Fall 1971

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COVER
The daring young lady with the flying Trapezius muscles. Lonnie Taylor, senior cheerleader from Skokie, Illinois, shows mighty enthusiasm on Homecoming Day. Her spirits were just as high as Taylor defeated Earlham 29 to 15. See "Where the Action Is," page 18.

Editor: Will Cleveland ('49)
Class News Editor: Mrs. Alice Shippy
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Music to Revolutionize
by

The Band trip to South America last summer was like most trips abroad—educational and interesting. But it turned out to be far more.

Aside from what is commonly known as Barbershop Harmony, almost all music in the United States is directly related to the music of other, older civilizations.

One great contributor has been Latin America—the principal route of influence for popular Spanish marches such as "Lady of Spain." Central and South America have also made their own unique contributions to our music.

Last June, Taylor students and their leaders returned a small portion of the musical favor in a way which uniquely lived up to the often quoted mottos of "Effectively Christian" and "Taylor is People." Hardly revolutionizing Latin American music with a new style, Prof. John Brane, Taylor Band Director, thirty-five members of the 1970-71 Taylor University Concert Band and Miss Peggy Matthews, a Taylor grad and Physical Education and Health instructor at Blackford High School, did try some "revolutionizing" of a more personal and vastly important sort.

The bandsmen set out on the project two years ago when the group was led by Robert Boyd. He had thought of touring a mission field somewhere with the band; and when Bill and Lois Miller, two missionaries attending a mission conference at his small church, added their encouragement and left an open invitation to visit Ecuador where they were working, the fire was lit.

After much prayer, the band decided to begin preparations. This was near the end of the 1969-70 academic year. However, at this time Bob Boyd felt so strongly the Lord's leading into the ministry that he could wait no longer and resigned from Taylor to enter Asbury Seminary.

The fall of 1970 brought Prof. Brane with a different personality and experience, but no less enthusiasm for using the Taylor Band as a method of Christian outreach. Even though the change in leadership disrupted continuity and planning through the marching season, most wanted to continue the trip. With the change in directors though, much time had been lost.

Fortunately, Neil Potter, a '71 grad and a music major who had worked with Boyd in early planning, stepped in and handled travel arrangements. The bandsmen thanked God for sending Neil just when he was needed.

Perhaps more important, under the direction of Prof. Brane and a few concerned students, the bandsmen began to pray individually and collectively for God's will in the project. Also, with the annual spring tour in Chicago the band began to wield spiritually and musically.

The time came for decision making. Who would go? No auditions here—it was left to the Lord's leading each individual. The results? A balanced group of thirty-five musicians, just one percussionist and two french hornists shy of perfect instrumentation.

It was this group, with Prof. Brane and Miss Matthews, that left Miami on June 9 for Tegucigalpa, Comagua, and Seguatingque, Honduras; Cartegena, Sincelejo, Tolu, and Arjona, Colombia; and Quito, Cuenca and Guayaquil, Ecuador. There were three major purposes. The musicians wanted to bring enjoyment to the people, they wanted to lift up Christ in any possible way—through their music, their testimonies and preaching, through personal contact, through aiding the missionaries on the field.

And they wanted to grow themselves. Did they accomplish their goals? The following statements, written on the plane while returning to Miami, June 30 give part of the answer.

by
John Youngblood (72)
Photos by Mel Christionsen (74)
Music to Revolutionize by

The poverty and disease I will remember most. People sleeping in huts, on sidewalks, or in a gutter.

Baptismal Service
Mary Ellen Leadingham ('74)

One of the most fabulous times we had as a group was playing for the baptismal service. Even though we couldn't speak the language, we could actually feel God's Spirit moving in the village and could sense a oneness in Christ as close as we would in any church in the States.

The people were so open; Christ just opened hearts to use for His service. Afterward the villagers just opened up and showed us Christ's love, Colombian style. We shared songs and communicated as best we could.

It was really a blessing to see what Christ does to believers no matter what part of the world they're from. He fills each life and makes it His. And it really shows. Maybe it should show on us (as Christians) much more than it does!

Unworthy
Paul Taylor ('72)

I was greatly impressed with the beauty God has given to many parts of the world. To me, the grandeur of the Andes cannot be equaled.

I was also impressed with the spirit of all of the missionaries we met. They went out of their way to make us feel welcome and comfortable. They also exemplified the quality of spirit of a life totally committed to Christ.

This conviction has stuck with me: people are people wherever one goes. They have the same capacity for love, friendship, and a basic code of ethics (which may vary with cultures).

The poverty and disease I will remember most. People sleeping in huts, on sidewalks, or in a gutter. Some with limbs so disfigured they had to scoot down the streets on their backs, and I so unable to do anything about it.

The Lord has been good to the United States. He has given us good doctors, clean, warm homes and a purpose in life. I feel so unworthy.
Repeat Performance
John Youngblood (72)

God promises a peace in His will, and for the first time after a service project of this kind I can honestly say that given the opportunity, I would do it again this minute.

Divine Answers
Peggy Matthews (60)
The most valuable lesson I learned was that when I prayed, God answered.

The concert in Azoques was an answer to prayer. A town that had been so close to the Gospel became open to a real good "dose" of the Good News.
The local theater owner had heard the band at a park concert in Cuenca on Sunday afternoon and talked to several people before he found someone who could set up a concert in his theater for the following day.

That park concert was another answer to prayer! The rain stopped and the skies cleared only minutes before the time of the presentation.

The attendance at the concert in Azoques was another answer! Lois Miller said she had prayed for 100 people—the Lord sent twelve times that many and the reception of the "evangicals" was one of the warmest of any place we visited. To watch Him work was awesome!

Opened My Eyes
Judy Eakley (74)

As we headed for South America, I had mixed emotions. The mission field had always been in my mind and now I was going to get a first hand glance. I can truly say the Lord opened my eyes to many things.

I guess I never really understood what poverty and despair were; I was glad to be able to bring some joy into hearts and to share my faith. It really burdened me to know these people are hungry for the Gospel and there aren't enough missionaries to go around.

One thing that really impressed me was the appreciation of the people toward the band. They almost acted as if we were the highlight of their life.

I especially enjoyed talking to the young people in Cuenca. The kids were so open to the Gospel and yet couldn't grasp the truths we were trying to give them. I pray that we might have sown a seed in their hearts. I found the Lord blessing my life through the people and I hope that I, too was a blessing to them. Oh that all of South America would feel the impact of John 3:16.

I wish I could retract any meaningless sentences uttered about missionaries. I have never met a people more understanding, loving and sympathetic. If I can only compare to half what I personally investigated I should think my life would be a success in the eyes of God. I have the deepest respect for them now and shall always pray for them.

Bonfires
Connie Mignery (73)

There were so many wonderful experiences and spiritual awakenings which took place during and after the Band Tour that it is quite difficult to choose one thought or event to represent the beauty of the whole.

As I reflect upon the lives of the precious Latin and South American people, I recall most vividly their great determination, joy, and dedication in Christ. Brother Andrew expressed it thus: "The least spark of encouragement dropped into the generous and emotional Latin heart lit bonfires of love and consecration and self-sacrifice in response."

Many others, as myself, never before realized the price these people must pay to follow Jesus Christ. Such a commitment may mean the loss of a job and family disapproval.
Music to Revolutionize by

The music seemed to appeal to all ages, including this young church in Arjona, Colombia.

The band members appreciated their fellowship with this very young church in Carmelo, Colombia.
My ideas of missionaries have been revolutionized . . . I expected to meet people who didn’t know how to be sharp.

It’s very interesting to note that when a man makes his decision to follow Christ he has not made an impulsive one. He knows that his decision may mean a life for Life.

“…I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured and ye are entered into their labours.” John 4:38.

Praise God!

**Appreciate Patience**

Lois Beavers ('73)

Each day held experiences which showed me that even though people come from different places or have varying skin colors all can have one thing in common—the joy of knowing and sharing a God who cares for each individual.

When I heard the minister pray in Spanish that first night at the Tabernaculo Evangelico, I was shocked into realizing what a great God we have who hears and understands each of us no matter what our native tongue.

**Scope Broadened 100%**

Sharmin Drake ('72)

I think my scope of life in general has been broadened 100%. The mountain people in Ecuador are so serious they have to be, when even existence is a challenge. It was hard for me to rearrange my ideas—to convince myself that the old woman carrying an axe or a bundle of sticks was more than picturesque, that the little boy herding a flock of sheep would still be living there long after I had gone home.

My ideas of a missionary changed drastically. Now, instead of a picture of a little old, calloused lady traveling in the African jungles, I see many warm and friendly faces. I see Mrs. Elee Gvatt, her care of me when I was sick; Mr. Piersman, baptizing people in the muddy water; Mrs. Rea baking a birthday cake for me; the Millers singing on the stairs; Billy Harrell driving our bus and a million and one other pictures. One of the best suggestions of the trip was that the word “missionary” be changed.

One night in Quito we viewed the film, “Through Gates of Splendor.” After being in Ecuador, I found it easier to understand what Jim Elliot and the other missionaries had to go through. Their dedication was really an inspiration to me. After seeing the
It really puts a burden on my heart to know these people are hungry for the Gospel.

Many were blessed spiritually from our programs. For example, in Honduras after I played a flute solo an old lady told the pastor of the church that I reminded her of her son who had been killed only a week before. The fact that this lady still attends church and loves the Lord really impressed me.

Another example is that some of the people, especially the young people, followed the band to its various concerts. I realize that many or perhaps most of those we played for had never heard a band performance.

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A young resident of Arjona, Colombia listens intently during a baptismal service.

Musician and photographer, Mel Christiansen ('74), visits with Jan Piersma, daughter of missionaries in Colombia, as the band travels to Tolu for their next concert. Mel's parents are serving in Ecuador with HCJB.

The group was featured on TV in Tegucigalpa, Honduras for the Armed Forces Program and also performed over HCJB, Ecuador.
Cross Country

by Chris Newman

"an impossible dream"

The Women's Egalitarian Movement has hit the road—through the Wandering Wheels, that is. To limit the thrill of cross-country cycling to men only was unthinkable for a resolute group of Taylor coeds.
On July 19, 1971 our “impossible” dream came true. The first Wandering Wheels Coed Cross-Country trip rode into Savannah, Georgia. The remembering of it is like a montage. Sweat, mountains, prayer, a water-bottle, a sleeping bag, rain, singing, people, and God coming alive in a laundromat. All of these are in mind, and more. You think back and remember a ‘happy face’ patch bouncing rhythmically up and down. And you remember how it began...

Wandering Wheels girls knew it could be done long before the guys did. Two men listened to our enthusiasm after a short summer trip, and the 1971 Coed Cross Country trip was born. Mr. Robert Neideck, and Mr. Charles Newman talked it over with Coach Bob Davenport and with his approval went on to make concrete plans. Or supposedly concrete plans. They were still dreams to those of us who were hoping to try it.

God, meanwhile, had been busy working out the details of our dream. He helped find us a truck, trailer, over 20 bicycles, food, and personnel. Bobby Canida and Prof. Charlotte Knox were to be the trail bosses, Steve Manganello (70) would ride the motorcycle, and Tim and Kay Heftner (71) would be the cooks. A definite route was decided upon, and we start taking applications.

It seemed that we no sooner turned around, than the months of preparation were over, and we were in San Diego riding together for the first time. We took a short trip out to the Pacific Sunday, after our first three church services. As we symbolically dipped our rear wheels into the Pacific, each one vowed not to quit pedalling come heat or high mountain. Nothing would stop us until we reached the Atlantic.

Monday, June 14, couldn’t come soon enough. We were up at six, sleeping bags rolled up and ready to go. After a quick breakfast we dashed out to our bikes, formed six groups of six, and waited for directions as impatiently as a child waits for Christmas. At 11:00 we were still waiting, not quite as eagerly. The California Highway Department, it seems, had done us a great favor by replacing the mountains road Wheels took in 1967 with a smooth, flat interstate. But they refused to let us ride on it. After hours of talking, we were finally rerouted out of San Diego through—you guessed it—the mountains. Thank you, State of California.

Climbing mountains was not what I had anticipated. I had pictured us sitting at the bottom of Mt. Everest, looking bravely up, and then beginning the tortuous climb up the 40-50% grades. It does not work that way. The mountains sneaked up on me, as I ignorantly (and strugglingly) pedalled along. Then when we stopped, they leaped out. I was very much surprised.

God had His purpose for our trip through the mountains, though. We spent our first night in a mountain-top mission in Tecate. The caretaker there started what we considered an excellent tradition by giving us food. We slept under the stars, and the next morning sang for Rusty, the caretaker. He promised to pray for us, and we for him. We still do.

After two days of mountains we coasted for nine miles. God had been preparing us for this one by giving us short coastals along the way. Every one was psyched as we gathered for prayer and the send-off. I was one of the last to come down. I can never forget the blessing of it. We had been warned that the cross-winds were dangerous. One guy was picked up by the wind, but set down on the opposite side of the road unharmed. When we reached the bottom, we girls felt like real Wandering Wheels. We, in God’s strength, had conquered the mountains and “coasted at speeds up to 60 mph”.

We were now on the desert floor, bundled up in sweatsuits to protect us from the heat and sun. We looked like 40 lost kids in snowsuits. Every morning we would rise before the sun, and be on the road while it was still dark. Midday, we would stop and rest in a town. Everyone pulled out a tarp and slept while the sun was fying the earth. We became so excited over a scrap of shade, that we led cheers for clouds, and rested in the “shade” of interstate signs.

One morning we all ran out of water before we reached the only town within 50 miles. Our truck was 50 miles behind, and Steve and his motorcycle were nowhere to be seen. Riding the last 15 miles without water reminded me how much we need the water of Jesus Christ in the desert of our lives.

The wheel fell off our trailer in El Paso, Texas. I’ll never know, but will always wonder, whether God stopped us there deliberately. El Paso was a fruitful experience in many ways. It marked a turning in my own thoughts, as a result of a friend’s experience. Carla and Marti had gone into a laundromat to get some change. The woman was curious about the guys and gals in white shirts and wanted to know what Wandering Wheels was all about. They told her we were riding bikes for God, to spread His love to everyone we saw. She became very excited, and started talking, words tumbling out one after another.

“I just can’t believe it,” she said. “God has been here in my laundromat! Right here! Why me? Why did you choose me? Oh, you’ve got to meet Hector. You have just got to tell Hector what you told me.”

Hector turned out to be a friend who was next door in a bar. He refused to leave, so Carla and Marti went to see him. There they talked to
Man and machine—in this case woman and machine—form a partnership which sees them over mountain grades, through deserts, plains and cities in pursuit of a 3,000 mile goal. One of the secrets of endurance, states Chris Newman, is to maintain a steady rate of 75 R.P.M. (revolutions per minute) of the pedals. This is achieved by changing gears—one through ten—to compensate for the drastic changes in terrain and cycling conditions which challenge such adventurers.

During their visit to the Alabama Governor’s mansion, the Wheels were entertained with a luncheon by the First Lady. The cyclists also were given a police escort through Montgomery and were presented with a resolution of welcome by the House of Representatives. Here, John Roush (’73) and Steve Manganello (’70), repair Mrs. Wallace’s Schwinn Super Sport.
Hector and four other men and told them about Christ. And they became just as excited. Too often we don’t get excited about God’s love; we simply accept it. They let themselves get excited and the results were astounding. How much could God accomplish through me if every day I was as excited as the woman at the hauntedom? The next two days were spent in Holiday Inns in Van Horn and Pecos, Texas. The owners of both Inns were Christians and gave us the best they had. We were able to sing and talk to people each night, as well as take part in a Fourth of July parade in Pecos.

In any situation it’s always vital to follow directions. We sometimes found this a little hard. Some of Steve Manganello’s more explicit directions went like this: “Turn right at the blue El Camino pickup.” (I had no idea what that was. Furthermore, it was gone when we got there.) “If you miss the El Camino, turn right two blocks past the first Mobil station after the El Camino,” “go out this road, and turn right at the store where I bought my Mickey Mouse watch,” and “Turn left at the big cement hole in the street.” Needless to say, no one ever got lost.

We rode our longest day between Stanton and Abilene, Texas, 137 miles. Our hope was to be in Dallas on the 3rd of July for a Paul Harvey broadcast, and so we pushed. The day didn’t seem that long. By then we were conditioned, and used to riding 100-120 miles a day.

The riding the remaining two weeks was simple. The desert and mountains were behind, and ahead were only green hills and forests. In Louisiana we hit quite a bit of uncompleted interstate. While this may be a nuisance in a car, it is a blessing on a bike. It guarantees no traffic, level roads, and smooth paving. Also plenty of room for a little free-wheeling.

The strain of riding the little white line for four weeks had gotten to us, so when we hit this “bicycle-way” we let loose. Have you ever seen 40 kids on bicycles playing follow-the-leader? Or how about leap-frog? That’s where the group behind yours catches and passes you and then does the same thing to any groups ahead of you.

Our excitement grew as we approached Savannah. On our last riding day, we awoke to Tim’s familiar cry, “the bus for Savannah leaves in 15 minutes.” Today was S-Day. Everyone was up and out in the allotted 15 minutes, and soon kids were polishing bikes and writing on tail-patches. Groups formed as friends gathered to ride together for the last time. The riding was super-fast all day, as we “hummed” along. One group started a pedalling chant to insure a faster pace. Only one thing slowed us down. Our group got lost. We were so excited that we missed our turn-off while staring at a Savannah mileage sign.

The last hour seemed endless. The last mile was at least 100. Yet we blinked our eyes and found the most beautiful sight of the trip, a sign reading “Savannah City Limits.” We pulled in and fell off our bicycles. It was a feeling of impossibility. We actually rode cross-country! In only five weeks! WE MADE IT!!!!

That night we had a final dinner together. We had special entertainment (ourselves) and awarded certain certificates of merit and valor. We had Miss Bicycle Grease, 1971, The Person with the Most Flats, The WW Punctuality Award, The Blood and Guts Award for valor in the field of battle, and many others.

The next day we headed for Savannah Beach. It was fitting weather for the way we felt. Rain was dripping steadily on us and our tail-wind of yesterday was now an unbeatable head-wind. Yet the ride was a happy one. Not the bubbly, jump-up-and-down kind of the previous day, but the happiness that comes when together you and your brothers and sisters have conquered a great physical and spiritual challenge. As we stood on the Atlantic and dipped our wheels into the sea, we knew we had conquered.

That night we sang for the last time. Something is always different about the last program. Stale songs have new life, and just being together as a group has new meaning. You know this is the last time, the last chance you’ll ever have to touch these people. The audience can sense it, and responds to your efforts. God is there, as always. And He uses this moment.

Kids started leaving after the program. Now the real goodbyes began.

What else can be said? I could talk about Ladies Day, when the gals led groups. Or about a bike named Moses, or Bree, Gimi, Ruby or Fripper. The feeling you get when you’re singing for people that Jesus has prepared. The consideration, thoughtfulness, kindness and just plain greatness of our guys. The power of God to save you from the very real physical danger of a semi. The discovery of your own unworthiness, and of God’s amazing love for you anyway.

The time for learning and sharing what we’ve seen has just begun. The challenge of God through Wandering Wheels is still standing. And we have been, are, and will be conquerors through Jesus Christ.
For the Coach or the Crowd?
by The Rev. William Hill
Minister to Students

Can We Insure More Attention to Our Students?
by Ray E. Bullock
Assistant Professor of Art

How Democratic Should Discipline Be?
by Richard W. Gates
Head of Department of Physical Education

The faculty deals with big questions these days — with honesty and fervor. For instance, “Are there any questions the Christian scholar refuses to consider?” and “What is academic freedom in a Christian liberal arts college?” are two of nine questions probed during the Faculty Study Conference this fall. Here are some thoughts on two of the other major topics discussed, plus an opening statement which set the stage for what followed.
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The Rev. William Hill
Minister to Students

Taylor University is a Christian College—evangelical in its theological position, not because it is written down in some document, but because you and I are Christian and evangelical. We are here because we have committed our lives to Christ and feel it is His will that we serve in this capacity, to help build and develop young Christian lives, not just to make a living but to live both now and eternally.

We must seriously evaluate our task and responsibility as a Christian educational institution. Is our task, after all, any different from that of Paul and Apollos? Is our task other than that of planting and watering? And trusting God for the growth?

According to Dr. Carl F. H. Henry, “The mission of the evangelical college is nothing less than to make known the whole truth for the whole man for new life in a new world.”

If this be our objective, our work is cut out for us; and everyone of us as a member of the team has a distinct and important responsibility to strive to bring about this end result.

As we look at Mr. Average Christian College Student coming from an evangelical home and church, we are puzzled—by his open frankness in questioning the church’s relevancy, the Scripture’s inerrancy, and the system’s validity. And especially are we puzzled when we read his autobiographical sketch which reads like a Theological Treatise. And, at times, in sheer frustration we find ourselves ready to throw in the towel.

How do we cope with this kind of student? If Paul or Apollos were here would they not be just as frustrated? How do you go about planting the seed of the Gospel in the heart of a person who has been habitually rejecting it?

In reflecting back on my student days, I began asking myself: Are his questions, his doubts, his fears really any different from those I raised when I was in an evangelical college? Perhaps the real difference is that where I raised questions of the relevancy of the church to other students—he publishes his criticisms in the school paper. Where I wrestled with the problems of my beliefs about God, the Bible, man, and sin, in my mind alone, he raises the questions in class and challenges the prof for an answer. Where I criticized the institution to my peers, he goes to the administration and even to the president.

What should our response be? Often we over-react and are aghast that this evangelical student would even dare raise the questions. But we must bear in mind that he may have found in his church a failure to meet the needs of his world or to demonstrate any real purpose. He may have posed these questions in Sunday school class or even to his pastor, only to be regarded as reactionary or even heretical. But he feels that surely he can raise these questions here and at least gain a hearing.

I feel that it is our responsibility to concentrate on educating disciplined, dedicated young people who, on the basis of Christian principles, can intelligently discuss and challenge the issues of our time.

My position as Minister to Students does not make my task any more Christian than yours. I am not more spiritual than you. My position does not give me a monopoly on God or prayer (though I have been dubbed the official prayer) or an infallible interpretation of scriptures. My position does not make me the “spiritual watchdog” on campus. I am only one member of this team as you are, with certain responsibilities as you have, to help develop the whole person in a broken world. So please don’t heap upon my shoulders the responsibility for the spiritual success or failure of Taylor. I am not man enough to accept it—but as a member of the team I will share with you in the responsibility, that under God we shall
remain Christian and Evangelical.

There will be times when I will be called upon to plant and you to water and vice versa. But in the final analysis it really doesn't matter who plants or who waters—just so God receives the glory and growth is evident.

Everything we do is for the total growth of the student—physically, intellectually, emotionally and spiritually. Who is to say that one's task is more important than another's? Can the foot say "because I am not the hand I am not of the body?" You in the classroom, on the athletic field, in the hall, peddling across the country on wheels, or in the privacy of your office may have a far greater spiritual impact on some student's life than I could ever have. That student who may never attend a service to hear me preach may be turned on for Christ by your life—by your personal interest in him.

I like to think of our efforts as team efforts.

A team functions properly and successfully when each member takes responsibility for his own position and plays his best in the position for which he is best suited. He isn't jealous of other team members, even when at times they receive the applause of the crowd; for he realizes that this is a team effort and no one member can do it alone. He is so concerned about playing his position well he doesn't criticize, condemn or tell the other person how to play his position. He places trust and confidence in each member. He is cooperative and (as Keith Miller says) "plays for the coach and not for the crowd." When there is victory it is a team victory—when defeat it is a team defeat.

I am happy to be a member of this team and I pray that together we shall expend our time, energy and expertise to plant—to water and to trust God for the increase in the lives of Taylor students. We begin by the total commitment of our lives to Christ and to one another.

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Can We Insure More Attention to Our Students?

by Ray E. Bullock
Assistant Professor of Art

A major sore point today is the increasingly impersonal atmosphere on most college campuses. At the same time, students are demanding attention and compassion along with their degree.

Our interaction with students during their college years may be brief but it must be important. The credibility of our supposed spiritual concern suffers irreparable harm when we refuse to become involved with our students.

My purpose is not to condemn. Admittedly I don't reach all of my students all of the time. To my shame, there are some I don't reach at all. And unfortunately, I have frequently rationalized my failures by blaming the system. It is only after deep, personal introspection that I offer the following suggestions:

First, the most logical place to start is in the classroom. It is quite possible to restructure our classes and change our methods for more student involvement and direct personal participation. I don't think this proposal will be at the expense of our academic pursuits. Granted, we might not be able to cover all the material in our sacred textbooks, but what are our priorities? Academics are important, but life itself is so much more than academics. "A good professor is a person first."

Second, we must demonstrate an interest in all areas of the Taylor program—the excitement of learning in and outside the curricular context.

I sometimes wonder if we are afraid to meet the students in the arena of life. I believe that the faculty has a dominant role to play outside the classroom by exemplifying values beyond the intellectual.
Third, we need to take a close look at our heavy concentration of lower division students in large, rather impersonal, general education classes. Is it possible that some of these requirements could best be met at the upper division level in large classes?

Fourth, we need to take note of some of the rewarding experiences of our summer program when staff and administrative personnel are more directly involved in the classroom experience. By the same token, the faculty needs to become more aware of the functions of the staff in their relationships with students.

Fifth, a crucial phase of education is counseling. I suggest we take our advising a little more seriously. I am not inferring that we become psychiatrists, ministers, or replace the Student Affairs staff members. I am saying that we need to develop rapport with our advisees to gain their confidence. We need to make our special knowledge and experience clearly available to the students.

Sixth, I think we also need to encourage students to participate in hall devotions, Bible study, and prayer services. Do we let the students know we are interested in this aspect of the Taylor program?

Seventh, we need to break down segregation barriers. I am not speaking about racial segregation, but of faculty-student integration. A good place to start would be chapel and convocation, at least for the faculty members who attend.

Eighth, I recommend the involvement of students in departmental meetings to alleviate confusion about curriculum as well as departmental policies.

Ninth, if all else fails, buy a student a coke or coffee; not always the same student as frequently happens.

The time has come for teachers to climb down from their intellectual high horses and get about the business of really knowing their students.

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How Democratic Should Discipline be?

by

Richard W. Gates
Head, Dept. of Physical Education

"Few of us like to think about discipline. To the modern liberal mind, the word has an almost pornographic sound. But discipline is necessary to freedom... Though discipline and freedom seem antithetical, each without the other destroys itself."  

—Donald Barr

For the past few years there has been a growing movement to play down the right of any institution or organization to legislate the actions of an individual. Those who promote this kind of thinking claim the right to do "their thing" regardless of the consequences to others. Even our judicial system seems to have gone overboard in promoting individual "rights."

On the surface this may appear to be a desirable form of self-government. I am convinced, however, that this experiment in total personal "freedom" has been a "bad scene," and unless we take immediate steps to countermand this ridiculous philosophy it will be too late to recover.

Let's be realistic—there must be regulations, restraints and boundaries in all areas of life in order to preserve a sensible society. Taylor University has a tremendous responsibility to maintain codes of conduct which are Christ-honoring, contemporary and within which a responsible Christian young person can find true freedom and understanding as he strives for maturity.

Experience has convinced me that young people are eager to know the boundaries within which they may operate. I hasten to add that they deserve a voice in determining these boundaries.

Let us as a University take another look at the regulations which govern student conduct to determine if, in fact, this pathway is both Christ-honoring and contemporary. Once we have determined where we choose to stand let us stand firm without apology. Faculty, staff and students alike have complete freedom to choose the community atmosphere in which to live or work. We have chosen Taylor University. Therefore, let us respect our school and believe in what it stands for to the point that we are willing to honor its governing boundaries. ☰
WHERE THE
ACTION
IS!

Nature’s palette glowed with a rhapsody of color in Indiana this Fall. Here was a place for city smog sufferers to reaffirm for themselves that the sky is still blue, the sunsets red and the air clear.

On this pristine stage the campus fairly bubbled with wholesome activity—some of it pure fun—some taxing the athletes to their limits: cross country, football, marching bands, Homecoming, and cheerleaders who stretched a tendon now and then (see cover). And why not? Students are only young once.

But a veteran Taylor editor of 16 years is apt to say, “If you’ve seen one Homecoming you’ve seen them all.”

Not so. Renewing old acquaintances rejuvenates the spirit and means more than ever. And Homecoming 1971 had an array of things for everyone. So we tried to capture in milliseconds a few samples which show that in October the acreage “up beyond the village border” is certainly where the action is.
5 Men on a Mission

by Bill Sowers
Bob Wantwadi, from Congo; Ken Bakke, Maryland.
Phil Muinde, Kenya; Jim Clark, Indiana;
Bill Sowers, Ohio . . . These Taylor men — all
juniors — undertook an African venture as big
as their faith, with some extraordinary results.

“Faith, mighty faith
The impossible sees;
Looks to God alone
Laughs at impossibilities
And cries, “It shall be done!”

Africa had seemed so very far away, but on June 3 we landed in hot, humid Lagos. We
were immediately brought face to face with reality—the effects of the Biafran war were very
evident and sobering.

After just a few days we had already shared with many African brothers and sisters. They
were so warm and receptive—and African Christians that are dedicated are really dedicated! We
were blessed as much if not more than they were.

We had so many engagements we had to split up in twos and threes to handle them.

**Kinshasa, Congo, June 9-16:** We arrived at Kinshasa—Bob Wantwadi’s home—and were greeted at the airport by half
of Mrs. Wantwadi’s 60-member choir drums . . . very impressive. Everyone was excited to have
Bob back home.

The team felt right at home despite the language barrier. Jim and Ken were placed on
malaria medication—they showed possible signs of having it. The Lord sustained us in our
weaknesses. Our work in Kinshasa was more of an advisory mission as we were trying to find
out the effects of the present youth ministry and share together from the Word what is expected
of Christian youth.

**June 13:** In the morning we had the last half of a three and a half hour service before about 2,000
people. At 2:30 we had a service with about 200 young people from all the protestant churches
in Kinshasa. We sang and gave testimonies and Phil preached.

Then quite unexpectedly a crowd of young people came forward. Never was there a
moment so frustrating. All these kids wanting to know Jesus or with certain needs and there
was no one to counsel with them. The churches so desperately need trained personnel to work
with the youth. It was hard to leave Wantwadi’s. We love them so much.

**Zambia, June 16 and 17:** We were in Luska overnight, awaiting flight to Salisbury, Rhodesia. Ken fell
asleep as soon as he went to bed. He’d been up late at Wantwadi’s fixing the bathroom and
other odds and ends in the house.

Only God knew what was ahead for us . . . Sometimes the going got so hard I longed to
be back home painting or something, but the Lord was so tremendous and supplied that extra
that I needed. I was receiving more than I was giving. The Lord taught me how to pray and how
to expect things to happen. Isn’t that exciting?

**Salisbury, Rhodesia, June 17-22:** We stayed at the Evangelical African Mission (T. E. A. M.) guest house. We went
to a community school to sing and share and answer questions. From the questions we could sense
the tension promoted by the Rhodesian political system and how that same tension between the
Africans and Europeans had overtones in the churches. But we are here to preach the Gospel
and understand the people and not get involved in political arguments.

**June 19:** We took off for the bush country. It took about six hours to drive the 150 miles over
mostly poor dirt roads. We went past grass huts and villages, high grass and rolling hills to
Mavuradonha, “land of the falling waters.”

**June 20:** Each of us taught a Sunday School class and then Phil spoke. Phil gave his full testimony to
these young people. I had never heard most of it. The witchcraft and superstitions, etc. . . .
the Holy Spirit was so strong that it is hard to put into words.

**June 21:** We went about 40 miles away to the hospital station. Again the Lord brought us close to
the staff and workers and our ministry was very rewarding. Two girls from the U. S. A. (one a
Taylor grad) were working there. One man, Dave, was a pilot and a man of God. He saw that
the people weren't getting enough meat. So, he invested in a strain of rabbits that, with one pair will produce 90-100 rabbits per year. Rabbit meat is one of the highest in protein. If people in the States could only see the needs here and what their missionaries have to operate on.

All of us hated to leave these places in the bush country because of the oneness we experienced with the people.

Nairobi, Kenya, June 26: We stayed in the Africa Inland Mission guest house.

June 27: After the Sunday church service, we saw Tom Skinner, well-known negro evangelist. He and his wife had just arrived from a speaking engagement in Israel.

Then as Kenyatta, Kenya's 80-year-old President, had a speech in the park, we walked with Tom and his wife to join 50,000 or more loyal Kenvians to hear him. President Kenyatta is a powerful personality here and the people love him.

June 29: The next stop was Phil's home near Kiteta. Tom Skinner and his wife went with us. We rode about 60 miles from Nairobi to Kiteta location. Phil's house is six and a half miles from the town. We trudged on in an old van and came to a dirt path by a field of maize. We walked about ½ mile and came to a clearing with four mud and grass buildings—Phil's home. No one was there when we arrived, but one by one they came in.

Tom Skinner shared his views concerning the role of the Christian. What a powerful man! You know, though, that when you are with a man for even a day, you realize that he is just a man like everyone else, except that he's controlled by God.

It's hard for me to understand how Phil can come back to all of this. Here where they have almost nothing and Phil has been in many fine homes in America. He loves his home and his people. And he wants more than anything for them to know the love that God can give them.

The people are bound by spiritual darkness—a fearful type of living. Phil wants to show them the Light. Already I can begin to understand his passion for people.

Kenya, East Africa, July 6: Was quite a day. We took one of Phil's cousins, Mbithu, to the hospital in Machakos. Now Mbithu had been sick in bed for four months. This is a sad situation brought on by ignorance and tribal customs. We really had a struggle to get permission to take him to the hospital.

And here is the typical problem: the patient is usually in very sad shape before the people would bring him to a real doctor. They go to the government hospital where they don't have to pay. This of course means poorer attention to the patient, who is almost beyond hope anyway. A lot of them die in the hospital. The parents blame the doctors for killing their child, and the cycle begins all over again. It's doubtful that Mbithu will recover. It really grips you. The lack of doctors is great.

July 11: We went to the Rift Valley Academy in Kijabi. It is the second largest school for missionary children in the world...we were part of the afternoon service...no sharing at all...so in the evening service we let the Spirit of God lead and the students' problems began to come out in the open and many walls were broken down. We were there until 11 p.m. talking to individual students about their spiritual hangups.

July 16-26: We went to Kyome, about 120 miles from Nairobi, using it as a base from which to visit other schools. Mr. Fennig, who was responsible for getting Phil to Taylor, teaches here. He is a real man!

At Kyome we began digging the foundation for one of the teacher's houses. It was interesting to see the students as they realized that Americans were getting their hands dirty. We used picks with rough handles and it took no time to get blisters. We used gym socks for gloves. We made a good start and two days later we had finished about half of it. After about one and one-half weeks of sharing in schools around Kyome we went back to Nairobi...we learned that Mbithu had died the week before. We were somewhat shaken...
Only God knows what’s ahead for us . . . But the Lord is so tremendous . . .
I am getting more than I’m giving.

July 31: Phil’s father killed a ram for us—a very generous gesture—his way of saying he’s happy that we have come here to fellowship with him. After we ate, Phil’s parents stayed with us in the small room and shared with us through Phil how the Lord had changed their ways of life. I couldn’t help but think how much easier it will be to talk with them in Heaven. God’s presence was very awesome.

August 1: We went to the Kakuswi church and joined the people in worship. Philip preached on the brand marks of Christ. In the afternoon we went over to Mbitu’s parent’s home and found that the Holy Spirit had really been working since the boy’s death. Mbitu’s mother and wife were both added to God’s family. Praise God!

August 16-20: This is what all of us as a team were striving toward all summer—to be taught by God about the cost of discipleship—to really identify with Christ. Each of us has much yet to learn, but He has brought our steps a little closer to Himself and He led us throughout the summer. When we departed for the States we left Philip behind to continue in the work which we began. He will be studying the church as it is in Africa and will finish two practicum papers before he returns to Taylor in December. As we parted, our eyes said the farewells because it was too hard to express in words.

To God be the glory—great things he has done.

An Evaluation From A Missionary in Rhodesia

A short time ago this school was visited by a group of your students on tour here in Africa. Our secondary school is small and isolated and not normally favored with such visits . . . In all my experience I have never met such a delightful group of young men.

It was a beautiful thing to see and experience. Our students, although far from sophisticated, are shrewd in their assessment of character. A number of our boys were ‘hung up’ to use a popular phrase, over some festering resentments; yet, the impact of the group’s message of a living Christ was so personal and right that the Spirit of God was able to penetrate into the students’ very existence. Consequently, a large number, in fact one third of our 102 students responded to the messages by the Taylor students . . . Your students were simply themselves and very friendly, open and direct. I don’t think we shall forget this visit and Heaven felt much closer to all of us because of them.

It has been a number of weeks since the visit to our school of the Gospel Team of Philip Mwunde, Bill Sowers, Bob Wantwadi, Jim Clark and Ken Bakke. However, our students are still being ministered to by the Holy Spirit in an unusual way as a result of the tremendous testimony borne by these young people.

The musical ability of the group was good, but not excellent. Their spoken testimonies were ordinary. The outstanding quality of the whole team was their obvious love for the Lord Jesus Christ, their absolute willingness to mingle and minister to the students regardless of the time it took, their humble attitude and their relationship together as a team of white and black young people. From the first night with us, the students opened up to them with questions and problems like we have never seen before. Their answers showed unusual insight and understanding, even though their experience was short at this point of the trip. We contribute this to their absolute desire and willingness to be used of God in any way possible . . .

And, as a personal testimony, I would like to mention that the Lord used them for breaking through a spiritual problem of my own. I am grateful to them for that. After many years on the field, it is easy to become skeptical of the possibility of a real breakthrough by the Holy Spirit. This should never be the case, but was definitely so during the first morning of their visit on my part. But, God used them to prove me absolutely wrong and taught me a great lesson concerning the power and perfect timing of the Holy Spirit’s ministry.
Those winsome students, whose experiences are told on these pages, represent the many Taylor young people who serve through TWO and other programs in the United States and abroad.


Not pictured: Kim Vaughn.

FROM ABIDJAN TO ZAMBIA

BRAZIL by Kim Vaughn ('72)

I don't advise going bargain hunting in Londrina, Brazil. Hair spray is $5.00 a can and black and white film is $6.00 a roll.

However, my purpose in going to that South American city of 300,000 was not to buy but to give—to give my time and effort in helping the Oriental Missionary Society.

Of the multitude of experiences perhaps the high point of my summer was taking part in a missionary-sponsored camp for Brazilian young people. Here I had the joy of seeing 26 Brazilian teenagers accept Christ. Since Portuguese was their language, I could only speak to them through an interpreter. But we were able to communicate our faith.

I also taught at a school for missionary children. I took part in street meetings, singing and testifying of the timeless Good News as we walked on the old cobblestone streets.

A huge circle of prayer and fellowship at the TWO dedication chapel last spring signified the united concern for all students taking part in the program during the summer.
IVORY COAST  by Kari Kuntson ('73)

My summer on the Ivory Coast was a priceless experience.

By far my most exciting times were in the bush country near the northern border where I was confronted with such things as heathen worship, witch doctors and even a "sacred forest."

My main work here for several weeks was in literature production, typing children’s Sunday School quarterlies in French under the direction of a woman literature specialist. There is very little Christian literature available in French. We also worked on translating the Bible into the native language, "Senari."

The fact that there are 102 tribal languages on the Ivory Coast and that only 5% of the children in the bush country go to school gives some idea of the difficulty in communicating the Gospel in this area.

I found missionary work to be quite progressive and effective. The Conservative Baptist Hospital in the northern area was staffed by American doctors and nurses who were very competent and versatile. During my two-week visit here I watched them handle many extreme and varied surgical cases. I watched several operations (after mustering considerable courage) and saw a baby being born.

Following surgery, patients were wheeled outside enroute to wards which are in separate buildings. Also, in contrast to our hospital service, relatives must come to take care of the patients—even cooking their food.

Zambians travel for days to come to this hospital and Americans come here from French West Africa for treatment.

In contrast to the bush area, I also lived in the French speaking capital city of Abidjan for a few weeks. Here I helped with layout work and correspondence for a woman editor of a children’s Christian magazine called “Tam Tam.”

It was the shock of my life and a thrill to find another Taylor student here, Barb Loewen. Her father is with the World Bank.

HONG KONG  by Jean Peterson ('72)

I believe I learned more last summer than in all the rest of my life together.

The area of Hong Kong in which I worked—Kowloon—is one and three fourths miles square and has a population of two and a half million. This dense population is made possible by the H block settlement houses where there are as many as 4,000 persons living on one block. These H block buildings are seven stories high and each room is 10 x 12 feet with a family living in each room. That’s almost unreal!

Hong Kong is an amazing city, a crossroads of the world. It bears the marks of much Western influence because of the British and American military personnel, businessmen and tourists.
This city is also one of unbelievable contrasts—from sampans to sky scrapers and from ox-carts to modern vehicles.

I served here last summer under the Oriental Missionary Society, living with a school teacher from Canada and a missionary woman who was bookkeeper for the Hong Kong field. We lived in the headquarters building by an O. M. S. school.

Among my most fascinating experiences were informal sharing sessions in the roof-top schools located on the roofs of the 11 block buildings. Our students were mainly refugees and some were brought up from sampans on the river. These colonies of boat houses are a pitiful sight and one which I won't forget quickly.

Education is exalted in China. The Chinese take their education much more seriously than most of us do—it is their key to money and success.

The first half of the summer was spent in camps on nearby islands where we worked with young people. These camps are effective in reaching the youth. In contrast to the mainland, the only marks of Western influence we saw on the island of Lantau were two 7-Up and Coca Cola signs. Water was a real problem. Everywhere but in Hong Kong the water supply was contaminated.

Besides camp work I also took part in a teachers' retreat, a Bible school for missionary children and in youth rallies in mountain churches on Saturday nights.

Through all of these experiences I learned three vital lessons:

1. Many things which I did in the Orient I could have done in the States. The place of service is not so important, but availability is. It is the key to obedience.
2. One cannot slack up on personal devotions while serving on the mission field.
3. One has to be flexible and willing to do anything.

What impressed me most about the Chinese people besides the dense population is their ambition and optimism. An example is the Hong Kong airport. When they desperately needed a major airport, there seemed to be no space for one. So they leveled off the mountains and filled in the sea to build runways and approaches. It may well be the most dangerous airport in the world but it serves the purpose.

**NAVAJOS by Adele Courtney ('73)**

The superstitions one finds among the Navajo Indians in Arizona makes one wonder if he is really in the United States.

Many Indians burn any fallen hair—they believe that if someone picks up this hair he then has powers to bewitch. Some do not permit photographs, because after death the spirit of the deceased is said to return to the photos to haunt others.
Navajos have a strong tendency to resent the white man. However, it meant a great deal to them that I went back last summer for the second time—I had also been there the previous summer. This showed them that I really cared.

I served on the Navajo Gospel Mission, 15 miles from Oraibi Hope Village and 150 miles from Flagstaff. Our mission had a church, school, clinic and teachers, and ministered within about a 50-mile radius on an enormous reservation the size of a small State.

I taught four weeks of Bible classes for different ages and helped in a youth camp at Flagstaff. Those who learned certain memory verses earned the privilege of going to camp. The mission also trains Navajo pastors and builds churches in various areas.

The older Indians speak only Navajo while the youth are bilingual. This means that everything must be interpreted.

The Indians are a special concern of mine. Their needs are so great. I am thankful for the privilege of demonstrating my concern to as many of them as possible.
SOULSEARCHERS  by Pete Carlson (’72)

I was sitting alone in a coffee house in Georgetown, D. C. enjoying an “off night.” While I was relaxing, a fellow came over to my table and we began talking. The conversation soon shifted to drugs. He dominated the discussion, saying how life-changing LSD was and what influence it had on his life. And there I sat with the greatest Changer of life—Christ—and I didn’t say a word! That really bothered me the rest of the night!

The following night I returned and who should walk in but this same fellow. I didn’t waste any time relating the previous night’s conversation to my own faith. It was just fantastic to see how God directed our talk. The fellow’s doubts about eternal life seemed to be answered and all he could say was, “Those are really heavy thoughts! I never looked at it that way!”

He didn’t fall down on his knees or sob into the tablecloth, but the Lord had used me to tell someone about Him. This guy had never heard before of the personableness of Christ, and he seemed to be deeply impressed. Needless to say, God can teach us in so many ways that we need to take advantage of opportunities to share!

From a performer’s point of view I saw all ages respond to the Word of God. A girl on her way to a drug party stopped instead to attend a youth rally in Washington, D. C. and came at the close to give her life to Christ. The next morning an elderly seventy-year-old lady rededicated her life!

It amazed and blessed me to see that the Lord is no respector of persons; he speaks to individuals on a personal level. To see 30 or 40 at the front of a church choked me up literally! And yet to see such a wide range of ages and people was even more thrilling.

We always prefaced our performances with a question that each of us took to heart. “Am I being honest with God?” I found that such honest, personal evaluation of my spirituality is a key to the Christ-centered life!

ZAMBIA  by Bob Bowers (’73)

And I thought most of the work done on mission fields was preaching!

While in Zambia last summer I did roofing at a church retreat camp, worked in a Christian print shop and book store, in a hospital, did some electrical wiring, taught Scripture in public schools, did church conference work, witnessed in a variety of situations and performed various odd jobs.

But I also had many deep experiences. For one thing, I was shocked at the amount of Satan worship. I even saw a woman witch doctor ready to perform her services—for a fee.

The city of Ndola, which was my headquarters, is on the copper belt. It has modern conveniences and about 40,000 inhabitants. Its airport will even accommodate 747’s. While living here I could hear from the distant outskirts of the city, pagan celebrations going on all night after pay day—drums, dancing and clapping pulsating through the night.

(Most of the men worked in the mines.)

In Zambia I found great contrasts. Homes in the small villages were made of sticks, bark and mud. Some had grass roofs while others had sheet metals roofs from wrecked cars. Strangely enough, even in the bush country the people observe morning and afternoon tea, a carry-over from the time of British rule.

Teaching Scripture in the public high school was perhaps my most enjoyable experience even though it took much preparation. Some of the questions the students asked required deep thinking and God’s help.

Surprisingly, the government requires students to take a course in religious knowledge. They feel that it is good for moral standards and human relations. Anyone who happens to be available might be asked to teach the course—a Catholic priest, a Seventh Day Adventist or an evangelical. My opportunity came when a missionary invited me to lead the course for several days.

I could communicate with the students since English was the official language and the youth were eager to master it.

One of the food staples intrigued me. It was very inexpensive—100 pounds sold for $2.50 and could feed a family of four for one month. It was called Ensenna. A meal of dried fish or boiled plant leaves was considered a treat.

I am so glad that God spoke through me and honored His Word as I tried to witness. God’s presence certainly was a blessing to me. ☞

29
The document below was delivered (or inflicted) by a long-time friend as part of an otherwise very memorable event honoring Mrs. Alice Shippy on the occasion of her retirement after sixteen years in the Office of Alumni Affairs.

Present were various colleagues, relatives, Taylor administrators and other dignitaries.

The levity that follows does contain considerable truth. But it also reflects something of the pleasant relationships and wonderful times associated with Mrs. Shippy across many years.

RESOLUTION:

The party of the first part, hereinafter known as Taylor University, hereby pays grateful tribute to the party of the second part, hereinafter known as Mrs. Shippy.

After searching far and wide, Dr. Evan H. Bergwall, president of Taylor University during an earlier era, persuaded Mrs. Shippy, who then lived in Kendallville, Indiana, to join the Alumni and Public Relations Department of the University.

At that time Kendallville was the leading trading post between Cincinnati and Chicago, and the bow and arrow center of the world. In fact, Mrs. Shippy's home was insured against fire, theft and Indian raids.

Mrs. Shippy served under five different alumni directors, the first of whom was "Good." But after the fourth one she was all "Tuckered" out.

She has also claimed four different buildings as her office home; first the Ad. Building, then the Library, the basement of MCW and finally the present concrete block building where Gordon Jensen is known as the official blockhead.

As legend has it, strange mystery surrounds the Administration Building fire of 1960. At her trial for arson, Mrs. Shippy pleaded the 95th amendment. Although it hadn't yet been written it was at least worth a try.

In the pioneer tradition of character and determination, Mrs. Shippy overcame physical illness and established a monumental record of efficiency, performance and dedication at Taylor. Just a few of her achievements are as follows:

She compiled and produced reams upon reams of semi-annual and annual fund reports by classes and regions, and edited all the class news in all Taylor magazines during her sixteen years.

She processed hundreds of letters to volunteer alumni fund workers, class agents, and alumni guidance counselors, plus stacks of reports from regional chairmen.

In addition, she has helped process a great many fund letters including the Christmas Seal appeals which numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

She also handled many details of most Alumni Days and Homecomings since joining the staff. The volume
of address changes which she has processed boggles the mind.\(^6\)

Beyond these, her home has been a cookie haven for students through the years.\(^7\)

She knows the names of a higher percentage of alumni than has anyone in history with the exception of Dr. Thaddeus C. Reed, who knew 100% of the alumni.\(^8\)

In addition, she found time to be a successful mother, and it was a red-letter day when Rosanne was married to Mr. Robert C. Wolfe, better known as "Good Old Galileo the Second."

But perhaps her greatest accomplishments have been through her baking skill and creativity. She has made bread out of bananas, cakes out of tomato soup, cookies out of oatmeal and even blueberry pies out of blueberries, which are among the most succulent achievements since Epicureus closed his Danish pastry shop.

In view of her intense devotion to Taylor and to the Christian convictions for which the University stands, her exemplary loyalty and consistency of service, we are hereby honored and gratified to declare September 3, 1971 as Mrs. Alice Shippy Day at Taylor University.

Note: We are extremely pleased to announce that Mrs. Shippy is continuing her valuable service on a part-time basis. She is succeeded by a very close friend, Mrs. Robert (Betty) Freese, who was secretary to Dr. Milo Rediger (then Academic Dean) from 1955 to 1963.

1 Notice dignified lettering for special document. 2 Dr. Wallace Good ('50), Alumni Director from 1952-56. 3 Bernie Tucker ('61), 1968-70. Others were Will Cleveland ('49), 1956-60, and Edward W. Bruerd ('X-40), 1960-68. 4 Currently Associate Director of Development for Alumni Affairs. 5 The plot thickens. 6 Long an "in" phrase, now on its way out. 7 Particularly Jim Terhune and many others. 8 All five.

Alison Garney, 18-year-old freshman art major from St. Albans, New York, has created her own successful black-oriented Christmas card business.

While a high school senior, Alison designed her first Christmas cards in an effort to send a singing group to the Inter-Varsity Missionary Convention at Urbana.

So successful was her project that the proceeds netted over $2,000. Sales of the cards have now spread to 19 states and two foreign countries—all without the benefit of a formal marketing program.

Alison, who was reared in a strongly evangelical home, finds Christianity very dynamic because "I can see the kind of changes it has made in people's lives."

She had the thrill last summer of spending a week at L'Brai, Switzerland, where she had a private audience with noted theologian, Francis Schaeffer, at his invitation.

Alison's brother, Harold, is a junior music major who plays flute in the Taylor and Marion Philharmonic Orchestras.
Dr. Wilson Paul (29), former Taylor Trustee and son of former Taylor President Dr. John Paul, received a standing ovation during a recognition dinner. He received the rare distinction of being a local citizen who was given a key to the city of East Lansing.

Dr. Paul has accepted an assignment to study the needs for the performing arts on the University campus with a view to planning and conducting a fine arts center in the future. In addition, he is teaching an all-college seminar on Art Management and is interpreting the fine arts program to the alumni of Michigan State University. Mrs. Paul is the former Doris Atkinson (26).

Rave Reviews Given Dr. Wilson Paul

The dean of university concert managers received dozens of rave reviews Friday night, June 18, for his part in the direction of the cultural scene at Michigan State University and the Greater Lansing area.

Dr. Wilson Paul, director of the MSU Lecture-Concert Series for 15 years, occupied center stage at a recognition dinner in his honor attended by 80 co-workers and other members of the university, friends in the agency business, members of the communications world, and supporters of the arts in the community.

Messages from persons high in entertainment management circles throughout the nation were read by East Lansing Mayor Gordon Thomas, master of ceremonies for the dinner at the University Faculty Club.

Dr. Paul said that while he was leaving the post of Lecture-Concert Series director effective July 1, he was not retiring from the university.

Dr. Paul was appointed series director in 1956 following 10 years as chairman of the speech department, his first assignment at Michigan State.

He received the B.A. degree from Taylor in 1929, the M.A. in 1932 and the Ph.D. degree in 1940, both from the University of Iowa.

He is a founding member and former president of the Association of College and University Concert Managers.

World travelers, the Pauls have toured the Orient, India, Middle East and Europe with Africa next on the schedule.

'L20 Lula Fern Cline has retired from teaching and is living at 4222 South Washington Street, Marion, Indiana. During the time she was on the faculty at Taylor she was chairman of the English Department.

Rev. William B. O'Neill is a retired minister living at 1353 Fifth Street, LaVerne, California. He is still active, however, and his work takes him to various parts of the country as he does evangelistic work.

'38 Dr. Arthur M. Climenhaga has been elected Dean of the Western Evangelical Seminary, 4200 S.E. Jennings Avenue, Portland, Oregon. He is serving as Bishop in the Brethren in Christ Church, assigned to the Midwest and Pacific Conferences of the church and lives at 243 C West Vernon Avenue, Upland, California.

The Rev. Luther A. Patton was recently appointed Superintendent of the Troy (New York) Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church, and was elected a delegate to the General Conference in 1972. His address is 8 Brookwood Drive, Saratoga Springs, New York.

'S9 Dr. Walter C. Randall, professor and chairman of the Physiology Department of the Loyola University Stritch School of Medicine, was recently named the 1971 winner of the Stritch Medal. This Medal, emblematic of the high ideals and accomplishments of medicine, is presented to a physician or medical researcher who exhibits a high degree of professional competence, resourcefulness, benevolence and dedication. Dr. Randall, internationally known for his research on the nervous control of the heart and cardiology, coordinates a million dollar interdepartmental program of cardiovascular research at the Medical Center. He, his wife, Gwendolyn (Niebel '40), and children live at 624 North Hamlin, Park Ridge, Illinois.

'42 The Rev. Howard Spinale, former pastor of the Grace United Methodist Church in Zanesville, Ohio, was recently appointed District Superintendent of the Wilmington (Ohio) District. His wife is the former Joyce Hunt, 'x43.

'50 Edgar W. Bolles was recently appointed Editorial Director of Amerad

Advertising Services, Inc., Mount Prospect, Illinois. His responsibilities include client/editor liaison work as well as the organizing, writing, placement of case history and application articles in the trade press for clients. He, his wife, the former Darlene Barker '47, and two children live at 25W 568 High Knob Road, Wheaton, Illinois.

Paul Steiner has been named president of Brotherhood Mutual Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana. He joined the company in 1964 and was elected to the board and as vice president and treasurer in 1968. He, his wife, Ruth (Henry '51) and their children live at 1825 Florida Drive, Fort Wayne.

'55 Virginia (Motia) Balleoid and son, Michael, recently returned to the States after spending 13 months living in Geneva, Switzerland. Virginia was employed by the Dearborn Board of Education to do research on a comparative study of European schools. They visited some 13 countries. Michael attended the Lycees des Nations Internationale School of Geneva. Virginia teaches in Dearborn. They reside in a suburb of Detroit at 4148 Old Dimonion Drive, Orchard Lake, Michigan.

'56 The Rev. Norman C. Copley serves the North Broadway United Methodist Church in Toledo, Ohio. He is also President of the West Ohio Ministers’ Choir which expects to tour Europe in the summer of 1972. He and his wife, Rosemary (Bacon x’57), with their five children, Chris, 14, Peter, 12, Martha, 10, Cana, 8, and Tabitha, 1½ years old, live at 3502 Oakway Drive, Toledo.

'59 Dr. Adolf Hansen is Assistant Professor in the English Department at Indiana Central College, Indianapolis. He formerly served as Associate Minister in the Meridian Street United Methodist Church in Indianapolis. He and his wife, Naomi (Metzger ’59) with Rebecca Dawn, 9, and Rebbona Dale, 7, live at 5406 Central Street, Indianapolis.
'63 Dale Murphy is teaching English at Merritt Island (Florida) High School. He, his wife, Barbara, and three children live at 1033 George Avenue, Rockledge, Florida. Mike is in the 6th grade; Mark, 5th grade; and Marlin, 3rd grade.

Theodore Marr was recently granted an M.A. degree in Speech and Dramatic Art by the University of Iowa.

Lawrence and Priscilla (Burns) Ulrich live at 50 Bond Street, Reading, Massachusetts. Larry teaches biology in Misconomet Regional High School in Boxford, and is a consultant for the State of Massachusetts. He is in demand as a speaker and instructor of teachers. He has his Master's degree and is working on a doctorate.

'64 Janice (Lowrey) Ferguson received the Ph.D. degree in History and Philosophy of Education from the University of Oklahoma in August. She is an Assistant Professor of Education at West Georgia State College. Her husband, Wade, is an engineer with Western Electric in Atlanta. They live at 3597 Lithia Way, Lithia Springs, Georgia.

Sharon Gramza is teaching elementary and high school vocal music and lives at 215 South 11th Street, Apt. 3, Richmond, Indiana.

Wayne (Tony) and Linda (Mortensen '67) Ladd live at 2099 Neil Avenue, Apt. A, Columbus, Ohio, where Tony is working toward a Ph.D. degree at Ohio State. Linda is teaching 3rd grade in the city school system.

'65 Garrett Crow is a research assistant on an eight-week botanical expedition to Tierra del Fuego and Staten Island, Argentina. The expedition, supported by the National Science Foundation, is part of the U.S. Antarctic Research Program. He is studying the vegetation of these continental islands as a basis for interpreting the florals of several oceanic islands of the subantarctic. Garrett is a Ph.D. candidate in botany at Michigan State University. His home address is 306½ Kensington Road, East Lansing, Michigan.

Thomas W. Eversden has accepted a position as Director of Transportation and Urban Affairs with the Omaha-Council Bluffs Metropolitan Planning Agency. He and his wife, Doris (Blum '62) live at 3015 South 112th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

'67 Robert and Joan (Fredstrom '69) Blixt are living at 225 West Hickory Street, Canastota, New York. Joan has completed two years of teaching 3rd grade and Bob has just received the Master of Divinity degree from Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary. He is the minister of the First Baptist Church in their town.

David Bowermeister received his Master's degree in Music Education in August from Florida State University in Tallahassee. During the year he was inducted into the Pi Kappa Lambda Music Honor Society. He is teaching elementary school music and his wife, Connie, is head librarian in the Fairborn, Ohio, Public Library. Their address is 113 South Western Avenue, Springfield, Ohio.

Douglas A. Briggs was honorably discharged from the Commissioned Corps of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration on August 17 after serving three years on active duty. He is attending graduate school at the M.I.T. Department of Civil Engineering, as a candidate for the degree of Master of Science. He is a Research Assistant in the Water Resources and Hydrodynamics Laboratory and expects to be assigned to a research project in the area. His address is Ashdown House, Room 212, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Air Force Captain Philip L. Carman is presently stationed at Da Nang, Vietnam. At the close of this tour of duty and after a leave in the United States, he and his wife, Lynn (Freeland '68), will be stationed at Hipsten Airfield, about 15 miles from the Dutch border.

Paul R. Frykholm is cross country and track coach and instructor in Physical Education at Trinity College, Deerfield, Illinois. He lives at 144 West Park Avenue, Libertyville, Illinois.

Sandra (Humble) Johnson was recently granted the Master's degree from Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

David Phillips and his wife, Deborah, with Michael David, two years old, live in Farmland, Indiana, where David serves the Friends Church.

Nelson Rediger was granted the Master of Arts in Education degree from Ball State University in August, 1970. Last summer he completed his third pioneer trip with Wandering Wheels. He has been a member of the 1964, 1966, and this year's Wheels Across Europe trip. He was recently selected as part of a four-person experimental 5th and 6th grade teaching team in the New Trier Skokie School of Winnetka, Illinois. His home address is 1153 Central Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois.

'68 James and Margaret (Hewson) McKay are living at 116 East Gilman Street, Apt. B3, Madison, Wisconsin, where Jim is Director of Youth Ministry at the First United Methodist Church.

Michele White is Assistant Director of Housing and Director of First Hall at Loyola University. Her address is 2160 South 1st Street, Maywood, Illinois. She has been an Admissions Counselor for Taylor and had received her Master's degree in Student Personnel Administration from Ball State University this past summer.

Paul L. Wright recently received the Bachelor of Science in Medicine degree from the University of South Dakota.

'69 William Cummins graduated from Trinity Divinity School with a Master's in Counseling Psychology this past summer. His wife, Dotti, is a graduate of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, and has her Master's degree from the Juillard School of Music, New York City. Bill is assistant minister of Calvary Church in Grand Rapids, Michigan and they live at 411 Briar Lane, N.E.

'70 Albert Harms has been promoted to actuarial analyst at State Farm Life Insurance Company's home office in Bloomington, Illinois, where he and his wife, Nancy, live at 221 South Florence.

Jean Lehman recently completed her Master's program in Physical Education at the University of Toledo and is teaching at the Emmanuel Baptist Christian School in Toledo, where she lives at 335 West Alexis.

Airman First Class Walter G. Roberson, Jr. has been named Outstanding Airman of the Quarter at Holloman Air Force Base, New Mexico. Airman Roberson, a medical service specialist, was selected for his exemplary conduct and duty performance.

Roger and Nancy (Sonnenberg '71) Schnupp live at Route 1, Box 9, Lucerne, Indiana. Roger teaches college-bound 11th and 12th grade English and is assistant football and basketball
GLOBAL TAYLOR

'31 Dr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Dodge (Eunice Davis) are on a pre-retirement furlough in the United States, during which time they are filling a number of speaking engagements. Their future plans, after retirement January 1, are indefinite, though they plan to make their home somewhere in the States.

'39 William and Mary (Hess) Hoke have been assigned by the Brethren in Christ Board of Missions to return to India where they are teaching at the Oriental Missionary Society Seminary in Allahabad, India. Mr. Hoke received the Master of Divinity degree from Ashland Theological Seminary, Ashland, Ohio, this past June. Their address is Allahabad Bible Seminary, 20 Stanley Road, Allahabad 2, U.P., India.

'44 Elizabeth Suderman has returned to Africa after a very enjoyable and worthwhile furlough and writes that authorization has been granted for the re-opening of the Bible Institute. Her address is Missao Da Cachota, Posta Do Mumbue, Via Silva Porto, Angola, Africa.

'46 Russell and Dorothy (Olsen '47) Van Vleet are on furlough from their work in the Dominican Republic. Their address is 258½ Sprunger Street, Berne, Indiana.

'50 Hal and Ruth Copley, whose address is Via Cicone 100, 00141, Rome, Italy, continue their work of spreading the gospel. This summer, they, with other missionaries and some Christian youth from the States, have blanketed six cities, of at least 10,000 population each, within a radius of 25 miles of Rome, with gospel tracts. They are thrilled at the way God has already begun to show his blessing on this project.

BIRTHS

Art and Jeannelle (Stewart) Christensen, '50, are the proud parents of Ellen Elizabeth, born July 25. Their address is 1900 Monticello, Apt. 4, Trenton, Michigan.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Schenck '51 announce the birth of Robert Paul on August 18. He follows five girls (one American Indian adopted) so is a source of real joy to all. Dr. Schenck has recently completed his residency in plastic surgery at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City and is completing his training period as a Hand Surgery Fellow under Dr. William B. Litter at Roosevelt Hospital in New York City.

John and Sharon (Shannahan '62) Arndt announce the birth of Kevin John on October 16. They live at 265 Bellfield Avenue, Elyria, Ohio.

Arlan and Sally (Sweet '62) Bickey announce the birth of Brian James on September 9. David is 2½ years old, Arlan is Assistant Professor of Greek at Fort Wayne Bible College and they live at 4816 Montrose Avenue, Fort Wayne.

David '63 and Dianne (Skoglund '64) Valentine announce the birth of their first child, Darcy Andrea, on May 26. Their address is 432 West Main Street, Barrington, Illinois.

Kenneth and Carole (Gibson '64) Denlinger are the parents of Gretchen Elizabeth, born April 19. She joins Lisa, four years old and John, three. They live at 436 Kingston Drive, Cherry Hill, New Jersey.

Bill and Sandy (Karl) Wiley, '64, announce the birth of Erin Lynn on July 30. Her brother
Bruce is three years old. Bill is a computer systems analyst at Ford Motor Company World Headquarters, Dearborn, Michigan. They live at 7056 Colony Drive, Walled Lake, Michigan.

Eugene '55 and Diane Martin are the parents of Wendy Lynn, born July 5. She is welcomed by three-year-old Julia Beth. Gene is Associate Director of ChicagoLand Youth for Christ and they live at 14400 Minerva, Dolton, Illinois.

Byron and Margaret (Ring '66) Baxter announce the birth of Claire Elizabeth on March 26. David is two years old. Their address is 2034 North Taylor, Arlington, Virginia, where Byron is assistant traffic engineer for Arlington County.

David x'66 and Barbara Ring are the parents of Karen Marie, born February 4. Geoffrey is two years old. Dave is employed by IBM. Their address is 1036 Schuyler Street, Endicott, New York.

Paul '67 and Sharon Konshak announce the birth of Paul Edward on August 13. Their address is 812 Earle Avenue, Millville, New Jersey.

John and Libby (Jackson) Roush, '67, announce the arrival of Renee Elizabeth on June 21, 1971. She joins Jan Eric, 1½ years old. John teaches high school math and coaches wrestling and track in the Prairie Heights Community School Corporation. Their address is Route 2, Wolcottville, Indiana.

Barry and Phyllis (Grimm) Wehrle, '67, announce the birth of David Christopher on January 24. Barry is associate minister in a United Methodist Church in Morristown, New Jersey, where they live at 48 Park Place.

Ken and Sharon (Osterhus) Welgemuth, '67, announce the birth of Kristin Suzanne on June 29. Ken is Production Manager of Campus Life Magazine. They live at 125 West Lincoln, Wheaton, Illinois.

Dan '68 and Linda (George '69) Curtis are the parents of Jennifer Elizabeth, born June 6. Their address is Box 231, Melvin, Illinois.

Donald and Suzanne (Forte) Herron, '69, announce the birth of Eric Donald on January 1. Don is working in management at Parkwell Paper Products in Lansdale, Pennsylvania, where they live at Forge Gate Apartments, 15 B-2.

David and Beverly (Boldt '67) Carlson announce the birth of Eric Robert on December 11, 1970. They are stationed with the 3rd Infantry Division in Wildflechen, Germany.

WEDDINGS

Edward B. Phillips, Jr. and Luanne Adams '63 were married on June 26. Edward is a staff sergeant and oboist with the United States Air Force Band. They live at 605 South Matanzas Avenue, Tampa, Florida.

Philip M. Corkill and Suzanne Rufenacht '64 were recently married and live at 3N 435 Wilson, Elmhurst, Illinois. Philip is a teacher and coach at Bellwood, Illinois and Suzanne is teaching junior high at Elmhurst, Illinois.

Carol Schull x'64 and Robert L. Stermer were married on May 24, 1969. Robert and Carol met at Asbury Theological Seminary where Robert completed his Master of Divinity degree. They, with Christine Renee, born June 8, 1971, live in DeLeon Springs Florida where they serve a United Methodist Church and another in Lake Helen, Florida.

Althea Steele, 65 and H. Edward Haight were married June 27, 1970 at South Chatham, Massachusetts. Lt. and Mrs. Haight are in charge of the Salvation Army Corps in Hackensack, New Jersey. Their mailing address is Box 351, Hackensack.

Lawrence Cook and Irene Hageman '67 were married August 7, in Nashville, Tennessee where they were both enrolled in graduate studies at Peabody College. They are now working in co-positions for the Kingsport City Schools in the newly formed Prevention-Intervention Project. Their address is Honeycutt Apts., 2 West Carters Valley Road, Route 6, Kingsport, Tennessee.

Billie Jean Miller x'73 and Jonathan D. Miller '66 were married on June 12. They live at 2017 Tannie Avenue, Marion, Indiana.

Alan Rupp and Jo Ann Liechty, both of the class of '68, were married at Brookside Church in Fort Wayne, Indiana on June 19. Both teach in the city school system. Al completed his M.A.T. (in math education) at Purdue and Jo is doing graduate study in special education. Their address is 6416 Cavington Road, Apt. 129-D, Fort Wayne.

Philip Captain '69 and Donna Kawe x'72 were married on June 11. Phil attends Rosemead Graduate School of Psychology in California. They live at 5045 N. Rosewood, Apt. 2, San Gabriel, California.

Christian Staufler and Hettie Hardin, '69, were married on July 24. Both are teaching in the Fort Wayne Community Schools. Hettie teaches Physical Education at Snider High School and Chris teaches elementary Physical Education. Their address is 1676 Reed Road, Apt. F, Fort Wayne.

Janice Adams '70 and Thomas J. Liston were married on June 11 in Brightmoor Tabernacle, Detroit. Tom has accepted a position with Advance Mortgage of Chicago and Janice is teaching. They live at 5000 Carriage Way Drive, Rolling Meadows, Illinois.

Peter Katuskas '70 and Constance Loller x'72 were married on August 28. Connie is in her senior year at Columbia Presbyterian Nursing School in New York City. They address is 6515 Blvd. East, Apt. 30, West New York, New Jersey.

Donna J. Day '70 and Stephen Salins were married in July. Their address is 705 North Western Avenue, Park Ridge, Illinois.

Roger Blumer '71 and Ruth A. Schmid x'73 were married on August 7. Roger is a chemical engineer at Prestolite Company in Port Huron, Michigan and Ruth attends the Port Huron Beauty School. Their address is 50 Mack Drive, Lot 40, Marysville, Michigan.

Carol Dunkerton '70 and James Locke were married on June 26. Carol teaches elementary school music and James is in his second year of work on his Ph.D. degree in plant pathology at Cornell University. They live at 166 Meadowbrook Court, Newfield, New York.

DEATHS

Word was received recently of the death of the Rev. H. M. Jenkins '20. His home had been in Finneyville Pennsylvania.

Richard Norris, Sr. passed away May 1, 1971. Survivors include his wife, the former Mable Thomas '27; a son, Richard A. Norris, Jr. '51 of Arcadia, California; a daughter, Mrs. Geraldine Ware x'48, West Alexandria, Ohio; a son, F. James Norris, '51 of Lebanon, Ohio; daughter, Mrs. Barbara Haas, of Reines, France, and 17 grandchildren. Mrs. Norris lives at 840 East Foothill Blvd., Space 95, Azusa, California.

Mrs. Henry J. (Rev. Sara Cox) Marquis, former professor at Taylor, died August 21, 1971, in Roanoke, Virginia. The funeral was held in the Manatee United Methodist Church in Bradenton, Florida with the assistant pastor, the Rev. Eaden Davis and the Rev. Orville French '22, a former student of hers at Taylor, officiating. Professor Cox had met her husband-to-be, the Rev. Henry J. Marquis '25, while he was a student at Taylor. The Rev. Henry Marquis died in December, 1968. She is survived by one son, Calvin J. Marquis, 2521 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., two sisters and one brother.
Why Not?

Why didn’t we do this years ago? We are asking the same question Taylor University students are asking. The Fund for Teaching Excellence has received such a great response, we wonder why we waited so long.

So does Dennis Collins, a greek and ancient history major. After the fund helped send Dr. Dale Heath on a summer trip, Dennis told us, "Dr. Heath has brought other parts of the world so much closer that I feel the need to learn much more about them and their languages. The Bible and Christianity have become much more real to me since Dr. Heath studied in the Holy land and in the places where the Apostle Paul ministered."

Dennis is one of hundreds of students, and Dr. Heath is one of many professors who have benefited from your gifts to the Fund. Others wait to take advantage of opportunities to increase their teaching effectiveness. Let’s reach together to improve Taylor’s already high level of educational excellence. Send your gift today to the Fund for Teaching Excellence.

David Fraser
NATIONAL CHAIRMAN
Fund For Teaching Excellence