

# The McPherson College SPECTATOR

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February 16, 1987

## Grant boosts Module II plans

By Paul Minnich  
Editor

On Wednesday morning, January 21, president Paul Hoffman announced the single largest cash gift to McPherson College in its history. \$500,000 in funds for Module II have been promised by the J.E. and L.E. Mabee Foundation, Inc., if Mac can raise \$1 million by the end of 1987.

Hoffman said that half of that million has already been raised. He expressed confidence that the goal could be attained in the time required.

This gift is one of several from the Mabee Foundation over the past decade. This foundation in Tulsa has made gifts to other schools including one for the new library on the Tabor campus.

What this gift means to McPherson, is that the capital portion of Module II, previously in doubt, will now become a reality.

Module II has been broken down into 3 areas: OPERATIONAL (yearly budget requirements), ENDOWMENT

Module II is a \$7 million project that is to take place in a 3 year time limit. As of now, we are half of the way through those 3 years, and approaching \$5 million. (gifts that generate money for the future), and CAPITAL (the campus improvements). The campus remodeling which had already started this past summer is now destined to be completed.

Possibly as early as this April, work will be started on the new entry way to the campus. As soon as summer break arrives, work on Dotzour, the S.U. and turning Eshelman street into an open-air mall will begin.

According to vice-president Jim Dodson, work will hopefully be completed on Dotzour before the start of the next school year. Throughout the month of February, the plans for remodeling Dotzour will be formed.

Several of the ideas being considered are new carpet, lights, plumbing and lounge furniture. Metzler Hall is also scheduled for remodeling as soon as a donor or donors can be found to fund that project.

The remodeling segment constitutes \$1.5 million of the entire project. Work on the grounds will happen in three phases. Phase I consists of the renovations previously mentioned that will start this summer.

Following this, Phase II will include renovations to the center section of campus. The removal of Arnold and Kline will be a significant part of this. A focal point of some sort will be set up (a gazebo was suggested, but failed to win overwhelming support from the trustees or the students).

Phase II will include a new sidewalk system. The plans for these currently show that many 'heavy traffic' sidewalks will be removed, but vice-president Dodson expressed faith that if 'paths' develop, new sidewalks would be added.

The third phase will center on the east side of campus. Lehmer street will be closed off. The parking lot behind Arnold will be taken out. Two lots, purchased on

the same block as Templeton, will be converted to parking areas.

In addition \$100,000 has been budgeted for remodeling 6 or 7 classrooms on an experimental basis. Remodeling, though, isn't the administration's emphasis of Module II. "Every decision we make," says Hoffman, "centers on the quality of education."

The Module II goal for endowment is over twice that of the capital category. The endowment goal of \$3.2 million will go toward scholarships, departmental support, building maintenance and summer service projects. Currently we have \$1.9 million of that goal.

The campus is beginning to see the effects of Module II. Its apparent success can, in a large part, explained Hoffman, be ascribed to strong supporters like Royer P. Dotzour, who at the age of 98 has just made a 5 year commitment to the project. It is important to have that kind of support to show a foundation that you're a worthwhile investment.

## Tuition increases scheduled for Mac

The McPherson College administration will take its recommendation for the upcoming year's college costs to the Board of Trustees on February 21st. The proposal, concerning individual costs for the '87-'88 year, will be reviewed by the Board's executive committee before final approval is given in early March.

According to Jim Dodson, Vice President for Financial Services, the administration formulates its recommendation with several factors in mind. One of the biggest considerations is inflation.

'Changes in tuition follow changes in the Higher Education Price Index,' Dodson stated. He explained that this indicator, the HEPI, shows the year to year

changes in prices dealing with the area of higher education. The HEPI is a similar tool to the Consumer Price Index, but it includes only those areas dealing with costs in higher education. Simply put, the HEPI is the inflation rate of college costs.

HEPI figures over the past several years have been higher than the overall inflation rate, which is measured by the CPI. Because of this, year to year tuition rates and other college expenses have tended to rise faster than the overall rate of inflation.

This year's tuition stands at \$4,450. Room fees for a two person room are \$1,000, and board fees are \$1,490. A two hundred dollar general fee is added, and helps to cover such

items as library bonds, the student council budget, and the campus computer service. Total costs for the '86-'87 year total \$7,140.

Dodson noted two interesting facts concerning room and board costs. First, he mentioned that room costs for a two person room amounted to an individual paying \$4.20 a day. Also stated was the fact that daily food costs amounted to only \$6.45. When making the upcoming year's costs recommendation, Dodson stated that HEPI figures are obviously kept in mind. 'The college does try to keep up with these figures.' As inflation pushes costs higher, increased tuition and overall college costs are sure to follow.

In 1982, tuition at Mac stood at \$3,330. It rose to \$3,630 in '83 and

to \$3,900 in '84. Last year's tuition was \$4,150, three hundred dollars below the current year's tuition.

McPherson's total costs are the lowest among all ten Brethren colleges in the country, according to Dodson. He also pointed out that total costs for attending McPherson College are well below the average private school's costs, which stand at over ten thousand dollars annually.

Emphasis was placed on the fact that tuition costs have no relationship to the current centennial planning situation. The large scope of improvements to the campus are being done external to tuition and other individual costs. Rather, the improvements are being accomplished through gifts and donations to the college.

## Chinese delegation visits McPherson



Dr. Deeter and Dr. Hoffman display the gift from the Chinese delegation.

A three member Chinese delegation visited with representatives of McPherson College recently for the purpose of initiating an educational exchange between the Dalian Institute of Foreign Languages and the College.

Presently, McPherson College sends students abroad through a twenty five year old program, Brethren Colleges Abroad. To date, only European countries have been involved. The Dalian Institute represents the first foreign exchange program for students and professors in a location other than Europe.

'China has 13,400 students in the United States,' says Doctor Allen Deeter, coordinator of the program in the United States. 'That's more than they send to any other country. China will soon be the largest English speaking country in the world. American currency goes six to ten times as far there, the total costs, including travel, would be equivalent to a year's tuition, room, and board in an American college. At least one month of travel is built into the program.'

Dalian, located in the northwestern part of the country, is a thriving industrial city also known as a popular summer resort with beaches and scenic areas.

'The environment is a good one to learn English in,' said President Wang, 'because foreign students help teachers,' and teachers help the students.'

A special feature of the program from the American student's perspective is the fact that every student gets to tutor in English while learning Chinese from native speakers. Students live in the International Student Dormitory and faculty are housed in the Foreign Expert Facility.

Tao noted a few differences between American and Chinese colleges. 'For example,' said Mr. Tao, 'there are no libraries such as those in American colleges. Also,

'China has 13,400 students in the United States,' says Doctor Allen Deeter, coordinator of the program in the United States. 'That's more than they send to any other country. China will soon be the largest English speaking country in the world. English is spoken on a daily basis. The program would last eleven months.'

American students who travel to China would find an opportunity to learn the Chinese language, culture and history as well as to travel. Because we have athletic facilities but there is much less interest in physical education.'

The Institute presently serves 2,200 students and offers majors in English, French, German, Spanish, Arabian, and Russian. The dialect spoken in Dalian is Mandarin, acknowledged as standard Chinese today.

If all goes well, the delegation hopes to attract McPherson

College students to their exchange program and to place Chinese teachers in American colleges so that their English skills can be improved. Dean Kong hopes to eventually place all of his English teachers in situations where English is spoken on a daily basis.

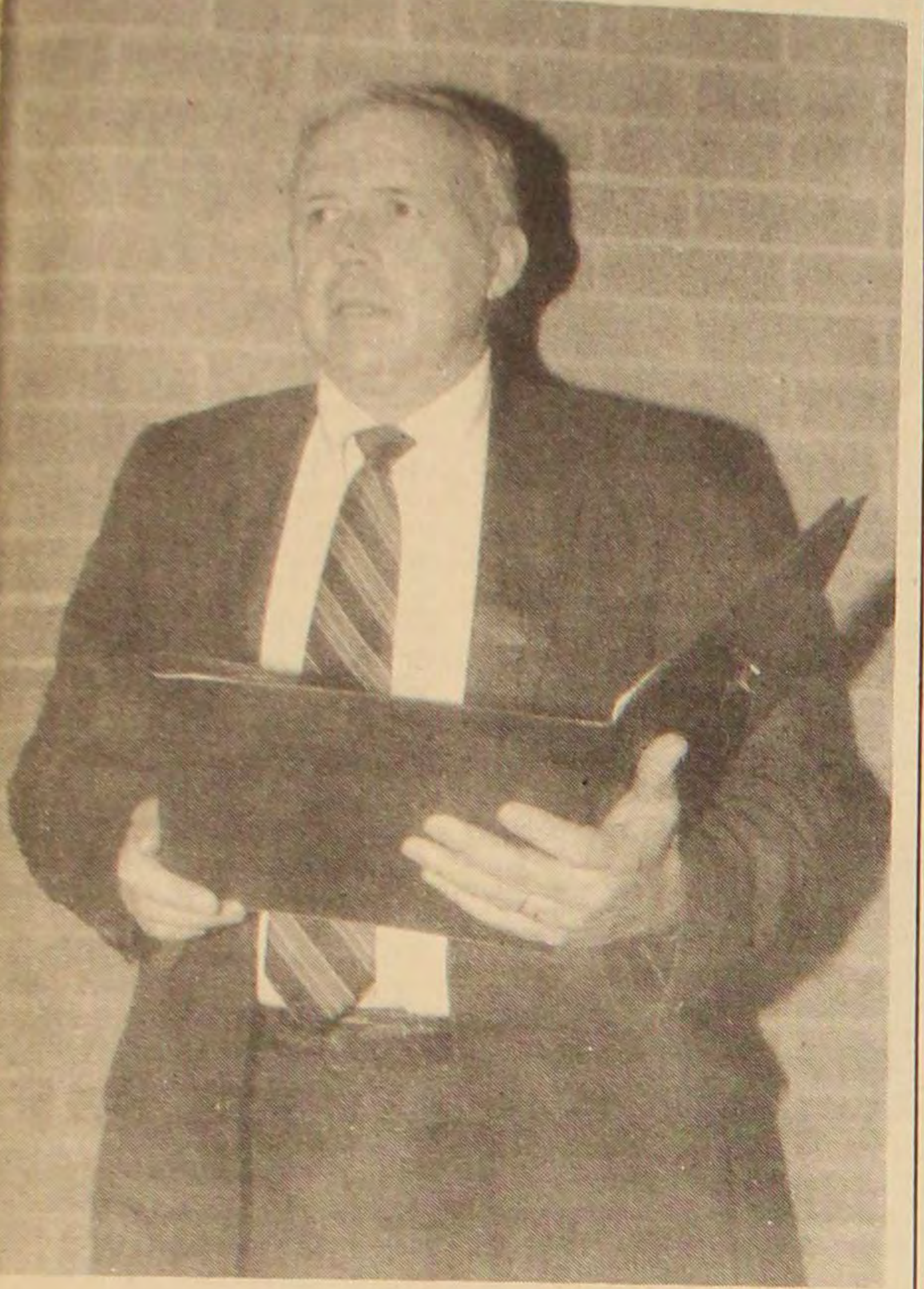
'We hope McPherson College and other BCA affiliates will send not only students majoring in languages, but also students majoring in areas such as business and diplomacy,' added President Wang. 'We have a fine Business

Institute with which we cooperate in Dalian.'

According to Dr. Deeter, 'in twenty one weeks of language studies, the average student learns to get along well in Chinese culture. Last year we had two students who, after nine weeks, traveled to inner Mongolia and managed quite successfully.'

'This type of experience,' said Dr. Deeter, 'creates a healthy environment which will contribute to world peace.'

Brethren Colleges Abroad has exchanged 2,500 faculty and students since 1962.



Dr. Hoffman announces the gift of \$500 thousand for Module II to a campus meeting during interterm. The J.E. and L.E. Mabee Foundation of Tulsa promised the gift if \$1 million could be raised by Jan. 1, 1988.

## New show planned from theatre

By Nikki Iyewarun

The McPherson College theatre department has planned two performances for the spring semester.

First will be "The Dining Room." Auditions were held on February 5th and 6th. Bob Wagner, director of the speech and drama department, explained that the play's setting is the dining room - the play shows how the dining room's use in the modern world has changed because society has changed.

"It's an exciting show to do," explained Wagner, "because it's primarily an actor's show. There are eighteen scenes and only six actors, with each actor being involved in eight to ten scenes." "The Dining Room" is scheduled for the first two weekends in March. Performances are slated for the 5th and 6th, as well as the 12th, 13th, and 14th.

"Godspell" is the other play to be held. This is a well-known musical written in 1971 and based on the gospel according to St. Matthew.

Wagner said he is very excited about this play. Bob Fisher will be working with the drama department in producing this play by playing the music for the show. Wagner mentioned that there were ten parts in this play, none of which have been filled.

Aside from the two productions which will be held this semester, Wagner said that he has invited a friend from Minneapolis to do a workshop on March 10. The friend, who is an actor, will demonstrate acting techniques to Wagner's acting class. A separate demonstration is scheduled for the 9th.

## McPherson College Honor Roll

One hundred and seven McPherson College students were honored on the fall honor roll. Forty-one were honorable and sixty-six were distinguished. The following were taken from those whose grades had passed as of Feb. 10.

Honor Roll: Sharon Randall R. Beeghly, Brooks, Roxanna Delores Chance, Clark, Merrie Cline, Amber, Judy Goering, Cindy Harrison, Jennifer Haug, Carrie Herman, Kathy Janzen, William Kelley, Sue Masterson, Kathy Miller, Marsha Morley, Jay Nicholson, Kerstin Stengel, Annette Taylor, Patty Thorpe, Marla Ullom, Steve van Asselt, Cathy Vogts, Pamela Wilborn, Karen Winter.

Senior Honorable Mention: Timothy Bergin, Sherri Clark, Phillip Hofen, Patricia Hornbaker, Jeffrey Keck, Melva Lolling, Larry Pribyl, Darren Schoming, Marla Wasson, Crystal Whiting.

Junior Honor Roll: Cynthia Aeschbacher, Sandra Ashbaugh, Shelley Brandhorst, Carleta Deetz, Gary Foulke, Herman Foushee, Keith Funk, Ron Hornbaker, Cheryl Kemp, David Krehbiel, David Lehman, Julie McLean, Dawn Merrifield,

Julie Oltman, Cindy Powell, Jeffrey Thornton, Karen Walter, Louise Watson, Michael Watson, Jennifer Williams.

Junior Honorable Mention: Sandra Eisele, Cynthia Griffis, Diana Holloway, Cynthia Trimber, Gayle Vacura, Brad Watson, Douglas Wine.

Sophomore Honor Roll: Todd Crews, Daniel Dresher, Sally Geisert, Steve Janke, Carol Mack, Paul Minnich, Linda Oellig, Anthony Phan, Jamie Spexarth, Victor Ullom, Marcia Unruh, Bruce Wine.

Sophomore Honorable Mention: Lynn Armstrong, Kristine Clark, Victoria Finkenstadt, Lori Hiebert, Rebecca Hockman, Norman Hollis II, Tonya Kingery, Michael Maestas, Lisa Mick, Murray Moore, Lisa Patrick, Gary Quint, Arlin Richert, Laura Shelton, Teresa Smith, Rebecca Widows.

Freshman Honor Roll: Darrin Boster, Steven Brunk, Jim Dechand, Mark Dooley, Debi Engweiler, Tandy Goyen, Kyle Kruschwitz, Ann Nelson, Bryan Nibert, Pam Reeves, Kevin Rich, Dianna Suiter.

Freshman Honorable Mention: Douglas Clark, Sondra Davis, John McCall, Cecelia Samci, Shawn Simon, Marsha Thomas, Brett Whitenack, Karen Winter.

## Hot, lukewarm or cold?

**Divided Convictions** As I see it, there exist three types of convictions among Christians. By conviction, I refer to the extent of faith and the effect that faith has on one's demeanor and inner feelings. I classify these omnispresent, yet antidualvean, beliefs analogically to water just as Christ did in the book of Revelations in the New Testament. They include "hot," "lukewarm," and "cold."

Imagine a pot filled with water resting on the flames of a stove. The heated water effervesces and boils over for as long as the flame blazes. Now compare the flame of the stove with the feelings of a person with a strong faith. As long as his faith burns within, he boils and bubbles with hope and happiness. This is an example of a person with "hot" convictions. Because he truly believes with all his heart, he lives his life in complete orthodoxy with his faith. He generally wears a smile which stretches from ear to ear and when asked how he's feeling, he contently replies, "I feel terrific!" His unique quality, however, is that he emanates his heartiness even in times of adversity. When his life is filled with turmoil, he simply avows, "If God is for me, who and what could be against?" Thus, he places total trust in his convictions.

Now picture a glass of water sitting on the kitchen counter in the same place it was left three days before. The water looks the same as when you left it, but it's not. It's contaminated with dust

and particles which one filled the air. This figment is the example of a person with "lukewarm" convictions. Similar to the temperature of water in the glass, this person is neither earnest about his faith, nor opposed to it. He's left spinning in a vicious maelstrom which carries him to the peak of his beliefs and then returns him to the nadir. Like the water, he evinces a facade of being "just right," but in reality, he's depraved with spiritual blindness. In Revelations 3:15-16, God states his greatest contempt for the "lukewarm." "How I wish you were one or the other-- hot or

of water in its most steadfast state--as ice. The season is late winter and the water takes the form of an icicle which clings to your window. When the sun peaks over the horizon and the temperature begins to rise, however, the icicle melts to oblivion. This scenario resembles that of a person with "cold" convictions. When he's left to dwell in his own preconceived state of myopia, he remains intractable. He grips his disbelief tightly and refuses to let go. Like ice, he remains solid, not opening himself to anything contrary to what he thinks. As his life progresses and Father Time forces enlightenment upon him, he may come to the realization that something is missing in his life. If he remains intransigent, like the ice melting into nothingness, he'll only rot in the earth and nothing more.

This "cold" person is usually marked by his narrow-mindedness and depression. He accepts nothing preponderant by others and cuts his associations short with those who don't comply with him. His attitude is most often negative, and he suffers immensely in his hopeless world. He lives a mundane life, and thus, he's never quite satisfied.

In the end, whether a person's convictions are like a pot of boiling water, a glass of stagnant water, or an icicle, the ultimate judgement is far beyond our reach. I can only thank God that He created His Son to do the judging and left the remedial task of classifying with people like me.



Jason Barrows  
Guest Columnist

cold! But because you are lukewarm... I will spew you out of my mouth!"

Characteristics of this type of person are inconsistency and moodiness. He generally accepts wholeheartedly one aspect of his conviction and refutes a concomitant principle. He firmly believes in a precept one day and disassociates with it the next. His disposition is just as fickle. At one moment, he's congenial and friendly, and the following moment, he's withdrawn or mean-spirited.

Conceive, if you will, the scene



## Is someday here today?

I've always made those promises to myself. You know, "Someday I'm going to read that book for the fun of it. Someday we'll get together and just talk," and of course, the standard "Someday when I grow up..." (which became "Someday when I'm out in the real world..." when I realized at 15 that 5' 7" was as grown up as I'd ever be).

The funny thing about Someday is that it doesn't show up on the calendar anywhere. There's no Friday, Saturday, Someday... and most Somedays are few and far between.

You can imagine my surprise when I woke up this morning and found out that Someday was here. At first I thought I was mistaken. I even started to search through the four-inch pile of paper on my desk before I realized that I didn't need a calendar. I just knew it was Someday the way you know it's Christmas morning when you're a kid. I knew that if I didn't act today all those Someday promises I'd made myself were going to be just a lot of empty words, so I dug out my Someday list and took a look.

Someday, I found, I was going to: get started on my research paper, reply to all those letters in my desk, write to my Congressman, read Wuthering Heights and conserve natural resources. A few things I crossed off right away. (It seemed a bit late to be sending congratulations to a friend of mine whose baby is now two years old). Even so, I was left with a pretty big list.

Next I threw out all the good intentions - things like "work for world peace" or "save the whales" - because no Someday is long

enough to take care of good intentions. Some I replaced with more specific goals, like "Write to the Society for a Sane Nuclear Policy for information on current legislation concerning arms negotiations." While things like peace and the environment are important to me, taking out the imprecise goals knocked more than half the length off my list.

It now only took up half the space in my World Lit. notebook. Now, since it is Someday, I plan on sitting down with a friend of mine and talking about religion. We are both busy, we both have

before the "real world" somewhere off in the distant sort of negative Never-Land where people grew

quickly and had full-time jobs, mortgage payments. But who that misery and an established socio-economic status make the world real? Where does that

responsibility? Paying for Keeping up on current events

I was astonished. It didn't like I had left the campus. I still blared out of Metzler see the cafeteria still had mushrooms in the salad bar. No, the difference between the McPherson Zone the real world is more subtle than that. It's all a question of priority and delayed responsibilities.

It's that simple.

I have as much right to real as someone with two cars, 2.5 children who voted for Reagan and bought her first VCR in the same year. I have as much right to form the world we live in. I'm just a student, I'm a person with a woman, a citizen and a thousand other things that belong to

abilities that go with it.

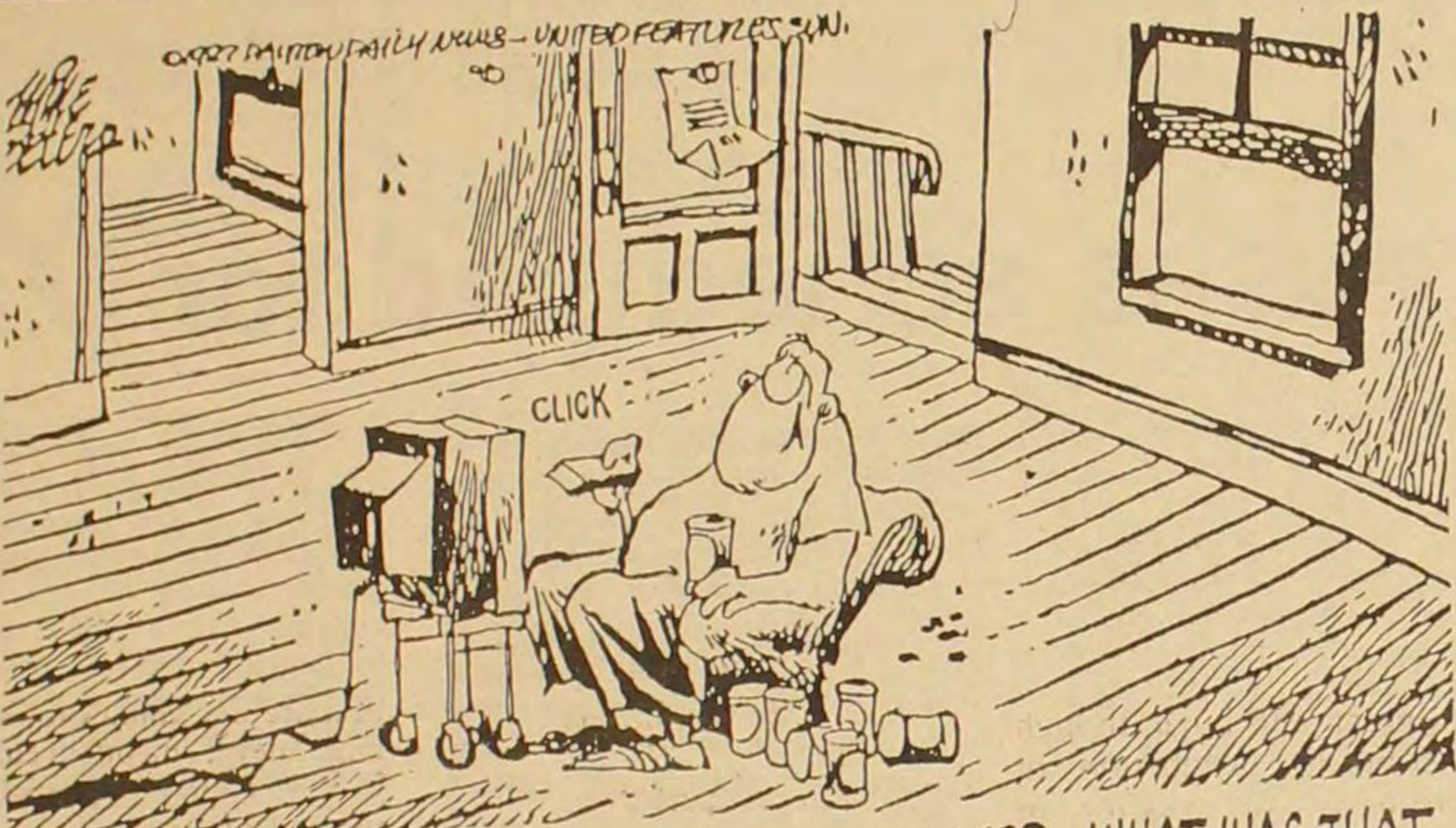
All I have to do is adjust my thinking. But I'll make it, after once you make it past Someday can anything in the "real world" be that hard to handle?



Merrie Cline  
Staff Writer

homework and other things to do, but somehow, on Someday that doesn't matter. On Someday what matters is talking to someone else - one on one - and listening, too. What matters is taking a stand on the things you believe in, whether that means writing a letter, or discussing last semester's grade with a Prof. On someday getting things done isn't as important as enjoying what you do. On Someday you realize that life is a very precious gift, and that it's an action, not a quality.

But my troubles weren't over yet. Realizing that it's Someday doesn't add more hours to the day, and I also discovered that while I was asleep, I'd somehow fallen into the "real world." Always



OK, MILDRED, NOW THAT FOOTBALL SEASON IS OVER, WHAT WAS THAT REAL IMPORTANT THING YOU AND THE KIDS HAD TO TELL ME?

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,  
As I was walking across campus I saw a friend enjoying the paintings in Friendship Hall. I decided to say hello and see if he had heard any thing more about Phil Hoffen. Without really meaning to I got caught up in the beauty of the paintings and began to just share some small talk with Greg Gunther. We found out that at one time we lived quite close to each other in Denver, shared a little about family and the previous summer.

When I asked Greg about Phil, he updated me and closed by saying "I'm really glad I got to know Phil." To me this seemed morbid and I shared this with Greg. Greg told me that he only meant he was proud to be good friends with Phil. I could see his

point and remember well what it was like to live in Fanny three years ago when I first got to meet Phil and the rest of the Fannites. Shortly thereafter Greg had to leave for class and as we said goodbye and took a few steps toward opposite doors, Greg stopped, stepped back and offered me a firm handshake saying "I'll see you later." His actions stayed with me for most of the day and I got to thinking. On Dec 17 I saw Phil doing laundry as he was walking. I never expected the news about Phil when Interterm started. I just thought he'd be here. I guess that's the way I feel about a lot of people on campus, they'll just naturally be here when I get back.

To come right down to the point, I wonder how many people,

besides myself, do the same thing, take those around us as givens. I'm thankful to Greg Gunther, who opened my eyes to how self-interested I've become with a wife, two children, and facing my last three semester in my six year journey to get my degrees. Greg's hand represented several things to me that day, acceptance, acknowledgment, and friendship.

I have never really had Greg in any of my classes, we don't go out of our way to see each other but yet there is a friendship just waiting to grow.

Right now I'm wondering, how many people have I really taken the time to get to know this year. I can only say thanks Greg for taking the time to get to know me.  
Timothy M. Bergin

Editorial Editor's Note Thank you, Fanny

## Aware or not aware?

Awarenesses, being consciously aware of what is going on around you. And there is a lot to be conscious of, here at Mac.

Like, is anyone aware that the little man on top of the globe in the entrance way is missing? I became aware of this while playing frisbee golf, in January, a month I'm aware of, that is one of the coldest of the year.

Am I aware of what being an editor entails? Especially after saying I was never going to do it again? I am aware, however, that some people involved in sports don't know who I am, and I was the sports editor. And some of you wrote stories for publication in the Spec for me. Are you aware that I'm aware of your vital statistics?

I think I'm aware that I'm the world's worst spades player. Especially after losing the very first game of the very famous Fanny Spades Tournament and then winning a game with the very

same partner immediately after losing. However, I am aware, for a fact, that there are worse spades players than me on this campus and you know who you are. I'm also aware that I had the distinct pleasure of losing against the world's best spades player, and you know who you are if awarenesses exists anywhere on this campus.

I'm fully aware that pud courses are deceiving. And I had been looking forward to an easy Interterm, January 1987, since my freshman year. Are "A's" really that important?



Cindy Trimber  
Editorial Editor

I am frightfully aware that I am very capable of great evil. I never understood how a soldier could get any pleasure out of killing, until I played a frightening game called tag. I will never, ever forget that feeling of pure horror and chill that ran up and down my

body then, and now, and now, remember what it felt like to be to kill, or be killed.

I am aware now, after 21 years that a positive, or good attitude can make or break a person. Unfortunately, I'm aware that a negative opinion has been made they are very hard to change, if you are a nice and fun person be around.

I'm aware, speaking contemporary political that I don't have a firm grasp on what is going on right now. Especially when I don't understand most of the political cartoons I review, and have to decide if the rest of the campus is aware enough of what is going on to laugh.

I'm aware of some sort of curtain in our very own cafeteria, roughly where the salad bar is. What would happen if we were on different sides on our own Mon will, instead of having to stand that side of the cafeteria behind 60 prospective students and campus faculty were sitting on our side of the cafeteria?

Are any of us aware of nothing has to be the way it is you aware that you can stick your arm through a mountain, if really want to?

## Chicago eye-opening experience

Have you ever experienced the need to get away from the small town atmosphere, to see new things and meet new people? Those were my feelings exactly, so I did something about them. I spent interterm 1987 taking a course at the Urban Life Center in Chicago.

When I say, course, I'm not talking about getting up every morning and dragging myself to class. Even though I will get three hours credit for it, this class is unlike any other that I have ever taken part in. This is not a class one takes, it is a class one experiences.

To give you an idea of what I mean, on the first day there we had a two hour crash course about Chicago's public transit system and then two other girls and I were sent out to wonder around the big city. We had been given four addresses and we were told to find them. From that day forward we were all expected to know how to use the Chicago Transit Authority (CTA).

The course was focused around three major topics with other assorted experiences thrown in throughout the month. One of the

predominant subjects was religion. We found ourselves clapping and singing along with an African-American Southern Baptist congregation, moving our lips to the Hebrew phrases in a Jewish synagogue, and being astounded at the beauty of the Catholic Cathedral. Among other places of worship that we visited was a little church that is doing great services for the community as well as a Methodist Temple that is more interested in preserving its sanctuary in the sky and showing off its modern stained glass windows then helping the hungry people which sleep right outside its doors.

The class was also invited to listen to the struggles of the Muslim community. They cannot open their school or have worship services when it is too cold because the money that they would use to heat the buildings has been confined by the American court system. And finally we were welcomed to have communion with a congregation of gay and lesbians. This proved to be both a thought provoking and learning experience.

During the month we went to a

lot of events that depicted culture and art, too. We saw a play, we went to a dance, and enjoyed bars that had live bands playing Jazz as well as lively Latino music. The group was also invited to a private party that took place in an old



Linda Oellig  
Staff writer

warehouse. There were people that played the Blues spontaneously. They had no written music, but just began playing a variety of instruments together. The entire establishment was full of art. It was painted on the walls as well as being scattered everywhere in the form of modern junk sculpture.

My entire experience at the Urban Life Center helped me get a glimpse at how other people live and feel. An example of this is when I walked into my volunteer

work placement, which I went to each Tuesday and Thursday, and on Martin Luther King's birthday. My boss told me to keep my coat on because we were about to leave. His service helps juvenile delinquents and several times while I was there we had visited some of his clients or their parents, but on this day we were going to watch the birthday celebration at his daughters' high school. When we arrived Mr. Abdullah lead me in the front way. I stepped in and found myself in the biggest auditorium I have ever seen and face to face with approximately 2,000 African-American high school students each one of which seemed to be looking directly at me. I suddenly felt an incredible sensation of being very small town and very white. After that experience, I think my ability to relate to the way minorities feel when living in the "white world" was expanded.

The Urban Life experience was very worth while and meaningful for me. The month spent there was filled with exciting occurrences, striking realizations, joyous episodes, scary incidents and intense learning. It's not just another class, it is an experience.

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# Guatemala experience

By Heidi Bowman  
Staff Writer

Friday, January 16, while the rest of you McPherson College students were experiencing a snow storm, Becky Widows, Hope (Esperanza) Johnson, Victor Ester Ullom, Gracey Kern, Sheila Howell, and I were just arriving in a land of palm trees. Yes, we had finally reached the land of eternal spring: Guatemala.

For the first two weeks of interterm, we had intensively studied the Spanish language and culture under the superior supervision of Dr. Corinne Hughbanks. We read magazine articles, watched filmstrips, and studied vocabulary words. I must admit that before I started the class, probably all I knew about Guatemala was that it was somewhere south of Alaska. After two weeks of class (and missing almost half of those classes), I was able to recite facts of Guatemala in my sleep. My roommate was tired of hearing about Guatemala's gross national product. Yes, we were primed for our adventure into the foreign land.

Our journey began Friday morning at 5:30. We loaded up into a college van, only to find that the heat did not work at all. We plowed along through the blinding snow storm with the supreme driving skill of Monroe Hughbanks. When our toes were frosted over and our jaws finally frozen so that our teeth couldn't chatter anymore, we arrived at Wichita airport. After a very long day of flying and layovers, we arrived in Guatemala City. We made it through customs without having to bribe the officials, and we got out into the streets. Guatemala City is a dirty, polluted concrete and asphalt jungle. But it has a sort of dignity and beauty that all monstrosities do possess in one form or another. The temperature was wonderfully warm and we very quickly shed our jackets and sweaters.

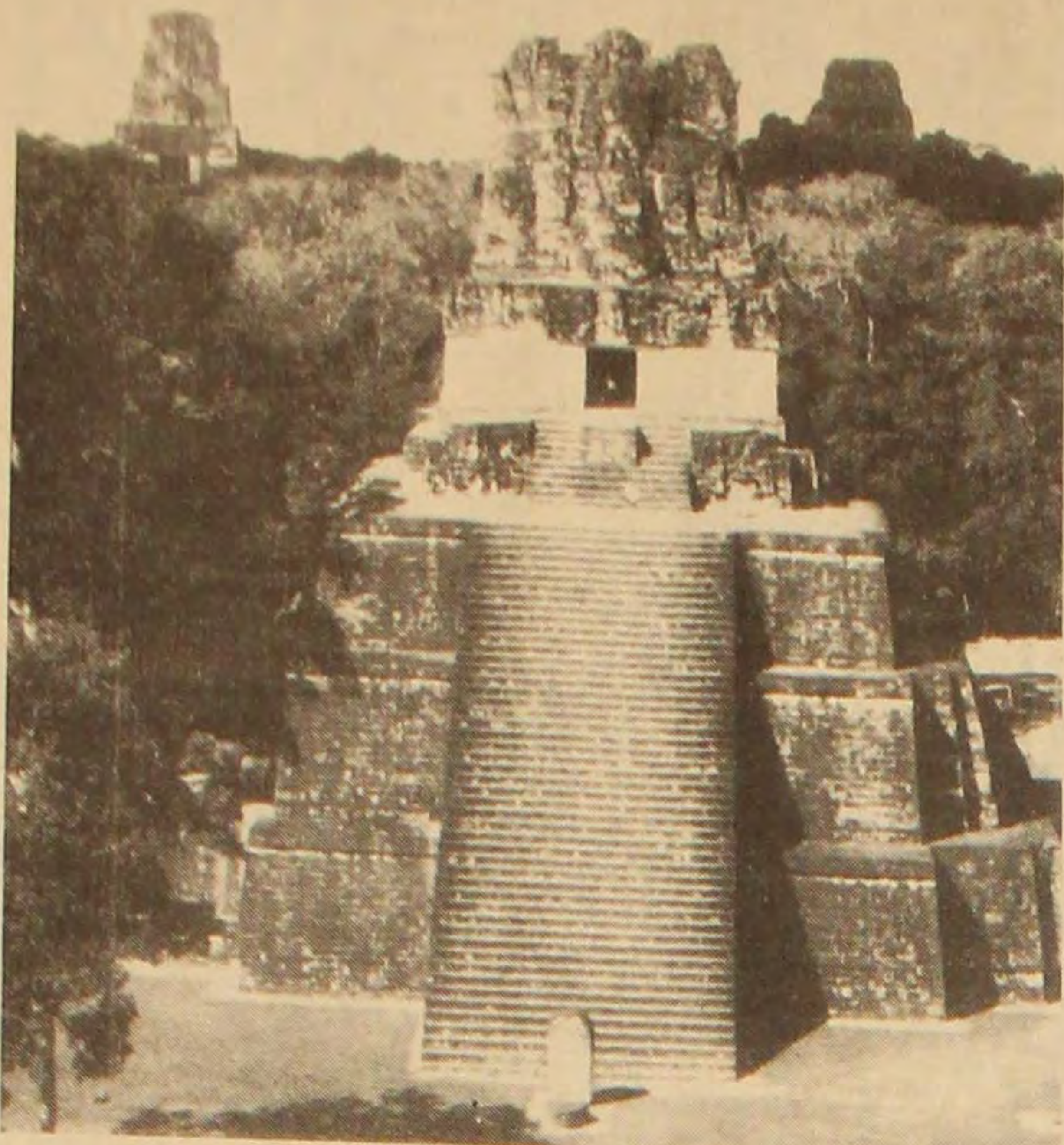
We were picked up by Otto and Aroldo Solorzano, who had lived with the Hughbanks for a few years. During our times in Guatemala City, we stayed with their family. The signs and voices around us were bombarding us with this foreign Spanish language. It is strange to see a STOP sign be an ALTO sign. The reckless driving of the Guatemalans often set us into a deluge of prayers and cusswords, but we survived.

The next two days we spent in Guatemala City, doing all sorts of touristy things. We saw the National Palace, rode on the city bus system, went to church (sang GODSPELL songs in Spanish), went to the city cemetery, a play, and el teatro nacional (the National Theatre.) From the very expensive balconies of el teatro nacional, we could see the poorest barrios. We were told they were to be torn down to expand the fine arts facilities of el teatro. But our guide did not seem to know where these extreme poverty stricken people were to go. As we walked through the President's box at the theatre (fully equipped with restroom facilities, bar, and lounge), I noticed a bullet hole in the window.

Guatemala is a country marked with civil strife and corruption. The current government is trying to eradicate that in many different ways, including many army installations scattered throughout the mountainside to stomp out guerrilla activity, as we saw as we drove to Lake Atitlan on Monday. The bus ride to Panajachel (a town on the shores of Lake Atitlan) was a memorable experience. We were crammed in an old, decrepit school bus, so even people crowded across two seats made for two people each. The bus ride scheduled for 11 hours.

Ever seen ROMANCING THE STONE? Sort of like that. Several of us were attacked by chickens. Big ugly ones at that. Then, there was a tremendous boom. My first thought was that it was either the Guatemalan GI Joes or the guerrillas shooting at us. I was ready to surrender, give them all my money, and be shot or enslaved. The bus driver pulled over, and as I said my last words, I realized it had merely been a tire that had exploded. I sighed a massive sigh of relief after we got off of that bus (which we ended up being on over four hours.)

The shores of Lake Atitlan are beautiful, especially when compared to a wintry Kansas. There were palm trees and poinsettias, and other colorful vegetation I can't begin to name. Guatemala is such a rainbow of colors. The clothing the Indians wear is handwoven with the brightest of colors, and the flora includes most of the spectrum. Coming back to Kansas, that colorful environment is one of the many things I miss. Panajachel was like an exotic paradise, and was a resort town of sorts.



Students viewed ancient pyramids on a Guatemala interterm trip.

Tuesday we boarded a boat to Santiago Atitlan, a village on the other side of the lake. We got a real taste of life in a third world country. The village was dirty and smelly and the pigs and cattle practically lived in the houses with the people. Such extreme poverty I can not imagine living in. One begins to really appreciate, perhaps abhor at times, the American lifestyle and luxuries. We are spoiled rotten and we take so much for granted. We are wasteful to the point of obscenity. And we do this without even thinking twice. The villagers can just watch us rich tourists walk through their town. It is no wonder I thought I saw some flashes of hatred in their stares.

Wednesday we spent shopping in Panajachel, and Thursday we headed for the "chica bonita" of Chichicastenango. I guess our bus adventures impressed Aroldo and Corinne, because we rented a van for the other driving times. Chichicastenango is famous for its markets, which we enjoyed browsing and driving for good bargains. As we dined at a local cafe, the entire city was blacked out. We unplannedly had dinner by candlelight and linked arms to walk back. I have fond memories of a bottle of beer and talking done that night.

Friday we headed back to the big city, back to Mama Solorzano's cooking. We went shopping and other such stuff. Saturday we spent the day in Antigua, the former capital of Guatemala. It is a very quaint old town with many interesting ruins. We went to a village near Antigua and I talked to some neat children. When learning a foreign language, I like to speak to children because they are much more tolerant and understanding. They can still remember trying to learn a language. Children show the true face of a people, without the guile and mistrust so evident in the adults.

Church and meeting the president of Guatemala were the high points of Sunday morning, but I pleaded sick and missed that. In the afternoon we headed for Tikal. We flew into a nearby town and got to our hotel to collapse on the beds while some Bronco fans hunted for a tele vision set to see the Superbowl game. (How about them Broncos?) Our hotel was rather rustic. Our rooms were thatched huts built upon a swamp with decrepit wooden causeways joining them. During the few hours of the day that we had running water, it was ice cold. And I'm sure I heard alligators outside of our room at night. But for all its simplicity it was very nice.

The next morning we headed for Tikal, an ancient Mayan city that was discovered just a couple of decades ago. It lasted from about 600 B.C. to 900 A.D., and at its height it had an estimated population of 50,000 people. It was really neat feeling those old vibes, climbing pyramids, seeing monkeys in the jungle. It makes one wonder about those ancient Mayan spirits and why their civilization collapsed. We also learned about how dangerous the jungle can be.

Tuesday we went back to Guatemala City, did our last minute shopping, and packed. Wednesday we flew back home.

This trip to Guatemala was not just a Spanish lesson. I think it has really affected the lives of those people involved. Guatemala is a beautiful country, in terms of landscape and people. The wonders of this land of eternal spring never ceased to amaze me. I am glad to be back to a world of running water and refrigeration (I flushed the toilet for fun many times when I first got back), but Guatemala is a very special place. I strongly encourage anybody to participate in any sort of trip like this.

# McPherson students experience the 'Big Apple'

By Kristin Stengel

This Interterm a group of young and innocent students from McPherson College, KS, went out to conquer the Big Apple. Arriving in New York after a thirty two hour bus ride, I felt a little bit lost at first. We lived right on Broadway, two blocks from Times Square, so we started wandering around, took a right, and there we were on 5th Avenue. Constantly, I had to remind myself, that we were really in New

York. Walking along the sidewalks I looked up once in a while, there was not a building with less than twenty to forty stories. People rushed along the streets, in a way I expected, that somebody would come up and rob me or even shoot me! Maybe the burglars had taken their day off--

nothing happened. Going to a bar the first night, it felt much different from what I was used to in Kansas, no problem to find one, no I.D.s and the prices, obviously, slightly different. Our hotel had its own theatre, the Edison theatre, featuring the show O-Calcutta. However, this was an erotic production, so we abstained from watching it, although they offered good rebates for residents.

The first show I actually saw was I'm Not Rappaport, by Herb Gardner. Just as interesting as the show itself was the audience. All those fur coats you saw, the conversations about plays and social events you overheard, and all the limos waiting outside the theatre--I felt rather underdressed and like an outsider, an unwelcome intruder in the New York theatre-goers' scene.

At the tourist attractions I felt less intimidated. Here were people like you and me who just came to see New York. The Statue of Liberty looked just as on the pictures, green and huge, though slightly out of proportion in comparison to the skyline of

Manhattan, too small. Taking the elevator to the 107th floor of the World Trade Center, looking down on the whole island of Manhattan, helped my sense of direction a little bit. "There is the Statue of Liberty, this is Central Park, so that must be where we live..." I began to feel more at home in the area.

On Wednesday, two days after our arrival, the whole group saw Shaw's You Never Can Tell in a matinee. After the play there was a discussion which would have been worth a character study of the New York theatre audience.

Everybody was there from the genuine admirer to the always-willing-to-share intellectual. The discussion itself was not too interesting, but it was fun to see those great actors talk like normal people. A sting of jealousy came up among the theatre folks of our group, when the twenty-one-year old actor explained, that he had never had any proper training. He was of course the son of a famous actor and could not deny that this had helped.

In the evenings we all went to see Cats. This was probably the most impressive show we watched, we sat there with our mouths open, trying to catch everything that was happening on the huge stage. The setting of the story about the Jellicle Cats, which is actually taken from a collection of poems by T.S. Elliot,

was a dump, and all the props were cat-sized cereal boxes, bicycles, milk bottles, all just as big as they would have to be, if the human actors were as small as cats. The costumes and make-up were colorful and funny, the music was entertaining and moving, I guess everybody was tempted to hum along with the "Memory" song. The show was just perfect.

While all the individuals of our party formed smaller groups and became familiar with Manhattan, its sights, Greenwich Village, Little Italy, Chinatown, Soho, the stores, the museums, and of course, the night life, one great event still lay ahead: the backstage tour of the Metropolitan Opera, the dinner in the Grand Tier Restaurant within the house and the performance of Rigoletto. All dressed up in uncomfortable clothes and shoes, we started out for the two-hour tour. It is incredible, what an amount of

craftsmanship, art, professionalism, and of course, money, is put into one single production at the Met. Everything is produced in the house. We saw the workshop where the enormous sets are produced, planned to the smallest detail, we saw the making of the costumes, the whigs, the smaller props. While touring the building we ran into famous people, unfortunately, I never recognized anybody, before the

guide told us who it was. On the main stage, one of four identical stages, the twenty-four-hour stage crew was working, while we took a glimpse at the set we were to admire in the evening. And I think, everybody enjoyed the opera, even those of our group, who like me, are not too much into this kind of music. Having seen the backstage--all the preparations for the performance--just made all the difference.

A week is definitely not enough time for a city like New York. As we just began to feel comfortable walking around, knew our way without getting lost too much, had found some areas we liked to go to in the evenings, it was time to go back. Maybe for the better, because one thing's for sure, you might never run out of enthusiasm in N.Y. City, but you will always run out of money.

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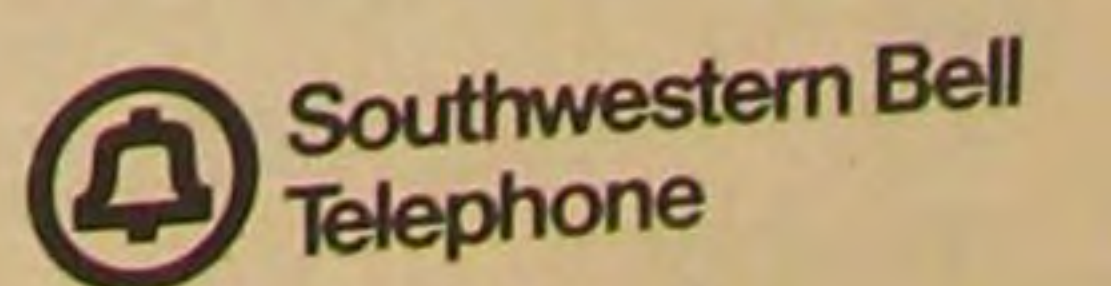
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# Sports

## Mac hauls football players from California

### Running is O.K.

By Anthony Phan  
Sports Editor



A van carrying the college track team rolls out of McPherson. It is 10 A.M. and the gleaming, sunny day of the winter is reflected on the face of the freshman. His final destination is the yellow rubber surface of the Fort Hayes State track complex. "It is something about the track that I feel for. There is this special feeling that I have when I am on the track," he says. Scratching his head, the young college student furiously attempts to explain a feeling that to him is unexplainable. Maybe the track is that place, so grand, rich and energy-hidden that he could find security and happiness in. Sure enough, the track, is the only fitting place to Brent Webster.

for the track and cross-country team, and at the age of sixteen he was awarded with the Male Athlete of the Year. Then in rapid succession came many other awards.

Wearing the traditional blue jeans, a cotton-pressed shirt, and the Muskogee's smile, a relaxed Webster reflects. His eyes give him away; they are distant and determined. "I guess I am always trying to prove to myself that I can be someone better. When I was in high school, my track coach took one look at me and said that I will never make it in the 400, the quartermile. I just had to prove him wrong," he says.

Proving to his coach by qualifying for Regional, winning the State Medal, and placing third in the Arkansas Relay. (A relay in which approximately four different states with over twenty highschools) Webster also received many other awards and medals as a high school track star. He did it all in the 400.

He is gracious to most anyone; he enjoys talking, especially about cars. According to Webster cars can reveal so much about a person. "I like to work on cars. I like to know every thing about cars from its make and model down to the nuts and bolts," he says.

On a chilly evening at the college dorm, he is feeling the nervousness of the morning meet. Sitting quietly, contemplating, one by one touching the medals and ribbons, his eyes become a little more intense, distant, and determined. Webster is always determined to run the 400-just for his coach.



Always determining to prove to others that he does belong on the track, Brent Webster places first in the 440 at the Fort Hayes Track Relay on Sat. Feb. 14.



From the Nevadan's Corner  
by Jack Sneddon

Well it's that time of year again, where new football players transfer in for the spring semester. Among this year's batch were the 'Californians'.

There are three of them, Mike Lane, James Lane and Mike

Henson, all of whom make their homes in the southern California area.

Mike and James Lane are coming in from Azusa Pacific University, located near Pasadena, Calif. Mike, a sophomore, will be asked to play either wide receiver or defensive back. He was a receiver at Immanuel high school for two years and played quarterback. At Azusa he was also an outfielder on the co-championship baseball team of the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics, District 3.

His brother, James, is a year younger and did play for the current Mac head coach Dan Thiessen at Immanuel in 1985. Lane was voted the team's best offensive back that year.

"I brought them here because they are good players, people and students," said Thiessen of these two quiet and reserved young men.

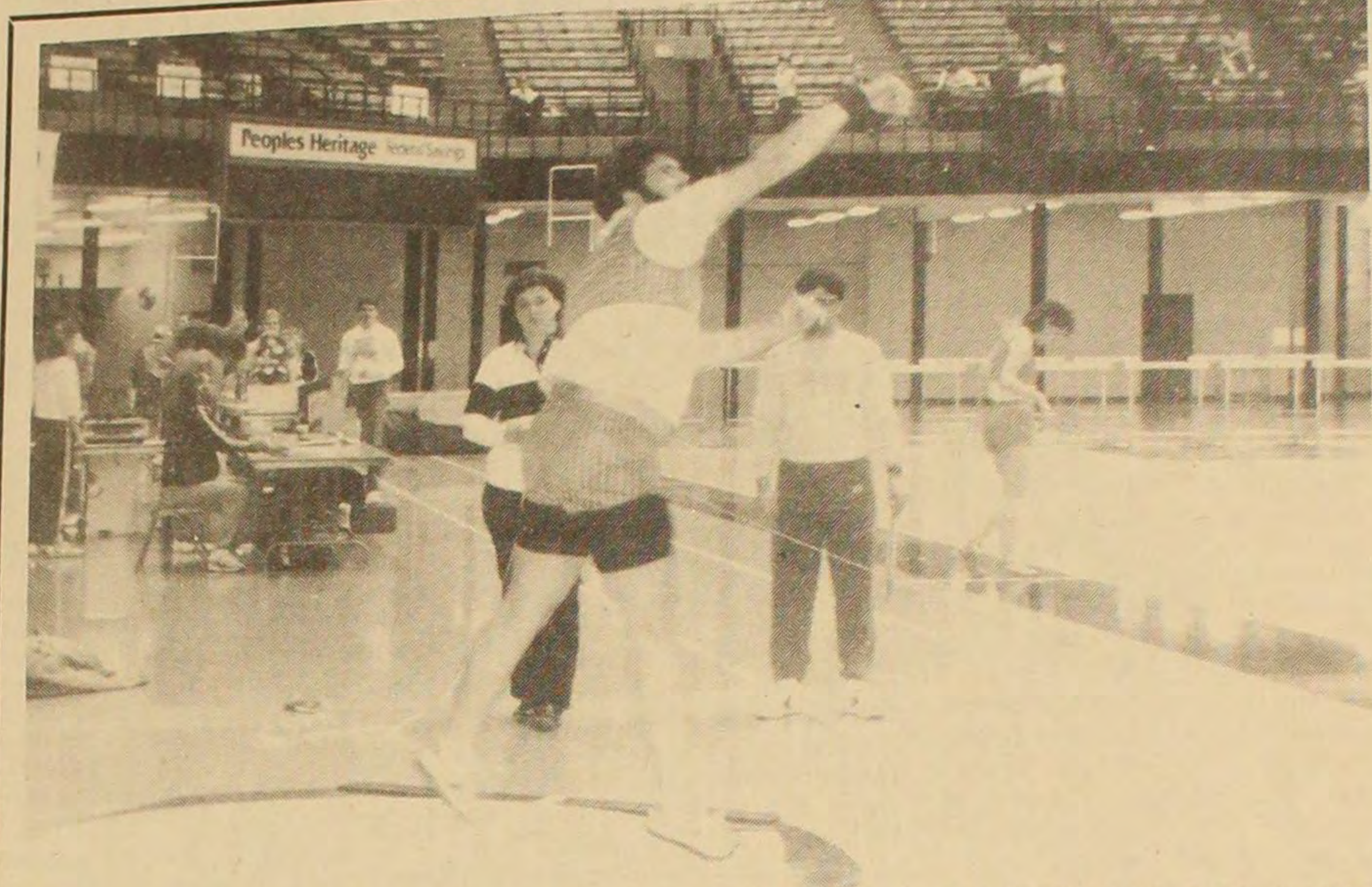
On the flip side of the coin, is flamboyant quarterback Mike Henson. He wears a gold watch and drives a flashy red car with personalized license plates, 'Henson M'. In his room, jerseys are draped over the window shades, and the posters of Joe Montana and Dan Marino overlook him. The room looks like any other dorm room, or does it?

He promises to bring a new brand of football to McPherson if given the chance to play. 'Air Thiessen' may be taken to new heights for Henson will pass the ball 35-40 times a game. At Mount

Whitney high school, in Visalia, Calif. as a senior, in 1984, he threw for 1800 yards, 23 touchdowns and gave up eight interceptions for the Pioneers. He completed 60 percent of his passes to a school record.

"From what I have seen on (of our opponents) the defenses alignments look basic," Henson of the upcoming season. For "in California, you deal more (defensive) looks." He is aware though that "if the running game of guys like junior running back James Floyd, is going to then the passing game will to

"I didn't come to ballgames," said Henson that casual smile that makes feel like you're near the beach if you see the man who his teammates call 'Vinny Testa' don't ask him how to loose



On Saturday, Feb. 14, Doug Wine battles with the shotput at the Fort Hayes Track Relay. Wine prevails placing first in the event. Denise Race and Dave Bader also prevailed. Race set

district 10 record and colloseum record with a 5'9" high jump. Bader, also in the high jump, places third. Bader and Race have qualified for Nationals.

### Zink sinks for two

by Jack Sneddon

For Carol Zink, an All-Kansas Collegiate Athletic Conference player last year, the 1986-87 Lakeland Red basketball season has been a record breaking year, career-

that is. She, as of Feb. 12, owns the records from her four years in playing at McPherson College. They are: most points in a career in four years, 1523; most rebounds in four years, 889; most field attempts in four years, 1388; most field goals made in years, 672.

Earlier in the year, Zink named to the all-tournament team of the Lady Coyote Classic. On Feb. 12, she was averaging a career under 18 points a game (Offensively) she has had a high time this year, since other teams use collapsing defenses to deny, or "hinder" her. One of goals early in the season was to bolster her rebounding, and has pulled down over 200 basketballs so far with two goals left to play.

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