

The McPherson College SPECTATOR

Volume 71, Issue 9

McPherson College, McPherson KS 67460 (USPS 509-880)

April 13, 1987

Financial aid available

by Catalina Carbonell
staff writer

"There is more federal financial help for college students and their tuition-paying parents under the new Higher Education Act," according to official sources, says Glenn Gayer, Director of Financial Aid.

Federal aid for students will increase to \$10 billion in the fiscal year that began Oct. 1, 1986, from the \$8 billion the year before. Education officials say that about half of America's 11 million college students receive at least some federal financial help.

The new act continues the trend of funneling more aid into loans than into grants. Here are the major changes for the 1987-88 school year:

GUARANTEED STUDENT LOANS: The limit for these federally guaranteed loans made by private lenders was previously \$2,500 a year. It has now risen to \$2,625 for each of the first two years of study and jumps to \$4,000 for each of the three following years. The total amount a student may borrow for graduate school education more than doubles to \$5,475 from the previous \$2,500. All applicants must demonstrate financial need.

NATIONAL DIRECT STUDENT LOANS: This program of direct loans, which is obtained through McPherson College, increases the maximum amounts students may borrow by 50 percent to a total of \$4,500 during the first two years, to \$9,000 for all under-graduate studies. Students must begin repayment nine months after leaving school. The annual interest rate remains at five percent.

PELL GRANTS: The largest of the direct grants to financially needy students remains at \$2,100 per year.

The Financial Aid office is currently making institutional awards to returning students for the 1987-88 school year.

According to Mr. Gayer, it is extremely important that the following items be taken care of immediately if students plan to apply for federal or state need-based aid:

- The Family Financial Statement (FFS) must be completed and mailed to ACT with McPherson College (1440) coded to receive a copy of the report. Kansas residents should also code 1433 for the Kansas Tuition Grant.

- A signed copy of pages one and two of the parents' 1986 income tax return, form 1040, 1040A or 1040EZ is needed. In the event that they did not file, a signed statement explaining this should be sent; the IVF has a place for this. IVF forms - institutional verification forms - are sent to students by ACT with the Student Financial Aid Report forms.

- A signed copy of the student's 1986 tax return, if filed, is needed. IVF forms are available in the financial aid office.

- Students should be sure that they have listed the correct code for the Kansas Tuition Grant. Corrections can be made by completing the lower portion of the SFAR with the code 1433 and by being mailed to ACT with a four dollar fee. This should be done promptly.

Students will be sent through campus mail a financial aid notification indicating the amount of this institutional award for the next year. Students should make an appointment with Mr. Gayer concerning this award or any other financial questions they may have.

Mr. Gayer attended the Kansas Association of Student Financial Aid Administrators (KSFAA) spring conference held April 1 through 3 in Salina. Training sessions covered topics such as policies and procedures, counseling, philosophies, and compliance.

Lengel returns

To the relief of many, Dr. Leland Lengel returned to classes on April 9 after suffering a heart attack on March 14.

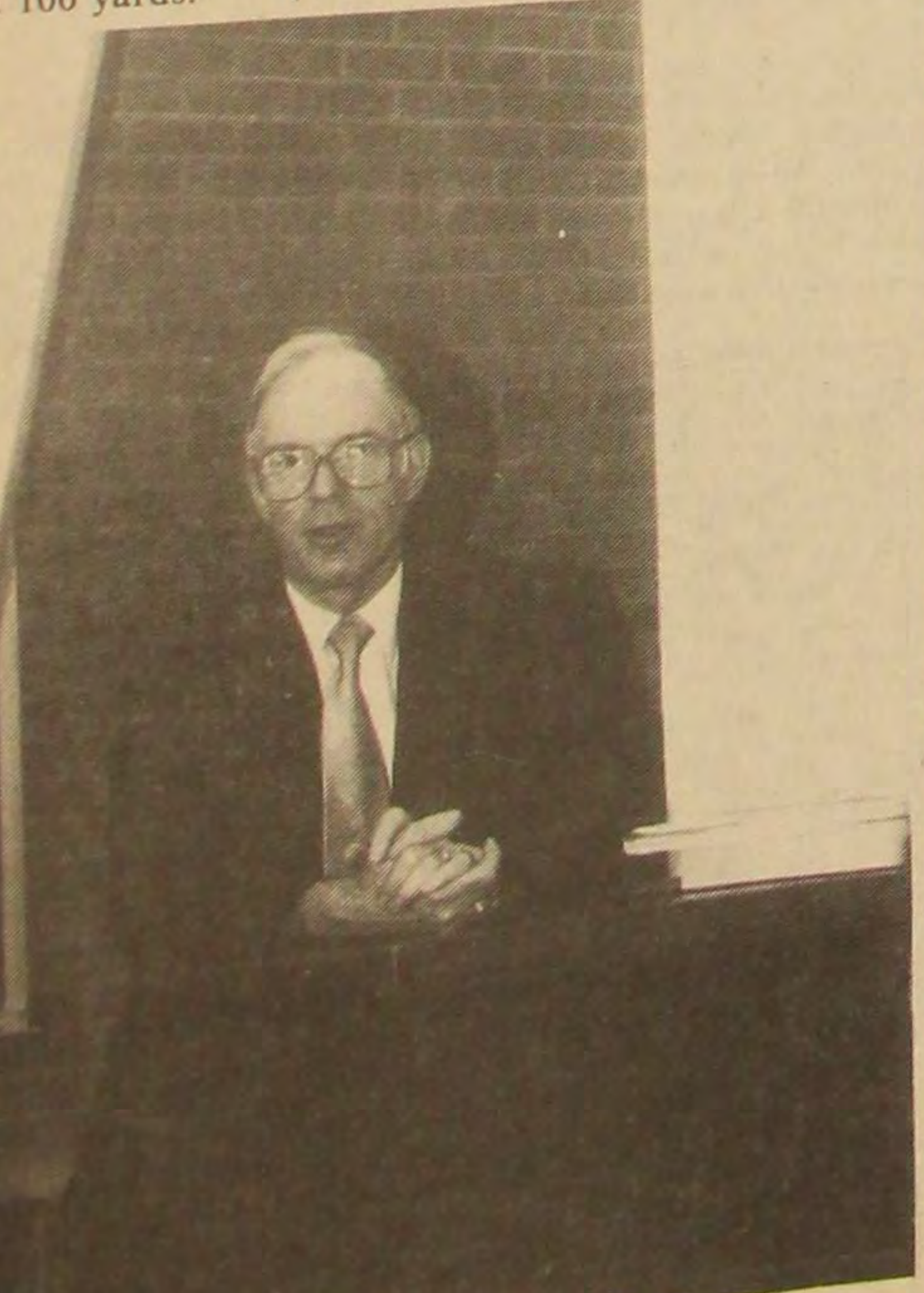
"I was surprised by the affair," he told his classes. The heart attack, a myocardial infarction, was like having Gary Overla and Shawn Sharkey tightening a steel belted strap around his chest, according to Dr. Lengel.

Dr. Lengel had to spend four days in intensive care and a week of recovery in the McPherson hospital then was sent home with instructions not to teach, do strenuous work, drive a car or walk more than a 100 yards.

On March 7 and 8, Dr. Lengel spent time with a specialist in Wichita to diagnose what was really going on.

"It looked like part of the heart had ceased to operate," he said. And in fact, an artery in the right side of the heart was blocked. But the heart has adjusted to the condition and no surgery was needed.

Dr. Lengel, happier than any 10 of his students put together at the prospect of returning to the classroom, enlightened his students by relating his experience to life in medieval times...the people were forced everyday to deal with things they could not control, here today, dead tomorrow.



Marla Ullom/Spectator



Marla Ullom/Spectator

Spring weather was enjoyed by all as temperatures rose into the 70's this last week. Pictured are Karen Winter, Theresa

Smith, Renee Pfaltzgraff and Vicki Finkenstadt.

Resident Director resigns

Metzler Hall seeks improvements

Upon returning to school from spring break, Metzler residents learned that their resident director, Dave Unruh, had resigned.

Unruh and his family are currently living in Wichita. Details of the resignation were not discussed, because of the "contractual and personal details" which were involved, according to Housing Director Jeanette Johnson.

Metzler does not have a replacement for Unruh at the present time. "We didn't want to look for a new RD before some ideas were shared," she stated.

Johnson said that many of the students seem to be upset with the negative attitude toward Metzler. With all that has been going on, including the resident director's resignation, many students and

administrators feel that Metzler Dorm is ready for a positive change.

A few weeks ago, Metzler residents met with Jeanette Johnson and Dr. Ed Butler, Vice President for Student Services, to share information and ideas. Each floor met separately, with many ideas for improvements being discussed.

Johnson said she felt that Metzler residents "want more building pride." One way to get a closer, more positive attitude in the dorm, she felt, would be to somehow have the students' "energy used constructively." Ideas included having inter-floor competitions and activities which would bring the residents together.

Physical changes to the dorm were also suggested by many of

the residents. One suggestion has been to paint the halls, with residents choosing how the halls will look. Others felt that new carpet and furniture could also enhance the looks of the dorm. Many students felt that a better looking dorm would naturally give the residents a more positive feeling toward the building, making them want to keep it in good condition.

Money is a factor. Residents seemed to resent the fact that Metzler dorm is receiving relatively little attention for improvements which are coming with McPherson College's Centennial Planning. "What many students don't realize," said Ed Butler, "is that most individual dorm improvements are coming from personal donations which are to be used specifically for that

dorm." "Many good ideas were shared," said Johnson. Student awareness and idea sharing have already begun to show some effects.

Without a resident director, the resident assistants have taken on an added responsibility. Resident assistants' usual job of "sitting desk" in the evenings has been given to other students to relieve some of the R.A.'s duties.

"I'm very optimistic about this," explained Johnson. "We want more student involvement." She added that the maintenance department has been very cooperative, helping out where requested.

Johnson emphasized the fact that students must play the key role. "We won't make the change," she said. "The students will."

Announcements

Moose's Musical Medicament

Has your stereo system's sound got you down? Tomorrow, the 14th at 9 p.m., the medicament, or cure, for the stereo blahs will take place in the Student Union Lounge. At Moose's Musical Medicament, ideas will be shared that can enhance a stereo system's sound. Key features and other buying tips for stereo components will also be shared. Individual problems will hopefully be discussed and expounded upon.

The home audio workshop will feature a wide variety of stereo equipment and brand names such as Akai, Audio Control, Carver,

Denon, Infinity, Luxman, Onkyo, Polk Audio, and others. Some of the equipment featured will be from the campus while the rest is to be provided by Audio Visions of Wichita.

Audio Visions specializes in audio and video products and services. Phil Hofen, in cooperation with Audio Visions, is putting on the workshop.

Fun should be had by all as everyone will learn a little and enjoy a lot of fine stereo sound. Shirts will be available, declaring participation in the event. Everyone is encouraged to attend.

Announcement - Phil Hofen

Dotzour to have car wash

Dotzour Hall will be holding a yard sale and car wash on Saturday, April 25, beginning at 8 a.m. It will take place on the east side of the dorm. Students are

encouraged to stop by to look things over and get their cars washed.

Announcement - Dotzour residents

Summer courses offered

McPherson College will be offering various summer school courses for graduate and undergraduate credit from June 1 through June 26, 1987.

Elementary workshops include Creativity in the Language Arts; Organization and Management of the Elementary Classroom; Art Workshop; Elementary; and Foreign Language in the Elementary School.

Seminar in Great Books and Seminar in Writing are particularly geared for those on the secondary level.

Special education courses to be offered are Student Teaching and Characteristics of Adolescents

with Handicaps.

Children may be especially interested in the following opportunities: Foreign Language in the Elementary School - German; Tutoring: U.S.D.418 Referral Only - Reading, English, Writing; and Basketball for Children.

Additional miscellaneous course offerings include Education and Psychology of the Exceptional Individual, Archeology and Field Studies, and Philosophies of Death and After-life.

For more information on the 1987 Summer Session, students should contact the CIC.



Holocaust victims Dr. Louis Frydman and Dr. George Kren spoke of their personal experiences and implications of the Holocaust during the Hitler regime at a conference on campus April 4th.

College Publicity Photo

Holocaust victims

"The Jewish people were gassed during World War II at a cost of less than half a cent in American currency," said Dr. Louis Frydman, Holocaust victim and speaker at McPherson College on Saturday, April 5.

"It is frightening how closely we resemble the Germans in their attitudes during the Holocaust," Frydman said. The University of Kansas professor likened the Nazi gas chambers to death penalty discussions presently under consideration by state legislatures. "There is too much cost about cost effectiveness," he warned.

Frydman was one of three main speakers for a powerful conference entitled "The Holocaust: Facing Our Past, Forging Our Future" at McPherson College last weekend. Also on deck were Dr. George Kren whose family was forced to flee Germany in 1939, and Dr.

Berry Crawford, Professor of Religion at Washburn University.

Dr. Kren, professor at Kansas State University and keynote speaker in the afternoon, agreed with Frydman by blaming unbending loyalty to bureaucracy for the Holocaust. "The German did what they did not because they hated the Jews, but because they subscribed to an unbending sense of obedience to authority. No one admitted their part in the Holocaust was wrong. Some admitted that their jobs were difficult, but they said, 'I must do it anyway.'"

The conclusion which became obvious during the discussion was frightening: that very ordinary circumstances led to the reality of the Holocaust. Dr. Kren stated, "The killing was done because it was ordered. People do what they are told. Obedience was the critical virtue. Under these circumstances, a Holocaust could happen again."

Escape from Einstein



IT'S A LANDMARK CASE... THIS CABBAGE SAYS SHE WAS FORCED TO GIVE UP THOUSANDS OF HER KIDS FOR ADOPTION...

Top Gun: immoral fairy tale

"Top Gun" was a great movie. The music and acting were hot. The plot was a little confusing at times, but exciting enough. The cinematography especially in the flight scenes and the silhouette shots of the California sunset - was simply fantastic. So why didn't I like it? The killing itself wasn't too bad. I realize that death is unavoidable. I accept that it can be sudden, violent and seemingly without meaning.

In "Top Gun," the U.S. pilots were sympathetic enough. We saw them with their families, loves and lives outside the cockpit. The code they followed was simple: be the best that you can be.



Merrie Cline
Staff Writer

After all, it was only a movie. Although in the end Maverick and Co. were shooting down planes with the same lack of compassion or conscious with which I dispose of Space Invaders in a video arcade, the actors that "died" will go on to make more movies. Just like in the old Sunday afternoon westerns, no one was really hurt. There wasn't even any gore.

In westerns, though, good always triumphed over evil. More importantly, I always knew who the good guys were. I understood why the guys in white lived and the guys in black deserved to die.

The good guys were the marshalls. They fought for law and order. Or they were rebels who, nevertheless, were fighting for something. They all had

honor, a cause, an ideal or an unwritten code. The bad guys, on the other hand, were the scum of the Earth. They lied, cheated, stole and, in general, deserved everything they got.

Still, I didn't want the Soviet pilots to die. They really didn't deserve it. The U.S. victory came not from grace, but from skill. There was no moral superiority, no conflict between good and bad, only between good and better.

The old westerns were set in a fantasy land called the Wild West. "Top Gun" allegedly took place here and now - in the real world. To a point it was believable. Americans are real. Russians are real. And the conflict that exists today between the U.S. and the Soviet Union is frighteningly real; however, in many ways "Top Gun" was an unrealistic portrayal of that conflict.

President Reagan's good guy, bad guy analysis of world politics has seldom been better portrayed. There was no reason for the filmmakers to show the Russians as evil because most Americans already have that stereotype. How can millions of literate, highly educated American citizens convince themselves that the

Russians are inherently evil? The myth of the Soviet boogiemens is as much a slap in the face of our reason, as it is a detriment to world peace and international understanding. This will continue as long as we continue to foster such a simplistic view of international relations.

But where were the villains? The "enemy" fighter pilots weren't necessarily evil. They only appeared in the big fight scene, dehumanized behind their tinted black helmets. There was no war to fight, no home front to protect. The incident allegedly takes place over international waters. What makes the bad guys bad? The fact that they fire first? Actually, I didn't catch who fired first in the movie, but logic tells me that it must have been the Russians, since the film was a U.S. product.

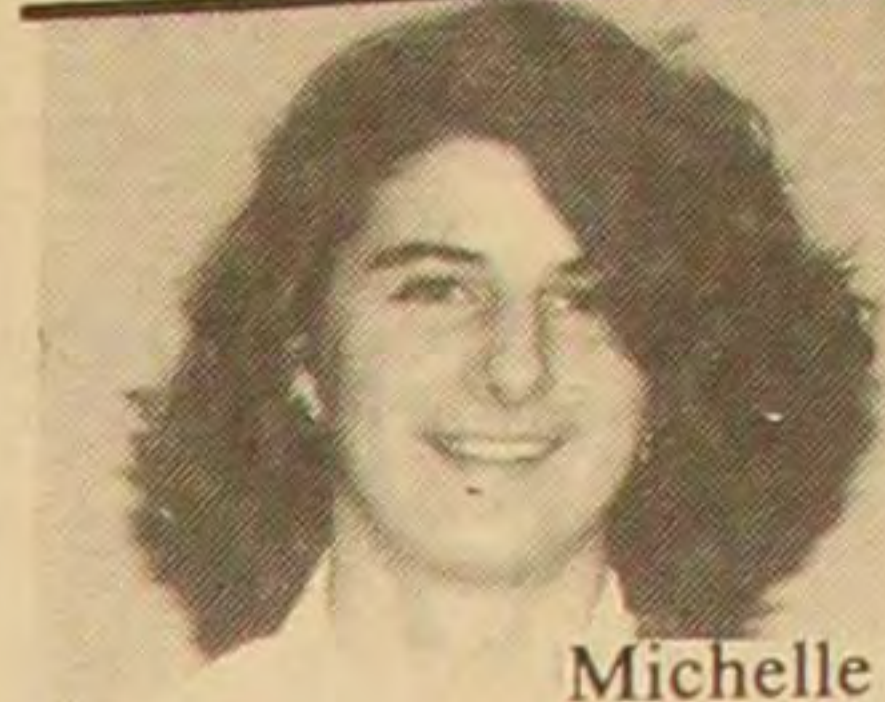
"Top Gun" was pro-U.S. anti-Soviet propaganda on par with the old anti-German films of the forties. The frightening thing is that because I'm so used to the "America the Beautiful" mentality of the U.S., I almost didn't notice just how ridiculous that is.

The Escapism of Relativity I have relatives and you have relatives and somehow, somewhere our relatives are probably related. In fact, someone's relative has hypothesized that everyone is at least sixth cousins but rarely do you walk up to a stranger and greet him as long-lost Uncle Fred. We don't wish to drag strange people into our lives without a good reason yet we are willing to thrust odd facts into conversations for the sake of relativity.

Relativity is not a New Age concept, in fact, it dates back to biblical times when Abraham and Sarah related to each other and started a whole nation of relatives who also related to one another and, well, you know the rest of that story. Einstein pushed relativity into the limelight when he wrote the theory of relativity which states that matter can be transformed into energy and vice versa. Now, in the '80's, relativity has become a catch-all word to explain anything happening anytime, anywhere, to anyone.

We are a generation that, through the utilization of radio, TV, and satellite communications, has collected such a volume of information that no longer can a discussion be limited to simply the subject at hand. Multitudes of other considerations must be

woven into the dialogue. Eventually what began as an elementary yes or no question has grown logarithmically into something that doesn't even resemble the initial question. The rapid growth of relativism has aroused my concern for the well-being of our society.



Michelle LaFay
Guest Columnist

Is relativity merely a crutch enabling the public to balance on the proverbial fence? Does the extreme use of relativity signal the demise of the single opinion on a single issue? Does relativity take the fire from critical issues? Is relativism a cover for spreading apathy? These are a few of the possible repercussions that our use of relativity may cause.

Relativism allows people to remain flexible to the point of wishy-washy on most, if not all, subjects. Now, instead of maintaining one opinion on one topic, it is possible to have one hundred different opinions on one topic. Take abortion: it used to be a black and white issue and for some it still is. However, it has

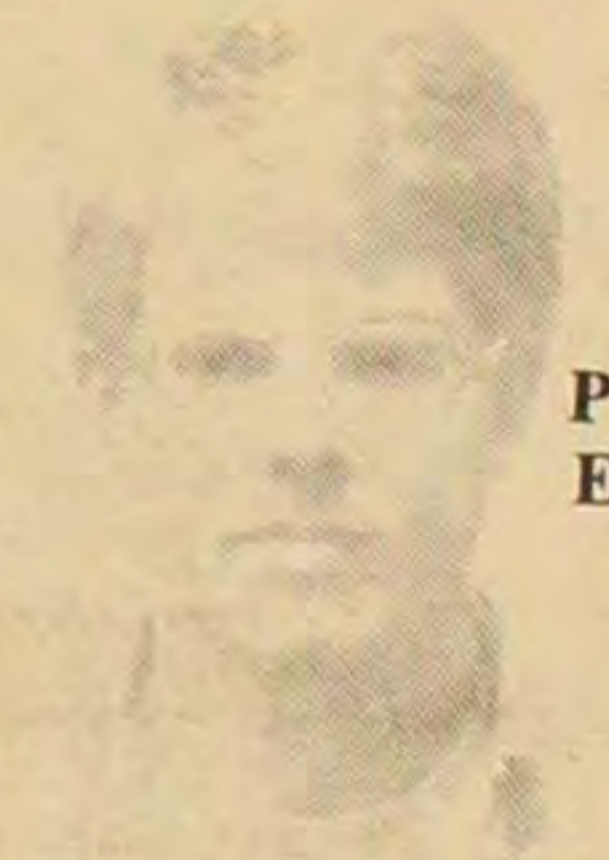
become an issue fraught with a myriad of complications. Protestors argue it is wrong to kill a living, unborn child but scientists have yet to ascertain exactly when life begins. Many people are willing to condone abortion when the mother's life is threatened or the child is the result of a rape. The list goes on and on. You can pick and choose what ones you agree with and which ones you don't and other people will do the same and the problem becomes practically impossible to solve thanks to relativity.

Relativism takes the passion from these issues because there are so many different angles on a given problem that you get lost trying to sort out which ones have merit, if they will adequately support your personal case, and if they are worth believing in and fighting for. Without passion and belief people turn apathetic because it is an overwhelming amount of information to ponder and it is sometimes easier to not care about the subject than it is to wade through the tide of relativisms.

I must agree with the Greeks in their statement that all things should be done in moderation and I believe that relativity is no exception. Unless relativism is held in check it may indeed cause the demise of the opinion and the rise of apathy plus worse things, relatively speaking.

Open door policy

The first day after spring break I noticed a new sign in the cafeteria: "EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY alarm will sound." Like the other students, I disregarded it and walked on through the east door without sounding the alleged buzzer.



Paul Minnich
Editor

It wasn't until Thursday morning that, during breakfast, I saw Bruce Kinney write on a chalkboard in front of the door. The message explained that from then on the door was not to be used. The message ended with the words, "Thanks for cooperating."

I don't want to cooperate. In fact, I'd like to make waves. I know how trivial an issue this is, but for the sake of justice, freedom, the American way... well... okay... so I only care because it bothers me!

Every day for the rest of my time here, I will walk the long way out of cafeteria. Why? Because "too many glasses are being stolen out of the back door."

Even if this were a good reason, I would still be bothered, but the facts say this reason is absurd.

The very day Bruce locked that door, 150 glasses were stolen out of the front door (I'm told they were all returned, as was a cookie jar full of cookies stolen a few days later through the same front door).

Why is the back door closed off if there is no valid reason? No, I don't think it's a health department plot to close the cafeteria one door at a time. I think it's desperation.

D.M. Premier wants to stop "cup thefts" badly, and doesn't particularly care if any students (in this case the 200 or so who live east of the S.U.) are inconvenienced.

There are some good ideas that are less extravagant than making a beeper system similar to the library's "magazine-alert" or paying armed guards to frisk students that I would like to suggest.

Perhaps returning to last year's policy of allowing students to bring their own cups would cut down on the theft. Also, offering paper cups as an option on request wouldn't be a bad idea. I'm sure the few cents worth of pop taken out doesn't add up to the cost of a case of glasses a week.

But all that is entirely their business, and I apologize for bringing rational ideas to an already muddy absurdity.

The door will probably stay closed, and I'll probably graduate anyway. If I don't, it's the cafeteria's fault. Thanks for cooperating.

Games people play

Ever since I can remember, I've played games. Games can mean anything, really: childhood, athletic, mind.

Games have been an important part of world culture. Many find athletes had the world at their feet for winning ancient Olympic games. Rome was kept happy for many years by the games held in the Colosseum. A man's honor was established by jousting games on horseback during medieval times.

One of the earliest games I can remember playing was a game of Noah's Ark with my brother. That's great, I thought to myself, animals are cool. I told him I wanted to play an animal part. He promptly told me I was an alligator.

So I bit him. I learned early the punishment of not playing by the rules (but what are alligators for I asked through tear filled eyes).

I remember other great childhood games too. I remember how clever I thought I was, how no one would find me during hide and go seek, and I would win. But what if they never found me, or didn't even bother to look.



Cindy Trimmer
Editorial Editor

"Red Rover, Red Rover, send Cindy right over," "Mother may I please take two giant steps forward?" "Red light, Green light". So many hours were spent playing games I don't even remember the rules to. Playing out in the sunshine filled meadows with friends I thought would last forever. Who I haven't seen since.

As I grew older, I came across games I didn't like to play but had to because the teacher said I had to. With much reluctance I allowed myself to be clobbered by a "medicine ball". I was quite scared actually, some people threw the ball so hard, like the game was real.

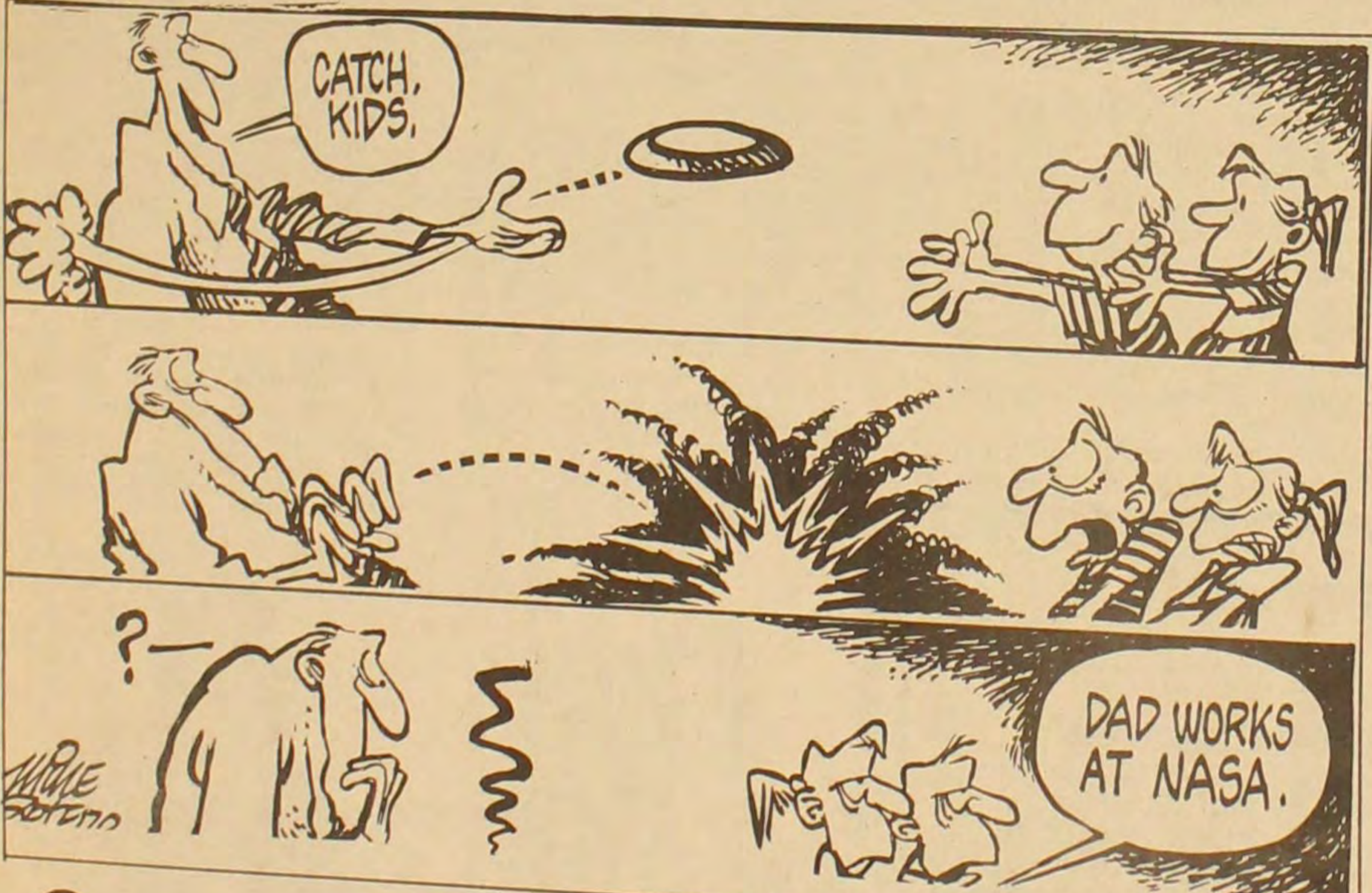
The older I got, the more competitive the games got. During P.E. I hoped and prayed that I wouldn't be picked last for some stupid basketball or softball game. I never was though. Being skinny did have advantages. I always thought though, that if I were ever good enough to be a captain, I'd pick all the people that were picked last because it is not supposed to matter if you win the game, but how you play it, right?

High school athletics added a new demension to my scope of games. I liked to compete. It didn't matter that I was just an average athlete, I won some, and lost some, like most normal people. For me the games were a chance to meet new people, get some exercise, work on my tan, enjoy myself and laugh. That was what I thought games were for.

The shock was rude when I realized that there were people who wanted to win at any cost, to whom cheating wasn't morally wrong. And the sad realization that your best, no matter how hard you tried was not good enough to play the game.

But the hardest games of all to play didn't start until late high school and are still played on the college campus. These are the mind games. "Well, he did this to me so I will do this to him" "She said what about me, well, did you know what she did?" "Since he ignored me, I'll ignore him and he will obviously know that I like him".

Some of us are better players at the game of life than others.



Our addiction to mediocrity

Sometimes it comes creeping up from behind, undetected, slowly infiltrating everything you do. Sometimes it walks right up and stares you in the eye, just daring you to do something about it.

What I'm referring to is an abstraction that really isn't so abstract once it is examined. It is the acceptance of average performance when a higher level of performance could be attained. I usually refer to it as an addiction to mediocrity.

Everyone on this campus is affected by this malady, though in varying degrees. And it exists on all levels. I would contend that most students experience this addiction to mediocrity in some degree in all of their activities on campus, from the moment they arrive in McPherson.

I first sensed it when I arrived on campus three years ago. It took me a long while to put my finger on it, but it seemed to me that this college was in many areas satisfied with being "average." Three years have not changed my mind.

Is this addiction to mediocrity inevitable? Not necessarily. But the responsibility for change and the means of change lie within the individual himself, for only

individuals have the power to change attitudes and directions. Institutions reflect the attitudes and actions of the people within, so in order to get out of a rut on an institutional level, it takes the efforts of all individuals within to rise above the status quo.

By Gary Foulke
Guest Columnist

However, as I have come to identify this problem on campus on the institutional level, I have identified this strong tendency toward mediocrity in myself and my actions as well. Many times when I prepare to hand in work that I know is not my best, or even close to my best, I hand it in anyway. Usually I am aware of this mediocrity in my work, but choose to live with it. Other times, I am not consciously aware of my "par" performance until later on. Sometimes mediocrity is obvious; other times it is sneaky.

Mediocrity is dangerous. On the personal level, it has a dulling effect which exponentially compounds until the "average" becomes the high standard. On

the institutional level, mediocrity is even more dangerous; if not kept in check, it will continue to fester and spread its disease to every aspect of the organization.

I have talked to other students who have sensed this mediocrity about the college as well. It can be seen in the classrooms, residence halls, sporting events, and even on the ultimate frisbee field. "Average" becomes the norm and the high standard by which all other performances are measured.

I have to fight off mediocrity all the time. Indeed, it is a difficult struggle to push myself in order to reach the next higher level. Cruising along in a class and achieving an average level of success is easy enough; getting something meaningful out of a class can be something altogether different.

There are a large number of good people at McPherson College, and many good things are happening here, but even good people can get lulled into the eventual abyss of the status quo. For the students, faculty, staff, and administrators who make up McPherson College as well as for the college in total, striving for excellence in all areas and fighting against the tendency towards mediocrity must be the goal; it is the good fight. It is the good fight.

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Volume 71 Issue 9 April 13, 1987
Official publication of McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas 67460. Published twice monthly by the Student Council of McPherson College, allowing for the interruption of breaks. Second class postage paid at McPherson, Kansas. Campus office - Student Union basement.
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Mac choir finds meaning of higher love on spring tour



McPherson choir taking a break for a picture.

Karen Winter/Quadrangle

By Dana Decker and Marcia Unruh Guest Writers

It was Friday March 21st, around noon, when the choir stood in a circle waiting for a few last words of wisdom from Rob Fisher and Larry Kitzel. Myself, along with most of the group, were wondering if we brought everything we needed. Did I remember my choir dress, my music, and most of all my Walkman and tapes so I would have something to do on the bus? At last it was time to board the bus; there was a rush by everybody to make sure we could sit where

we wanted and with whom we wanted. Finally we were off, everybody settled for the two hour drive to Topeka.

We were cruising down the interstate, almost to Council Grove, when the bus pulled over to the side of the road and stopped. The cause of this delay was unknown to all but the driver, who soon deserted us and the disabled bus to look for help. Nobody knew how long we would be there, so in groups of two and three we slowly emerged from the bus.

After we stood around for a while, somebody came up with an incredible idea. Since our bus was broken down, why couldn't we build another bus from spare parts? Over the next hour everyone pitched in and combed

the area for any useful items. The result was a "vehicle" made up of a battery, six hubcaps, a Polaroid snapshot and other miscellaneous items. Not long after it was completed, our bus driver, along with two mechanics, arrived and fixed the bus.

With us back on the road, our next stop was the Grace Cathedral in Topeka. Rob had told us how beautiful the cathedral was, but mere words could not describe what everybody felt when we stepped through the gracefully arched doorway. Because we were running so far behind, we did not do the taping of some songs as we had planned. Instead, we all gathered around the front and sang several of our songs. And to tell you the truth, we sounded great. After we finished, the choir minister of the cathedral played a piece for us on the organ. I have never heard an organ sound so beautiful. Our tight schedule kept us moving and once again it was time to board the bus.

Off to the Topeka Church of the Brethren. Since it was the first concert on the tour, everybody was anxious to make a good impression. Once we got to the church, the first order of business was to set up the light and stereo equipment. So the crews sprang into action. About forty-five minutes later the lights were all set up and focused on all the right places, and the last of the stereo's wires were taped down so that nobody would trip on them. After this was done it was time for dinner. Everyone filed into the basement of the church. While waiting for instructions on what

to do, we hungrily eyed all the sandwiches and salads that were set out for us to eat. The ladies behind the counter told us what to do and then told us to dig in. After all of us had eaten plenty, we decided we had better go change because we had to meet before the concert for last minute instructions.

The time had come! Everyone was dressed and standing in a circle, thinking that in fifteen minutes we would be singing to a group of people that most of us did not know. We would be giving them an impression of our college and our choir that would last for awhile. Rob and Larry both said a few words, then it was time for the trombones to open the service with a few songs. As the trombones played the choir got into their lines waiting to have our candles lit. Time for the procession. We walked down the isles, single file with our candles glowing to a unknown song that was playing on the stereo. The concert was not really like the concerts we have had at school. There were narrations between every song and we ended the concert by walking off the risers and encircling the audience, singing our final numbers by candle light. As we walked out of the sanctuary, we hummed our final song. For the conclusion of the concert, the trombones played a few more songs. After the concert was over, everybody went to the basement to eat, again, and we found out who we were staying with that night. We also discovered what time, the next morning, we had to be back at the church.

The next morning everyone met at the church, and we said our goodbyes to the families we stayed with. Once again we boarded our trusty bus to go to our next stop in Kansas City.

Saturday was not a day of relaxing fun. We practiced the whole afternoon, taking a long break for lunch at McDonalds. Our concert that night was at the Messiah Church of the Brethren. When we got there, we went through the same routine of the night before, dealing with equipment, eating and getting ready for the concert. The only difference was that we did not use candles or narrations. We visited two churches on Sunday. One was the St. Joseph Church of the Brethren in St. Joseph, Missouri, the other one was the Ankeny Church of the Brethren in Iowa.



Jeff Keck, Larry Kitzel, Krista Dell, Rhett Schmalzried, Francis Dutton and Steve Janke practice for the performance.

Karen Winter/Quadrangle

When Monday came it had a whole different meaning for the tour. It meant MAC singers and the rock band SPECTRUM would be performing at the high schools in the afternoons for the rest of the week. The set up for the

high schools was a little more complicated, because of more lights, microphones and the band's equipment. It did take a little longer to set up, but thanks to everyone's help it did not take us very long. Again the trombones started the show, but with a little more upbeat music then they played in the evenings. Then the singers came out and sang some songs like "Old Black Water" and "Lean on Me." When they were finished, and after a few equipment changes, SPECTRUM came out and thrilled those kids and faculty with their music. The tour went on like that the rest of the week.

Monday evening we were at the English River Church of the Brethren. Tuesday we were at Hudson High School and South Waterloo Church of the Brethren. DeSoto High School and Panther Creek Church of the Brethren on Thursday. On Friday we ended our tour in Nebraska at Wymore Southern High School and Holmesville Church of the Brethren.

Throughout this tour everyone did their best to see that it was the best tour ever. The concert choir made the people they sang to stop and think what higher love really was. The singers, trombones and Spectrum gave their audiences a different kind of show, a different kind of excitement. But, in the end everybody was trying to give the same message, although in different ways. To me we were saying there is higher love in everyone, all we have to do to find it is look inside ourselves.

Twelve Bars at a Time

By Ken Mohler

the memories of the thursday night
eat at you only the blues
and bid daddy's piano tell you
take it easy a butterfly napkin
flies
from the girl with the easy
drinks
easy easy keep it mellow don't
forget the photographers and
never lose
your smile let the dreams of the
dancer
and thursday night fly from
your lips
never forget and play play play
play your horn smooth easy
easy
let the blues take control big
daddy'll
tell you a story st. james
infirmary easy
easy sing like you can't forget
sing about that dancer sing the
only way
the only way the only way to kill
the blues
take it easy sing boy sing
the rhythm sets in and all the big
worries worry and you ain't got
nothing
but a mellow lick and
something smooth
between your fingers easy easy
easy don't tense up or the bugs'll
get ya don't let the dancers
crowd take
time take room take it easy
maybe big daddy'll say you
made
joyous noise and then maybe
your whole
life will be caught when that
butterfly
napkin falls to the ground and
you and the blues
and that dancer from thursday
night
sing through your finger tips
and that lick comes but smooth
and easy so easy so easy



Now wait, did he say kick your right leg first or your left? Is what these choir students seem to be wondering.

Karen Winter/Quadrangle

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Sports

4

Race drives for Last Hurrah

by Jack Sneddon
Staff Writer



Jack Sneddon/Spectator

When Denise Race came to school last Fall, she was looking to make her senior year in sports (track in particular), the Last Hurrah.

In volleyball, she was a three-time Kansas Collegiate Athletic Conference team selection and was also chosen to a Nebraska all-tournament team.

During the indoor track season, Race set a National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics District 10 record with a 5-9 high jump. "I like indoor better because of the change in surfaces. It is a closer area and the weather doesn't change."

"I have a month and a half left to be an athlete," said Race. "I'm going for the gusto."

she is on a roll, already qualifying for the Nationals in Arkansas on April 21-23.

She has done decent in most of her meets this season. At the Swede Invitational, she tied a school mark with a 5-7 in the high jump and set a new record with a triple jump of 36-7.5. Also added to her collection is a conference mark at the Association of Colleges in Central Kansas for the triple jump. And she would like to keep going that way for the rest of the season. "She is well ahead of where she was last year," said Dan Hoffman Mac track coach. "In her senior year, she decided now is the time to do it."

"I'm impressed with Denise (because) she's an excellent

student, mature, a fine athlete and fun to be around." Hoffman also credits Race for being an example leader, something that has been helpful to both the men's and women's programs.

Race feels that the women's team as a whole are very talented but doesn't have the numbers of somebody like Bethany College. "In events where we have two or three people they have 5-6. But we can get as many first places as they can."

In the past, the Biology major has had problems this time of year. "The outdoor season is so long. It is difficult to stay motivated April-May, the times when you should be peaking." She also finds it hard to stick with the commitment of running after the regular season is over and her friends are doing other things.

She feels that sometimes people she knows expect too much. "They expect you to be decent meet to meet." Race doesn't have the words 'win' or 'lose' in her vocabulary. "I like to think about myself as being modest." She doesn't even tell her mother about her achievements unless asked. Race is looking forward to placing for the first time in the Nationals.

Hornbaker is set for tennis

by Anthony Phan
Sports Editor

The morning dew in Lyons, Kansas, hours away from burning off, sketches a soft glow on the steel net of the tennis court. Ron Hornbaker is up and thinking. "I'm always thinking about something. I think," says Hornbaker. "And about five years ago I decided to play tennis." Picking up a racket one late day in junior high school, Hornbaker brought tennis to his mind.

Tennis then becomes one of those mental games to Hornbaker. "When I was just starting, tennis was so new to me and I would think about how I should hit." When Jimmy Connor's devastating serve slams into his opponent's side, Hornbaker would immediately position his grip and he then would return one of those perfect unreturnable returns. Playing good tennis was only a dream for Hornbaker in junior high.

If Hollywood is the center of stars, then Lyons, Kansas, is definitely not the center of tennis. "In Lyons there are not a lot of faithful tennis followers, and I think that is an understatement. There were a lot of empty courts. People just did not play tennis." Somehow that did not hinder Hornbaker; he played tennis in Lyons, Kansas, and he played whenever or with whomever he could. And when he could not play, he would play it in his mind. The game offers an alternative to reality and he lives in the game while the game lasts.

In his senior year in high school Hornbaker thought tennis and would have played magnificently for his high school if it had a tennis team. It was in a sense, a test of devotion for the ardent fan.

"Eventually I came to McPherson College and found a tennis team," says Hornbaker. In 1986 he played tennis (an almost dream coming true?) He was the number two player in singles and

was the number one player in doubles.

According to Hornbaker tennis is this one on one battle that offers a density of pleasure. "I would play and concentrate strictly on my game," he says. "I would follow my serve, trying to put some back spin to it. I would think about my opponent and I would be on my own."

Thus for many good reasons, tennis has reached the point where it has become his sport. "I am looking forward to this season and I am definitely looking forward to playing Bethany and Central." Practicing two to three hours a day, everyday, with his team, he is hoping that he would be even a better tennis player this season.

For now Hornbaker's life sometimes is seen through the prism of gut-stringed-tennis rackets. The game for him promises and gives a flow of intensity. It creates tension-enough to burn off the morning dew in Lyons, Kansas.

Jackie Robinson's debut marks 40th year

Jack Sneddon



Forty years ago, this coming Wednesday the color of major league baseball was changed with the debut of Jack Roosevelt Robinson in a Brooklyn Dodger uniform.

In 1946, Robinson was playing with the Montreal Royals, of the Dodgers chain, where he hit .349. He was signed by Branch Rickey, a year later, on April 11 and took the field for Brooklyn four days later. Larry Doby also became the first black player in the American League signing with Bill Veeck's Cleveland Indians. For Robinson, it was the beginning of a career that spanned a decade, all of which in Dodger blue. He was a six-time all-star and he also played in six World Series. The 5-11 infielder was voted Most Valuable Player in 1949 (this was when the MVP was from both the National and the American League.) Robinson led second basemen in turning the double play from '49-'52. He holds the fielding record playing in 150 games or more at second with a .992 fielding percentage.

Jack was one of the best all-around athletes I have ever seen," said former Brooklyn Dodger shortstop Pee Wee Reese of the University-Southern California alumnus.

"I saw him intimidate many pitchers over the years, but the thing I'll remember most about him was his pride and his character. He kept everything inside of him for the first couple of years in the majors, then he'd let things go once in a while.

I remember we were playing an exhibition game against the Reds in Tampa and their third base coach was Ben Chapman, who was from the deep south. We were throwing the ball around the

infield and Ben called out, 'You'd better not throw the ball too hard to Robinson.'

He walked right up to Chapman and cussed him out. He said he had taken all the abuse for two years and he wasn't gonna take it anymore." In '47, Rickey had told Robinson that for him to stay in baseball he would have to keep his mouth and actions in check for two years. That helped two other Dodger players in the minors, who would later become Hall-of-Famers. The duo was pitcher Don Newcombe and catcher Roy Campanella.

A Hall-of-Fame reliever also has a story about Robinson.

"I remember one game in particular. We had a second baseman with the New York Giants by the name of Davey Williams and he had a bad back. I remember Jackie taking him out on a slide when it really wasn't necessary. Alvin Dark was with us at the time and he got on first base that game. Jackie was playing third. Alvin tried to go from first to third on a hit, but he had no chance. Instead of sliding, Dark went into Jackie at third base and knocked him over. Jackie never said a word...he just went back to his position. He knew he had to take it if he was going to dish it out.

Jackie helped me more than I helped him. I used to tell him that I didn't think blacks and whites will ever get along and he said that I was wrong, that they will one day. He never lost that belief."

Nobody has forgotten Robinson as the ceremony of a blue towel over second base on April 8, before the season opener between the Cardinals and the Cubs, demonstrates.



Maria Ullom/Spectator

Enjoying the weather, using the sun, two McPherson College students break away from their studies and find time for the Ultimate game of frisbee.

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