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LISTENER: Hello, this is Hotline. My name is Linda. May I help you?
CALLER: Well, I’ve been thinking lately that I’d like to try some “pot” (marijuana). Do you think I should?
LISTENER: I take it you’re not sure whether or not you should.
CALLER: Well, I don’t see what’s wrong with it. All the other guys are; they’ve been taking it a long time.
LISTENER: How does it happen you’ve gone along this far without having tried it?
CALLER: I’ve thought about it a lot.
LISTENER: What are some things you’ve considered that make you hesitate?
CALLER: I read somewhere that you could get hooked or it could change your brain. What do you think?
LISTENER: Well, right now I’m wondering about other things you may have thought of that make you uneasy about trying it.
CALLER: Well, it seems like everyone’s doing it and I want to be an individual.
LISTENER: Do you think it’s really important to be an individual?
CALLER: Yeah, like it’s really hard not to do what everyone else is doing. Know what I mean?

LISTENER: Yes, I think I do—like drugs for example. It seems as if a lot of people are taking them and that this would be particularly difficult to stay away from—there could be a lot of pressure.
CALLER: What would you think if I told you I’ve already taken drugs?
LISTENER: I might wonder if this has been bothering you.
CALLER: Well, actually that’s why I called. Can you help me?
LISTENER: Do you mean you’d really like to stop?
CALLER: Yeah.

At this point, the listener could ask the caller if he had tried to stop, and if so, how. The reasons these attempts
Paula Weekley, author of this story, is student coordinator of the Hot Line program. A sophomore, Paula is from Norwood, Ohio.
Ernest Valutis, Assistant Professor of Psychology, discusses counseling methods with Hot Line trainees.

Adults from neighboring communities and churches attend training sessions before joining the Hot Line Corps.

had failed could be explored and other approaches could be examined.

Hotline has been established to meet a growing need for this kind of counseling service in the community. Although the calls were slow in coming at first, the number gradually grew to 55 in one week. Many deal with drugs, abortions and "love" problems.

More than 20 Taylor students have invested an average of three hours per week since the first of March in the Hotline program. The "listeners" undergo a series of training sessions before accepting their first counseling assignments. One evening is spent discussing the Christian's responsibility in such a program while another session includes techniques to be employed such as creative listening and role-playing. In addition to the initial sessions, general meetings are held periodically to discuss problems and share experiences.

As the above conversation shows, the listeners attempt to empathize with the callers and, regardless of the sub-
ject of the call, try not to condemn. The major principle in the Hotline program is "creative listening." This means the listener is to encourage an attitude of self-examination and exploration on the part of the caller.

The listener's job is to assist the caller in recognizing the realities of the situation he confronts and look at alternatives open to him in resolving the problem. The listener has the option of offering ideas for consideration and giving honest personal experiences, but focus is always placed on the caller's own experiences and needs.

Organizing the program and training the listeners is the job of the nine-man steering committee. The group consists of representatives from the psychology and speech departments, student activities office, student affairs, a local church, plus the campus pastor and student coordinator.

The following series of excerpts from initial counseling encounters will serve to illustrate examples of minimally facilitative and lower levels of functioning in counseling. As the reader will note, each excerpt begins with the caller's expression of a similar problem or feeling. In addition, the excerpts demonstrate and can be rated on all counselor-offered dimensions: empathy, positive regard, genuineness, and concreteness.

The first excerpt involves a somewhat depressed caller in her initial encounter with a counselor functioning at minimally facilitative levels or above:

**CALLER:** Sometimes I just get so depressed I just don't know what to do.
**LISTENER:** Sometimes you feel like you're never going to get up again.

**CALLER:** Right, I just don't know what to do with myself. What am I going to do?
**LISTENER:** I guess in some ways that I've had the same kind of experience... I guess there have been times where I found life hopeless—but I have found that being able to talk with somebody about this and to talk about some of the specifics involved have been very helpful to me.

**CALLER:** But how is that going to solve my problems? My father hates me—and he punishes me—and he doesn't trust me and he won't let me marry the fellow I want to marry. He says he's no good...

This brief excerpt of a helping relationship would be rated at minimally facilitative levels of interpersonal functioning. As can be seen, the listener not only attempts to communicate understanding and respect in a genuine fashion, but also attempts, in a moderately self-disclosing manner, to lead the caller into a more specific discussion of her difficulties, which she does.

In the following excerpt, the listener is not quite so accurate, and as a consequence does not elicit meaningful self-exploration from a young woman caller.

**CALLER:** Sometimes I get so depressed I just don't know what to do with myself.
**LISTENER:** Everyone feels that way once in a while.

**CALLER:** Yes, but—but—this time I'm really—really as low as I think I can ever get.
**LISTENER:** You know you don't have to stay this way all the time.
**CALLER:** Yes, but—somehow I get the feeling that you don't really want to hear about what's bothering me.

**LISTENER:** Sure I do, but everyone has his ups and downs—maybe you can tell me about your ups and downs—what experiences you've had.

**CALLER:** (pause) Well, I guess it's true that—that—sometimes I feel better than at other times—uh—but sometimes I'm way up, then sometimes I hit the bottom.

The listener makes generalizations of the caller's experience which leave the caller, herself, out of the picture. He does not communicate facilitative levels of empathy and respect in his not-so-subtle attempt to shape the caller's responses to be congruent with his experience. In response, the caller appears confused over whether to continue or not. Finally, she does, but in doing so, she explores herself very cautiously in a very abstract fashion.

In the following excerpt, the listener functions at an even lower level and elicits only reluctant concessions from the female caller in her early twenties.

**CALLER:** Sometimes I get so depressed I don't know where I am going.
**LISTENER:** Well, you know it's around exam time and lots of kids get feeling a little down at this time of year.
**CALLER:** Yeah, but this is nothing to do with exams. That's not even bothering me.

**LISTENER:** You mean none of the exams are bothering you? Surely one of them must be bothering you!

**CALLER:** Well, I'm having a little trouble with French this semester, but it's really nothing to get worried about. I think I'm doing fairly well in it. Uh—it's—that's not really what's bugging me so much.

**LISTENER:** Well... Lots of students have trouble in French—especially here at this school.

**CALLER:** Well, I don't know... I... uh... got an A in French last semester and... uh... I think even if I goof up the exam... terribly, I shouldn't get less than a C... but... uh... if you say that's what bothering me—maybe it is! But I really don't think so.

The listener responds only from his own preconceived frame of reference which almost totally excludes that of the caller. In doing so, he communicates very low levels of empathy and genuine respect, and is unable to make concrete the caller's difficulty in any way. The caller momentarily entertains the listener's persistent argument, for that is what it is, but she does not explore herself in problem areas which are important to her.

The Upland Hotline program operates entirely on donations. Contributions may be sent to Miss Jean Campbell, c/o Taylor University.
Here is an incredible story. The author related the following experience to an overflow crowd of ladies on Alumni Day. The impact was unforgettable.

Muriel Cook (standing in doorway) speaks to alumni and mothers of graduating seniors at the home of President and Mrs. Rediger.
I would like to tell you about my very favorite subject—my husband. It is a strange topic, isn't it? But the truth is I feel that if I can share this story with you, then you will probably be able to identify with me in the experience that God gave to us as a family.

We have been missionaries in Taiwan for 16 years. A few years ago some of our missionaries were home on furlough and we had to double up on work. It seemed that we had one of those very busy, hot, tropical summers and I kept saying to my husband, "I think it is time for us to take a break." He is the kind of man I have prayed I would be able to keep up with. He is extremely athletic and hasn't lost one hair or gained one pound in the 20 years since he graduated from Taylor University. So you can imagine how difficult it is for me to keep pace with him. He has always enjoyed his work and didn't like to take time for a vacation, but he said to me, "If you can just wait until September 1, we will take our vacation."

But on September 1 he woke up with a very bad headache and I realized he was sick enough for me to take him to the doctor. When the physician examined him, he said, "Let me tell you, you are not going back home. You are going right into the hospital because you have a bad case of the flu."

As the nurse tucked him in bed and softly closed the door behind her, he looked at me out of one eye, kind of winking at me, and said, "Well, at least we are going to have a chance to have a little break, for we can have a conversation together." We both just thought he had a bad case of the flu and we were going to have a little break. But the next day when I came in to see him he asked me three times in an hour, "When did you come?" From that I knew he had more than the flu and something was drastically wrong. The American missionary doctor also realized something was wrong with him and took a spinal tap. He was very much concerned because it appeared that Norm had some type of meningitis. As I indicated, he was talking out of his head and had a high temperature.

The United States has five research centers in the world and we were privileged to have one of them on the Island of Taiwan. These research centers have top military doctors who work on leprosy, malaria, meningitis and other dangerous diseases. One young doctor was a specialist in the area of meningitis, so my missionary doctor called him.

I remember when he came to the hospital to examine Norman late that first night. He inspected his whole body with a flashlight. He was actually looking for a mosquito bite. I didn't know what he was looking for, but when he finally came out to talk with me he said he felt Norman had Japanese B-type encephalitis.

I was terrified because two weeks earlier Norman had been at a missionary conference and had been swimming in the lake with the 12-year-old son of missionaries. Just a few days later that boy was stricken with Japanese B-type encephalitis. (This illness comes from a certain type of mosquito.) Within a few days this boy was so ill and his brain so damaged by this disease that he could not even move his eyes. In a week or so he was dead. My husband's letter was the first one to the parents to console them. Now here, two weeks later, the doctor was telling me that Norman also had Japanese B-type encephalitis.

He did give him about a 70 percent chance to make it, but I want you to know the terror I felt. I want to express to you, though it is a very personal thing, that I was so frightened I couldn't even swallow. Nothing but terror clutched my heart. When I went home that night I didn't know what the next few days would bring, but I did know I had to sleep. I had to get some rest in order to be with Norman during that time. When I laid down...
I was so tense, just like a board, I couldn’t relax. I thought if I would relax I would fall into a thousand pieces. Then I couldn’t shut my eyes and I cried out in my heart to God, “Please help me to sleep so that I will be fit to go to the hospital tomorrow.”

**A TIME OF DARKNESS**

We have two little girls, one was seven and the other was ten at that time. Our little seven-year-old is not the kind that likes to cuddle. She had never gotten in bed with me up until that night and she never has done it since. But that night she came to my bed in her long nightgown and crawled in with me and wrapped her arms around me. You know, it was just as if Jesus had come and put His arms around me. I was able to go to sleep. I think those of you who have children know what I mean.

But when I awakened in the morning, it was just like everything was darkness in my soul. You know, it was as if I had been dropped into a deep black pit and there was nothing, no rock or foundation where I could put my foot. When I tried to see ahead I couldn’t see any light. I had lots of missionary friends. I had people I could call to come and be with me, but I didn’t want anybody to see how defeated I was. I am ashamed to share this with you, but I think it is important that you know that the way I felt and that it is possible for a Christian, and even a missionary, to come into a time of darkness. I slipped out of the house early because I didn’t want any of my fellow missionaries to see my face.

When I got to the hospital, I found that a nurse was assigned to sit beside his bed around the clock. At this time Norm was semiconscious. Of all things, I knew the nurse who was on duty that morning and she was the last person in the world I wanted to see then. We had nicknamed her Sylvia—she was a friend of mine and I had actually gotten her the job at the hospital.

Sylvia had been one of my students and I had been trying for three years to tell her about Jesus Christ. Every time she came to see me and I witnessed to her, she always laughed and said, “I am sorry, Mrs. Cock, but I just can’t believe that there is even a God.” And who should be sitting in Norm’s room that morning but Sylvia, whom I did not want to see when I was in this condition. I am ashamed to tell you that I hung my head and refused to look at her. When she turned in my direction I turned the other way and would not even acknowledge that she was there.

**UTTER DESPAIR**

I am ashamed to relate this to you, but something happened to me that morning. I allowed myself to be in utter despair, completely defeated and discouraged. When we allow ourselves to get like this, without hope, and when we have no trust or faith, something always happens. It is a spiritual principle that when we are in such a state Satan rushes in like a flood. That is exactly what he did.

At the beginning I didn’t know what was happening, but I saw a big cockroach crawl across the hospital floor. This sounds very bad for hospitals, but in the tropics and in the Orient everybody has roaches. I knew that but it was as if I felt, “This is a dirty place—a horrible place.” It was as if a voice was saying to me, “Norman is going to die. He won’t get any help here. He is going to die. He is going to die. You are thirteen thousand miles away from all your family and relatives. What did you come to this place for?”

Then the thought came to me, “The reason he is going to die is because you are here, because you left your home to come to this awful place.”

After about two hours of this kind of thinking, I finally realized that this was the Devil speaking to me. I think we often don’t want to admit that there is a Devil. The subject is not a popular one and doesn’t seem to be very intellectual.

**SOMETHING SPECIAL**

At first I thought these thoughts were my own, but as soon as the voice spoke to me about leaving home and that I should never have come to Taiwan, I realized who was talking. I was then better able to fight my enemy. I looked around desperately for some help and I saw my Bible that I had been crushing under my arm ever since all this started. Do you know I had been holding it there very close to me, but I had been so involved with my problem that I hadn’t even opened it. Now I knew if I was going to get help from the terrible attack of Satan I had to get into the Word.

I picked up the Bible and then I had another problem. Another reaction set in. I thought, “Oh, yes, I know all the verses on comfort and on healing. Am I going to look those verses up and am I going to decide that is what God wants for me and that those verses are from Him to me? Can I claim that He is going to heal Norman?” I had a bad reaction. I thought, no, I can’t do that. So I thought, I am going to go back and start reading right where I was reading before all this started.

I had begun reading the book of Romans and was in the first chapter. Most of you know the first chapter of Romans is not a bit comforting. It talks mostly about sin. But I thought, if God has something special for me, He can show me right here in this book. So I began to read chapter one of Romans. I did look up the first cross reference, however, and was amazed to find that it was Isaiah 55:12, 13. These were the very verses God had given to Norman and to me simultaneously while we were separated in prayer several years before this time, trying to make a decision whether or not we should go to Taiwan. The verses, we discovered when we came together, were the same, and seemed to describe the beautiful Island of Taiwan, which is full of mountains and
hills and trees. We felt God was calling us to Taiwan.

I would like to give those verses to you: “For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.”

I realized God was taking me back to the beginning when He had called us to Taiwan. He did not want me to doubt that we were called there. And if we were called here, then He knew Norman was sick and He was trying to tell me that He could take care of him—that He knew what was happening to us and that I was not alone. You know, it unlocked my heart. I turned to the Psalms and began to read them. If you are in trouble and your heart is so heavy that you don’t know how to pray, pray the Psalms. My eyes fell on Psalm 143:7.

A DIFFERENT FEAR

It was as if the Holy Spirit was saying to me, “You are acting just like Sylvia would act if this were happening to her, as if you have no hope, as if you don’t know me.” I realized I had been sinning so I quickly bowed my head and asked God to forgive me. At that moment He reached down and put His arms underneath and lifted me up out of that terrible fear into the light. It is not that I never felt afraid again, but it was such a different kind of fear. David talks about his bones being like water. That kind of fear is from the Devil. From that moment on God was with me constantly, though it was not easier—actually things became harder. But I was never again down into that awful pit of despair. I knew the Lord was with me and from that moment He was just beginning to show us how much He loved us.

As I said, things did not get better, they got worse. The second day the doctor said Norman had 30 percent chance to live. By the third day he was not saying anything to me, but he told other missionary friends that the prognosis was death. There was no need to pray for this man. There was absolutely no hope. This doctor was not a Christian. He was brilliant and handsome and I knew that he knew exactly what he was talking about. Every time he walked into the room I had to accept what he said. I kept praying, “Lord, I don’t know what you are going to do, but I want this doctor to know you are with us, whether it is life or death, that you are with me.”

TEMPERATURE 106

You know, God never gave me a Scripture saying He was going to heal Norman, but He did give me John 11:40, where Jesus said unto Martha, “Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?” It was as if the Lord said, “Just trust me and you will see my glory.” He didn’t promise me that He would heal Norman. He didn’t let me know in any way what His plans were, but He wanted me to trust Him for whatever the outcome might be.

I want you to know I am not a brave person. Quite the contrary. When Norman would cut his finger I might have to sit down and cry before I could bandage it. I am very sensitive, and especially concerning him. At this point he was so ill that he was tearing his hair and begging me to stop the pain. He was so violent that both arms and both legs had to be tied. Two men had to be with him around the clock to keep him in bed and to keep him from hurting himself. Two R.N.’s also had to be with him at all times. God enabled me to stand beside him and I was able to hold him in my arms and comfort him for 14 and 16 hours at a time.

As I said, things didn’t get better; they got much worse. His temperature was up to 106. The doctors expected his lungs to collapse. They had him packed in ice in an air-conditioned room.

The next morning I read from my Daily Light.* I did not know why God had given me these verses, but again He gave me those words: “Did I not say if you will only believe, if you will just trust me, you will see the glory of God?” Sometimes we need to be commanded. This is what God had to do to me. He commanded me to be quiet. When I went to the hospital that morning, there were at least ten doctors and nurses with him and Norman was having violent convulsions. The doctors explained to me that with each convolution his brain was being damaged a little more. At this point I knew I couldn’t stay in the room and I sat in the hall where I could see his door. With every person that came out of the door, I thought, “Oh, they are coming to tell me that he is gone.”

Then those verses, “His heart is fixed. He shall not be afraid of evil things,” came to me and I thought, if he does die it will not be evil tidings, because this will be God’s will. I had to trust the Lord for whatever He wanted to do. I don’t know how many hours I sat there, but I realized that I had been putting our little children in different homes where they couldn’t feel the atmosphere and be disturbed by what was going on. I hadn’t prepared them at all for the passing of their father, and it looked very much like that was going to happen.

URGENCY!

We had always told our children about every difficult thing. If they were going to the dentist, we prepared them for it by putting them in a chair and tapping on their teeth, pretending

There was no need to pray for this man. There was absolutely no hope.

“Sit still, my daughter. Take heed and be quiet. Fear not neither be faint-hearted. Be still and know that I am God. Rest in the Lord; Ye shall not be afraid of evil tidings. His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord, his heart is established.”

*There was no need to pray for this man. There was absolutely no hope.
Back from the Dead!

we were the dentist in order to prepare them thoroughly. So by the time they got to the dentist they felt familiar with the experience. And here I was going through my husband's last hours when I realized that I hadn't even talked with the children about the fact that their daddy might not live. Suddenly there was a great urgency on my heart. I felt I must go home and tell the children. Then I realized they were not at home, that I had sent them off to a friend who lived outside of the city and had no telephone. But I breathed a prayer and started home. When I got home there both of the children stood at the doorstep. They said, "Mommie, we couldn't stay any longer. We asked them to bring us home. We had to come home."

So I took Shelly, who was ten years old, into my bedroom to talk to her. How do you tell a child that her father is dying? I didn't have any words but God gave them to me. I said, "Shelly, you know Daddy is very ill." She said, "I know, Mommie." I said, "It might be that Jesus wants our daddy to come and be with Him and if that is true it would be better for him if he were to go and be with Jesus than if he stayed here. Isn't that right?" She said, "Yes, Mommie." I said, "If Jesus wants our daddy, let's never hold it against Him for taking him but let's give daddy to him as our love gift. Is that all right?" She said, "Yes."

COURAGE

Then I read to her Psalm 27. "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid? ... I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart. Wait. I say, on the Lord." I explained to Shelly that God didn't want us to be without courage, that He wanted us to have courage and not act like those who were without hope. Then He would strengthen our hearts. She prayed, and she cried too, then she slipped into her room to memorize those verses and didn't come out until she had them all tucked into her heart.

Then I took our seven-year-old and put her in the same chair. You know, she was so tiny that her feet didn't even touch the floor. We think sometimes that little children can't understand, but I knelt down beside her and told her the same thing. It was amazing how much she understood. Her eyes filled with tears and she said, "Mommie, can't we ask Jesus to heal Daddy?" We prayed.

WAITING

Then I knew I couldn't leave the girls. I didn't feel Norman would have me leave the girls. He was unconscious and we wanted to receive the news of his going while we were together. So I said to them, "What shall we do? We wanted to be close to each other. They said, "Mommie, let's walk up and down the lane." We walked up and down with our eyes on the gate, waiting for news to come. It was in the evening and we had our arms wrapped around each other and were watching for some car, for some word to come from the hospital. While I was walking with the children a Chinese neighbor came by and said, "Oh, what is the matter with your face? Is something troubling you?"

This neighbor had been a lady that I had reached for Christ seven years before. In fact, I had visited every home in my community, as far as I could walk in every direction. It had taken me two years. I had been to visit Mrs. Cheng when she was in trouble and in need and she had received Christ as her Savior, had won her non-Christian husband to the Lord, (he was an army man) her two teenage boys, and was raising her little daughter to be a Christian. That night whom did the Lord send to comfort me, her? She was a tall Chinese, much taller than I, and I just fit right under her arm. She wrapped her arm around me and told me how much the Lord loved me and she comforted this old missionary.

The truth is, sometimes we think we have to be great in order to be used of God—that we have to be a Bible student or something—but God sent this simple woman to have a ministry to me. It was one of the sweetest experiences of my life and I will never forget it.

"JUST LIKE A KNIFE"

That night I put the children to bed and waited, but no one came with news. The next morning I went to the hospital. Though Norman was still unconscious, he was quiet and they had untied him. And I was encouraged. Then the doctor came. When this doctor came, my legs always felt like noodles, because I knew he had the knowledge and I had to accept what he said as truth. I watched him examine Norman and although I am not a medical person, I understood he was able to determine whether there was brain damage by examining his eyes. After the examination, he dropped his hands and he said, "More brain damage." I don't know if you know what that did to me, but I felt a terrible shock go through my heart, just like a knife. Brain damage! I buried my head in the blanket at the foot of the bed. The doctor turned around and walked out of the room.

There was a young missionary standing beside Norman and the Holy Spirit spoke to me through him. He said, "Muriel, God knew before the doctor knew that Norman had more brain damage and He means it for good."

I thought, "and He means it for good," do I really believe that? Isn't that what the Scripture says, that if we love Him and are called according to His purpose all things work together for good, even brain damage? I was able to stand up on my legs again and go out into the hall. The doctor said, "I want to talk to you." He said, "How are you feeling?" I said, "If my trust had not been in God I would be your
You can imagine the shock. I sat down in the chair. Then he looked around and he said, “What is the matter?”

patient too,” but I felt definitely checked about saying anything to him. I did not know what the outcome would be with my husband and I prayed that the doctor would know that God was with us whatever the outcome, whether by life or by death.

The doctor said to me, “Your husband is going to live.” I said, “But you are not happy about it.” He said, “No, I am not because his brain is so damaged that he will never know you or your children.” The best he could promise me was that perhaps Norman could feel himself within a year’s time.

I want to share with you what happened. It was as if Jesus came and stood in my place and took weak Muriel Cook and placed me aside against the wall and He came and stood in my place. He stood tall and courageous and poised and I was able to walk all the way home and go into my room and shut the door before I let the tears fall. There is nothing wrong with tears, but God wants us to walk before the world with dignity in the midst of our trials. He can give us the strength for that.

**DIGNITY IN TRIAL**

When I read the account of Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego (and I made a study of it), I learned that it was quite a common practice to burn people in a fiery furnace, but also, according to their custom, to strip people of all their clothing generally before throwing them into the furnace. Do you know that God allowed that king that day to become so angry with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego that he didn’t take the time to strip off their clothes. Thus, they walked before that multitude with dignity in the midst of their trial? I believe God can enable every one of us to do that before the world.

When I got to my room I don’t know how many hours I was on the floor on my face. I just knew that God had said, “Trust me and you will see my glory,” and I relinquished my husband to Him. I cut every tie that I had ever had with him. He was my husband, the father of my children, my sweetheart and my future, and I cut every tie that I had ever had with him and I gave him to God. Relinquishment—and after that came peace and I was able to get up and go to bed and sleep. I didn’t know what the outcome would be.

**DO YOU KNOW ME?**

Three days later, while I was standing beside Norman’s bed with five others, he opened his eyelids. He had not moved a muscle for several days. I had no idea when I looked at him what his mind was like. The pupils of his eyes completely covered the iris. His eyes are generally light blue but they were coal black. I couldn’t read him. Everyone looked at me. I knew I had to speak to Norman and I said, “Do you know me? Norman, do you know me? This is Muriel.”

He looked at me for what seemed an eternity and he said finally, “Of course, I know you. You are my wife.”

You can imagine the shock. I sat down in the chair. Then he looked around and he said to everybody, “What is the matter? Where am I?” And he named everybody by name. We said, “You are in a hospital. You are sick.” He said, “I am not sick. What am I doing in the hospital? Where is the doctor? I have to talk to the doctor.”

The news traveled all over that hospital in seconds. The nurses had seen encephalitis patients before and they knew if people did live they were always vegetables. “He is awake and he knows everything.” Just then without being called, the navy doctor walked in the hospital. I think half the staff jumped on him and said, “Mr. Cook is awake and he is just fine.”

We could hear the doctor coming up the three flights of steps. There is no elevator. He rounded the corner and ordered us all out of the room. We looked as if we had been through the seven-year war seven times. He examined my husband and when he came out to us, he said, “Your husband is 100 percent perfect.” I said, “Do you mean physically or mentally?” He said, “I mean both physically and mentally.”

You know that doctor tried to explain to me for an hour and a half that Norman had had Japanese B-type encephalitis. In fact, they had even taken colored slides of the test tubes to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that he had this disease. Of course, I told the doctor he didn’t need to worry about it, I was quite sure that he had had it. But the reason the doctor was doing this was that he couldn’t believe Norman was well and in his right mind and he kept saying over and over, “You are back from the dead.”

Some have asked, “Did he become a believer?” No, he didn’t become a believer, but he knows now that there is a God. The results, what happens to him, are up to God. Other people have said to me, “What about Sylvia?” When I saw Sylvia, I said, “Sylvia wasn’t this God who did this miracle?” She said, “In this case it had to be God.”

**GOD’S SPECIAL PEOPLE**

We don’t know why God allowed this to happen. Many people were touched through this experience. But we don’t have to really know why God did this. I have heard people say, “I know why God healed Norman. It is because you are missionaries and you are special.”

Have you read in the Bible about God’s special people? They were stoned, put in prison, torn apart by animals, martyred. There was no special treatment for His special people, so that is not the reason why He healed Norman. I don’t believe we should say He heals in every case, either. But I think it is important for us to know we can trust Him no matter what the outcome is and that He wants us to put our faith in Him and that He will be glorified if we can do that.
THE PLAY'S MANY THINGS
“When man was told to explain the mysteries of life he invented the theatre ... the witness to the tragic and comic world of men.”

MARCEL MARCEAU
The Play's Many Things

How about a short course in psychology, philosophy, design, and the art of communicating? This, in short, is what a dramatic production is—a varied and intense learning experience in one “ball of wax.” Plus the fellowship of a team effort to produce a thought-provoking or entertaining evening for an appreciative clientele.

But let's start at the beginning.

Nearly six months before the “opening” of a new season of theatre at Taylor University, the directors with the costume are discussing the choice of plays to be produced. This begins the long and arduous process of “mounting a show” for production. Selection of plays is based on a number of factors, almost too many to enumerate. What is the literary and theatrical value of the play? Does the play say anything “worth” saying? Does what it says “need” to be said? Have we produced a play by this author within the last three years?

Have we done a play from this period recently? Technically, is this play producible on our stage? Is the cost of the production prohibitive? The list of questions is formidable!

In May of each year the playbill for the coming season is announced at the Trojan Players’ Awards banquet. (Trojan Players is the theatre organization composed of students that work with the Speech and Drama Department in the production of plays.) Scripts are ordered for plays and made available to students before auditions. Tryouts are usually held approximately six weeks prior to the dates of the production. The selection of the cast is made and posted by the director. The technical director and the costumer begin to give leadership to “crews” that carry on the backstage work.

Rehearsals begin. The entire cast with the director, sometimes including the technical director and the costumer, meet for the first reading of the play. Together, they discuss the meaning and problems of the production. They study and come to some agreement as to the interpretation of the play and to an understanding of the characters. After several readings, the cast moves to a rehearsal area, the same size as the stage on which the play will be produced. Tape is placed on the floor to define the walls of the set and to indicate doors and windows. Substitutes for furniture are placed in order for the actors to have some concept of space relationships. The director begins the “blocking” of the play—that is, setting the movement pattern of the play. In the following rehearsals, blocking is reviewed, other parts of the play are blocked and reviewed, lines are learned and the “polishing” begins.

Meanwhile, in the scene shop, the set is under construction. Plots to form the walls are selected from old stock or new ones made. Door frames and a staircase unit are needed—and built. Colors for the set are selected by the designer, and painting begins.
After auditions, each member of the cast is carefully measured for costumes. Under the supervision of the costumier, volunteers set to work on fashioning dresses, suits, hats, belts, coats, capes, etc. There may be as many as 25 to 30 costumes to make from "scratch."

The property crew researches the items needed for the show. Some properties and pieces of furniture can be found in our own collection in storage. Still others may be borrowed or will need to be made. Less expensive properties may be purchased. Each property must "look" authentic — whether it is or not. Each detail is a part of the whole visual design and impact of the show.

Pictures of the production are taken and press releases are prepared for the local newspapers. High schools and colleges are contacted about tickets. A box office is set up to take care of the advanced sales and reserved seating.

The week before the production opens, the set goes up in the auditorium. Completed costumes are brought in, and the lighting design is executed. Final technical rehearsals begin with all of the theatrical elements brought together. Dress rehearsals with scenery, costumes, makeup, lights and sound move the production toward "opening" night.

After as many as 2,000 man hours of effort, (most of it voluntary by students) a play is brought alive for the audience. Has the effort been worth it? That, of course, depends upon the value of theatre for you. We at Taylor are committed to a concept of educational theatre. That is, we are as interested in the "process" as we are the "product."

There is a heavy emphasis placed on the "process" concept of "ensemble." It is the group (actors, technicians and directors) that produces the play: "working" and "playing" together. "All for one—and one for all!" At the same time, each person in the "ensemble" is seen as an individual with potential for growth. The play, like the person, is in the "process of becoming." This "process of becoming" is set in the context of a Christian liberal arts college.
To help achieve the desired visual and emotional impact, the Trojan Players rely on the skills of lighting technicians such as Nancy Spaulding, senior from Avoca, New York. She intently follows the action during a Fine Arts Festival performance of "The Cherry Orchard."
“Let me again say thanks to you, and the entire gang, for coming to our church for the presentation of “Christ in the Concrete City.” It was magnificently done, and the people are still talking about it.”

This and other similar responses to religious drama presentations inspired nine students and two teachers to devote four months to an experiment in evangelism: the formation of a religious drama COMPANY. This new group had a wealth of background to draw from since the Department of Speech and Drama had sponsored religious dramas both on and off the campus for many years.

Created in order to communicate Christ in a unique way to the contemporary world, the new COMPANY presented two different dramas in 24 churches and schools in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois last spring.

The two plays performed this year were: “Christ in the Concrete City” by Philip Turner and “The Three sons of Adam” by P. J. Lamb. Turner’s play sets the Passion of Christ before a group of people who are typical of any church congregation. In the production by Lamb there is a rediscovery of the significance of Christ’s coming into the world. The play begins with the announcement:

Five men and four women... the players,
To play you the play of salvation.
Our salvation and yours.

The Company was formed under the leadership of Professor Allen A. Goetheus, Head of the Speech and Drama Department. Miss Jessie Roussel, Assistant Professor of Speech and Drama, designed and executed the costumes and traveled with the Company.

Members of the group included Tom Chasam, Oregon, Illinois; Jim Clark, Upland, Indiana; Dale Dague, Elgin, Illinois; Sue Davidson, Hartford City, Indiana; Jane Galen, Huntington, New York; Beverly Finley, Columbus, Ohio; Jim Oosting, Western Springs, Illinois; Joyce Richardson, Peoria, Illinois and Linda Sulfridge, Dayton, Ohio.

“We certainly were very grateful for the presentation given by the Taylor University players. It was very well done. You have a lovely group of young people. A number of our people have talked about how much they have enjoyed having them in their homes and the community.”

Charlestown, Indiana

“Our Maundy Thursday service was especially meaningful and memorable because of the presentation of CHRIST IN THE CONCRETE CITY.”

Washington Court House, Ohio

“Thank you for letting us have the honor of the overnight stay of two of your students. We appreciated their testimonies and attitudes so very much. . . . Needless to say how much we appreciated your drama CHRIST IN THE CONCRETE CITY and the inspiration and true meaning and how close to home some of these things are in daily living.”

Farmersburg, Indiana

The popular and effective Religious Drama Company. See Below.

Abstract in the Concrete!
No one has yet separated the mind from the emotions, and similarly, one cannot separate art from the environment of which it is a part. If one comes to understand this direct, interacting relationship, the arts contribute a rich dimension to one's life experiences. I mean of course, all the art forms, including literature, music, drama, painting and sculpture.

Thus, every Taylor student must have opportunity to enjoy rewarding experiences in the arts.

But the arts will enrich the student's life only if he understands what they are trying to do and say, and how they should be approached. Such insight into the whole subject is not automatic, it must be gained by exercising a spirit of inquiry and critical examination, free of preconceived notions about what a good work of art is supposed to be like. In this area one seeks to appraise and criticize constructively, not to mobilize a consensus. To foster this spirit is an exciting challenge both to students and faculty.

Countless works of art from every century have been lost to us. Fortunately, however, many works have survived. It is not the duty of anyone to say to the student, "these are great masterpieces, and you must revere them as such because they have stood the test of time," and to stop there, with little or no encouragement for the student to inquire further into the matter.

No one should be encouraged to be skeptical about any art form, but he should be led to examine and evaluate those masterpieces from the past to see what they hold for him. He should be shown that a play by Shakespeare, a symphony by Beethoven, a sculpture by Michelangelo, an opera by Puccini, a painting by Rembrandt and a poem by T. S. Eliot, are to be analyzed to see exactly what their characteristics are and what they contain of artistic merit and meaning for the student's own era.

It has been said that each generation has to reevaluate for itself all the works of art of the past. And this is true. It is not wrong to reevaluate them, but it is desperately wrong to ignore them. The student must not harbor the notion that certain works are great or immortal just because someone insists they are. Neither should he think that they are dead and out of date because someone else so declares.

He must discover just what makes them worthy of consideration. In other words, the student must come into contact with actual specimens of art works and interpret them for himself, with an open mind and a sense of fair play.

Only after going through this process can he derive general principles to apply to the aesthetic and cultural enrichment of his own life. He then has that criteria with which to judge the works produced in his own time.
Ideally, the student should arrive at his evaluation of any particular work of art by being taught to explicate it for himself before reading what a textbook has to say about it. When the student learns to do this, he very often has the exciting experience of discovering that his own conclusions are similar to those stated in a given textbook of art or music appreciation.

Taylor University gives the student very ample opportunity for confrontation with works of art from both the past and the present. The Speech and Drama Department has produced within two years a great variety of plays, ranging from Shakespeare’s Much Ado About Nothing to the contemporary Long Day’s Journey into Night, by Eugene O’Neill. The Music Department gives many performances throughout the year. This department is to be especially commended for performing Bach’s Christmas Oratorio last year, giving students, faculty and the community an opportunity to hear a work seldom performed in the United States. Last year the campus heard a concert by pianist Van Cliburn. This year Metropolitan Opera star, Roberta Peters, thrilled the Taylor audience. Regular exhibits of paintings and sculpture by students and guest artists are displayed in the arts gallery of the Liberal Arts Building. All these works of music and painting should be approached by the student body in the way described here.

There is still another, even more basic reason for observing and studying works of art firsthand—through this approach it becomes clear that they represent a living continuum from one historical era to the next. The arts reflect and in turn, comment on the very warp and woof of the life of the times. They do not constitute a static object of academic consideration. This function of reflecting and commenting on the particular era in which they are created is a major purpose of the arts. This is the heart of the matter. But it is precisely this truth which is missed by many persons.

After experiencing and enjoying the arts through this critical and intelligent approach, the student will maintain that sense of continuity between the art of the past and that of his own era. Having learned how to experience art works of the past, he will have a good basis for evaluating current works—the new music at the Woodstock Festival, for example.

Or, he will be in a position to make a valid response to the gigantic and much publicized sculpture by Pablo Picasso, now on display in Chicago.

The challenge is ours, therefore, to nurture in Taylor students the ever-critical but never skeptical approach to the arts. In this kind of academic atmosphere, more art will be more heartily enjoyed by more people, and in turn, more people will become creative producers of art themselves.
The artist does not live in a world of fantasy. He must turn outward to the world to see life as it is and must help preserve personality from the faceless cyclorama of mass everything.

Language of Insight

By Professors Jack Patton ('52) and Ray Bullock

Pleasantries belie nervous anticipation as students await the arrival of a guest judge to evaluate their works of sculpture. Left to right: Janel Short, Rick Taylor and Bruce Campbell.
We start with mystery because life is a mystery.

But contrary to what some may think, the artist does not live in a world of fantasy. Art requires turning outward to the world of persons, things and events in order to perceive and feel life as it is. This realistic input provides the content for reflection after which the artist tries to interpret life as he experiences and sees it.

Thus, the social issues of the world become important to the student of art to the degree that he is inspired to express his feelings and concepts in a pictorial or structural manner. The Christian art student is expected to be keenly aware of society’s conditions—socially, politically, culturally and religiously.

If the student lacks understanding or insight, what he communicates through art cannot help but reflect his weaknesses.

On the other hand, we do not worship the great works of art nor the men and women who produced them. We do wish our students to grasp the relationships between a masterpiece and the historical era in which it was produced. This understood, the student can then appreciate more fully the impact of current art on his culture. Which is to say that man makes the culture—not the other way around.

In its unheralded but vital role the Art Department seeks to accomplish many things: (1) help art majors prepare for teaching or other professionally-related careers; (2) help students appreciate the aesthetic, which in turn, enriches both the educational experience and life in general; (3) inspire creativity; (4) teach the use of various tools and materials of art to achieve greater proficiency in manipulation; (5) provide an atmosphere of inquiry so that students can probe the aesthetic, the philosophical and the creative.

Since many students become public school teachers it is essential that they acquire a sound Christian philosophy which includes every aspect of living and teaching.

The artist cannot create properly in a confusion of contradictions. The Christian artist-teacher, however, can have an extremely constructive influence on his society.—Jack Patton

"LEFT BANK BOHEMIANS"

Since prehistoric days, man has continuously sought ways to express and communicate his thoughts and ideas through paintings, drawings, sculptures, ceramics, and crafts. Works of art have always existed, and have been essential to man’s culture and well-being.

In our time the arts, and particularly the visual arts produced by the contemporary artist, seem isolated from a large segment of society. Well into this century, artists had been social outcasts, "left-bank Bohemians," not only because of their eccentricities of dress but because of the impractical nature of their contribution to society. At the same time, many artists find few among the the lay public who seem to understand the concepts basic to the arts, few who can recognize the historical ties between present-day art and works of the past—a public incapable of 'reading' the current art trends.

My primary function as a Christian is to help people understand the nature of things, to realize the possibilities in the world, to develop insight or to enlarge the imagination by creating or revealing new subjects. As a result of this primary function I sometimes take the liberty to rearrange, to add to and sometimes eliminate or to distort objects. Artists of all times have done so, perceiving and transcribing for us. Unfortunately most people believe that art should imitate. That only good art is the art that appears to be "right" and consequently most people judge art by how close it resembles some natural object.

One great difference between art of the 20th century and previous art is that there is a less preconceived idea of what art is about. I sometimes find out what I want to say during the process of creating my work. But it is important to remember that I never abdicate my control of form. Like the reader of a written text, the observer must recognize and decipher the symbols and the patterns of symbols before understanding can occur. Of course, reading and enjoyment are not synonymous. Just as no one reader will find pleasure in each book on a library shelf, so no beholder should expect to find pleasure in every art object or to understand each work of art I create.

Library shelves are filled with volumes beyond the comprehension even of highly educated individuals, and the walls of museums are hung with some paintings which have a limited audience.

Christians must be open to all aspects of society. It is our responsibility to look for the message the artist is communicating. Good art is religious because it expresses the artist’s sensitive and honest search for ultimate meaning and significance in terms of
his own contemporary culture. One of the basic roles of an artist is to create an awareness about all aspects of life. Just as other contemporary men and women are confronted with the problem of identity, the artist, too, grapples with the same perplexing questions, and portrays his attempts at solution in his work.

One of the familiar characteristics of our time is ceaseless and often violent change. The promise and threat of this change is sensed by us all. The works of art of our century are the mirrors of our predicament produced by some of the most sensitive of our time, the image of man became transformed, distorted, disrupted and finally disappeared in recent art. Art of the 20th century has been and still remains, highly individualistic and introspective. Most artists often change their work quite drastically in a program of self-fulfillment. Of necessity the whole character of any given style is a temporary thing at best, for alterations are constantly appearing. But time is often a brutal judge. We must stretch our perceptions if we are to keep up with the rich turmoil of art. And that means not only keeping up with the new, but learning still to hear those quieter voices from our past that are still with us.

It is always easier to argue against things than to learn what they are all about. Any learning or expansion of outlook calls for a discard of old and comfortable standards, a sacrifice which, in art frequently involves many of our cherished opinions. One cannot legislate feelings or emotions, and art is nothing if it lacks these qualities. One cannot prescribe personality, and art is always stamped with the honest imprint of its author.—Ray Bullock
We Came, We Saw, We Concurred

... that Taylor University is a place of renewal

by
Norman Cook
('51)

For many of us the Taylor campus is what Bethel was to Abraham (Genesis 13:3, 4; 12:8), a place to meet God in a special way... a place of spiritual renewal.

As we return we are reminded that many of us drew our first spiritual breaths here. Others made deeper commitments to Christ. Enduring friendships, life partnerships, and vocations were sealed and our hearts well up

The good old days revisited. Marge Sidey, Ruth (Lawrence) Frase ('51), Sally Brown Sheehan (X-51), Mildred (Holmes) Nelson ('52), and Mrs. Marion (Munson) Collins ('51), enjoy photos of each other's children as they visit near the President's home following the ladies meeting.
Larry Fuhrer ('61), President of the Alumni Council for 1971-72, conducts the business session. He is President of Campro Inc., public relations consulting firm. Other Council members are David C. Fraser, R. David Boyer, Duane Cuthbertson, Thomas W. Sidey, Mrs. Harvey Driver, Mrs. Stanley Burden, Dr. Timothy Burkholder, F. James Norris, Dr. Joseph D. Brain, the Rev. Earl Hartman, Roger E. Beaverson and Bradley S. Ludwick.
with gratitude to God for directing our paths this way.

Three outstanding characteristics of Taylor are sharpened in our minds during this "Bethel-like" experience.

First, our vision is cleared. Over the years we may have allowed spiritual cataracts to blur the image of God. His purity and power may have been eclipsed by doubt, selfishness and fear. But like Abraham, humbled before God at the altar, we recognize our sin and weakness and His mighty power. We then see the day more clearly and more ahead in the light He sheds on our paths.

Second, our sense of compassion is renewed. This concern for the welfare of others is part of the essence of Taylor University. This was in the minds of the founders when they wrote "The school that cares." Bishop Taylor's life evidenced it on the mission fields around the world.

Compassion is not a course listed in the catalogue. It's not an extra-curricular activity. It's in the atmosphere of the campus. An upper student's concern for a freshman. A faculty member rendering unsolicited aid to a needy student. Money in the mailbox from an unknown benefactor. Bills paid with funds from unknown resources.

This element of compassion is not only Taylor's most distinctive characteristic but perhaps her most durable. Students will soon forget much class-work and the scores of ball games, etc. But the love, concern and compassion experienced here are indelibly stamped on their minds. And in most cases it is transmitted in kind to all that they contact. Thus, Taylor grads are found in hospitals, clinics, social centers—in needy areas around the world.

This leads us to the third area. Taylor men and women are marked by their action. They are not mere "arm chair strategists" but "men with ideas in their heads and monkey wrenches in their hands." They are where the action is. Through the TWO program, Wandering Wheels and numerous other outreach projects, students and faculty alike remind us that vision and compassion are valid only to the degree they are translated into purposeful action.

So we have come. Our minds have been refreshed. Our spirits renewed. Let's return to our homes and jobs committed afresh to God and to each other.
Beautiful weather encouraged a large turnout for the Don Odle Golf Open held at the challenging Walnut Creek course near Upland. Martha (Brown) (X-42) and Dr. Lester Michael ('41), Russell Clark ('47), Gary Rickner ('71) and Dan Gordon ('71) spend a few minutes getting acquainted as they wait to tee off.
Norman Cook ('51) banquet speaker, receives Chamber of Achievement Award from Tom Sidey ('50), then the President of the Alumni Council.

Oldest alumnus present was the Rev. Homer Chalfant ('14). At right is Dr. Frank Roye, Head of the Sociology Department.

The Ladies Trio of 1946 is together for the first time in 25 years. Left to right: Joyce (Wentz '46) Bailey, Ruth (Bergert) Messerschmidt ('46) and Marion Brown who received a Chamber of Achievement Award during the Alumni-Parent-Student banquet.

Alumni honored: Dr. Stanley Burden ('61) Distinguished Professor 1971; Miss Grace Olson ('27) veteran professor of History, who retired this year, and Tom Sidey ('50) Distinguished Alumnus.

Distinguished Parent: Dr. Alfred A. Whittaker (Hon. '66). He is Executive Vice President, The Mennen Company, and is a Taylor University Associate.
WITH RICHARD S. SIMONS,
Staff Writer,
The Indianapolis Star Magazine

This intriguing and entertaining account of the "Wheels" latest conquest is used by permission of the Indianapolis Star. The author is a strong supporter of Taylor's cultural programs, and also is owner of the Richard's Men's Store, Marion, Ind.

Watch on the Rhine. A lone cyclist stands in contemplation as the sun fades over the Rhine River near Worms, Germany. Photo by Julian Gromer.

Wheels Across Europe

VENICE: "STREETS FULL OF WATER. PLEASE ADVISE."

June 26

Trieste, Italy—My friend, Sig Alexander, in Marion, Indiana threw his head back and laughed uproariously when he heard that the Taylor University Wandering Wheels planned to bicycle to Venice.

Nobody, he declared with that air that experienced travelers acquire, has anything to do with bicycles in Venice. Not with the canals and all that water around that the city is slowly sinking into. It's strictly a water craft place—gondolas, motor launches and water taxis. And it's the inspiration for all sorts of stories like the one attributed to Robert Benchley. He took one look at the place and cabled his publisher: "Streets full of water. Please Advise."

But then, Sig didn't know the Wandering Wheels.
They already had completed half of a six-week European bicycle tour that took them by pedal over the St. Gotthard Pass and into other impossible places. They ride with a sense of adventure and gain the faith and experience that comes to a man only when he lives close to nature and must depend on his own resources to an uncommon degree.

The Venice bit didn't slow the Wheels. They toured the lacy network of canals, left an ice cream dealer empty-handed but wealthy and headed for a mainland camp site. The camp was pleasant and well-operated, but the mosquitos were as big as woodpeckers and drilled like augers. The next day, after a hearty breakfast, they folded their tents just like the Arabs and hit the road for Trieste.

The day was warm and sunny. It was welcome after a severe electrical storm that left some of the tent interiors wet. There was much conversation about the Italian countryside. The towns were cleaner than before and seemed more progressive. Vineyards bordered both sides of the road intermittently for miles and the wheat fields were a toast brown, ready for harvest. Corn was scarcer than Indiana standards but the crop seemed of minor importance. The terrain was table-top flat, which the Wheels enjoyed, and for many miles the highway led between a double row of arching sycamore trees, just like on the banks of the Wabash, far away. It resembled the trees on Ind. 29 at Deer Creek, south of Logansport, except that the rows extended for miles.

About two-thirds of the way to Trieste, the Wheels pulled up before a church. The chow line formed quickly and repeatedly. You wouldn't believe what 100 miles of cycling a day does to a young appetite.

At Trieste, Barbara Davenport, who plays the role of chef, maître d' and housemother—she's the coach's wife—came away from a super market with 10 dozen eggs, 18 pounds of ground meat and assorted breads and vegetables. The meat order was devastating. The butcher took one look at Barbara, who is quite slender, and figured she couldn't possibly eat that much. But a girl working farther down the counter understood a little English and told him to go to work.

Trieste is the principal Adriatic port and tankers and general cargo ships filled the harbor. The Sea was calm, warm and sunny and wheels stopped rolling so swimming could take over. The city, about three-fifths the size of Indianapolis, was bustling and clean. The policemen wear spotless white uniforms with fancy epaulets. They look like admirals.

The campground near Trieste, like most of them, produced an interesting surprise. Ray Reece, an Englishman from Hampshire, fell in with the group. He was on a round-the-world bicycle tour—albeit by himself.

The day, June 27—Saturday was the day the Wandering Wheels of Taylor University at Upland got lost. All 44 of them. Yugoslavia just opened up and swallowed them and for six hours we couldn't find them at all.

I've been riding in a VW van with Julian Cromer of Grand Rapids, Mich., and his son, Gary. (You won't catch me riding 3,000 miles on one of those racing bikes.) Julian is a veteran of 30 years on the travel film circuit and is widely known in Indiana for his presentations. He is making a documentary of the trip.

We followed directions exactly but somewhere the group turned back and took a different route. We missed them and headed for the Yugoslav border.

We inquired if the Wheels had crossed the border ahead of us. English wasn't spoken but some customs men understood our sign language and shook their heads.

It didn't make sense. No one could miss a group of 44 identically dressed Americans riding identical bikes each flying an orange flag.

But they obviously hadn't come this way, so we turned inland through breathtaking mountain country and headed for the second border near Trieste. Same response, no Wheels. Our uneasiness turned to alarm.

Our plan of attack turned us eastward toward Austria. Periodically we stopped to inquire if anyone had seen the Wheels. No one spoke English so Julian put a color slide of the Wheels in a viewer and we would pass it around. Some people refused to touch it. Three girls working in a store wouldn't get close enough to see what it was all about. Probably wondered what kind of dirty old men we were who carried their own pictures and viewers.

Reluctantly we convinced ourselves that the Wheels hadn't passed this way. Our alarm turned to desperation. We turned and headed back to Trieste. Julian thought we'd have better luck searching for a needle in a haystack.

It's an odd and unusual feeling. Neither the route nor the destination had been determined, so we didn't know where to go. No one spoke English, so we couldn't inquire. You don't appreciate the security of our one-language America until you get into this kind of a situation.

Just before reaching the one border crossing we hadn't checked, we ran into Ray Reece, the English cyclist, furiously pedaling up a steep hill. The Wheels, he said were waiting at the border for us.

Soon we passed a group coming toward us. They cheered wildly. So did the succeeding groups. We knew how Stanley must have felt when he found Dr. Livingston. We're not sure they cheered because they were so glad to see us. Probably it was because we were carrying the tents.

Funny thing was that these 44 fellows had the crazy idea we were the lost ones, when all the time we knew THEY were.

Travel weariness is beginning to set in. Charlie Peddle, 208 Montclair Street, Madison, has one driving ambition at the moment. He wants a solid, home-cooked meal served with shiny silverware from a spotless white tablecloth.

Mike Sonnenberg of Upland will settle for a hot shower and a bar of American soap. Nelson Rediger, a Marion school teacher whose Dad happens to be president of Taylor, has sweet dreams of hamburger and French fries, a creamy milk shake and some root beer.

Everybody misses iced drinks. They don't have them over here. But they like the jumbo bottles of Coke that sell for 15 cents.

COMMUNIST COUNTRY—FULL OF SURPRISES

Maribor, Yugoslavia, June 28—Yugoslavia is full of surprises for the 44 Wandering Wheels from Taylor University. Each had his preconceived ideas about life in a Communist country and most of them were wrong.

Some approached timidly, expecting problems at the border. Others wanted to look over their shoulders to be sure the police weren't following. They ex-
expected rigid controls on almost everything.

The first incident occurred at a long, curving highway tunnel as we approached the border. Midway through, every light went out. There was mild panic. The Wheels walked their bikes through the coal-mine darkness. Finally the lights went on. No one knew what had happened, but some of the fellows were sure it was a Communist plot.

Border crossing was a breeze. Julian Gromer, who is documenting the trip on film, was apprehensive because his van is jammed with cameras, film and boxes of folders explaining the Wheels' purpose. No one bothered to look inside. They stamped our passports and waved us on.

There was a universal feeling that the Yugoslavs were not as friendly as people have been in other countries. Of course, the comparison was primarily with Italians who are both demonstrative and volatile. The Italians cheer and wave, while Yugoslavs, particularly adults, simply stared but would not enthuse. Some Wheels attributed this to a Communist-inspired distrust of strangers.

Typical comments from Wheels like Nelson Rediger and Mike Sonnenberg of Upland run like this:

"I expected security to be tighter in a Communist country."

"The people are more prosperous than I expected."

"I expected to see more Communist posters."

(Tito smiled down in full color from the walls of state-owned gas stations but he was not overly obvious. All denominations of postage stamps, however, bear his portrait. Only the color changes.

For the first time on the trip, soldiers were in evidence. Small units of armed men walked the highways and popped up from the roadsides. Police also were more evident.

Most farm work is done by hand. Machinery is rare and usually quite simple. Fields are tiny patches that wouldn't exceed large size gardens at home.

Jack Hinkle, 940 Bochning Street, Indianapolis, remarked that churches seemed to be in disrepair and roads leading to them seemed little used. Yet roadside shrines were common, another of the contradictions that is Yugoslavia.

Of course, the Wheels are traveling only about 150 miles through the region once controlled by Austria, although the ethnic background is Slavic. The country is such a conglomeration of languages, nations, cultures and political backgrounds that the picture is distorted. Like a foreigner seeing the Bronx and returning home confident that he has seen America.

**SO FAR AWAY...**
**SO FOREIGN...**
**SO OLD**

Graz, Austria. June 29... The day was clear and sunny as Taylor University's + Wandering Wheels rolled into a modern, attractive campground at Graz.

But that night, when the last light of day had failed, a sudden thunderstorm dumped carloads of rain on the camp and gusty winds lifted tent flaps and pulled down poles.

Those Wheels who slept on the ground without benefit of tent made for the nearest shelter. Daylight found them under the disobwashing ledge and rolled up on the floor of the men's shower and the women's rest room. Any old part in a storm.

Beyond Graz, which is a modern, industrial city, the route leads into beautiful mountains. Villages with red tile roofs nestle below in the valleys and isolated castles perch on the peaks. Tan fields of wheat and the light green of corn and oats spread in strips up the mountain-sides, sometimes to the very summits. They shone like a variegated quilt against the deep green of pine forests. Strangely, the crop rows run vertically, which brought up the question of erosion and why the farmers don't plant across.

The villages along the way are quaint by American standards, filled with a beauty so far away, so foreign and so old. The sight of 44 bike riders pulling up in groups of six or eight until they fill the town square is a surefire guarantee that the villagers will turn out to view the invasion.

At every stop, the Wheels fan out in a search for ice cream and candy bars until they wipe out the local supply. This term "wipe out" is one of several that preoccupy the Wheels. If a rider falls, he's "wiped out." If they drain a village's ice cream supply, it's "wiped out." For the Wheels, "wiped out" has become the most overworked term in the English language.

 Sugary foods are in great demand because of their quick energy. Mike Tarillion of 6335 West Hampton Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, figures that he gets 28 miles of level riding on one mountain per candy bar. He drinks 1/2 gallons of water a day on the theory, he says, that it improves his fluid drive.

Spills are an ever present danger and skinned knees and elbows are common, although there have been no serious mishaps. Dave Goodale of 1408 West Jackson Street, Muncie, who is afraid of dogs but whose father is a veterinarian, had a close call when a wheel broke loose from a truck and came bounding toward him. Imagine yourself bicycling on the edge of a busy highway with a stray wheel shooting at you and you'll know how Dave felt. No time to duck and no place to go. Fortunately it veered past him and the only damage was to the truck which ended up with a broken axle.

Van Bareither, 22, 775 East 96th Street, Indianapolis, is currently wearing the recklessness driving medal. It's a shapeless plastic blob attached to a lanyard and worn around the neck. He wears it in recognition of the first major spill on the trip.

Coasting down a curving mountain road at an estimated 35 miles an hour, Van skidded and went over the handlebars. He suffered a painfully skinned back but otherwise came through in good condition. It happened on his birthday and he'll probably remember this one the longest.

**FRISBEE**

Aspang, Austria. June 30... A frisbee, for the uninformed, is a plastic disc that can be made to float through the air and do strange tricks. It's about the size of a dinner plate and curved up and over at the sides so that it can be thrown in a straight line or a curve. It's the closest thing to a flying saucer you can get your hands on nowadays.

For the Wandering Wheels of Taylor University, the frisbee is a calling card, a good will ambassador and a recreation device. When the fellows stop, the frisbees cannot be far behind. The games of catch start immediately, using frisbees in place of balls. Then the village youngsters gather, timidly at first and more openly as the play progresses. The audience fills out and soon some plucky youngster indicates he'd like to try one. By the time the caravan is ready to leave, frisbees are sailing through the air like Hoosier basketballs at a pre-game warmup, and the smiles register a "thank you" that words can never ex-
press. Any boy lucky enough to receive a frisbee is automatically a friend of America forever.

Frisbees also serve as dinner plates. They are tough, unbreakable and spill-resistant. Long after the Wheels have returned to America, their route will be marked by a path of frisbees and happy little Italian, Yugoslav and Austrian children who remember the friendly Americans and these fascinating saucers.

The Wheels also leave something else behind that is less tangible but more valuable. It is an impression of young America that is altogether too lacking in Europe.

Between an American hippie invasion and distorted propaganda bounced off the East, many Europeans have developed a totally erroneous picture of the United States. No longer is this country with streets paved with gold and personal opportunities found nowhere else on earth. Now this is the country torn by grave problems of unemployment, race relations, civil disobedience and international relations.

But the sight of 44 clean, mannerly young Americans, traveling together with humor and discipline brings time for pause. At one campground campers said that the Wheels were a different type of American youth than they had met, and at another point a Dutch couple made similar remarks. A Swiss woman discussing the American youth, said she didn’t mind the long hair but couldn’t stand the lack of soap.

At Amstetten, Austria, some of the fellows suffered first hand from the new American image. Hitch-hiking back to camp after supper in town, at least one Wheel had a ride offer until the driver learned he was an American. Then he slammed the door and drove off.

An answer to some of the racial criticism of America lies in two Wheels, Eugene Pierce of Washington, D. C., and Norman (Moose) Johnson, of Philadelphia. Gene is tall, of medium skin and is the only Negro with green eyes I can remember having seen. He is well-mannered, soft-spoken and likeable.

Dark skin is new to most Europeans and they look surreptitiously at it. Somewhere in Italy, a family was dining in a restaurant where the Wheels stopped and an Italian girl became interested in Gene and asked for a lock of his Afro hair. How a person who doesn’t speak English makes this request to someone who doesn’t understand Italian is something of a mystery but there is an international sign language that breaks down nearly all barriers. The girl’s father, in turn, brought out his cigarette lighter and indicated he would burn off a lock, but Gene retreated in time and held his ground until someone produced a scissors and took the lock the proper way.

Willard Billey, 207 LaPlata Drive, Farmington, New Mexico, is a Taylor student and a Navajo Indian. He has a pleasing manner and a ready smile and is a favorite both among the Wheels and the natives. Europeans know of Indians and have a great curiosity about a real-life one who rides a bicycle. Move your hand in and out in front of your mouth and give a war whoop and they know exactly what you mean.

NO VULGARITY

Amstetten, Austria, July 2 — No young man can sleep under the stars in a European meadow 5,000 miles from home without reflecting on the infinity of the universe and the frailty of man.

This is part of the education of 44 young men of high school and college age who are seeing 3,000 miles of Europe this summer from the saddle of bicycles. They are enrolled in the Wandering Wheels program of Taylor University at Upland, Indiana. Bob Davenport, former Taylor football coach and All-American and Rose Bowl player, is their director, and he places the program on a spiritual as well as a physical basis.

What kind of young man will spend six weeks on a bicycle, making his own choice and paying his own way? It takes a very special kind.

He must face the discomforts of unpleasant weather without complaint and with rigid self-discipline, expecting cuts and bruises of an occasional spill and the pain of muscles pulled taut by pumping over one of the highest mountain passes in Europe.

He must accept rough camping conditions, realizing, perhaps for the first time that home offers a physical comfort and security that can be found only inside four permanent walls. He must ride along the edge of a busy highway mile after mile, shielding his face from noxious fumes exhaled by long lines of hard-laboring diesel trucks. Danger is only inches away.

He also must possess a special kind of physical stamina developed through proper care of the body, for anything less will not carry him up the long steep grades leading to the St. Gotthard Pass nor down the rough cobblestone pavement that feels like a seven-weeks weight reducing course in 15 minutes.

In nine days with the Wheels, I haven’t heard that first word of profanity and probably won’t hear any. There is no vulgarity or rough or forcible language. But these 44 men are no sissies. Some have played college football and they are tough and muscular. Some have cycled across the United States.

Davenport conducts devotions periodically. Because of his athletic background he believes that he can relate to a young man in a way that the structured church cannot, and he speaks a language with which a young man can identify.

He believes in a personal God and talks to and about Him in much the same way that two friends might hold a casual street-corner conversation. His men understand this and it touches home. The inspiration is readily apparent.

Dave Goodale, 3408 West Jackson Street, Muncie, talks about the maturity he has gained during the trip.

"I know myself better," he declares. "I am forced to become a part of a group and to think less about my individual desires. The physical part frightened me at first, but when I learned to blend with the group, it became easier."

John Yantiss, Route 1, Tippecanoe, has learned to be better satisfied with what he has, because, he observes, Europeans generally have less than Americans. He says that the tour has taught him to use his time more wisely.

Van Bareither, 775 East 96th Street, Indianapolis, also reflects on his greater appreciation of America because most people are able to live better than Europeans. He finds his new associations rewarding and the scenery inspiring.

Jeff Kepplar, Route 1, Monticello, a 17-year-old high school student who is the youngest man on the trip other than Davenport's son, Dan, reflects on the necessity to make his own decisions and the maturity that comes from being "off the nest."

Those who know the Wheels program from experience say that results sometimes don't show up for months. A half year later a boy may suddenly realize that he became a man while in the saddle.
Mildred Wadsworth retired as a professional in Girl Scouting three years ago and since then has been executive secretary of the Community Blood Bank in Erie, Pennsylvania, where she lives at 825 East 44th Street.

Dorwin and Mildred (Kellar x '27) Whitenack have retired from the Methodist ministry after 44 years of service. They live at 238 Field Avenue, Toledo, Ohio. Four of the five Whitenack children and 16 grandchildren live in Toledo also.

'Dorwin Bryan has served 35 years as Director of Youth Activities for the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation. His wife is resident manager of the A. W. Fenton Company, International Customhouse Brokers and Forwarders. They look forward to retirement and less busy lives in 1973. Their address is 1980 Suffolk Road, Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. C. C. Collins (Helen Trout) and her husband recently celebrated their 36th year in the ministry and serve a 1200-member parish in the Calumet area of the United Methodist Church. Their address is 430 North Cline Avenue, Griffith, Indiana.

Eva Denison retired recently after more than 40 years of service in the Sales Department of Welch Foods, Incorporated. She lives at 14 Pearl Street, Westfield, New York.

Luman E. Douglas has recently taken disability leave due to failing vision so is not in the active ministry of the Methodist Church at this time. He and his wife, Eleanor, live at 9334 Judi Avenue, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Esther (Draper) and Everett '34 Irwin live at 1885 Kings' Highway, Clearwater, Florida, where Everett works for Tropicana Mobile Homes. Esther is enrolled in The Famous Writers School, Westport, Connecticut and enjoys the course tremendously. They have five children and ten grandchildren.

Frank and Florence (Jett) Kjolseth are both completely involved in the Nutrilite business.

Florence retired after 27 years of teaching and Frank, after 28 years with the American Red Cross, in order to manage all the work necessary in this new business. They live at 1515 Silver Trail, Napa, California.

Mrs. Clarence Mease (Florence Hazelton Bicksler) and her husband live at Route 3, Myerstown, Pennsylvania, in a large mobile home in the country. She continues to teach special education in the Lebanon City Schools.

Rev. Cameron D. L. Mosser writes of the Holy Land Tour he was privileged to take this spring and of the opportunity to visit his two older brothers near Philadelphia. He serves the Burgaw (North Carolina) Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Howard Oakes (Adelaide McDonald Strawbridge) lives at Route 5, Titusville, Pennsylvania. She taught in Vacation Bible School and also teaches a ninth-grade Sunday School class.

Marguerite (Deye) and A. Wesley Pagh '22 enjoy living at Lehigh Acres, Florida, especially during the winter months, and are happy to have friends visit them. This summer, they are visiting family and friends “in the north” and in California.

Mrs. Olin Roderick (Ardath Furst) and her husband live on a farm south of Warsaw, Indiana. Ardath teaches second-grade at New Paris, Indiana. Their son, Richard, teaches at Bourbon, Indiana, and lives at home.

Dale D. Russell has served the United Methodist Church in Rutland, Vermont, for 14 years and lives at 75 Williams Street.

Since 1964 R. Marvin Stuart has been a bishop of the United Methodist Church, assigned to the Denver area. His two conferences include churches in Montana, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado, with one county in Nevada and one in Idaho, so his job requires a lot of travel. He and his wife, Mary Ella (Rose '30) celebrated their 36th wedding anniversary in June. Their son, Rob, received his Ph.D. degree in 1969 and since then has been teaching at the University of Redlands in Southern California. Their address is 2777 South Langley Court, Denver.

Louise (Hazleton) and Gerald '30 Wesche live at 515 Almond, Nampa, Idaho. Louise has recently retired from teaching and they are enjoying their new home.

Ivan C. Hodges, assistant professor of philosophy and religion at Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio, recently retired after 15 years of service. He and his wife, Estella, live at 938 South Main Street, Ada.

Conrad H. Rehling, golf coach at the University of West Florida, was recently elected "Coach of the Year" for the 25th District of the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics in ballotting by fellow coaches. He and his wife, Maxine (Dopp) live at 3815 Merendez Drive, Pensacola, Florida.

Lt. Col. James H. Oliver, Jr. is dispensary commander at the Royal Thai Air Base at Nakhon Phanom. His wife, Arleen Ann (Williams '55) and six children live at 8621 Windway Drive, San Antonio, Texas.

Rev. Joseph Reece is the new pastor at the Friends' Church in Upland, Indiana. He and his wife just concluded six years at the Friends' Church in Farmland, Indiana. Their son, Jon, recently married, and their daughter, Becky, will both be freshmen at Taylor this fall. Carolyn, 17, will be a high school senior and Martha, 14, in the eighth grade.

Floyd A. Murphy serves the Calvary United Methodist Church in Salem, Virginia, and feels that the people “have responded most rewardingly to our Bible preaching and evangelistic ministry.” He and his wife have five children with only three at home now. Their address is 849 Hemlock Road, Salem.

Chap. and Mrs. Stan Beach and family live at 222 Piccadilly Drive, Winston Salem, North Carolina, where Stan is attending postgraduate school at the North Carolina Baptist Hospital's School of Pastoral Care. They recently returned from the Philippines where Stan was chaplain at Oubi Point Naval Air Station.

Rev. and Mrs. Al Kundeneich (Carol Ash '60) have moved to 7010 North Street, Logansport, Indiana where they serve a United
Methodist Church. They were formerly at Mexico, Indiana.

'64 Bruce and Carolyn (Martin) Knaya live at 2521 Kingston Pike, Apt. 407, Knoxville, Tennessee, where Bruce is working on his doctorate in Educational Psychology at the University of Tennessee.

Mary Ellen Matthews recently received the Master of Education degree from Rutgers University.

David and Alice (Hendrickson) Golden live at 401 Goodnight Drive, Killeen, Texas. Dave is stationed at Fort Hood, Texas, as a chaplain in the 13th Support Brigade. He writes, "I thoroughly enjoy the vast areas of ministry open to me as a chaplain and am praising God for the soldiers that are daily committing their lives to Christ and who are learning to share their newfound faith."

'65 Jonathon and Harriet (Smith) Askew live in Schurz, Nevada, on an Indian reservation, serving primarily Paiute Indians, at a United States Public Health Service hospital. Jon is completing his military obligation and has a two-year stint to fulfill. Gretchen is two years old and Jeffrey Evan was born October 9, 1970.

Dr. James Wood is a surgeon in a provincial hospital 80 miles north of Saigon that cares for Vietnamese soldiers and their dependents. Judy (Paulson '66) and Jeffrey, about eight months old, live with her parents at 2817 Monteau Drive, St. Louis, Missouri, for the year. After Jim returns they will return to Milwaukee where he will complete his residency program in surgery at Marquette Medical School.

'66 James R. Rahn has recently moved to 334 West 5th Street, Ship Bottom, New Jersey, where he has accepted a teaching position.

'67 Svend Abrahamsen was recently awarded the degree of Doctor of Podiatric Medicine. He also was the recipient of the Dr. Gertrude Rich Memorial Award for excellence in surgical technique. While in attendance he received the New York State, Federal Health Professions and Work-Study Scholarships. Dr. Abrahamsen is a diplomate of the National Boards of Podiatry and was awarded a surgical internship commencing July 1, 1971 at New York College and Swedish Hospitals.

Joseph E. Miller recently received the Master of Divinity degree from Asbury Theological Seminary. His wife is the former Mary Kay Naumann '64.

Ray Benson graduated in June, 1970, from Trinity Evangelical Divinity School, Deerfield, Illinois. He, his wife, Judy, and son, Mark, born March 10, 1971, live at 465 Calderin Avenue, Apartment 21, Mountain View, California. Ray works with Overseas Crusades and the Peninsula Bible Church as coordinator of Discovery Center, an intern program designed to better equip men for the work of the ministry through practical experience and Biblical teaching.

Paul R. Frykholm was recently selected Outstanding Young Educator in Community Unit School, District 100, which comprises over 400 teachers. The award is sponsored by the local Jaycees. Paul teaches in Belvidere (Illinois) Junior High School and also serves as assistant track coach.

'68 Roger Loewen has accepted a position as instructor of photography and in addition, will be faculty advisor of the university yearbook at Western Kentucky University at Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Allen W. Amstutz, Terry C. Rhine and David F. Stouse recently received Master of Divinity degrees from Asbury Theological Seminary.

'69 Sgt. James Carmady is a Fire Direction Center Man at Fire Base Normandy in Vietnam. Before entering service in
January, 1970 Jim was on the Miami to Washington Wandering Wheels trip. His address is E Company, 2/327th Infantry, 101st Airborne Division, APC, San Francisco, California 95593.

John D. Emery has been accepted into the Masters in Business Administration program at Harvard Business School.

'70 Allen E. Hider has recently been commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Air Force. He has been assigned to Randolph Air Force Base, Texas for helicopter pilot training. His wife, the former Wanda Livingston, is a 1971 graduate of Taylor.

Wendell W. Whitman was recently granted a Master of Divinity degree from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky.

'71 Gary Sinclair will be an intern with Youth for Christ in New York City this fall. He is excited about the challenge of working with young people on a one-to-one basis.

Marjorie Aseltine, Taylor senior, has been named the recipient of the Alumni Scholarship for the 1971-72 academic year. The award is given annually to a student who meets the qualifications on the basis of academic performance and financial need. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Richard G. Aseltine, of 1015 Packard Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

GLOBAL TAYLOR

'31 Clarence and Helen (Brechbill) Musser are serving as volunteers in Rhodesia, doing audits and accounts for their schools, missions and hospitals. Their mailing address is P. O. Box 1219, Bulawayo, Rhodesia.

'41 Elizabeth (Carpenter) Muller, her husband, Arthur, and their daughter, Suzie, have recently moved to S. Q. 121 Brain, Abadan, Iran, after having been located in Tehran for the past 20 years, serving in a variety of capacities under the United Presbyterian Church. They were transferred to the province of Khuzistan and live in that oil refinery and shipping center some 500 miles south of Tehran on the Persian Gulf. Art's particular responsibilities will be with both Iranian and expatriate Christians in Abadan and one or two other communities of the province.

'42 Lois Chandler is on furlough at 3049 Sixth Street, South, Lot 160, St. Petersburg, Florida, after having completed her fourth term as nurse at the Dalat School of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church. Besides a deputational tour she expects to spend some time in medical work.

'52 Dr. Kan Ori is a professor of political science at Sophia University in Tokyo. For the year 1970-71 he has been teaching at Indiana University Extension in Gary, Indiana. He has had several articles published, is currently writing a textbook and is in great demand as a lecturer in conferences in the States and abroad. He, his wife, and three children will return to Tokyo this fall, where Dr. Ori will continue his work at Sophia University.

'57 Dr. Raymond Isely, his wife, Ruth (Skadden x '59) and family are with the Peace Corps, c/o American Embassy, Dakar, Senegal, where Ray is Peace Corps physician for Senegal, The Gambia and Mali. Their assignment is for three years and during that time they hope to learn the local language, become attuned to the culture and learn to relate to a local Christian congregation in a new way—neither as missionaries nor as returned missionaries. For the past three years Ray has been director of the Rebound Children and Youth Program of the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia, a program of comprehensive medical care for children of low income families. Joel is ten years old; Becky, eight; Sara, six; and Lisa, two.

'60 Don and Norma (Richards '58) Toland are at the Summer Institute of Linguistics, Box 2550, Norman, Oklahoma, after their Jungle Camp Training in Mexico. They are under Wycliffe Bible Translators.

'64 Marilyn Porter, who has been a missionary nurse in Kenya, East Africa, has returned to her home in Upland, Indiana. Her address is 1505 South Main Street.

Marjorie Shephard writes that her new address is 25 Quai d'Anjou, Paris 4e, France.

BIRTHS

Stanley '69 and Barbara (Keetz x '71) Minks are happy to announce the birth of Cara Elizabeth on January 2, 1971. Their address is 1917 Dunbarton Court, East, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Robert and Sue (Herring '64) Carroll announce the birth of Tracy Suzanne on March 8, 1971. They live at 322 Beechwood Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia.

Bradley James was born on October 19, 1970 to James and Susan (Beam '65) Crumbacher, who live at 665 Marshall Drive, Xenia, Ohio.

Robert '65 and Clair Ayton are the proud parents of Charlyne Rose, born on May 28, 1970. Bob is assistant football coach and head varsity track coach and teaches Eastern World Cultures at Hiebora Horsham Senior High School. Their address is 924 Cornell Drive, Warmister, Pennsylvania.

Ronald '61 and Pat Spade announce the birth of Tricia Coleen on June 3, 1971. They live at 344 East Taylor, Tempe, Arizona.

Paul '63 and Sherry Carlson are the proud parents of Quincy Joy, born on May 2, 1971. Bentley is two years old. Their address is 804 North Forest Drive, Tallahassee, Florida.

Richard and Marie (Raese) Gunderson, both of the class of '64, are happy to announce the birth of Susan Marie on April 23, 1971. Cheri Lynn is three years old. Their address is
WEDDINGS

Lynda Storm '59 and Dr. Bruce Potter were united in marriage on February 20, 1970. Dr. Potter is assistant dean of University College at the University of New Mexico. Lynda teaches nursing at the Indian School of Nursing, with all Indian students enrolled, representing 18 tribes, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. where they live at 1525 Richmond N. E.

Nancy Shepard and John Paist, both of the class of '70, were married on December 19, 1970. Their address is 1003 Taft Avenue, Wheaton, Illinois.

Elaine Willis '66 and Howard Long were united in marriage on June 19, 1970. They live at 2930 Lamplight Drive, Columbus, Indiana, where Elaine teaches music to grades, kindergarten through sixth. Howard's field is criminology and he works with juvenile delinquents at Westinghouse Learning Corporation.

Barbara Olic '70 and Charles W. Spurgeon were married on December 19, 1970. Barbara is an English teacher and Charles, a student in the College of Veterinary Medicine, University of Illinois, at Urbana. Their address is 402½ South Church Street, Rossville, Illinois.

Reva Zischke '50 and Laurence Frees were united in marriage on April 18, 1970 at Redeemer United Methodist Church in De Witt, Michigan, where they live at 5099 West Chadwick Road. Reva is an occupational therapist at Lansing Boys' Training School.

Robert Frey '58 and Kay Davis '70 were married on June 6, 1971. They will make their home in California, but we have no address.

Julia Broman '58 and James Parsons were married on February 6, 1971. Jim is stationed in the Navy and they live at 1417—2nd Street, Apt. G-211, Coronado, California.

Lloyd E. Cochran '58 passed away on May 7, 1971, at his home in Gaston, Indiana, after an extended illness. He had served as public relations director at Bethel Home for Boys until ill health forced retirement.

Richard and Betty (Pigueron '64) Jones are delighted to announce the birth of Christopher Pardon on April 22, 1971. Richard is Director of Social Service at Underwood Memorial Hospital in Woodbury, New Jersey. Betty is planning to return to her job as hospital social worker this fall. They live at 103-D Robert Lane, Monroe Park, Wilmington, Delaware.

Jerry '55 and Judy (Bowman '54) Showalter are the proud parents of Joel Barclay and Jaena Renae, born on April 14, 1971. Their address is 4412 South Wigger, Marion, Indiana.

Bill and Linda (Sweet) Williams, both of the class of 1967, are proud to announce the birth of Anne Noelle on April 17, 1971. Bill is vocal music director at Avon Lake City Schools, at junior high level. Their address is 111 Canterbury Road, Elyria, Ohio.

Richard and Elisabeth (Baris) Baarendse, both of the class of '61, announce the birth of Philip John on April 8. Christine and Stephen are proud of their baby brother. They recently returned to their work in Austria, after a year's furlough.

John and Mary (Wells '64) Dennis announce the birth of Brian Scott on September 17, 1970. John is the district manager for Dynamic Security Corporation in Dayton, Ohio, where they live at 944 Gleneagle Drive.

Paul and Gladys (Haakonsen) Westerberg, both of the class of 1959, are the proud parents of Glen, born June 15, 1971. Robbie, six years old, and Susan, four, are happy to have a baby brother. They live at 23 Astor Place, Monsey, New York.

7161 Prairie View Drive, Eden Prairie, Minnesota.

Harry '63 and Susan Haakonsen are the proud parents of Eric Bradford, born June 3, 1971. They live at 41 Morningside Terrace, Wallingford, Connecticut.

Duane and Ann (Bush) Newsom '64 are happy to announce the birth of Barbara Jean on September 27, 1970. Bobby, 2½ years old, is proud of his sister. Their address is 4957 Virginia Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Lloyd E. Cochran '58 passed away on May 7, 1971, at his home in Gaston, Indiana, after an extended illness. He had served as public relations director at Bethel Home for Boys until ill health forced retirement.

Survivors include his wife, two sons and two daughters, all at home.

Carl J. Suedhoff, Taylor Trustee from Fort Wayne Friars Football team, believed to be the first professional gridiron team in the nation and featured such All-American stars as Knute Rockne and Gus Dorias.

The son of a German immigrant, he lived in Fort Wayne most of his life, founding the Suedhoff Advertising Agency in 1919, after an illustrious reporting and advertising career with local newspapers.

He was active in Republican political circles and served as finance officer and treasurer of Associated Churches for 22 years.

In his "Back to God" promotions, Mr. Suedhoff supervised the creation of designs emphasizing the importance of religion in American life.

"He got across the point that our religious heritage was a lot more significant to us than a lot of other things," according to Oswald F. Farber, who became Mr. Suedhoff's partner in advertising in later years.

The promotion eventually spread to Germany, the South Pacific, Japan and Panama, and drew such sponsors as former President Dwight Eisenhower and his Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles.

With a profound sense of loss, Taylor University expresses deep appreciation for Mr. Suedhoff's keen interest, his consistent generosity, and his significant participation in various projects. He was elected to the Board in 1962.
Search all the public parks and you’ll never find a monument to a committee!

The parks are filled with monuments to individuals. When the goals have been set, plans have been laid, minutes have been written and the committee room is dark, the real work is left to individuals. Now you and I have an opportunity provided by the committee which created the Fund for Teaching Excellence. As individuals, we can enrich the Christian learning environment, aid faculty development and provide other means of enhancing the quality of teaching. We know our gifts are a meaningful investment because faculty members have expressed warm appreciation, a Japanese lady contributed a month’s salary ($60.00) and many of us already have had the satisfaction of being a part of this important objective. No one will ever erect a statue to you or me because we have given to the Fund. But each of us will have the satisfaction of knowing that our gifts will provide a better educational environment for Christian young people.

Express your commitment to teaching excellence by sending a check now.

David C. Fraser, National Chairman
Fund for Teaching Excellence