



Bishop accepts research fellowship

by Jim Franklin

Dr. C. Franklin Bishop, professor of biology, was selected to participate in the Faculty Open Fellowship of Lilly Endowment, Inc. Bishop was



during their fall semester while researching problems unique to tropical agriculture and digesting the latest means of agricultural disease control. While reflecting about the four months in Miami, Bishop speaks of "immersing myself in studies in tropical and sub-tropical agriculture."

In Mexico, the Bishops will work with an Experimental Potato Improvement Program which is investigating the problem of rotting potatoes in tropical climates.

The Bishops' agenda will next direct them to Goshen's SST locations. While visiting for a month in Central America, Bishop will meet with agricultural experts in these countries.

Participating in MCC's world-wide program of agriculture, home economics education and relief — part of the green revolution — the Bishops will travel to Columbia and northeast Brazil. Bishop will both observe the program of developing crop varieties and teaching more profitable farming techniques, and also share his insights with workers there.

From April through July Bishop will complete his year away from GC. During this time he will be advising the Council of Mennonite Colleges on college level courses preparing students for relief work. These courses as well as a possible major may be offered at GC next year (see February 14, 1975 Record article).

After a year of learning, researching and expanding Dr. C. Franklin Bishop, professor of biology, will return to Science 108, Biology I and our educations.

one of six chosen from 33 applicants. Bishop and his wife Suzanne, an accomplished homemaker and potter, will live a year in Florida as well as in Central and South America.

Bishop will study at the University of Florida



photo from 1953 Maple Leaf

Schultz addresses grad ceremony

by Tom Yoder

"Guess who is giving the commencement address this year?"

"I don't know. Give me some hints."

"He lives in a white house, his first name is Harold and he is a president."

"His first name is Gerald, he lives in a white house and... Wow!! You mean to tell me that..."

"No, not Gerald, Harold! Dr. Harold Schultz, president of

Bethel College in Newton, Kansas."

President Harold Schultz, a one-time student and administrator at Goshen College who lives in what the Bethel campus calls the "Schultz White House," will be the speaker at this year's commencement exercises. His address will be entitled "The Third Dimension."

Dr. Schultz graduated from Goshen in 1953, a history major, with minors in English and sociology. He went on to get his master's degree in 1954 and returned to Goshen the same year to instruct in history.

Professor Willard Smith remembers Schultz well as he was Smith's assistant his senior year at Goshen. Smith recalls that "he was a very good student; an A student."

Dr. Schultz stayed on the GC staff a second year in 1956. He didn't teach as much since he took on the administrative task as acting dean of men which took most of his time.

Apparently it didn't take all of it. He married a girl named Carolyn Mast who received her B.A. degree from Goshen that year.

Professor Smith was especially interested in Schultz because he was the son of an evangelistic

See schedule of commencement activities on p. 2.

minister from Canada. He remembers that although Schultz was Baptist, "he was very much in faith with us," in principles and beliefs, especially his "peace principles."

Professor Atlee Beechy also remembers Schultz well in his position as dean and in teaching civilization classes. Dr. Beechy recollects Schultz as one who "had very high regards for sensitivity to student's feelings." He was a "lively, personal kind of guy with deep, Christian convictions" and "he lived his convictions out." Dr. Beechy also recalled his good sense of humor and athletic ability.

Since then Dr. Schultz has become a Mennonite and the President of Bethel College among his many other credentials. Professor Beechy concluded that Schultz' "readiness to go to Bethel was evidence of his belief in the values of the Anabaptists."

Med-tech program begins

by Luke Mumaw

Starting this fall, GC will offer students a B.A. in Medical Technology, a branch of medicine dealing with laboratory and instrumental procedures, theory and management, assisting in the diagnosis and treatment of illness.

Previously, majors in this field took three years background courses at GC and their last year of professional education requirements in South Bend. Once the educational sources in South Bend made other arrangements, the college administration turned to its own resources, expanding their curricular offerings.

Making use of the strong science department on campus and a need to fill the lab at Goshen General Hospital, a four-year, joint program between the two institutions has been approved (though not yet accredited). The sequence of professional courses for Medical Technology begins in the sophomore year, instead of "bunching it up at the end" as before and forcing late decisions in the senior year. Along with the practical academic courses, students can attain clinical field experience at the hospital and in part-time employment during the senior year.

The hospital laboratory facilities accommodate twelve students (one student-time period-lab). Therefore, only four students can be admitted to the program each year, limiting the size of the class. The goal of the student in the laboratory will be

proficiency in general lab techniques. Evaluations will be based on the supervisor's records and written practical examinations.

Applications are available at the natural science department, the associate dean's office and the registrar's office — deadline

April 16 —. Applicants will be reviewed for scholastic performance with special emphasis on an interview. A committee (Medical Director-Peggy Sankey, M.D., Chief Pathologist, Goshen General Hospital, and Adjunct Professor of Medical Technology, GC; Program

Director — Carole Boyd, M.D., Pathologist, Goshen General Hospital, and Adjunct Professor of Medical Technology, GC; two other science faculty members; and the Director of Admissions) will inform the student no later than May 31 of their action upon the application.



A cast of six, directed by Stephen Shank, will perform excerpts from Alice in Wonderland in Assembly Hall Saturday at 8:30 p.m.

The performance will be reader's theater, concentrating on text and literary form. Props, costumes, and scenery are de-emphasized thus requiring versatile acting. Parts are performed with symbolic movement, calling for an active imagination on the part of the audience.

From the bottom clockwise appear cast members Art Smucker, Claude Diener, Julie King, Steph Mason, Karen Rich and Don Clymer.



Transience and Transcendence

I wrote two editorials this week because the two things I wanted to talk about just wouldn't fit together into one. This is the last *Record* issue of the trimester. I hope you enjoyed it even though there were fewer (only 11 compared to 13 last trimester) and smaller issues. Ads are getting more and more difficult to sell and our subsidy from the college covers less than one third of our costs. The summer schedule for *Record* is one issue per term. Merle Snyder will edit the first issue.

The temperate zone has four seasons: summer, winter, springtime and harvest. For twelve years we associated school with leaves, snow and slush and looked forward to summer vacations in the sun.

Then we came to Goshen College. The season for learning isn't so well-defined here which has some surprisingly far-reaching results.

The trimester schedule at GC divides the entire year into three even chunks which we are then invited to mix and match to plan our education. No more studying winters and vacation summers — at least not for many people.

SST'ers come and go. There are always some of us who aren't here, have just come back or are just going away. The whole campus is in a constant flux which slows in the summer, but never completely halts.

One natural benefit of this transience is that it prepares students for the transience of "real life" which, for most people is not run on a nine-months-work three-months-vacation (or summer job) schedule.

The disadvantages of transience are more visible and have yet to be dealt with successfully. Erratic schedules make year-long student positions next to impossible to fill. Almost no clubs exist on campus any longer. GCCG elections are nearly a farce. Only Peace Society has actually strengthened in the past year. That can be explained only by a sudden surge in the number of interested people.

If we want student organizations to survive we must take our transient schedule into account, both in filling leadership positions and in what we expect from those organizations. We need to reassess our present structures and learn how to creatively incorporate transience in them.

Thoughts on graduating:

Four years of liberal arts education has taught me to sift and separate, to organize and synthesize facts and ideas. I have come to appreciate order and design.

But I am glad that my GC education didn't stop with the intellectual plane. I have also learned the power and necessity of the irrational and the spontaneous.

The "still point in the turning world" breaks through in chills that run up and down my spine at words and color and sound. And that is good.

To me, education is concentrated life. Life, when reconciled with transcendent power, is eternal.

BB

LETTERS

Rempel raps GC lethargy

Dr. Philip West's visit to our campus was most delightful. What struck me though was not so much his reasoned attempt to lift out the positive features of the Chinese revolution, but his general refusal to reflect on the state of American civilization, domestically and internationally, in light of the Chinese experiment. I expect he might have been able to do so without the usual indulgence in Maoist polemics and extrapolation which characterizes some parts of the American Left.

As I have indicated earlier in writing to the *Record*, I think that American civilization clearly exists in a state of crisis. There appears to be little leadership in the country which appreciates the dilemma of the majority of working class Americans and the ideological framework to lead them out of what appears to be a decisive drift toward facism. Contrary to the present optimism in Mennonite circles, I feel that Mennonite intelligentsia remains as blind to fundamental issues as the rest of the country. In a conversation in the cafeteria on Friday, the 4th, the president of GC, J. L. Burkholder, berated the Chinese with words like "herd" and "less than human" in reference to their lack of metaphysics and conformism. He simultaneously presented a defense of Western intelligence in reference to our religious orientation and technological expertise. He also lauded our "freedom" of thought and expression. (Incidentally, this outrage at lack of free thinking in China not only avoids the appreciation of Chinese history and culture, but more importantly avoids the blatant fact that this ability to pursue the arts, etc., has always been restricted to the elites of history and denied to the masses who have been sacrificed to the production of the surplus which has supported these elites.)

Moreover, the OPEC countries are being blamed for the present poverty because they quadrupled the price of oil. This blame avoids at least two fundamental points. First, the rights of the Arabs to control their own resources. Secondly, the fact that massive poverty and near-poverty existed in this country before 1974. Terence McCarthy has called attention to the October, 1974, edition of the *Survey of Current Business* which indicates that many people were in trouble already in 1971. These figures indicate that the collective incomes of those in income brackets above \$14,000 was about 2.8 times the collective incomes of those below \$9,000 of Family Personal Income. The latter constituted 47.2 per cent of the consumer units. 27.1 per cent of the consumer units got 58.3 per cent of the nation's Family Personal Income. This all before the Arab price increase.

According to several national television reporters, the members of the industrialized West at the World Food Conference in Rome were beginning to write off certain starving nations. Garrett Hardin, a respected ecologist, in a recent issue of *BioScience*, suggests that the affluent West allow the starving millions of the Third World to die rather than sink our own lifeboat. This suggestion should be taken seriously if one considers that many think that the "green revolution" has failed. Lester Brown has noted in his book, *By Bread Alone*, that the failure of the green revolution should be analyzed carefully. For instance, he says that in the Sahelian region of Africa, the agriculture is controlled by multinational agribusiness which uses the goods produced for marketing in the developed world. In a recent article in the *New York Review of Books*, Geoffrey Barraclough analyzes the food crisis by noting that nobody in the West suggests radical land reform as a solution to agricultural production. Kissinger only advocated agricultural increases in the advanced countries, population control, and technical improvement as a way out. Barraclough notes that the masses of people don't have the capital for indulging in Western technology.

My point is simply that Americans and the Western world in general won't face the crisis. Scapegoats like the Arabs, the welfare dependent poor, and the communists are offered up to explain the problems. While the world burns, ordinary Americans (the majority of which don't really have the ability to do so) are being asked to consume more than ever. The Chinese have put a priority on the health of their people. They demand a sacrifice of many Western niceties in the process. The president of GC responds to evidence of Chinese priorities (presented by conservatives as well as those further left) by complaining about "ultimate concern," being absent in China. Talk about opium. I am reminded of the Russian Mennonites now in Canada who still cannot understand why the Bolsheviks and anarchists like Nestor Mahkno wrecked havoc with their "golden age" in Russia.

The West must face the fact that economic growth must be controlled or even halted, that technology has gone way beyond the control of the ordinary person, that the ideology of private property has run its course, and that in general we must become more humble about the ability to run the world. More specifically, at GC, we must leave no stone unturned, including those mighty boulders of metaphysics, liberal education, and of course, the pillar of ethnicity. Last but not least we must reevaluate the bedrock of it all — our fetish with accumulation of property.

James Rempel

77th Annual Commencement

Saturday, April 19
2:00 p.m. Church Chapel: Senior Nurses Transition Celebration
3:00-5:30 p.m. Various locations on and off campus: Departmental receptions+
5:00-7:30 p.m.; 8:30-10:00 p.m. Art Gallery, Good Library: Graduating art students present "Senior Art Majors" exhibition+
5:30-6:30 p.m. Alumni Memorial Dining Room, Westlawn: Dinner for graduates, their families and guests, and faculty
7:30 p.m. Church Chapel: "Spring: Rebirth and Resurrection," an evening of music, drama and interpretive movement+
8:30-11:00 p.m. Alumni Memorial Dining Room, Westlawn: Reception in honor of graduates and their families, hosted by Lawrence and Harriet Burkholder
Sunday, April 20
9:30 a.m. Church Chapel: Morning worship service, by Dr. Paul M. Lederach, Scottdale, PA (College Mennonite Church)+
11:00 a.m. Church Chapel: Baccalaureate Service, By J. Lawrence Burkholder+
3:00 p.m. Union Auditorium: 77th Annual Commencement. By Harold Schultz, Bethel College, Bethel Kansas
+open to the public

The main characteristic of the response to the present dilemma is a refusal to examine the fundamental problems as they have arisen historically.

All the "reputable" economists indicate that the way out of the economic crisis lies in getting more money to the consumer so that consumption of goods can be increased. History will scoff at the attention paid to the American car industry while the world starves. This call for increase consumption and eventually production is interesting in the light of the fact that even present standards reflected in the Gross National Product are dependent on the "control" of at least the non-Communist world since W.W. II and on the rape of the environment in this country.

Goshen's Jock-in-a-box

Sports at GC. It's like mag wheels on a station wagon. Paper plates at a banquet. A quotation from the King James Version in chapel.

An aberration, yet Sports exists in the form of Mighty Jock. He stands at the intramural board for hours. He wears a sweatshirt to the cafeteria (and to classes, and on dates). He hoards the TV in the Union lounge each Saturday and Sunday afternoon (and during football season, Monday nights), eyes riveted to the rapidly changing image. He is the one whose term paper bibliography includes *Sports Illustrated*, *The Sporting News*, and *Baseball Digest*. Daily, nightly Mighty Jock is seen on the tennis courts, basketball courts, football and soccer field, at the pinball machines, in short wherever there is a game to be played, you can rest assured he'll be there.

However, Mighty Jock also has another home on the GC campus, a small box. It is here that the GC CIA studies this bizarre phenomena. (Look, watch him scurry when you say a three or more syllable word. Why does he do that? Somebody run tests.)

(He's stupid — all he does is run around and

around. Look out! He's getting bigger. Find him a gibber box. Nail it down tight — he's a strong devil and he'll get out.)

(Listen, we can't let people know we're keeping this monster. Strike his name from the annual; delete his feats from the *Record*. Take away his followers, his cheerleaders. All I can say is nail him in the box and run tests. Top Secret.)

(Soon we'll have the answers — the CIA always gets the answers. We'll know what to do about this freak. Then we can save the future from such tyrannies. We'll all be alike — yes, that's what we want — striving for the same goal, intellectual achievement. The policing of man's mightiest muscle, the brain.)

(You know, I once knew this one jock who wasn't half bad. Carried his textbooks with him to the gym. Of course there's always exceptions. One good apple don't make the whole tree good. We gotta tear it out by the roots.)

Back to whitewalls and hub caps. Back to Lenox and sterling silver. Back to the New International Version. Long live the CIA.

Mark Jordan

The Goshen College record

The Goshen College Record, published weekly during the fall and winter trimesters and monthly during May, June and July is produced by student journalists on campus. The viewpoints and perspectives are their own. The Record is not an official voice of the college. Second class postage is paid at Goshen, Indiana. Subscription rate is \$5.00 a year.

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Costa Rican anthology coming

by Becky Bontrager

The largest Pinch Penny volume ever will hopefully be released next week. It is an anthology of Costa Rican poetry, fiction and drama in translation.



Prof. Ervin Beck says "as far as we know it is the only volume of Costa Rican literature in translation ever printed."

Beck gathered most of the works during a trip to Central America last summer. They are translated by students and faculty under the supervision of Profs. Robert Yoder and Nick Lindsay. All poetry appears in the original Spanish alongside its English translation.

Junior Dottie Shank designed the book which was illustrated by IveHe Guier, a Costa Rican who studied here at GC last year. Lenny Jordan, Pinch Penny printer, has been working night and day to produce a quality product. All in all it represents a true community effort.

This is the first time many of the works have been published. Beck admits that their quality is

uneven, but is quick to add that there are frequent bright spots in the volume.

Several of the authors included have spoken to Costa Rican SST units. Among them are Carmen Naranjo, the Minister of Culture for the country, and Jose Leon Sanchez, probably Costa Rica's best-known writer.

The drama contained in the anthology is especially interesting. It was written corporately by a leftist-socialist drama group, the Tierranegra Experimental group, from the University of San Jose and describes various invasions of Costa Rica by foreigners. It is a popular work and has received at least one special award.

This anthology will be sold in Costa Rica as well as here at GC and will be required reading for future Costa Rican SST units.



photo by Randy Fath

Lehman creates nymph music tonight

by Jackie Stahl

While you speed read six-hundred-page texts and feebly attempt to formulate possible all-encompassing exam questions, Mary is singing. She is also making nymph music on her oboe (Britton, *Metamorphoses*). Because, Mary Kathryn Lehman offers her senior recital tonight at 7:30 in the Assembly Hall.

This historic event, the first oboe-vocal recital ever given here, represents the culmination of Mary's college performing experiences. She has sung in Chamber Choir and played in the orchestra but now she stands alone, except for the assistance of her accompanist Joanne Brown and cellist Janice Gingerich.

Mary's major pressures now are completing phrases without panting in the Purcell number

and trying to look five hundred miles away at the emotional ending of her Wolf Lieder. While you reread class notes, she reviews the dynamics in the Mozart piece.

A recital also means reception. Like the after-exam splurge in the snackshop, Mary treats not only herself but her friends and family to life-restoring cookies. So as she rests her weary embouchure she folds napkins for the post-recital ceremony.

Mary has had to lay the blue quilt she is cross-stitching aside for the last several weeks. Her blooming African violet is talked to a bit less frequently. But she is preparing for the final hour of achievement when she reveals what she has learned and come to be.

The campus groans in its tension. Mary offers a song.

by Mark Jordan

"In a world of thieves I wanted to be an honest thief," testifies Webster McGee (Ryan O'Neal), computer programmer turned cat burglar. So, with Jacqueline Bisset as his curvaceous cohort, O'Neal sets out to do just that in *The Thief Who Came to Dinner*.

Certainly director Bud Yorkin (co-producer of *All in the Family*, etc.) can be classified likewise. He's a thief not only because he steals your money in return for a trite movie but also because the plot belongs to another era.

The setting is in the jet-setting suburbs of Houston, Texas. Webster McGee, serious and diligent man that he is, gets sick of his computer job and the corrupt society that utilizes his skills. So he quits his job and with blond hair flying and muscles bulging beneath and out of his shirt (open three buttons down), he drives off in a sporty little Mustang to a career of daring, exotic burglary.

Everything he does, he does in style. His girlfriend — seductive and hard-to-get (but not for Ryan) Jacqueline Bisset — is the incarnation of style.

His thieving techniques are saturated with

style, from door-carding to elaborate electronic devices to the chess moves he prescribes in a note with every theft (which eventually earns him the title "Chess Burglar" and a chance to play the local paper's chess editor whom he beats).

Even the way he evades the law is pure style. He leaves police in smashed chase cars, museum guards in handcuffs, and a ubiquitous insurance investigator stymied with his clever yet "honest" quips.

Yes, with this plot and the dependence on style rather than characterization, Bud Yorkin is stealing us blind. To top it off he tries to justify Webster's illegal occupation with moralizing.

"Everybody steals from everybody and we program the whole mess," Webster exclaims as justification for his turning to crime.

Nevertheless, Yorkin is an honest thief. The movie is a rip-off to be sure, but one you'll enjoy. Supported by Ryan O'Neal's suave good looks, Jacqueline Bisset's face and figure, and a host of other cool characters the script bounces merrily along.

You don't really mind Yorkin's hand in your pocket. Besides, if you watch the film Friday at 8:30 p.m. in the Union, he only gets 75 cents.

Fifth in a series on GC social scene

Who shells out at the movies?

by Steph Mason and Doug Basinger

"How did your survey go, Steph?" "OK." "Good, let's quit, the movie is starting." "No, let's wait a few more minutes for latecomers." "No, they may mess up our survey." "What do you mean?" "If some people come late they may also behave in other ways that may not represent the way those on time behaved."

"Ok, then let's compare information. I got about 50 couples, actually 49." "Who paid?" "You're going to be surprised, Doug. Forty-one of those couples had the guy paying for both tickets." "41?" "Yes, only four times did each person in the couple pay their own way. Four more times the girl paid for both."

"That certainly blows any theory about liberation or equality of persons on this campus." "But do you suppose the girl ever gave money to the guy and let him pay?" "Of course, but that still says something about the ways people on campus think about

traditional male-female roles and dating patterns. Or else it speaks to the kind of people that go to see Jeremiah Johnson. Perhaps the liberated GC people don't attend movies, or movies on campus, or this movie in particular." "You know what? Our survey isn't very scientific."

"But it certainly is fun. Many people, mostly people I didn't know, stopped to see what I was doing inside the door. If they pursued the question I showed them my chart. They mostly laughed and offered to help or showed me which column to put them in. Most of the people that stopped were guys. Only girls or couples that I knew stopped to inquire, amuse themselves, or 'help.'"

"What kind of results did you get, Doug?" "By the time people got through the door it was often difficult to tell who was with whom. I ended up with 52 couples. There were 22 groups of at least three girls. Only seven groups of guys came in. But 29 guys came in by themselves, compared to nine girls. Thirteen groups of mixed person came in, including several situations that looked like



drawing by Hilda Eitzen

double or triple dates. Twenty seven pairs of girls entered while there were only 16 pairs of guys. That's all I got and that was hard. I had to use my better (?) judgment to arbitrarily assign some statistics.

"I did receive a few specific comments. Someone asked where the 'gay' column was. I did neglect to put that in but then it

could be pretty hard to distinguish sexual preferences just by a quick glance and besides, that wasn't the point anyway. Someone said he had recently decided that the girl would pay her share on dates. He asked girls out with that understanding. But he said he hardly ever dated.

"No time to pursue that, of course. I was too busy getting statistics. One person concluded that it was a sociology project. Some people never saw me, others did and pretended they didn't, others did and tried to see what I was doing. (I saw a lot of backs of heads leaning over my notebook.)"

"Look, Doug, here are some articles on the opinion board about today's *Record* article." "The Campus Comment one?" "Yes." "What do you think of the opinions, Steph?" "The opinions represent two types — a serious alternative, the other a humorous reaction. Probably the humorous one is serious too. It does show people are concerned and react when the present campus situation is brought up."

"Did you hear any reaction to

our first two articles?" "Only that they were appreciated, but they didn't attack the present campus as the recent campus comment article did." "You're right, people are rather sensitive about today's patterns. People are still asking questions. Serious ones, in humorous or serious manners."

"I wonder how many of the couples tonight date steadily, occasionally or if this was the first time for them?" "Dating is not a casual affair at GC so it is possible that most of the couples were not first-timers. Did you notice much body contact or hand-holding among couples?" "Very little, and all deliberate body contact was hand-holding except one couple."

Our unscientific survey seems to indicate a fairly traditional mode of dating behavior on campus. It could be that we're not as liberated or sophisticated as we like to intellectualize that we are. Maybe that stings our ego. Maybe it should sting hard enough to cause some changes, or at least some reflections.

"Goodnight, Steph." "Goodnight, Doug."

They lived to tell the story

Students trek through Panama

by Tom Rutschman and Karen Dueck

Editor's note: Last July Goshen College junior Karen Dueck and senior Tom Rutschman and his brother Dick — studying at Bethel College in Kansas — left Uruguay (where they had grown up) by land, heading towards the States and college. An unplanned six day, 60-mile hike through the Darien jungle in Panama became a struggle to survive, with little food and no clear idea where they were heading. Back in the US they discovered why the Choco Indians they stayed with called themselves brothers: Mennonite Brethren anthropologist Jake Loewen worked in this area in the early 60's, converting one Indian village, and then leaving and letting them do their own missionary work — this was one of their own indigenous outreaches.

The roar of the motor died down as we neared land. After a sleepless night sitting directly above the deafening motor of the small boat, it was good to see huts lining the coast in the early morning dawn. As dugouts came out to meet us, we struggled to put our back-packs on, and stretch our cramped legs. As we climbed aboard the "piraguas" to be rowed to the beach, we couldn't help but wonder if we had done right in coming up to Turbo from Bogota, to hop from port to port until we reached Colon in Panama. But it was too expensive to fly over this treacherous Darien jungle that had so far defied attempts to build the PanAmerican highway through it, by swallowing over a million dollars worth of equipment in its swamps.

Mid-afternoon we came across a hut, and to our surprise found six guys that had been on the boat the night before. They wanted us to spend the night there, and continue with them the next day — but not quite trusting them, and still hoping to make it to the town before dark, we kept on walking. Now the climb really started, and the weather began to change. The vegetation got denser, and the path impossible to find at times. Right as it began to pour we found another shack.

Tired and hungry, our one-day adventurous hike began to look like a mistake, especially when we were informed we were on the wrong path — and as a matter of fact, this was the last house until a town which was a two-day hike away — and that they could spare no food. So we heated some powdered soup we had been carrying with us, and then tried to find place on the porch to stretch out the three sleeping bags we had among us — without squashing the chickens or half-starved dog — for the nine of us to spend the night. Another man was also there, heading to Panama as well, who warned us that if our papers weren't in order, the patrol would turn us back.

We slept as best we could, waking at dawn with vampire bats swooping down over us, and the rooster crowing. We lightened our packs by giving away some of our clothing, and said goodbye to three of the group who decided to turn back. Six of us continued, following the man we had met the night before — and becoming increasingly thankful that we were with someone who knew where he was

going, as we could not distinguish a path at all.

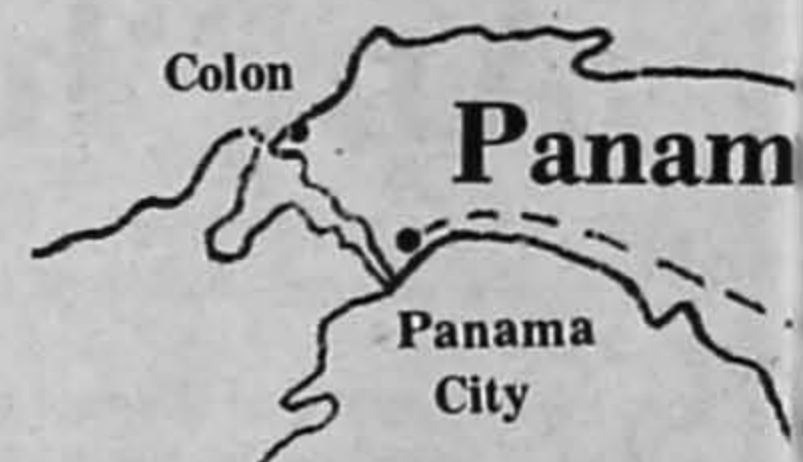
Hours later, sweaty and tired from pulling ourselves up steep slopes by grabbing onto branches and bushes, we sat down on the wet ground, finally at the summit. Carefully dividing a half-forgotten chocolate bar seven ways, we tried to pierce the heavy mist that kept us from seeing the Atlantic Ocean. Full of energy we again shouldered our packs and followed our guide who by now was hacking a path with his machete.

At the bottom we met the humble origins of the Tupiza River which we would be following for the next four days — though of course we didn't know that! When it was almost sundown we stopped and built a little lean-to. We must have looked like clowns as we put on dry clothes — for some of us it meant long underwear — to spend the night and protect us from the voracious mosquitoes.

Early the next morning our friend left us — and we were on our own. With a spoonful of jam apiece we set off. Not long after — much to our dismay — the six Colombians we had wanted to keep our distance with, caught up. Sharing the last of our food — by this time nothing more than vitamin C pills — we began to trust each other more. And at sundown we finally came to a "platano" grove, and so while some of us built a lean-to, others chopped down green cooking bananas, and made a fire. Putting the peeled plantain directly in the ashes made them slightly edible. As we were hungry, even charred plantain tasted great! With a prayer of thanks in our hearts, we fell asleep.



Dick and Tom Rutschman and Karen Dueck



Supper of fried bananas and rice over, people started gathering around us on the frail-looking bamboo platform, as we strummed the guitar we had brought with us. Soon the whole village was there, and a worship service began! They asked to be taught new songs, — which we did — as well as read the 23rd Psalm with them, which was new for them, and took on a very new and real meaning for us. During testimony time we began to understand a little bit of the dangers we had naively gone through: snakes, black panthers, mountain lions, yellow fever, malaria. . .

Sleep didn't come easy with all the mosquitoes attracted by the oil lamp that was meant to keep the bats away but we were happy to have made friends. The next morning we said farewell to our brothers, the Choco Indians. Sad we could not stay longer but comforted by the fact that the town was for sure only one day away, and that the path would lead us directly there, we continued back-packing.

When the trail ended in a meadow, in despair we found our way back to the river. Sick and tired by now of the heat, — of the lack of food and sleep, of sticky wet clothes, and of the footpath that from the beginning was supposed to be "sin Perdida" (without loss) — Dick and Randy swam downstream, hoping to find another Indian village.

It seemed hard to believe that over a month ago we had said goodbye to friends and relatives in Montevideo, Uruguay. Train, bus, hitchhiking or even riding atop loaded trucks had been our mode of travel so far, trekking from Uruguay through Brazil, Paraguay, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador and Colombia.

Once on shore we discovered that the only way out of Acandi was to hire a "Piragua" or to hike to the next port. Having stronger feet than loads of money, nine of us from the boat banded together and prepared to make the eight-hour hike.

Taking only enough time to eat bread and bananas in the main plaza, and to buy some "panela" — sugar-cane cakes — for the road, we left, following the footpath the villagers pointed out to us. They had warned that the first part of the "trocha" was muddy, and as we sank half-way up to our knees we wondered if they were also right in cautioning us about belligerent Indians. Soon the road got better, as ever so slowly we started climbing the mountain range that separates Columbia from Panama.

By the time we reached the first stream, our canteen was long dry, and the mud on our clothes hardened. A quick dip and we were soon on our way again, refreshed and cleaner. At the next river kids were playing in the water, and at our request, brought us some grapefruit and some other fruit we had never seen before, boiled "chontaduro" and "pan de arbol".

An hour later a very welcome dug-out arrived. To small for us and our packs, we all swam after it. Once there we were asked if we had any oil — to fry shark for supper. It was hard to act too nonchalant when we found out it had been fished in the same river we had been walking and swimming in for the last five days! The plantain was good, anyhow!

With a tropical rainstorm, an oil lamp for bats, and a swarm of mosquitoes, the night was a long one. The next morning we all boarded the

"piragua" that a neighbor had, big enough for us and packs, and with lengths of guadua (thick bamboo) chopped for seats, and we were off to Yaviza.

Oh what bliss — to be able to sit and watch the scenery go by! And even have time to talk with each other! The three hours went too fast, and before we knew it we were in a Yaviza pharmacy looking for medicine to send back to the family with whom we had spent the night. Not finding what we wanted, we crossed the river in the dug-out to an American mission compound, where we did find what we needed. Our request to sleep on their screened-in porch didn't produce the desired result, though we were told about a good Christian in town — Zacharias — who might be able to help us find a place to stay!

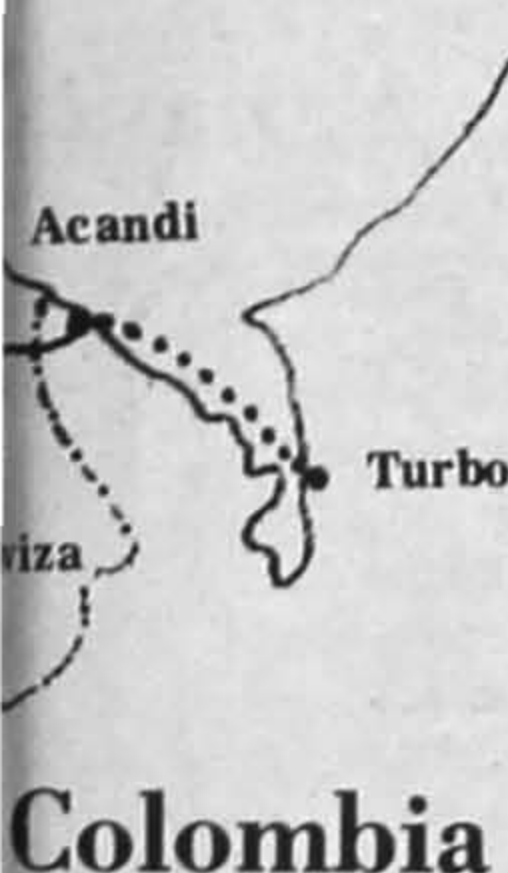
Back in town we had incredible hassle with the military officials — they demanded a day of forced labor or a "contribution" from each of us (we did the latter) — but at least Zacharias found us a place to stay, and there was plenty of food at his small restaurant.

The next day, just as we were finishing another meal at Zacharias's, we heard the drone of an airplane. Running to the bank of the river, flagging a dug-out, and crossing over to the landing strip procured us a seat in the unexpected 4 passenger plane. Leaving money for a boat trip for Wilson and Ludwig, we said goodbye, and an hour later we found ourselves eating peanut-butter-banana sandwiches as our clothes washed in a laundromat, and watched the hurried people go by. Already we missed the tranquil jungle and simple life of the Indians.

gle

me up much too early, and once
ed our wet jeans and shoes, and
ching, after a breakfast of anti-
ven though it was just one more day
gh the river countless times to find
to walk, it was a very eventful day.
of Indian corn — which we steamed
ate with very few guilt feelings —;
inhabited Indian hut on stilts —
some green plantain in their pots;
and — by walking right in on their
ilitary patrol whom we had been
for the sake of the Colombians. The
eams of finding jobs in Panama
as none of them had papers. Sadly
ot on, Wilson, the Peruvian Indian;
olombian bohemian; Randy, the
om Arizona, and the three of us.
vntstream we could find food at a
n village the guards told us. When
La Esperanza, to the village of the
for they did call themselves
ere ushered to the teacher's home.
e returned to the river, this time for
soap! Returning to the village we
uous changing clothes on the open
house. Seeing that they were only
gs or skirts, we lost our inhibitions
to our dry clothes.

— continued below —



Colombia

50 Km.
..... by boat
———— on foot
----- plane



Surmounting depression: a handful of handholds

by Steve Denlinger

An understatement. We're currently straining under the stress of finals and papers. We clear the snack shop more quickly and give our hellos more crisply. Some of us are discouraged or depressed. That's O.K. Actually healthy. Maybe it's those who currently feel no pressure who should reconsider their conditions.

The next week might be easier if we recognized that most of our immediate depression is acute, not chronic. Chronic depression is usually experienced in February and March and is usually triggered by issues larger than tests and papers. Dr. Joseph Schwab, psychologist at Oaklawn, in a *Record* interview explained that chronic depression is often the shadow of many struggles. Loneliness, insecurity, identity crisis, academic pressures, and inferiority complex, or the encounter of sensitive, idealistic ethnic individuals with a not-so-sensitive-and-idealistic world.

Chronic depression calls for friends and counseling. No easy simplistic answers. But acute depression in a short crisis period can be eased by a little common sense. By common sense we mean simple day-to-day techniques or handholds to make next week tolerable, if not enjoyable. So, *Record* reaches out and hands you a handful of handholds: — It helps to be consciously aware of your mental condition. Know it if you're up; know it if you're down. Pause for ten minutes before bed and review your day. Give yourself two minute mental recycling sessions throughout the day. A journal?

— Depression is basically self-anger. The process moves from psychic injury to self-pity, to self-anger. None of us can keep from being hurt, but it is possible, if not easy, to cut the process of self-pity.

— Much of our frustration comes from constantly rehearsing the ten days of work we must do in the next five. Don't run on a mental treadmill. The work snowballs unrealistically as it rolls round and round. Instead, write down all the work and when it's due, and then forget it all except the one you are concentrating on.

— Senior Mary Lehman dictates: "Get out of bed as soon as you awaken. Lying in bed only makes you depressed about the work you could and should be doing."

— Search for a private nook, or hideout. Most of us raised in North America or Europe need our exclusive place to withdraw and rebuild. Be by our-

selves. Not many such spots are available in the dorms or library, but in the larger campus, a few are still waiting to be discovered by the innovative student.

— For those who can't find a hideout, Harry Truman suggested a "foxhole in the head." We all have a sophisticated selective tuning-out process. (How many nights since you heard the 2:48 a.m. train?) Try it.

— If tension wears down your tuning process, maybe recreation will rejuvenate it. Walk to the dam. M.J. Zimmerman goes birdwatching. J.L. Burkholder plays tennis. Merle Snyder throws a frisbee.

— Get enough sleep. Maybe impossible, but absolutely necessary.

— Eat good meals. God bless Earl the Pearl and my mother.

— Blowing off the pressure to a friend can be encouraging. Yes, misery does like company and we all can use more tender loving care. But, make sure you can pull yourself from your friend's couch to your own desk.

— Depression is very contagious. Three cases can spread to a whole floor. Are you sure the depression is your own?

— Let's accept and enjoy the fact that part of academia is learning to be analytical and skeptical, if not cynical and pessimistic. But I'm cynical about being cynical. I suspect our cynicism can reach the point of being counterproductive. Maybe for a few moments, we, like Lewis, can be surprised by joy. (No, my name isn't Dale Carnegie, Bill Gothard, or Norman Vincent Peale.)

— Keep yourself in perspective. Bertrand Russell calmed himself before major speeches by remembering how little the speech would matter twenty years in the future.

— Even if all the above is asinine, keep struggling. Time solves all, if nothing else does.

— Finally laugh. Enjoy your sense of humor. If you can't smile at anything else, laugh at those crazy *Record* people — losing sleep, getting depressed, and writing suggestions for a depression that might be only their own.

Students fight commercialism

Breadmaking: it's on the rise

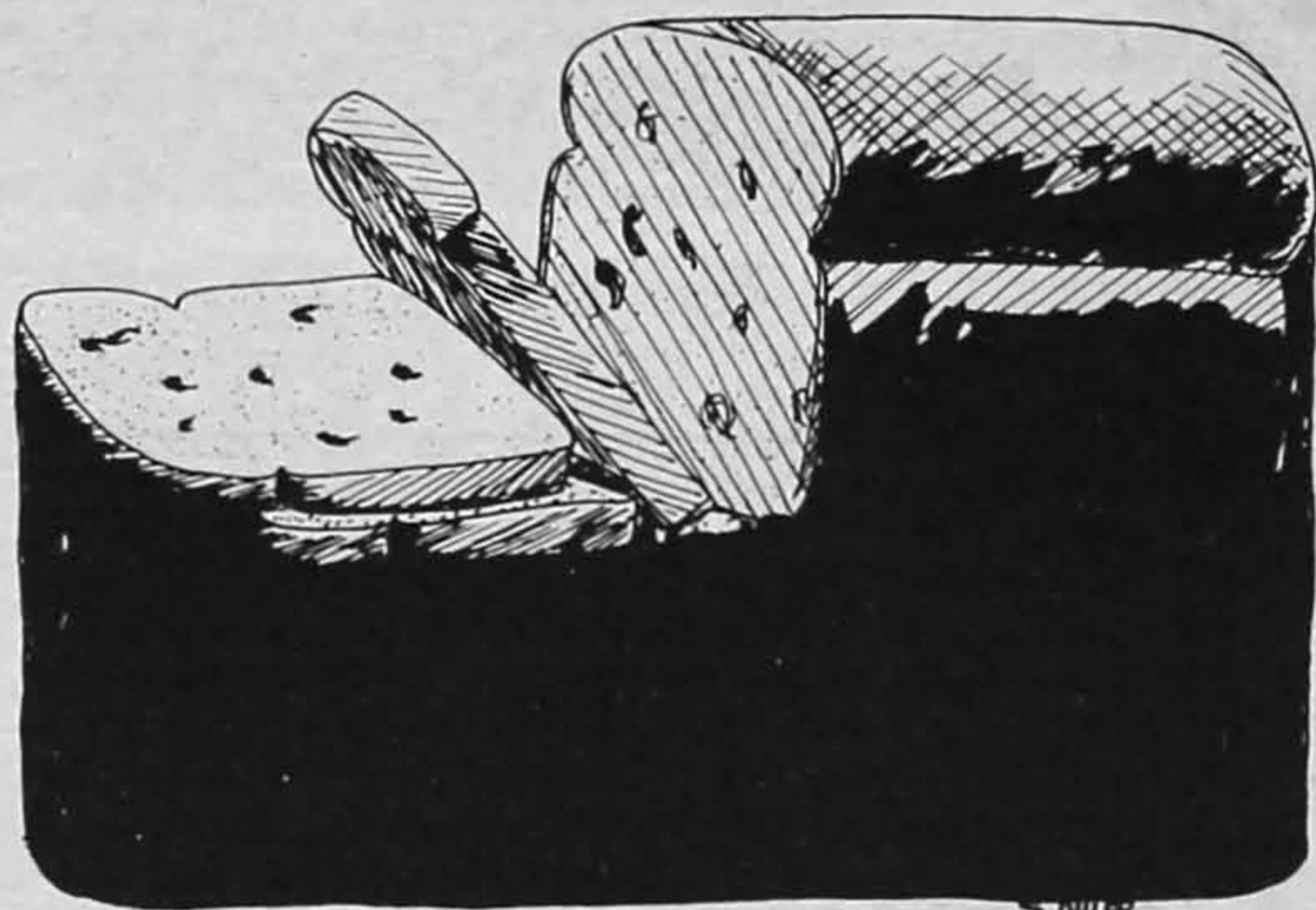
by Kelli Burkholder

The next time you're in the snack shop during the noon hour notice how many students with sack lunches are eating sandwiches made of homemade bread. You may be quite surprised at the number who are, and curious about which students have actually made their own.

Bread may be becoming "the staff of life" once again with this renewed interest in baking and with the many new recipes available. Since the commercial production of bread changed it into a tasteless product with little nutritional value, it hasn't held a very exciting place in our meals. People are now baking it themselves, using nutritional ingredients for a wholesome product. Eating a slice of freshly baked bread isn't a novelty anymore.

Many off-campus students bake various yeast breads on a regular basis. Two off-campus households of students mentioned below make all the bread they consume. They offer a few reasons for baking and some tips for making whole-wheat yeast breads.

Junior Bob Yoder bakes his whole-wheat bread because he claims that it is the only logical thing to do. It has an appealing flavor and is nutritional, whereas the commercial products are "bleached, bromated, and bad!" Bob and his three roommates Jake Loewen, Phil Diller, and Allen Buschert, all take turns baking. They feel a bread of superior quality is produced when proper ingredients are used.



Whole wheat is obtained from local farmers. When ground with an electric or hand grinder just before mixing, the ingredients produce the freshest bread. Molasses, sorghum, or honey is used as the food for the yeast and improves the flavor of whole wheat bread.

Many different combinations of flour can be used. Rye, soyflour, and corn meal may be added for flavor and to improve the nutritional content, but these ingredients limit the gluten formation.

The key for a dough which rises well is to knead, knead, knead to work the dough for a light loaf. Each person has his own recipe but also uses various combinations of flours they have on hand.

Another household, composed of students Susan Ebersole, Karen Dueck, Lissa Burkholder, Luis Constantin, and Al and Marcia Glick has been trying to produce the "perfect whole wheat bread recipe." They have been baking bread for several months and have determined that the cost for a 1½ pound loaf of home-made bread is a little under 25 cents as compared to 65-75 cents a loaf in the store! This household also gets its ingredients (except oil and salt) in bulk from direct sources which makes them much cheaper.

Most recipes they use are a combination of whole wheat and white flour. They produce a very heavy bread of small volume, and many dirty dishes. After many experiments and interesting results they have come up with a standard recipe with the following characteristics:

1. Made mainly of whole wheat flour
2. Results in a light bread
3. Good volume providing "spreading space" to use for sandwiches
4. Won't crumble easily
5. Fresh and wholesome flavor
6. Involves the least dishes and mess

Homestead Whole Wheat Bread

Makes 4 1½ pound loaves or 6 1 pound loaves. (All ingredients should be at room temperature.)

6 c. lukewarm milk (can be from powdered)

6 T. dry yeast

1 c. honey

2 T. salt

¼ c. oil

10 c. fresh-ground whole wheat flour

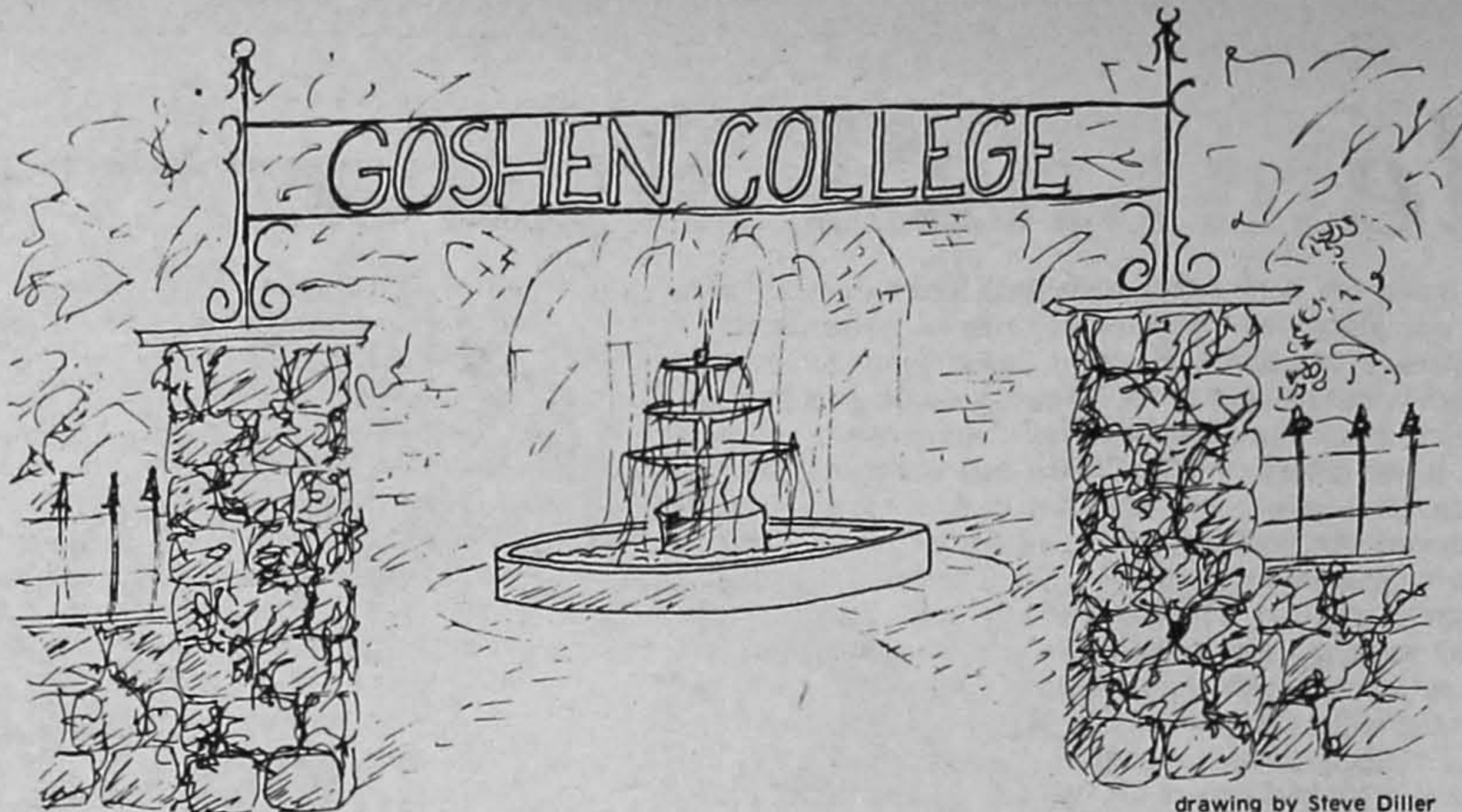
approx. 4-6 c. additional flour

a little white or unbleached flour for kneading

Soften yeast in 2 c. milk and add honey, stir. Let sit 10 min. till yeast is bubbly. Add salt, oil, and flour and beat 100 strokes by hand. Let rise until light and doubled. (A good method is to set pan in oven with a pan of water under it for about one hour.) Now stir in additional flour and knead until done. It won't take very long using this method — about 5 min. Using smooth, unbleached flour for the kneading process is easier on hands and soaks up stickiness. Knead ½ the dough at a time then divide each portion into two and form into loaves. Place in large greased breadpans. Let rise again until light and doubled — dough rounding over tops of pans. Bake at 350 degrees on lower shelf of oven 50-60 min. Remove loaves from pans and let cool on their sides on wire rack.

Suggestion for a beginner: bake bread with a more experienced person for the first time.

Homestead
Whole Wheat Bread



There's a spot in Indiana

by Becky Bontrager

As recently as three years ago the Goshen College school song was sung in four-part harmony at the halftime of every basketball game. Now it is rarely heard and even less known among students. It's an interesting song. Maybe we should get to know it again.

After GC had been in existence four years, the faculty, in good Mennonite tradition, appointed a committee to find a school song. In 1919 they accepted a poem written by a student, M. E. Miller of Kalona, Iowa. A few changes were made before the form shown below was reached. One change was in the third line of the chorus. "Master" was originally "Masters" — meaning professors.

Prof. J. D. Brunk, head of the School of Music, then set the poem to music. Brunk wrote the music for the verse with five beats per measure and the chorus with four beats per measure. It is probably the only school song in the country with this distinction and is consequently fairly difficult to sing.

In this year of heritage-salvaging we can't overlook the good old Goshen College song. Cut it out and tape it to your mirror until you have it memorized (or until you're so sick of it you're inspired to write a new one). It's the least you can do for your school.

There's a spot in Indiana,
Where the leafy Maple grows,
'Tis our dear and glorious Parkside,
Where the Elkhart River flows;
'Tis a spot we love most dearly,
'Tis a spot we'll cherish long,
After youth and strength have faded,
And this world has heard our song.

Chorus

Goshen College, ever singing,
To her motto we'll be true.
Honor to our Master bringing,
Alma Mater, we love you.

Here we learn life's duties, doing,
In our sacred College halls,
Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior,
Answer "Aye" when duty calls.
Though our talents may be slender
Yet our hearts beat warm and true,
Ever lead us onward, upward,
Ever shall our strength renew.

And the lasting ties of friendship,
Woven thru with hopes and fears;
May they ne'er be brok'n asunder
In the distant coming years.
Though our future paths may lead us
To fair heights we cannot see,
Alma Mater, ere we leave you,
Loyalty we pledge to thee.

Contrary to tradition,
Record is not printing the
exam schedule this trimester.
Since you can't carry it with
you, be sure to check the large
updated schedule in the Union
(alias Onion). Several room
changes have been made.



Mister Donut

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with us

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Plant something

green

in your

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three locations

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The GC chorale will perform "The Creation", Joseph Haydn's oratorio, Sunday, April 13 at 3 p.m., in the Union Auditorium. "The Creation" relates the Genesis account of the first six days of creation. Part of the text is from John Milton's "Paradise Lost". The oratorio will be directed by Dr. Dwight Weldy, professor of music, and presented in three parts with vocal solos, spoken recitatives and arias.

photo by Moore's Studio

Front Row: Dwight E. Weldy, Rita Kennel, Ann Croyle, Patricia Lengacher, Ann Klink, Louise Mann, Mary Weldy, Deborah Gehman, Barbara Freyenberger, Deborah Cady, Suzanne Hertzler, Nancy Ludwig.

Second Row: Enid Stahl, Glenda Detweiler,

Linda Schrock, Beverly Short, Judy Yoder, Rebecca Beachy, Lynn Sommer, Cynthia Smucker, Donna Detweiler, Kate Wenger, Linda Hersberger.

Third Row: Philip Miller, Tom Lubbers, David Miller, Brian Roth, Eric Henderson, David Besch,

Nathan Zehr, Roger Nafziger, Chuck Yoder, James Ebersole, David Groff.

Top Row: Rodney Zook, Steve Good, Winfield Wright, John Nice, Marvin Falk, Richard Hersberger, Douglas Graber, Jay Brubaker, Mark Hartman, Eric Zehr, Randy Widrick.

Variety is the spice of Good library

By Phil Shenk

"Some of our new books are pretty unusual — not your typical library fare, I'd say." The speaker was Devon Yoder, GC librarian. Yes folks, the library stocks more than just encyclopedias. There's even some interesting reading.

Each year about 2500 new books come into the library. Most of these are chosen by profs for their course areas. In addition the library staff each year picks several hundred of a more eccentric nature. This results in some selections of interest.

For example: Foxfire II, a collection of some of the old ways of life from mountain folk in Appalachia. "How to Wash

Clothes in an Iron Pot," "Spring Wild Plant Foods," "Old-Time Burials" and a dozen more. High school students went out and gathered gems about a disappearing, simpler way of life. The 400 pages of varied subjects allow the reader to go many different directions.

About burials: "They'd dress the body at home and keep it overnight. They always dressed them in the best they had." Or about raising sheep for wool: "It don't take much to feed a sheep. Lots of people claim that corn would make 'em shed their wool, but I don't know whether it would."

A homey, personal touch prevails throughout the collection. Most of the material consists of oral interviews with

people themselves. Four of the sections offer recorded conversations with some indomitable oldsters. Maude Shope: "Like milking cows. They're not none of th'younger generation knows how. Wouldn't know which side of th'cow to go t'milk. Lots of y'don't. Well, I do." The book's fascinating. One sees life in a refreshing new (old) light.

I present a second book as another example: The Satan Seller, by Mike Warnke. The author shares his personal life experience. He rose to Master Counselor of 1500 Satan disciples. Through his eyes one sees into the world of Satanic power.

The author himself at first didn't grasp the full reality of Satan's power. But some stun-

ning events convinced him. The visible presence of a demonic spirit. The instant completion of a demonic wish. The author later said, "Some groups have favorite demons. In our ceremonies we called on demons to do almost everything a person could ever dream of."

The book scared me. It scared me into hating Satan and all evil. But for Mike Warnke the power of Jesus triumphed. He had hit absolute bottom. The story of that victory excited me even more than the first half of the book scared me.

At the end of the book the author shared, "I finally found there is Someone more powerful than the god of this world, and that is Jesus Christ." The book is an eye-opener to spiritual reality and gives hope to those blinded by Satan.

Foxfire and Satan Seller are two of the most outstanding among the new books. Three other examples further indicate the range of human interest

selected.

The Good Soldier Svejk is a look at the futility of war from the inside, this time from the other side. The author, Jaroslav Hasek, fought for the Germans in World War I. Garbage: The History and Future of Garbage in America gives a nauseating peek at reality. Story of a Bird-Banding Project, by S. C. Witmer, retired biology prof., is one of several recent publications by GC people.

Starting this week a special area of the reference room will display a sampling of some of the best new books. A complete list of all new books will also be available for students. This recent move reflects the attitude of the library staff. Yoder said, "What we really need is to get the library more in front of people. To be dynamic — flexible to student needs."

He added, "Student requests for future book purchases hold a high priority in our minds. In June we'll send our order in for next year."

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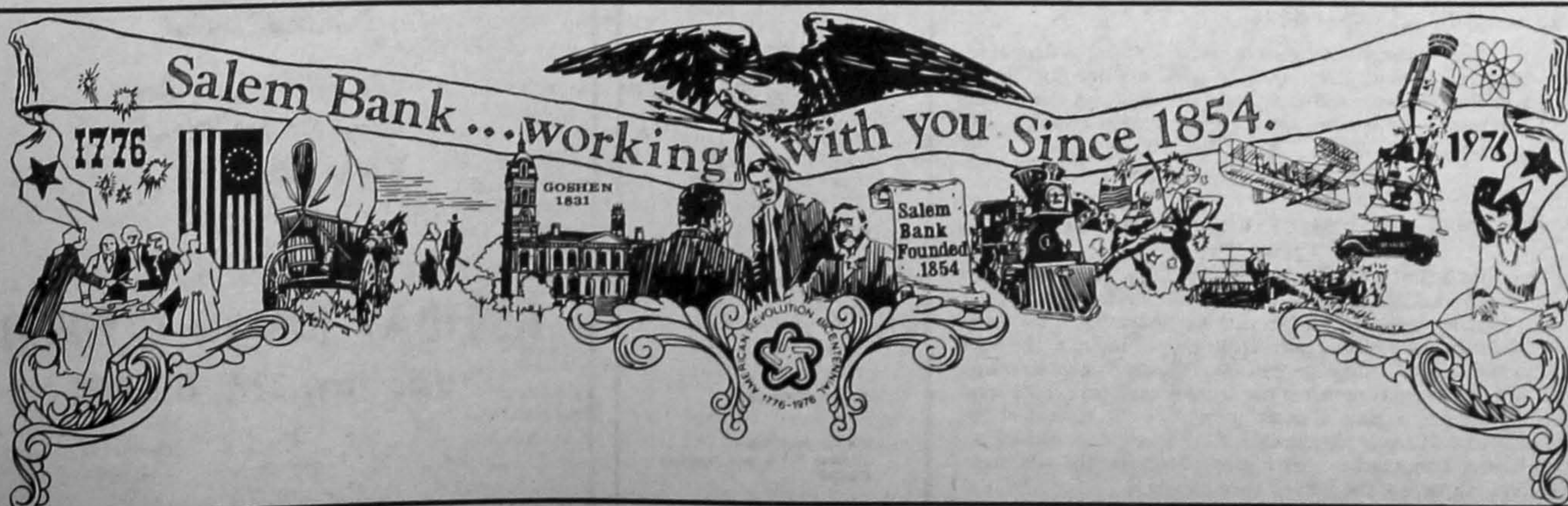
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NEWSHORTS

Spring sports preview

by Fred Clemens

Swingin' and singin' on Saturday

WHGA is sponsoring a square dance at 7:00 p.m. this Saturday in the gym. The fun will continue at 9:00 with a country gospel concert by Marv Graber in the snack shop.

Profs terminate teaching careers

Prof. Jake Swartzentruber taught his last Audio-Visual class at GC last Wednesday. He has been at Goshen since 1952 and sees the last 23 years as "fruitful," but he is also looking forward to getting away from "the need to always answer bells." He plans to spend time with his hobbies, ham radio and woodworking.

Profs. Bill Miller and Vernon Schertz will take over Swartzentruber's responsibilities with the A-V department and WGCS.

Two other professors are also retiring this year. Verna Zimmerman, former acting head of the nursing division, terminated her teaching activities last year and is presently on sabbatical leave. H. Clair Amstutz, professor of biology, will teach one spring term, Human Anatomy and Physiology, before retiring.

Art students sell works today

Art students will offer some of their works for sale today from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. in the Union lobby. The items include ceramics, photographs, prints, textiles and some paintings.

Maple Leafs ready for raking

The yearbooks have arrived! If you didn't get yours yesterday in the snack shop, you can pick it up today from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. They'll be available also on commencement weekend or from Dottie Shenk and Dennis Hostetter. The yearbooks are free for two-trimester, full-time students; \$2.50 for one-trimester full-time students; \$5.00 for two-trimester part-time students, and \$6.00 for non-students. Editor Nelson Kraybill isn't on campus this trimester so you can't comment on the yearbook directly to him. But Dottie Shenk, next year's editor, will take your suggestions.

Loss of Kashishian infant mourned

The GC community extends its sympathy to John and Rhonda Kashishian whose first child was stillborn last Sunday. John, a former student from Amman, Jordan, presently works for the Physical Plant.

Irishman to lecture on Machiavelli

Dr. Grattan Freyer, farmer, potter, scholar, and critic, will present the eighth in this year's History and Hope lecture series on Tuesday, April 29, in Assembly Hall at 8:00 p.m. Dr. Freyer presently teaches at the Institute of Irish Studies, Dublin. He has visited the Goshen campus a number of times in recent years, speaking on Irish literature and politics. His lecture topic, based upon extensive research from which he is preparing a book, is "Machiavelli and Machiavellism."

GC math brains join competition

Don Leatherman, Mel Schmidt and Sid Richard, GC math students, traveled to Wabash College for the National Putnam Competition for small colleges. The contest is an opportunity for students to informally compete on a state-wide level. The three students took the two-hour test as a team, along with representatives from other colleges. Since the competition started ten years ago on a low-key "friendly" level, Goshen has achieved only one third place. Test results for this year have not yet been announced.

Geissinger gives recital next week

Tim Geissinger performs in his Senior Speech Recital to be given Friday, April 18 at 8 p.m. in Assembly Hall. Readings of poetry and selections from the plays *Our Town*, *The Imaginary Invalid*, and *Everyman* are included in the program.

GC-bound mail survives plane crash

Ruth Sutter, freshman, and Carol Lapp, senior, received several charred letters in the mail last Friday. The letters, all mailed from West Liberty, Ohio, on March 31, had been aboard a plane which crashed near Culver, Indiana. The mail was delivered to the college in a U. S. Postal System envelope with a note explaining that the articles were part of the load salvaged by a team of postal inspectors at the scene of the accident. A fire which broke out at the accident caused extensive burn marks on each piece; however, the addresses and contents of the letters were legible.

With spring now here and a new sports season under way, it is time to look at the three spring sports team at Goshen College: baseball, track and golf. (Smooching has not yet gained varsity status so that will not be discussed here.)

The baseball season is already under way. So far the squad has played Manchester and Glen Oaks. Both of these teams had had a number of games under their belts and this showed against the Maple Leafs in four losses and an 0-4 record. Against Manchester the scores were 9-4 and 1-0. Then last Monday against Glen Oaks the scores were 9-5 and 6-3.

The Maple Leafs have most of last year's team back with a few notable exceptions. Last year's shortstop Glen Miller, an all-conference selection, has graduated, as have starting third baseman Jan Miller, outfielders Arvis Dawson, Gary Keister, Jim Graber and pitcher Lynn Miller.

But a slight shuffling of some of the old faces plus some promising new ones seem to have filled these holes well. The main problem at this point seems to be not manpower but game experience. After a double-header yesterday at home against Indiana University-Purdue, the Maple Leafs open their conference season tomorrow at 1:00 p.m. when they host Huntington for two games.

The track team has also already started their season. Last Tuesday, at home, the team triumphed over Huntington 77-68, winning 12 of the 17 events. They missed a 13th first place when Ron Meyer, in the triple jump tied with a Huntington man in distance but lost first place on a technicality. Then the following day the squad traveled to Kalamazoo, Michigan, for their second meet. Tomorrow the Goshen team will run their third meet of the week when they again travel into Michigan to run against Spring Arbor.

The track team here at Goshen College usually has relatively few candidates but this year's team, under the direction of Roman Gingerich, is small even by GC track standards. At present there are about a dozen men out for the team and a couple will be lost

through SST this spring, so that by the time the conference meet is run in May, the team may be even smaller. But they showed in last Tuesday's performances that talent is there and this could make up for the lack of numbers.

If one were to pick a phrase to characterize this year's golf team it would be "new faces." This is the first year for Coach Ron Karn who is the assistant professional at Maple Crest golf course. He will be working with a team which has no regulars returning from last year's squad. This year's team will rely heavily on freshmen. They open the season today when they travel to play Spring Arbor. Their only home meet will be next Tuesday at the Maple Crest course against St. Francis, Marion and Huntington.

Chapel-convo proposal

This is a summary of the proposal for next year's chapel-convo program which is currently being discussed by the faculty. Monday would be a convocation series planned cooperatively by the chapel and convocation committees and the Division of General Education. Wednesday would be a "full-orbed worship" planned by the chapel committee. Friday would continue in the style of the current convocation program with visiting lectures, topics of current interest, campus issues, etc. Attendance requirements would remain the same — two events per week.

	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri
8:00					
9:00					
10:00	chapel-convo "input core"	optional extension time, free time or feedback and discussion	chapel-convo "input core"	optional extension time, free time or feedback and discussion	chapel-convo "input core"
11:00					
12:00					

- chapel-convo "input core"
- optional extension time, free time or feedback and discussion
- open hour with no scheduled activities

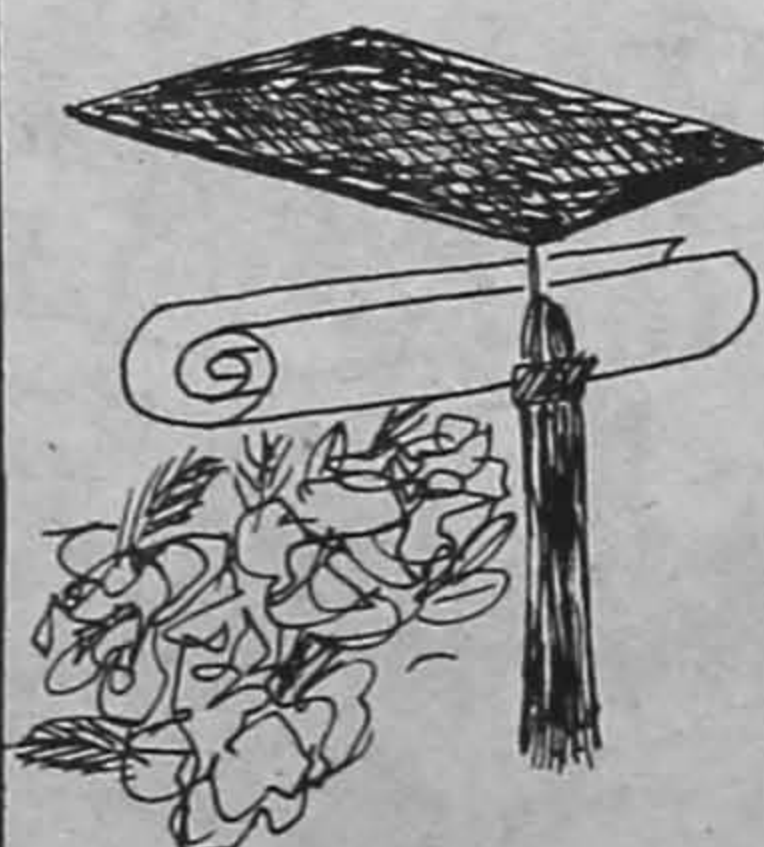
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