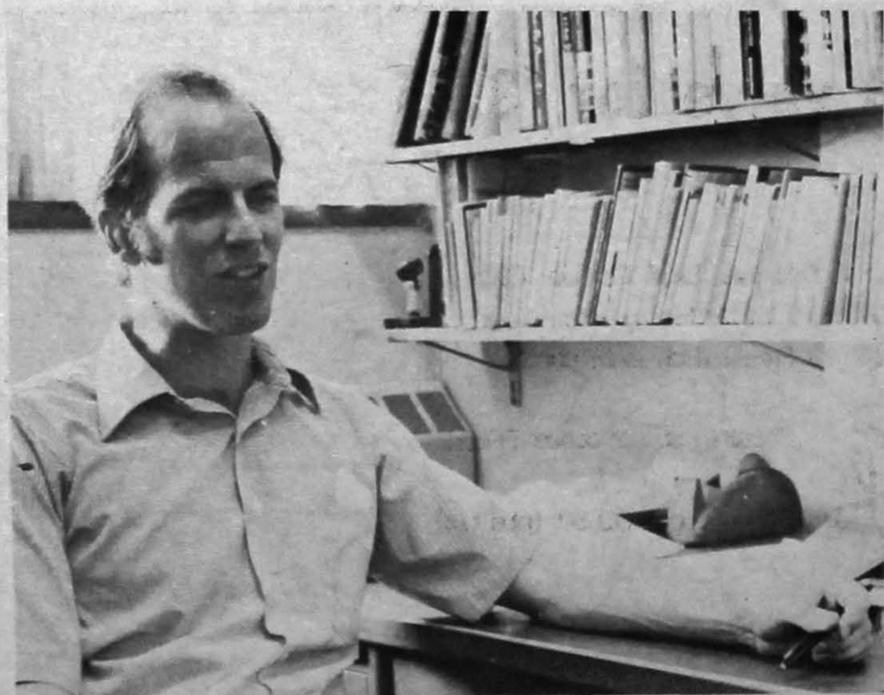
If you approach President J.L. Burkholder's office, you may come up against a silent Do Not Disturb sign. His duties are mainly with faculty administration and long-range academic plans. He may be more accessible for a personal chat about your feelings on GC over lunch in the cafeteria, where he often eats of his own free will. (Ad 13)

If you still have questions on who to take your questions to, the receptionist on the first floor of the Ad building can give you assistance.



Anna Bowman

photo by Doug Smucker



Dave Hoffecker

photo by Doug Smucker

# Umble Center stirs own drama

by Gerald W. Schlabach

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 he had sat on the Board. The item was a report by Business Manager Robert Kreider 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 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 building business or have done construction recently. We've all 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 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. This is a very complicated building."

Every delay, in a period of six to ten percent inflation per year, 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 Mennonite 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 over-runs' doesn't mean anything to me," says Burkholder. "There are always many changes in plans. Estimated costs are often revised."

Once these changes were clarified, most 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 plated 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 the 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 Kauffman, Director of College Relations says, "I think it will be hard

## news

money 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 over-run' will be eliminated."

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# 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 Harley, 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) improves employability of graduates, 3) links the program with the national scene and 4) 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, he added, has increased the number of students transferring into Goshen's social work program.

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Enid Stahl, manager of the Snack Shop, has announced the launching of the Maple Leaf Coffee Club.

Coffee drink customers will be able to purchase a convenient membership card entitling them to 16 cups of coffee for \$3.75, the price of 15. An added treat, a free roll on the tenth cup, makes membership a \$4.50 value.

"In the past year," said Stahl, "I've realized that there are many students, faculty and administrators who enjoy excellent conversation and a hot cup of coffee in the Snack Shop. I hope the Maple Leaf Coffee Club will become a pleasant addition to the conversations around the tables."

Membership cards may be purchased in the Snack Shop between 8:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m., Monday through Friday. It is to be used only on coffee purchases and may not be included in the daily specials nor in the cafeteria.

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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 \$97,000 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, Professor of Religion, has been the primary beneficiary of the first stage of construction. The Center for Discipleship provides the campus and community with workshops and seminars for church education, but the ad-

ditional donation will indirectly benefit other programs and departments as well.

The already crowded Good Library will be given a chance to expand since offices added to 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 disc 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.



photo by Gerald Schlabach

Major renovations continue in the old Seminary building soon to be renamed the Newcomer Center.

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# 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 Hartzler sees many bright spots. The two leading scorers, Paul Sawatsky and Jay Moyer, are back along with goalie Daryl Groff. 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.

## sports



photo by Winston Gerig

GC Soccer Coach Dwain Hartzler gives instructions as Eddie Mendoza looks on.

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C. L. 'Bud' Beller  
Executive Vice President

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photo by Winston Gerig

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

## 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 matches for the Maple Leafs were Charles Colbourn, Rechad Cassim, Ron Hooley, Doug Smucker and Dave Strycher. The duos of Colbourn and Cassim, Strycher and Doug Smucker, and Bob Smucker and Eric Stoltzfus were all successful in doubles.

Travelling to Manchester, the netters did not fare as well, suffering a 7-2 defeat and levelling their record to 1-1. Singles winners for GC were Charles Colbourn and Doug Smucker. The team's next match will be at Huntington on Sept. 16.

## Alumni team opens season

"The strongest alumni team we have ever had." That is how Dwain Hartzler describes the Leafs opponents for the season opener on Saturday at 2 P.M. Playing for the Alumni will be Goshens only NAIA All-American, Abner Kisare, and many of last years standouts including Jonn 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.

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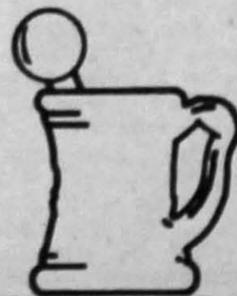
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Whether you want to believe it or not, short hair is coming back. Granted, it is not to the point of crewcuts coming back, but there has been a definite upward movement from the collar line.

The new perma, layer and chiaroscuro cuts reflect that trend. These new styles are easy to handle and here are their descriptions.

**Perma Cut:** This is one of the new stylings involving a mass of tight twisted curls on the head. Requires only towel drying and combing to maintain.

**Layer Cut:** A basic style that should be familiar to all. A blunt cut contour to the head, the number of layers achieved depending on the length of hair. A very manageable blowdry style to maintain.

**Chiaroscuro Cut:** Chiaroscuro is a term borrowed from the fine Italian painters. It describes the use of light and shadow contrasting with each other. Same steps involved with layer cutting but on each layer you add a dent or dimple with a little blend. The result is a series of dark and light shadows that are enhanced when the person moves his or her head in the light.

Using these basic stylings, plus a few variations from one of our stylists, the staff at the Mug & Brush can offer you a totally new concept in hairstyling.

Human hair is a true miracle. What other fiber comes in such a multitude of colors, is so incredibly sturdy, can be washed and rearranged endlessly and carries a built-in guarantee to renew itself again and again?

But with all these qualities, it still needs the proper care that the staff of the Mug & Brush Hair Care Center offers, to be the kind of thick, shiny, and manageable hair everyone wants.

Why not do the right thing for your hair?

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