

Monetary pursuit: A financial food chain

by Tim Crouse

Those who have enough money to play financial games but not enough to do so without strain are wary of the power money has in society and in her institutions. Post-graduate schools and their students tend to walk on financial leashes, some more comfortably

than others. Financial comfort is sought by most.

Full-time McPherson College students face a six-percent tuition cost increase for this year over last year (from \$3900 to \$4150 for the school year). Those taking room and board on campus are paying seven-

percent more than last year.

The past few years, the rising of costs at Mac have been fairly consistent, says Karlene Tyler, Director of Financial Aids. The college has basically been following the "economic trends" of the time and society.

At the end of each school year,

Business Manager and Treasurer James Dodson, the Vice Presidents, Tyler and usually at least one student (often the Student Council President) form a committee to decide on the price changes and budget for the upcoming year. The College Trustees set the proposed ship asail.

What, then, of the students, the living resource that gives the institution purpose and body . . . and money? Does the college leave them out in the chilly high costs alone? Not entirely.

"We try to meet 100 percent of the need (financial), 98 percent of the time this is done," said Tyler. About half is done through grants and scholarships, the rest with loans and work-study programs.

McPherson College itself provides an average of over \$1000 per student per year of aid. This is mostly all done in the admissions process, a fresh carrot for forthcoming bunnies.

"We try to put together the best package possible for them for their college career," says Tyler.

The school bases its institutional aid more on merit than need. Academic Scholarships are awarded based on class rank when entering and a 3.0 GPA must be held. These range from \$500 to \$1800 per year.

Activity awards, such as athletics, drama, art and music are based on recommendations

and go from \$100 to \$600.

There are also specialty scholarships that are usually used for recruiting and only last one year, such as the Yoder for agriculture or the Pair for computer science. The Sargent Scholarship usually sees its bilingual students out the college door.

The Mac Grant is a relatively new source of help for students in need but not qualified for other help. The maximum yearly amount of institutional aid a student may receive is \$2075, about half the tuition. Tyler estimates that 95 percent of full-time students receive institutional aid.

Much of the financial help for students comes from the six federal programs of grants, work-study and student loans. According to Tyler, the federal aid program is coming up for reevaluation this year. Most likely, the governmental aid is going to be less, so the college is trying to make up for what may be lost.

Fairly big pieces of the multimillion-dollar centennial-drive pie are going for scholarships. In the past four years there has been a 42 percent increase in money for scholarships. Rising costs have been gingerly encouraging these aid increases. And money games continue.

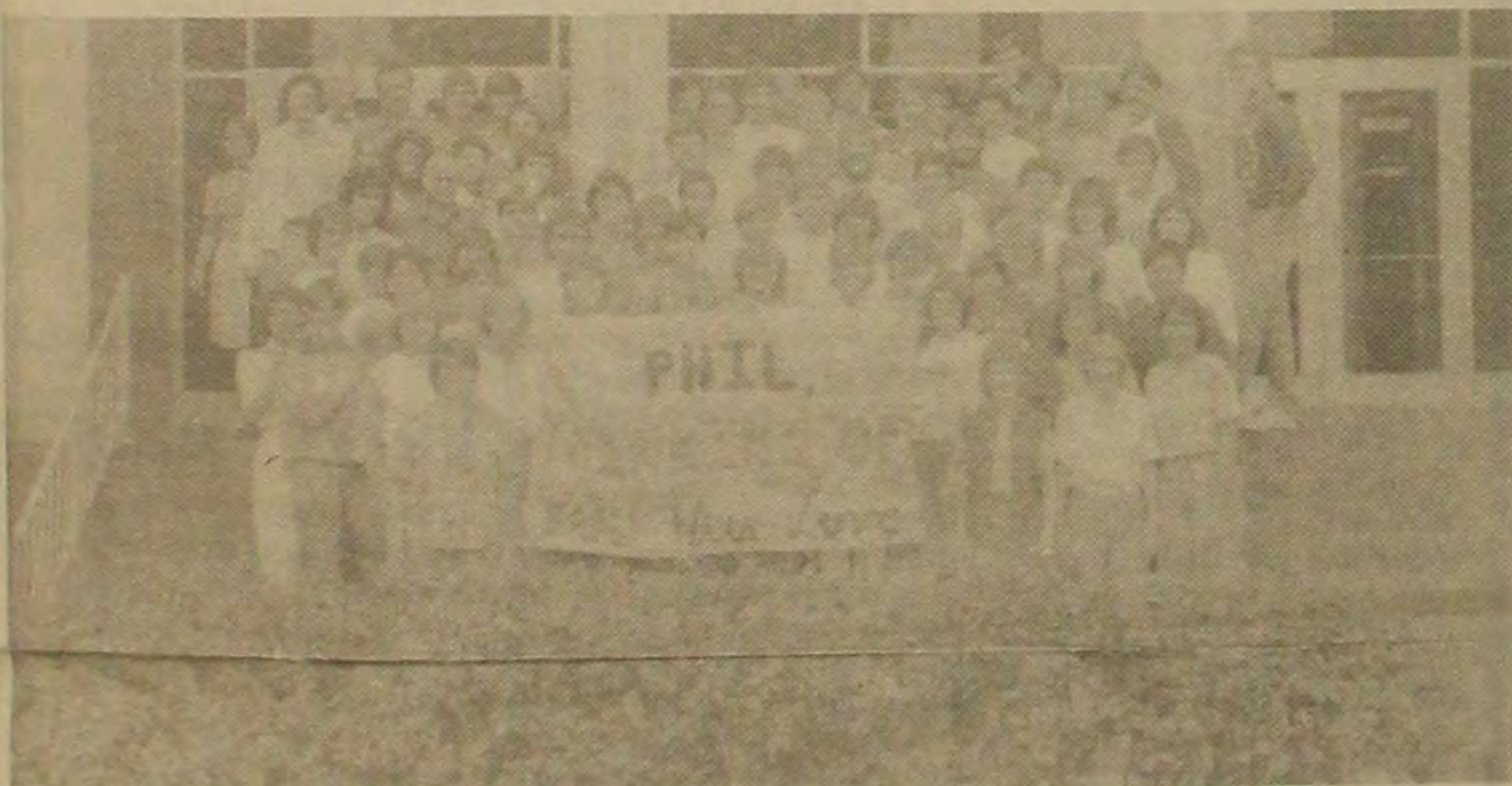
THE
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THINKING OF YOU — Friends of Phil Hofen gathered to send him a greeting. The banner was signed by many who miss his presence on

campus and hope for his prompt recovery. The gift was sent to his home.

photo by Kathy Miller

J.S. Bach: Music for all ages

by Ken Mohler

Just to set the record straight, I'll tell you right now: I am a fan of J.S. Bach. Yes, it's true. For many years I've kept my music inclinations hidden, but I've decided to come out of the closet and tell the truth. I'm a "Bacher."

People ask me questions like: "Ken, why do you insist on listening to music that's 300 years old?" People have tried many times to reform my tastes by introducing me to such modern composers as Wham! and Duran Duran and Motely Crue, but they're just not the same.

I've compared works such as "Smoking in the Boy's Room" with its refined blues structure against Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G Major with its joyous clouds of notes dancing between instruments and I must favor Bach.

His works have such depth, intricacy and a love of life that every thing else is only scratches on a sheet of vinyl.

Bach is more than just music. Bach was a man and his experiences as a man helped to shape his great works.

Bach lived in the Germany of 300 years ago, a country made up of hundreds of small fiefdoms, states and free cities. There was much work available for a musician, as every Duke, Prince, etc. required his own band of court musicians.

Bach came from a family of musicians, starting his career as an organist for various churches, and finally securing a post as the court organist for the Duke Wilhelm Ernst of Saxe Weimar.

He later became the concert master for Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cothen. He finally secured the post of Cantor (music director) for the city of Leipzig. Throughout his career he was exposed to a great variety of musical influences and musical styles.

In his work, Bach drew together the great musical traditions and gave them a voice

stronger and more vibrant than any heard before.

Bach managed to compose pieces of mathematic complexity and yet at the same time demonstrate great beauty and melodic sensibility. This is a major reason for his continued popularity.

Bach is a favorite among musicians. His works can be interpreted in a variety of different ways and no matter how it's worked, the pieces still contain their appeal.

Bach has been played in every style imaginable, from 200-piece orchestras to a single violinist, from harpsicords to synthesizers, from the Swingle Singers to Van Halen. No matter how it's played, it comes up Bach.

Now if you're impatient and want to hear just exactly what this Bach fellow is really like, you'll have your chance. This week convocations feature a potpourri of Bachmania.

On Monday the music

(Continued on page 3)

Witness from South Africa

by Greg Gunther

Three people get in a car and talk together as they drive to their destination. The vehicle is soon stopped by the police and the occupants are charged with participating in an "illegal gathering." When they protest they are arrested and severely beaten. Their families are not notified nor do they have any idea if they are still alive.

Protesting students stand ten feet apart behind a fence on private property (to avoid "illegal gathering" charges). The police, nonetheless, drag them over the fence, beat them and take them to jail.

A family is told by the government that their house will be leveled to make way for new buildings. The family is relocated, with those members who are old enough to work being sent far away. Where they had shared one car, one television, etc. before, they are now forced by circumstances to support an ailing economy by buying new products.

Those men in that family that can work will have only one week off each year to see their wives and parents. Any other absence from work and they will be fired, permanently excluding them from ever finding a job.

These scenes are from:

A) The civil rights movements in the 60's.

B) a story I made up.

C) Oliver Lawrence's observations on apartheid in South Africa.

Unfortunately, those incidents are not made up but are a vivid reality as Mr. Lawrence conveyed in last Thursday's Peace Awareness meeting.

For myself it was an eye-opener, having only heard from our selective wire services in the news or what Ted Koppel and Peter Jennings decided to tell us.

To hear first hand of the conditions in South Africa; of the constant abuse and denial of humans' rights and the mounting resistance, painted a much more vivid and, in my reckoning, a more accurate picture than any showy newscast could.

The picture that Lawrence paints is a very grim one: A puny Peter Botha hatching off pieces of a dinosaur's tail and thinking that the system of apartheid in the name of Jesus Christ will keep the beast under control.

But it's a strong people that he has abused. Their long enduring of decades of oppression is coming to an end, most likely a bloody one for both sides.

South Africa warrants our attention, but more importantly, its people need our prayers.

The preoccupied ego

The world is heavy with people in September, 1985. There's probably over 48 billion of us.

I've thought I was significant before, that it mattered what I did, how I did it and whether I lived or died. I actually felt important once.

When my third grade teacher appointed me Child of the Week, a feeling of individuality and importance seized me. I even thought it possible that the rest of the class existed primarily that I might perceive them and so they could perceive me.

I hadn't thought things out very clearly but I had subconsciously decided that I was the one important center of that world I was in, that I was the core of natural phenomena. Silly me.

Time and apparent reality, always popping out insights for someone to catch, have been teaching me since third grade, humility being one of the primary lessons.

I'm just one vague identity in the midst of millions, a wee spec of dirt in the sprawling wheat field of humanity. I truly believe this in a way, yet somehow I'm not convinced.

We live in many contexts, the more noticeable simply being the one noticed more by he who is noticing. This is to say that every role each of us plays is equally valid but our awareness puts them into castes of reality.

I'm a minute entity in the expanse of the universe but I more often think of myself as Tim, the one with books to read and things to write but throws the

frisbee instead. These are two simplified examples of who I am in what may be an infinite number of such examples. We each have our own hot span of rolls direct from the universal oven.

As we perceive ourselves, we begin to see parts of who we are. Most of our limits are in our perception, in our awareness of who we are or might be. Our real potential is virtually infinite, I think, maybe.

If this is true, if this is believed, why feel insignificant? I may just be one multicellular organism among trillions, or somebody unknown beyond my small circle of friends and my dog, but I am part of the Universe, of the Unity of Existence. Certainly no claim greater than this can be made.

Insignificance tapped on my shoulder the other day when every person I saw seemed to be at the center of his own world and they all seemed to feel so significant; reflections of myself.

I realized that I was the center of my own personal world but merely some sort of orbiting satellite or floating debris to all the other personal worlds. I felt a heavy dose of humility hit me, almost echoing into loneliness.

Since then I've been too preoccupied to think about it. I've been interacting with too many characters: a professor that eats rock, a theater company behind the scenes of opening night, old and new friends around a big campfire, the McPherson College community. Thank God for contexts.

Tim Crouse

Thought & Speak

by Steve Foulke

What I did over the summer .

I went to Phoenix.

I worked at a great job.

I played Frisbee with my friends.

I lost my immortality.

Bad news from around the world and from this college community hit hard this summer. My reaction was one of bewilderment. I still cannot make sense out of the tragedies of this summer. The idea of death became real to me. When your contemporaries suffer, things become real — very real.

Reflecting on the events of the summer, I have started to sort my feelings. Fighting past the guilt about things out of my control has been tough. But I think I have pinpointed a feeling that has been at my throat since being belted with the terrible news. I have lost my immortality.

Immortality. It is what I carried around for 22 years. I still do but it is beginning to fade away. Replacing my youthful immortality with mortality, not a simple trade off.

Death has always been an affliction of another generation. I could deal with its possible role in my life but I could not honestly say that I felt I was close to the idea of death. I am young, healthy — it can't happen to me. Well, maybe — but probably not. But now I can say I have lost my immortality.

I never had immortality. It is not a gift. It does not exist. But before this summer I had never seen myself facing death. This summer taught me that it can and eventually will happen to me.

It may be a good thing that the young don't face death in a real way. I think that if I had this kind of anxiety about death when I was a child I would be very troubled about nearly everything today. But I did have a time for an innocence toward death. That time is over but it did exist. I used to be immortal.

In the back of my mind I am fighting this realization of death. Reality and immortality are battling it out somewhere in my brain. Reality will win but I may be dead before I know it . . .

To those who lost people close to them this summer you may perceive my loss as trivial. In your shoes I would agree with you. No matter how close I feel I am to death, I would acknowledge that my loss is more an intellectual one. I may long for my immortality, but my heart does not ache for it.

Perhaps the chills I feel about death are manufactured, artificial somehow. I would guess that yours are not. I have lost my immortality, you have lost a part of your spirit. Both losses are real.

I must admit that the worst part of my recent struggle with my mortality is not dealing with death but dealing with

life. By establishing my death as an eventual occurrence, the number of days I have left as a breathing humanoid are limited.

I am struggling with the idea that my life is, in a sense, sacred and that I should appreciate my life. Treat life with a certain amount of respect. It's the "certain amount" that's giving me trouble. While I am debating about my death, my life slips through my hands. And I treat the whole affair as if it were no big deal.

I know that life is unique, but it has been business as usual as far as living out my "final" days. It is my hope that this is a healthy response to some overwhelming thoughts on the nature of life and death. I have discovered my mortality and also the wisdom to see that I do not have any simple answers.

I have lost my immortality. If I am not careful I may start to show that I am growing up. I have discovered my mortality. I am a mortal.

Letter policy

The Spectator encourages reader participation through letters to the editor. The deadline for letters (and personals) is Monday before Friday publication.

We prefer that letters be signed, but we will honor requests for anonymity, providing at least one of the editors knows the identity of the writer.

Letters should be typed, double-spaced, using a 55-space line. The Spectator reserves the right to edit letters for libel, grammatical errors, or space limitations. If a letter is edited for space limitations, we will seek approval of the writer for the final copy.

There is an envelope for submissions on the bulletin board outside the Spectator office.

Cathy Holderread Greg Creed
Kevin Burton Tim Crouse

No campus is an island. . . a peninsula maybe

Wearing a billboard-type t-shirt, the one that carries the message "FEED THE WORLD," I receive many and varied comments and gestures. They range from approval to disgust. My favorites are those of approval. I already feel like a Stucky's sign on I-70.

In one specific instance I entered a fellow student's room, who greeted me with, "Feed the world! H—. We got enough

mouths to feed in America. Who cares about starving people off in Africa." This was one of those disgust ones that creates a great contrast between my red face and white shirt.

Pondering this question I wondered, is not the United States of America part of the world? (I assume that my friend was referring to the USA when using the generic term "America." If we are a part of the world, and I believe that we are, then it is vital that we understand how we affect the rest of the world and what its effect is upon us.

Apathy, among other factors, is what causes ignorance in our society. We are not alone in the world, our planet is very small. The fact that our existence teeters on the push of a button clarifies our smallness and inseparability. An ocean of wheat and corn and milo cannot separate our campus from the globe.

It is so sad that if McPherson College is an island we do not have a salty inland sea to enjoy. Why is it, that a topic not directly

concerning this lonely Kansas isle brings glossy eyes and disinterest? People are not informed on world or even national issues, and apparently they do not care what happens outside of their ten-foot radius.

It is a crime against oneself to be locked up inside the imaginary walls that surround the few square acres of McPherson College. There is so much more to an education besides getting the grade, playing a sport and engaging in certain other social activities. We have available a whole body of knowledge and information (however modest it may be) resting in our own Miller Library. This is no advertisement but a suggestion that those periodicals and books be opened and read.

Yes read.

Of course, the printed page is not our only source of information. For every glossy-eyed student or faculty member, there is another bright-eyed one who has something to say, a bit of knowledge to share. This will be of great value to those who have a blank face, and mind, when

drawn out of their illusory oasis of non-information. Active conversation may change your appearance! This is no magic potion and it will not cost you a dime.

Try a shot.

Converse, use whatever theme, dying trees in Germany, dying people on starving continents, the economic victories of Japan, or even communist priests in South America. There is no embarrassment in not knowing but there is shame in not wanting to understand.

Find out.

If you are an apathetic individual, you may disagree with what I am presenting. But then again, you are probably unconcerned about this minichautauqua, held on McPherson Island somewhere off the coast of America, anyway. Whatever the case may be, please take the following quiz and compare your answer to that of your friends, or adversaries.

True or False. A Sandinista is an anti-apartheid neo-Nazi from Beirut?

Greg Creed



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Foreign students talk

Editor's note: Juan Camps, Ralf Schimmer and Kenji Hino are students from foreign lands (Spain, Germany and Japan) on campus this year.

Kenji: I came here to study English and computers. I come from Sapporo, Japan, and I studied metallurgy there for two years. I used computers there for experiments and I took interest in them. One day when I read the newspaper I got information to study in America; I passed the examination and I chose McPherson College.

Juan: I knew about Brethren Colleges Abroad grants through my professor of sociology, who is in charge of this program in Spain. I had an interview and I was chosen. They sent me to Kansas. That's all.

Ralf: I thought it would be good for me as a sociologist to get to know a foreign country and society. I looked for any kind of scholarship and I got in contact with the Resident Director in Marburg, who talked to me about BCA grants.

Juan: When I came by plane I hoped to see New York, but I could just see Manhattan in the horizon through the window. Shame!

Ralf: I stayed in New York for a week. It was funny to see so many people practicing sports in Central Park and jogging in the streets between the cars. They even had to stop at the traffic lights.

Kenji: In Japan, students don't have to work so much at college as here. What is difficult is to pass the exam to enter, but after that we just play.

Juan: Really? I thought that Japanese were ever working hard. In Spain it is not difficult to study at the University, but if you don't have high qualifications you never find a job.

Kenji: Well, but in Japan every student knows that any way he or she will find a job after graduating.

Ralf: In Germany it is not so easy. The unemployment is very high.

Jaun: In Spain too, yeah, but it sounds quite good if you have studied in the U.S.

Ralf: Yeah, quite good. It helps a lot.

Kenji: What do you think about Kansas?

Jaun: Well, in my case, I came from Barcelona, that is at the Mediterranean coast, to Kansas almost directly, so the change was shocking. Especially the flatness of Kansas. Everything is very far and you don't even see a mountain in the horizon.

Ralf: As I came from New York to Kansas by car, I got used to it more slowly. After Ohio, everywhere is nearly as flat as here.

Kenji: Don't you think that there is a lot of homework to do everyday?

Jaun: Homework. I didn't remember that I had to read some chapters for tomorrow.

Ralf: I have to study psychology, and a lot more things.

Kenji: Let's go to the library.

J.S. Bach continued

(Continued from Page 1)

department will be performing a number of Bach's works. The Madrigal Singers will do several chorale settings and a motet (don't get confused with all the musical jargon here, what I just said means, "They'll sing a couple of awesome tunes.").

Steve Gustafson will perform the Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor (music for a haunted house) and there will be some other instrumental works included, care of Larry Kitzel.

On Thursday there will be a

showing of the PBS film "The Joy of Bach" which will chronicle his life and times.

Taken as a whole, the convocations this week will give everyone a wonderful chance to discover this great composer and become a little familiar with his work.

Of course, whether or not Bach could ever outshine Tears for Fears is subject to debate, but I have faith in the old master. If his works can survive 300 years, I see no reason why they couldn't last 300 more.

Hughbanks lend a hand in Finland

by Kathy Moore

This summer two of McPherson College's professors traveled to Finland on a Teen Missions International (TMI) work project. They are Monroe and Corinne Hughbanks and this was their first summer with the organization.

It started out with two weeks of boot camp-style training in Merritt Island, Florida. A full daily schedule of classes, Bible instruction, work training, physical fitness improvement and evening rallies occupied their time there.

On July 1, Monroe and Corinne's group of twenty-seven teens, ages 14-19, and three other adults embarked on several days' travel to Finland. After assorted planes, boats and trains got them to their destination, the real work began.

Their assignment was to build several cabins at a church camp connected with the Covenant denomination in Finland. This was a task requiring heavy physical labor, cooperation and dedication.

They worked five days a week, usually for eight hours. Each member of the team memorized Bible verses, had daily devotions

and learned to fit into the group.

The team stayed for a month, completed their assignment and had five days of debriefing sessions in Sweden with other European teams before returning to the States. They had some free time during their stay, did a bit of sight-seeing and flew back in August.

The Hughbanks', as group leaders, had responsibilities for the working hours, the food served, the Bible training and memorization and conducting classes. They sent reports of their accomplishments every three or four days to the headquarters in Florida. These reports from all of the fifty-plus teams were used for sending out newsletters to keep the teams updated on how others were doing.

TMI's purpose is to work with teens and develop their individual spiritualities, aid foreign countries and the U.S. with the work projects and provide opportunities to work within a group. The senses of cooperation, patience and unity are finely tuned before the term is over.

According to Monroe, the work projects "can give them a vision

of what they can do on the mission field." Corinne stated, "We work together and lift each other up . . . It makes you think about the we, not the me."

Some challenges were seen in spending the summer with TMI. The boot camp's physical conditions of heat and humidity, the no-frills eating experiences and the lack of time for themselves tested them.

The manual labor brought on strained muscles, some weight loss and well-worn work boots. But they enjoyed the evening rallies, especially the singing involved.

The Finns were very receptive to the team members and there was a strong bond between the group and the Finns.

Monroe expressed satisfaction at seeing how the team of thirty-two adults and teens from several geographical areas and different backgrounds became unified into one group.

Corinne felt that commitments to the Lord became stronger and everyone experienced individual growth. To sum it up, the Hughbanks described their summer thoroughly "Demanding, satisfying and fulfilling."



GETAWAY — A group of students escaped to camp Mt. Herman near Lawrence. The retreat, sponsored by B.I.G. was nearly unplanned.

photo by Jeanne Smith

Brethren Identity Group

by Marty Moyer

One of the religious organizations at McPherson College that is noted for a wide variety of activities is the Brethren Identity Group. To give you an idea of what the group is about, it is basically a christian fellowship group with the idea of exploring the heritage of the Church of the Brethren.

There are a variety of B.I.G. activities that are scheduled for the school year. There is at least one activity scheduled for each month.

The first activity was held during the weekend of the 13-14 of Sept. This was a get-acquainted time during the retreat, and just

a time for relaxing and recreation.

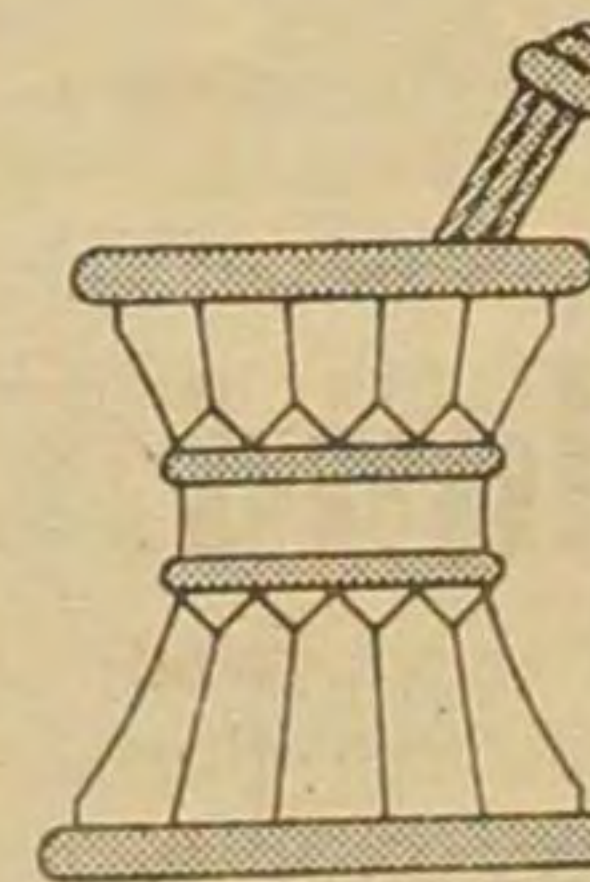
Two new students that went to the retreat reflected on how it was: Liz Radford (soph., Roanoke, Va.), was impressed with the location in the woods with a nice lake, along with a "time to relax." Linda Oellig (fr., Peace Valley, Mo.), was impressed with the "togetherness and friendliness" among the group that went.

The scheduled activities for B.I.G. are posted in the Campus Ministry Office in the Student Union.

Everyone is invited to come and have a good time in fellowship, recreation and learning.

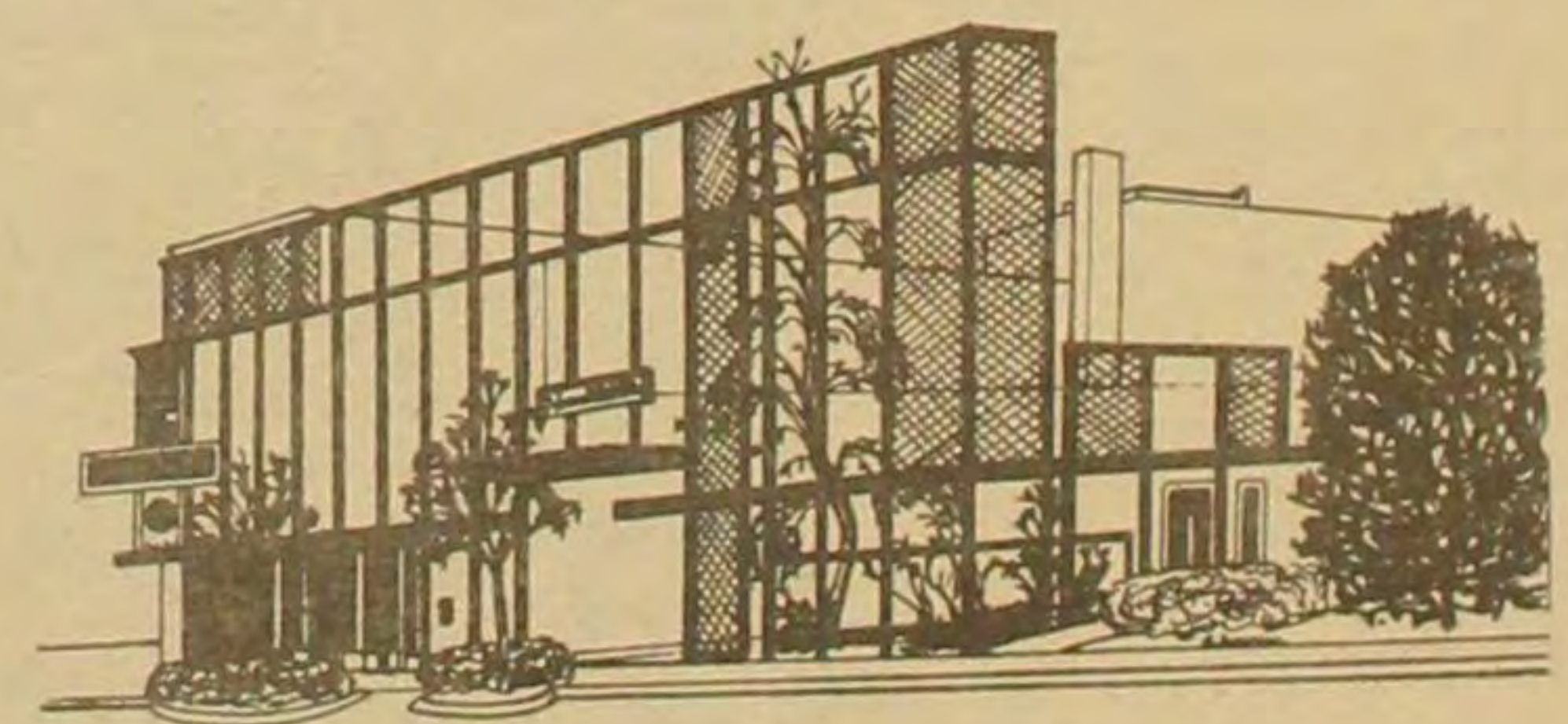
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THREE DOG NIGHT — Lonnie Heigele, Randy Tucker and Mike Mnich shown here on the sidelines, will be in action tomorrow as the Bulldogs open their season against Bethel. photo by Ellen Herschelmann

Cross Country program receives boost

by Kevin Burton

What if they gave an intercollegiate sport and nobody came? That has been the question of late for McPherson's floundering cross country program.

But with an influx of freshman talent, and new coach Sid Gauby, the tide just may be turning.

When last we heard from Gauby, he was leading McPherson students as Student Council president. Now he's trying to breathe life into a program that sorely needs it.

"We want to have a respectable team this year," says Gauby. "Eventually we want to have a program that will draw students to the college, and I

believe there's potential for doing that."

Numbers, or lack thereof, have crippled the team in the past. Prior to a practice meet against powerful Bethany, McPherson had just five men on the team, leaving them vulnerable to injury, and just two women, leaving them one short of a full team.

"There's still room on the team for others," says Gauby. "They won't have missed much at this point."

What they will have missed are twice-daily workouts, consisting of a 3-mile run in the morning and a 6- to 8-mile run in the afternoon.

"We've been working on endurance pretty much," says

Gauby, who ran one year of cross country at McPherson. "Soon we'll get into running some intervals, a lot of 440's at a good pace."

Tim Crouse and Kevin Miller are the only seniors on the team. Doug Baker, Jeff Gussie and Matt Scoggins, all freshmen, fill out the men's roster.

Freshman Sally Geisert and Junior transfer Debra Groff are the only women running at present. Gauby is hoping for at least one more to join so the women can enter competitions as a team.

The first official test will be tomorrow, as the team travels to Olathe for the Mid America Nazarene Invitational.

Red are 3-5

The McPherson College volleyball team is strong and excited this year. There are six returning lettermen: Senior — Sandy Nichols; juniors — Kayla Corbett, Denise Race and Cindi Harrison; sophomores — Janet Cordel and Karen Walter.

Transfer students Anne Davis, Marla Wasson and Gayle Vacura add new life to the team, along with the freshman players: Pam Herman, Lisa Wagner, Kelli Grote, Tonya Kingery, Lisa Patrick, Lisa Mick and Michelle Streit.

Coach Dan Hoffman is assisted by Jill Pihl and Vicki Albrecht.

The Lady Red have a record of 3-5 having defeated St. Mary's of the Plains twice and Mid America Nazarene once. Marymount has defeated the Bulldogs three times.

Today and tomorrow the team is in Nebraska participating in the NE Wesleyan Invitational.



SERVES UP — The Lady Red volleyball team will be on the road this weekend at the Nebraska Wesleyan Invitational. photo by Ellen Herschelmann

Football season opens

Football season begins for real tomorrow, and it will be defending KCAC champion Bethel to provide the opposition. The match-up presents a challenge, to say the least, to the young Bulldogs.

"It will take a mid-season best performance to beat them," says McPherson coach Steve Phipps. "They are strong defensively. On offense, they like to pass a lot, and even though they lost their great tailback they still have a strong running game out of the I formation."

If pre-season is an indication, the offensive line should be improved. Virgil Lieker, Stan Swinger, Pat Bryant and Doug Wine return and draw starting assignments. Several others bid for the remaining spot including Chuck Holtgraves, Alan Waplehorst and Dave Malone. Also look for defensive standouts Ed Crumpacker and Lewis Arnold to make selected appearances on offense.

Phipps would like to utilize the pass about 40 percent of the time, although that probably won't be the case this week. Randy Tucker will start at quarterback as he did much of last season. His primary receivers figure to be Todd Frederickson, Billy Jamison, David Byrd and Cedric Mason. Robert Smith was slated for duty as a receiver and a

running back. David van Ass will start at tight end.

Two running backs, Dan Rogers and James Floyd, are coming off injuries. Von Salme showed promise last season. Figures to see a lot of action. Robert Ewy figures prominently in the backfield picture as Kevin Pote and Derek Pierce.

Contrary to popular belief, McPherson has always been sound defensively. This year should be no different. Lewis Arnold and Ed Crumpacker anchor the defensive line along with Mike Salmons, Dan Biscaro, Chris Demery and Zdroit (silent Z) figure to see plenty of action.

Robert Wasoski is set to start at middle linebacker, with B Slate and Doug Fitzmorris on either side.

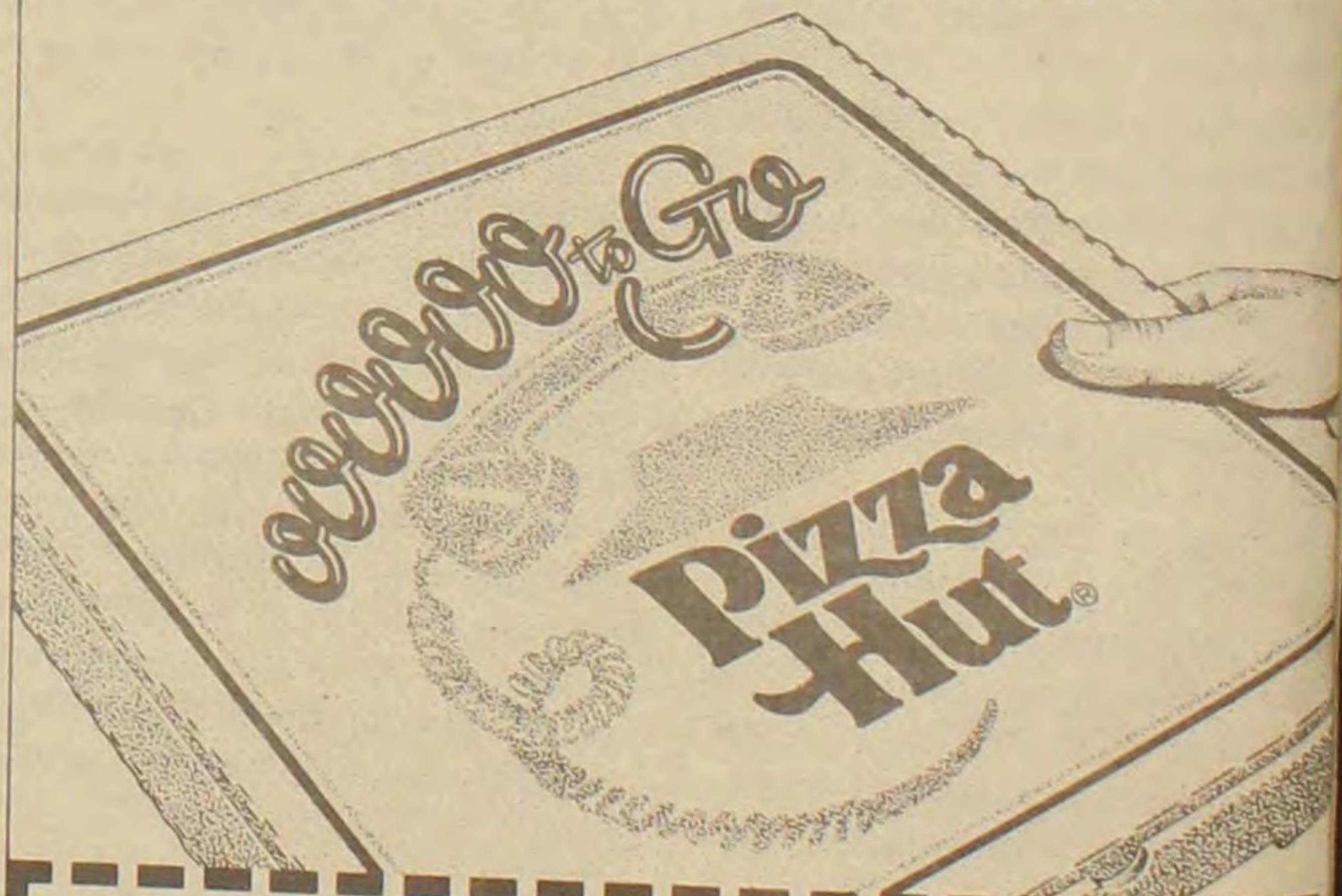
The defensive secondary is sure to be tested by Bethel tomorrow. Billy O'Neil and Lonnie Heigele will start there as will Mike Mnich. Competing for the final position are Monte Hull, Ken Wofford, Troy Wynn and Curt Hughes.

The Bulldogs have 53 players on the roster, including Darrell Overby who broke his arm in practice and won't play this year. Versatility will be a key. Receiver Billy Jamison will double as punter, and Terry Oliver, a linebacker will do the place kicking.

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