

Taking a stand to cross the line

On February 29 I was one of 64 people who crossed the west gate property line at McConnell Air Force Base in Wichita. The act of crossing the line was a non-violent demonstration against the first of 18 new B-1B bombers to be manufactured at McConnell, which was "welcomed" by local military and civil dignitaries with a band and a ceremonial fly-over.

Upon arrival at a park near the base we gathered into our already formed "affinity groups" and began walking to the gate carrying banners and signs. As we arrived we were greeted with the jeers and insults of

a handful of counter-protesters, whose tactlessness and lack of respect was dignified with nothing more than smiles by our members as we assembled quietly and began to sing.

Now was the time for me to act on my commitment, so with only a few minutes before our small group of students approached the line I thought of what my conscience now demanded of me. We crossed arms and greeted the officials as friends, and after a poem and a reading from Henry David Thoreau's Essay on Civil Disobedience we took the step on to government property as a group.

We were immediately read a statement that we had violated Title 18 of the United States Code and were to be detained. I was escorted with three friends by an official, to a bus where I was frisked, photographed, and identified. We were then taken further into the base, where I was closely watched until being led to receive and sign a letter stating my violations and banning me from the base for two years. Being only a first time offender, I was prosecuted for my statement, as were about ten whose commitments had led them to peaceably demonstrate for a second time. Having been warned and processed we put on a bus and taken off of base property.

During the proceedings I was struck by the tenseness of those detaining us, they seemed nervous and on edge, and many were quick to react coldly. I and the only other

young male in our group were roughed up unnecessarily, seemingly being taken as a threat by the soldier who frisked us. However, I observed the unease of many change to friendly conversation as demonstrators expressed a respect for the views and feelings if those whose job it was to remove us. It was this that characterized our statement and this which made it a success, and if anything can make people take a second look toward their personal stands on peace it is this acceptance and openness in speech and actions.

On the bus out I considered what I had done, what it had meant, and how I should grow from a first step into action on the stand I have chosen to take towards peace. It is harder to consider a personal role when you feel as one choice among millions,

but to make a statement and take a stand with others is to glimpse the potential for positive change through individual commitment. This is what I feel after being part of such a positive display of conscience, and I think I have gained a taste of that

which leads citizens to face an illusion of futility and helplessness with individuality and faith towards a higher goal for humanity.

I will preface by explaining the attitudes and beliefs motivating this group statement against our country's policies of violence and imperialism at the expense of our nation's social, educational,

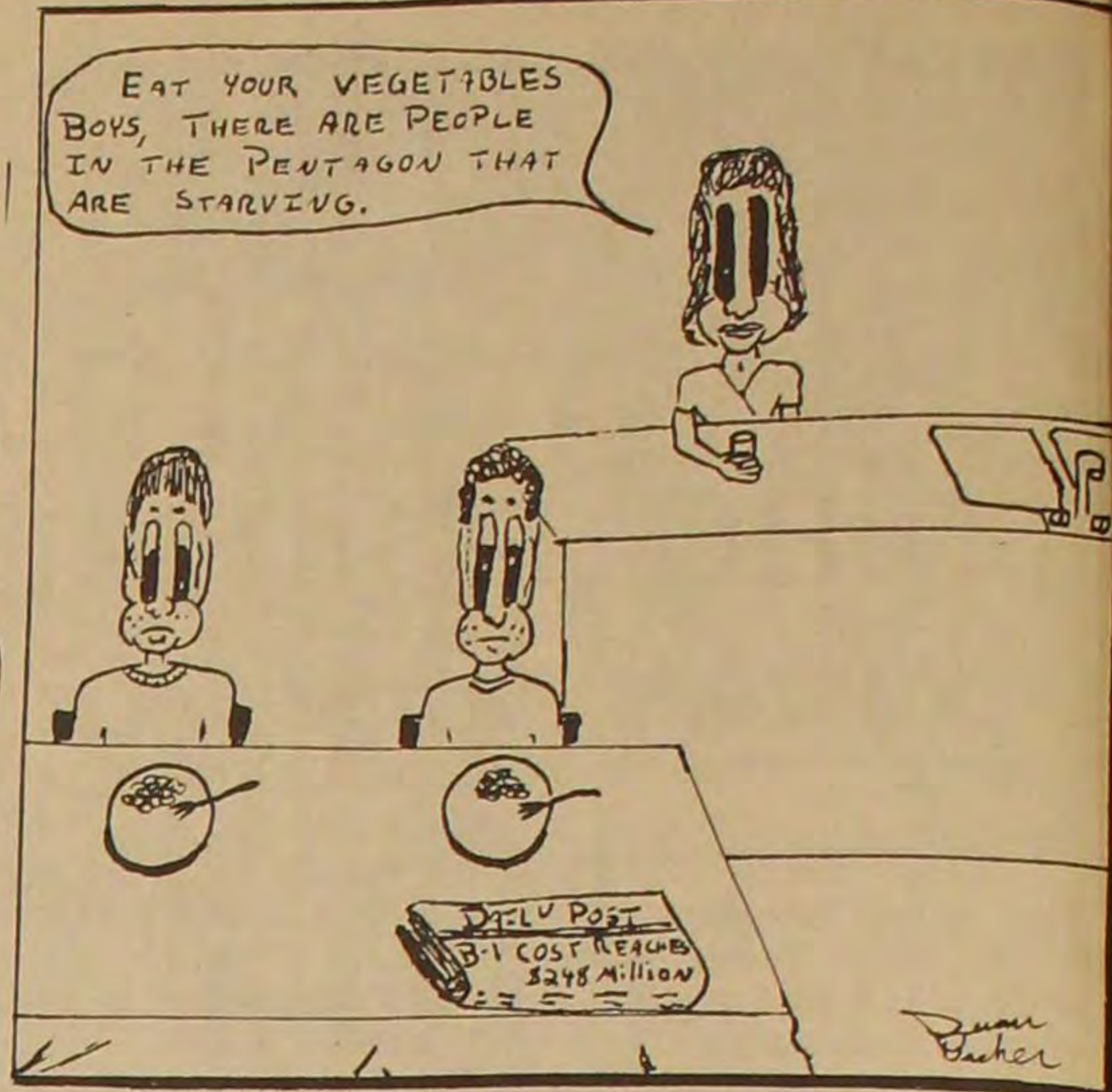
diplomatic, and environmental programs. Many may choose to associate the peace movement with the radical, often drug-induced and violent demonstrations of the 60's. It

seems to me that things have changed, because the majority of approximately 200 demonstrators I was acting with were middle class Christian adults, young and old, many being retired. This group functioned under a written code of non-resistance, non-violence, and respect for opposing viewpoints, motivated by love of our country, desire for justice, and a strong will for peace.



Mark Dooley
Guest Writer

I was startled and shocked when the bomber first roared over, and filled with awe and horror as I realized completely the terrible magnitude of what I was demonstrating against. As others in the group felt this, silence ensued, many praying as eyes were fixed upwards into the shadow of the ominous green-gray jet.



Regional Youth Conference A "unique" experience in growing up

Just from this past weekend, I now know what it's like to be an older person. I figured, that throughout all my life, I would always remain young--both somewhat in body and mainly in mind. I still figured that I was doing okay--up until this weekend, of course.

This is where I get to the aging part. While in high school, I did my share of goofing off--who doesn't? But we all, hopefully, mature out of this when college comes along. Throughout this time, I told myself that I would never become an authority figure; someone who would tell you to shut up at a rally when you're not supposed to be talking. Well, the times did change my thinking and common sense evaluation. I saw how dumb I was when I spoke back to a teacher or gave someone a hard time. It doesn't seem too smart now.



by Jack Patino
Feature Editor

McPherson College had the unique opportunity once again ("unique" for them, "testing" for me) to host the Regional Youth Conference for high school kids. It was a three-day outing from Friday to Sunday, and all the kids were to sleep in the Sport Center's gym. I was told by my roommate that they used to sleep in the dorms with MAC students, but no longer. He said that the kids were getting into drinking problems and even stealing.

The kid on the piano meant something to the RYC bunch: he was one of them and not an authority figure. We were the ones giving them accusational glances, asking them to hush and prodding them to move closer to the speaker at the sessions. Of course, all this is aimed at the separatists of the whole motley crew. There was a number of kids who, I felt, needed a good knot on the head, but that would have accomplished two things: I would surely have become the authority figure I've been trying to avoid during this time, and the happiness of hitting one kid would've only lasted a short time. I like the latter, if I had to make a choice, though.

Drinking? Stealing? The conference is supposed to teach these kids about God's peace and Jesus' love. Yes, these are high school kids that I'm talking about. We may or may not have done crazy things on away trips, but this was for kids who chose to lead a spiritual, disciplined life. Granted, a good number of them were in this category, but there was also the wicked few there who chose otherwise.

But, I lied to myself. In having these feelings, I did age into the authority figure. I wanted to tell some of the kids what to do, group them up into proper groups, separate certain people, and yes, even give them a tap on their heads if necessary. I no longer felt the youth I did in high school. My youth, as dumb as it sounds, aged to college youth right before my very eyes. I saw the spunky freshmen girls I saw seven years ago, saw the highly voted non-conformist groups, self important-minded athletes, and the usual popularity groups that I thought vanished forever. Wrong.

But then I spent two of the three days with the RYC kids, of which I solely played guitar for them with campus minister, Kim Hill-Smith. We rarely, if ever, got applause for our work, even when Cindy Powell sang to them. I did notice that when a youth from their group came up and played a song on the piano (that we had already played on guitar), he got

wild applause. I didn't come here for the applause itself, but I think that a few claps would have shown our little musical group some respect.

It's kind of scary to grow up with a certain frame of mind, only to have it shattered within two days time. It's nothing to hoop and hollar about, but who knows when you'll face this test? All I know is that my high school days are clearly in the past, and that I have yet to mature throughout my college days. But please, no more RYC!



Religious bestsellers

David Clayton
Staff Writer

Tammy, fights an addiction to prescription drugs. Six years before, Jim had a brief (or briefless) interlude with church secretary Jessica Hahn. There is a \$265,000 out-of-court settlement, on conditions that the incident be kept quiet. Jimmy Swaggart sees to that. The press gets ahold of the story. Hahn says she was taken advantage of after being drugged. Bakker protests, saying she seduced him. "She knew all the tricks of the trade," the evangelist said, recognizing tricks of the trade when he sees them. I'm telling you, it just wouldn't sell if I wrote it.

This whole affair is beginning to sound a lot like a board game. "Carnal Pursuit", or something along that line. Were those crocodile tears Jimmy was crying when he asked for God's forgiveness? Maybe not. Jimmy admitted every Sunday that we were all sinners and fell short of the grace of God. But implicit in his, and most television evangelists' messages, was the theme that when it came to (whisper it) s-e-x, they were beyond reproach. In this sense, Swaggart set himself up for the fall. One can't be more than human. Even Jimmy Swaggart can't pretend to be. Yet considering that Swaggart brings in over \$150 million annually to his ministry, it probably won't be long before he's back at the pulpit, assuring his listeners that there is one commandment that he is incapable of ever breaking again.

It just couldn't be written any better, and if it was, it probably wouldn't sell anyway.

For months I had anxiously awaited the Oral outcome (meaning Roberts, not Bakker, of course). And just as I had begun to imagine the myriad of ways God could rid us of Oral, a 79-year-old race track owner gave Roberts a \$1.3 million check and suggested that Roberts seek psychiatric help. Anticlimactic. It just wouldn't sell as fiction.

The absurdity of real life often goes far beyond the reaches of fiction. This is the reason memoirs, biographies, and autobiographies are so popular today. What wouldn't be published as fiction because of its unbelievable is often tame when compared to real life. Especially in modern day television religion.

Take the Bakker case. Jim Bakker, head of the PTL ministry. PTL's assets include a \$172 million religious amusement park. His wife,

Casting stones

While dutifully reading a daily newspaper for my American Politics class I read the headline "Jimmy Swaggart briefly returns to tv, says sin will be disclosed." I didn't think much of it, my attention being drawn to the story "Child mauled by bear needs face surgery."

But my eyes were eventually drawn back to the plight of Jimmy and I read that he [Swaggart] told the tv audience "I have never felt closer to God in my life" and he punctuated his thanks to loyal followers with a Hallelujah and "thank God for Jesus Christ".



Cindy Trimer
Editorial Editor

He also said that he was "very eager to tell the whole story". Oh goody I thought, and wondered who would write the scandalous best seller or what network would buy the rights to the racy mini-series.

Reading further I came across a Letter to the Editor who "as a believer and a follower of Jesus Christ" was appalled at all the biased editorials written on Jimmy Swaggart. The letter went on to say that he [Swaggart] "had sinned and repented, he was and still is a man of God... and my Bible does not say that only perfect men can serve God".

As a professed Christian, the bulk of these two stories bothered me some. On one hand, as an occasional attendee of Assembly of God Churches, I feel betrayed and angry by the hypocrisy of all that Jimmy Swaggart stands for. As I hear people laugh and complain about the problems the media has found within tv evangelism, I too join in, to be a part of the crowd. The situation is a mess. Between Jim and Tammy Faye Baker and Jimmy Swaggart, it seems like the press is just hounding these

people to find a sensational story. But the journalists have a right to do that, as we have a right to know the truth. It makes one wonder though, how long it will take before Jerry Falwell and others take the plunge.

The other side of this coin for me is dealing with my own hypocrisy. When I first heard the gossip or read the stories I laughed in scorn at these clever people who were ripping off the average faith loving person who believed in them. Yet this in itself is going against the grain of my so called Christian beliefs. In total

honesty, Jesus Christ was the only perfect man to walk on the earth. And everyone has sinned. Though my sins may not be as large or sensational as Jimmy Swaggart's, they are nonetheless a sin. God is willing to accept us for what we are and what we have done and my that very nature we should accept others.

My challenge is to anyone who considers themselves a Christian, think twice before you cast your stone out against people like Jimmy Swaggart.

MAC musician performs "feet"

by Paul Bishoff
Sports Editor

McPherson College was graced this past weekend with the presence of one of, if not the finest, trombone players in the world.

Dr. Irvin L. Wagner was born on February 14, 1937. He received his first trombone at the age of 10 and has been playing ever since.

Dr. Wagner's parents, Orville and Florence Wagner said, "Irvin used to practice six and seven hours a day. We would sometimes even have to tell him to quit playing because he had played so long."

Dr. Wagner grew up in McPherson and graduated from McPherson College in 1959. He attended the Eastman School of Music at Rochester New York from the years 59 to 60. Dr. Wagner returned to McPherson College in 1960 to serve as the band director until 1964 when he returned to Eastman to earn his doctorate degree. He taught at Louisiana State University from 1965-1968.

Dr. Wagner went to the University of Oklahoma in September of 1969 where he is presently serving as the Professor of Music. Dr. Wagner stated "I cherish this the most because of the teaching. I enjoy working with students."

Dr. Wagner is also the founder of the OU trombone choir, one of only a few in the nation. He created the choir during his first year at the university. The choir tours

throughout the country as well as throughout the world including one of the highlights of Dr. Wagner's career when the choir played for Pope John Paul II back in August of 1982.

"This concert is of special importance to me because I am home" Dr. Wagner stated at a concert he gave Sunday afternoon. Dr. Wagner brought the crowd to their feet Sunday when he played the spoons while also playing the trombone with his feet. Coincidentally it was the only request he got.

Dr. Wagner recently completed a two-year stint as president of the International Trombone Association, a position which took him around the world conducting workshops. He performed in Japan, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, England, and Europe. He is also the musical director and conductor of the St. Marks Music Festival held each summer in Venice, Italy.

One key note that Dr. Wagner himself pointed out is that he was the very first person to make a sound in Brown Auditorium. Brown was being built while Dr. Wagner was teaching here and he used to bring his horn over to the building and practice while they were building the auditorium.

For all that missed the two concerts, the program will be broadcast on Saturday, March 26, at 5:00 p.m. on 90.1 and 89.5 FM.



Dr. Irvin L. Wagner shows just how easy it is to play the trombone with his feet while playing the spoons off of his head. Wagner served as McPherson's band director from 1960-1964, where now-band

Director Larry Kitzel learned. He used to practice in Brown Auditorium as it was being built years ago.

Jack Patino/Spectator

Voice of God? No, it's Keith Fu-u--nk!

by Jack Patino
Feature Editor

Ahhh... There are no more classes to attend on a Friday night. So you decide to go watch the McPherson College basketball team play. You want to get fired up for the weekend, so a good game ought to do it.

After entering the Sports Center, you grab a Pepsi and a bag of popcorn and proceed to sneak them in through the back entrance (that's the only way). The game has already begun, with Mike Rohn, Brian Hill,

and the rest of the gang doing their magic against KCAC opponents.

The team all descends upon their opposite court, waiting for a possible basket, except for Mike Dunekack. Mike decides to wait at half court because he has a certain feeling. Sure enough, Rohn strips the ball away and lobs it to the waiting Dunekack.

All alone, he takes his final steps toward the basket -- wham! Slam dunk! You're on your feet, cheering wildly, when you hear what you think is the voice of God.

"Two points by Mike Duuuu-nee-kack!"

Now, for a first-time visitor to a MAC ball game, you may find yourself praying or grasping your heart (or both). But to the die-hard fans, this booming voice belongs to Keith Funk.

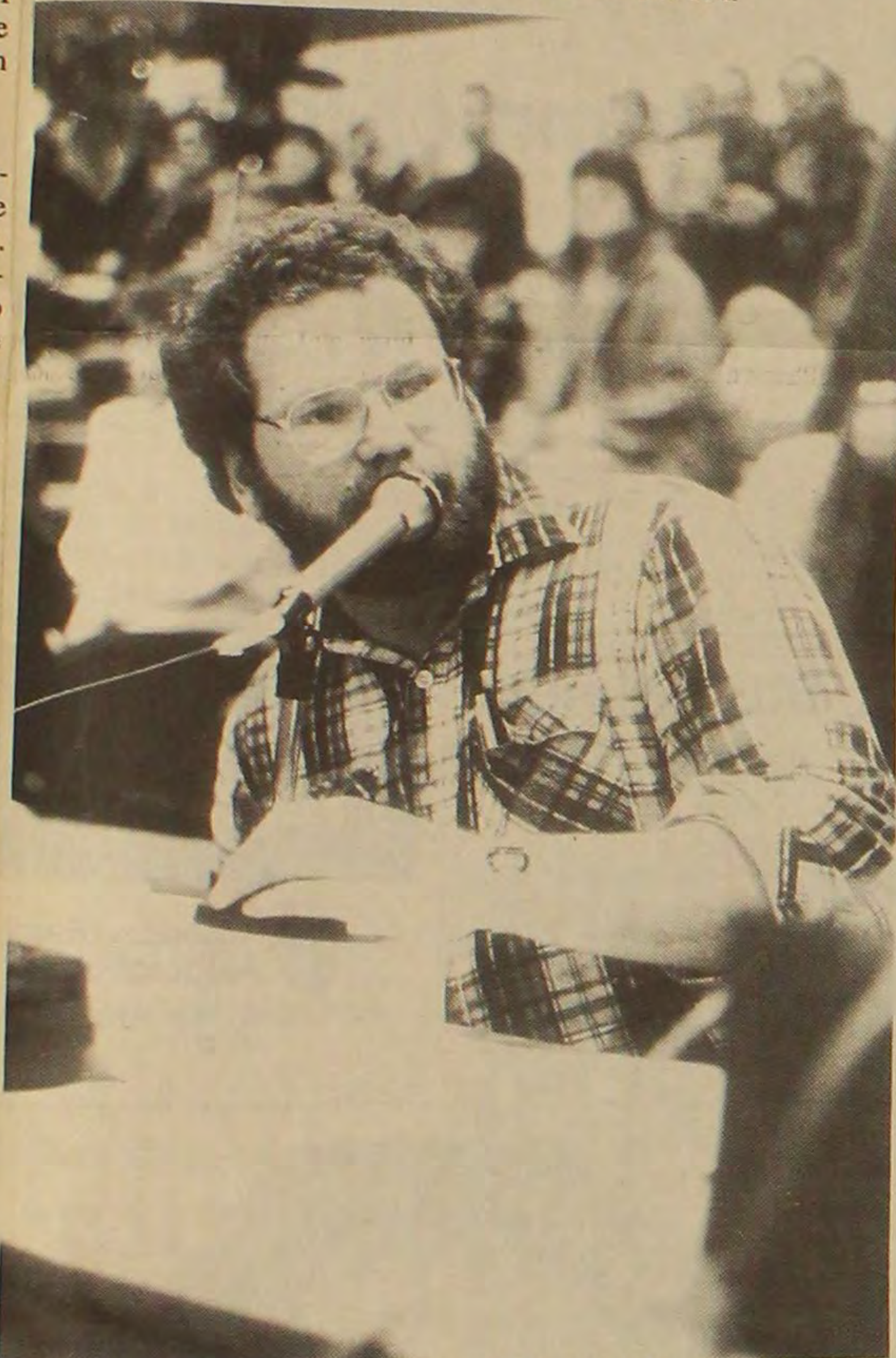
"I really enjoy doing this," Funk said of his basketball announcing job. "It's my way of showing my support for the team."

Funk's voice has come in handy in

another area besides announcing. He joined the ranks in the choir program led by Katherine Baker. And the voice he sings? Bass, of course.

But, the announcing job is what gets noticed the most. I guess that it would be safe to say that "Duuuu-nee-kack" is easily recognized as Funk's style.

"It's a good name saying Dunekack all the time," he said. "If I were coming back next year, I'd do it again. "Semadeni was sounding pretty good, too."



Keith Funk, part-time announcer, Bittinger Hall Resident Director, and near voice of God, is actually photographed not saying "Mike Du-u-ne-kack!" Now that basketball season is over, Funk's bassy voice can be heard in the Choir department.

Jack Patino/Spectator

Just when you thought it was safe to play spades, Fanny strikes with a Spades Tourney!

No team has ever won two years in a row

by Alecia Cobb
Staff Writer

Once again the Annual Fanny Spades Tournament has begun. When asked why there is such a tournament every year, most Fannyites reply with pride in their voices, "It's tradition!"

We searched and finally found the answer to this question. Phil Hofen (sr., Dallas Center, IA.) helped explain the mystery of the tournament. Since no one else seemed to know, we took his word for it.

The Annual Fanny Spades Tournament dates back to at least 1979. It was this year that Fanny declared its independence as a separate nation. "Ultimate", a highly competitive frisbee game, became the official national outdoor sport for Fahnstock Hall. But during the long winter days, Fannyites needed an indoor sport that was just as competitive and fun. Since cards were played regularly, anyway, Spades was picked as Fanny's national indoor sport.



Craig Henderson, George Gotto, Dave Lehman, and Tad Banker gather around for yet another thigh-tling round of Spades in the Annual Fanny Spades Tournament. When these young minds can't go out in the cold, they reach for a deck of cards and play with themselves.

Jack Patino/Spectator

As more people became involved, the game grew in popularity. Finally, the F.E.C. (Fanny Entrepreneur Club) decided to try to make some money off the rest of the student body. Thus, the Fanny Spades Tournament was born.

Each team, consisting of two people, is required to choose a name. "Sometimes it seems there's more prestige in having the best name than there is in actually winning the tournament," says Hofen. No team has

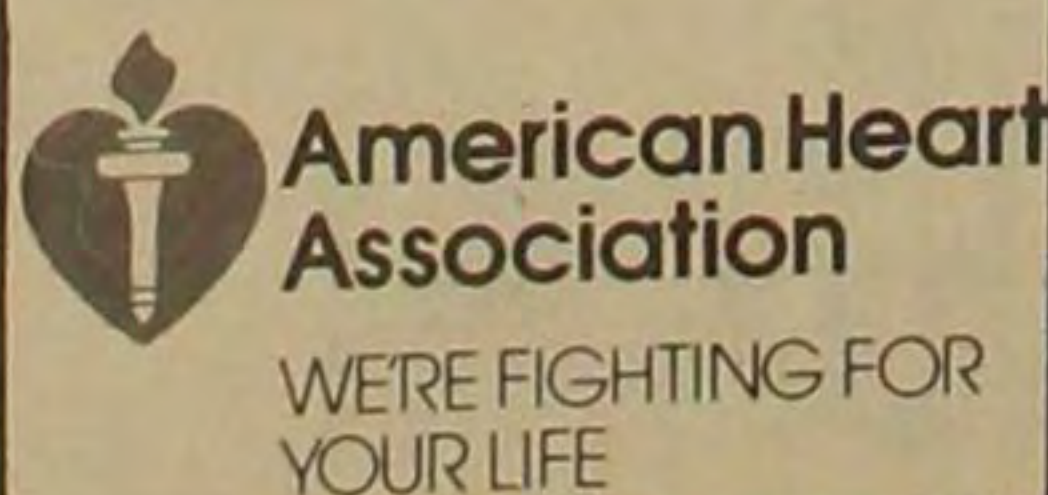
ever won two years in a row. Prizes are awarded to the winners in this double elimination tournament, but the best prize is the satisfaction of knowing that you are the Fanny Spades Tournament champions.

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Bulldogs end season at NAIA playoffs

by Paul Bishoff
Sports Editor

The Bulldog Basketball players ended their season Wednesday night, March 2nd with a loss to the Washburn Ichabods, the NAIA defending national champions, by the score of 85-70.

The score is no indication of how close the game actually was. MAC coach Roger Trimmell said, "We got good shots, got a good percentage, and kept the floor spread. They simply outmanned us late in the game."

Washburn must have been assuming that they would have another easy victory over a KCAC school thinking back to last year when they defeated Bethel 102-56 in the open-

ing round of the playoffs.

Washburn was only 17 of 35 from the line, a measly 48 percent. The rebounding difference was the crucial factor in the game with Washburn holding a 46-22 advantage with 15 on the offensive side to just two for MAC.

Hamilton, a 28-year-old center, was unstoppable scoring 25 points and grabbing nine rebounds. Thirty-four-old forward, Greg Wilson added 17 points to the Washburn score.

It is now time for Coach Trimmell to hit the recruiting road to replace two key players. Mike Appel, a four-year player along with Brian Hill, one of the best players ever in the MAC program.

JV'er's work toward varsity

by Paul Bishoff
Sports Editor

The Junior Varsity basketball team has finished up its season so far as playing official games but the guys can still be found around three o'clock in the afternoon, on any weekday, in the gym playing some pick up games with the other basketball enthusiasts on campus.

The men finished out their season at 16-5. The team was coached this year by a former basketball player at McPherson College, Norm Hollis. Several of the players stated "It was no problem playing for Norm because he let us know at the beginning

of the season that as soon as we stepped out onto the court, he was the coach".

This years team included five sophomores which added some experience to the team. David Barrett, Brett Dennis, Jim Bonar, John Johnson, and Gavin Simmons.

"I am really looking forward to contributing to the varsity team next year" stated Galvin Simmons. The five sophomores should be able to add some depth to the varsity team next year. John Johnson stated, "I am just glad that I was able to play this year and right now I am just taking things one day at a time."

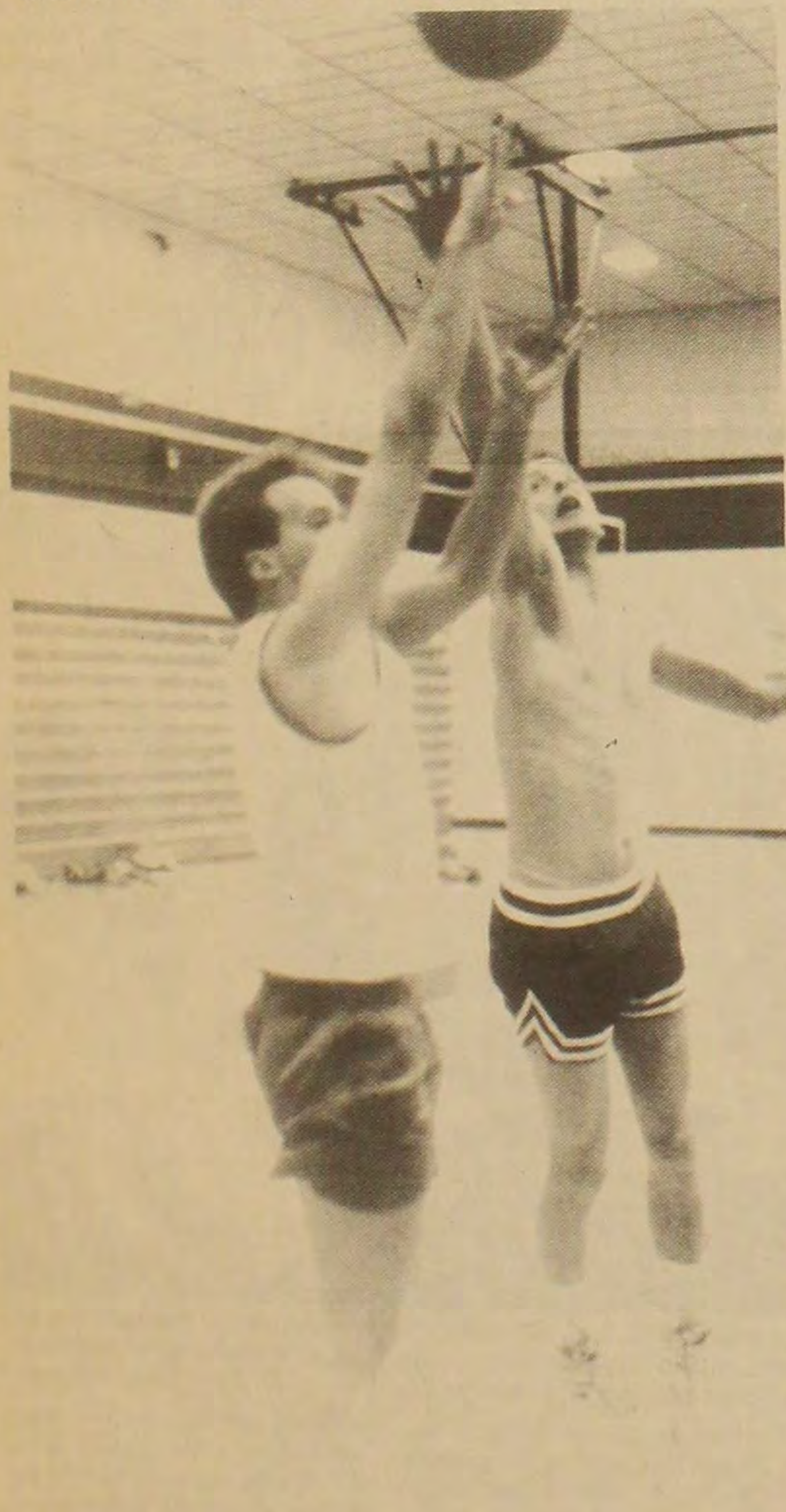
Tracksters enjoy nice weather



Doug Wine aims for the sky as he flings the hammer for yet another personal record.
Jack Patino/Spectator



Brent Webster and Wendy Hartman push each other to the limit at a recent track practice on one of the nicer days in McPherson.
Jack Patino/Spectator



Jon Johnson exhibits perfect form as he launches one at the basket in a recent pick-up game.
Paul Bishoff/Spectator

Tennis opens practice

by Simonne Duranleau
Staff Writer

Spring has come and so the athletes are moving outdoors. The McPherson College men's tennis team started practice on Monday, March 7, and Coach Trimmell is pleased with what he sees.

In speaking with Coach Trimmell, head coach of the men's tennis team, he said that his team was young but that he thought that they would have a very good year.

The meets will begin at the end of March and continue heavily through April.

Coach Trimmell is not the only one excited about the upcoming season with the players also expressing their anticipation. The team this year consists of Bill Wilkins, Todd Frankenberg, Jay Dell, Darren Boster, Troy Leinen, Mark Brown, and Dave Barrett.

Rohn and Hill receive honors

by Paul Bishoff
Sports Editor

Brian Hill and Mike Rohn have both been named to the All-KCAC first team with Rohn also being named the conference's "Newcomer of the Year" in a vote by the coaches of the conference.

Hill, a 6-4 senior averaged 18 points a game as he was picked to the first team for the second year in a row. Rohn, a 5-7 junior, averaged 14.5 points and six assists per game.

Mac Students: The Spectator welcomes your spring break anecdotes and stories. Appropriate stories will be published. Submit stories to Paul Bishoff or Jack Patino.

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The Spectator editors would like to take this opportunity to wish all of our readers a great Spring Break!

Vicki Finkenstadt
Cynthia J. Timber
Jack H. Patino
Paul F. Bishoff
Melissa J. James
Susan Taylor

The sign up for the blood-mobile will be April 11-15th in the Student Union. The blood-mobile will be in Friendship Hall on April 19th.

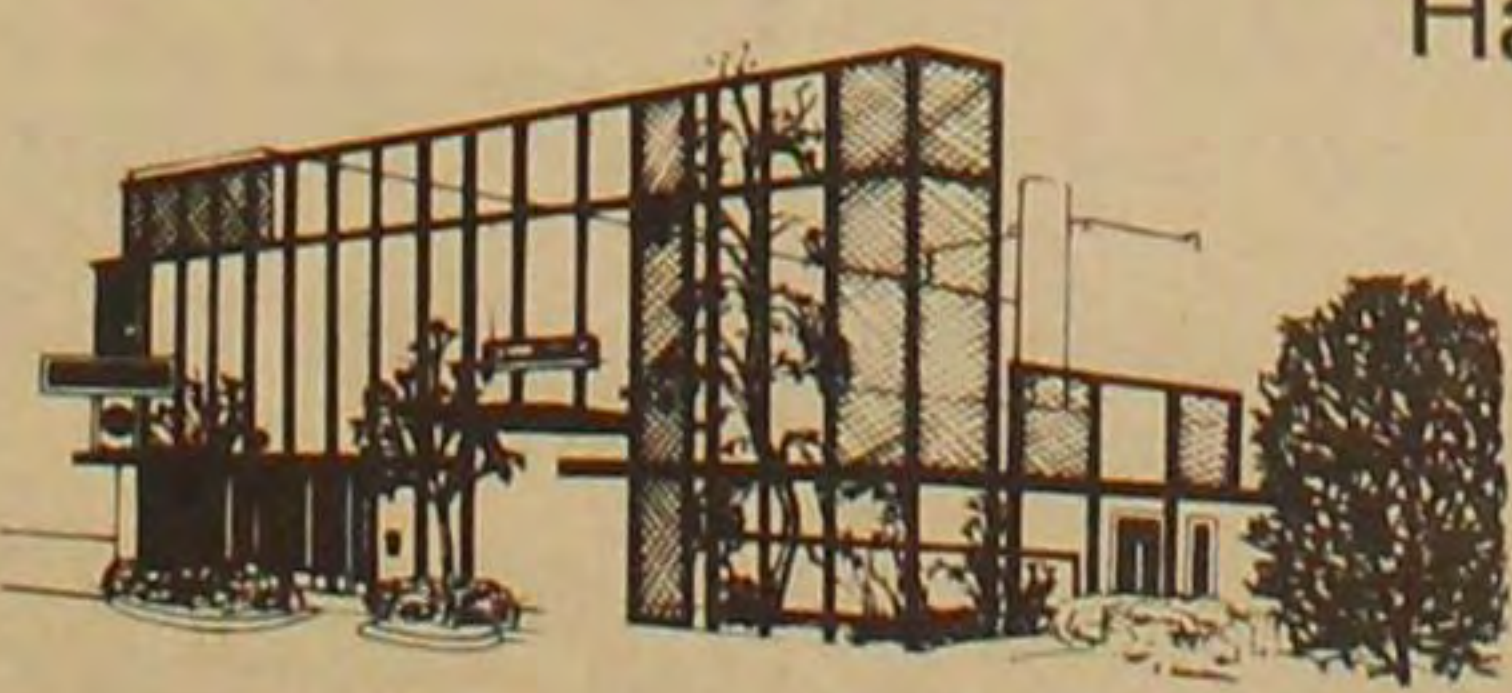


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