

# Features

## 12 Angry Men

by Sarah Howell

Twelve Angry Jurors will be performed by the Montreat-Anderson College drama department on October 18, 19 and 20. The play will begin at 8 p.m. in the Little Theatre which is located in the old gymnasium behind the Morgan Science Building. The cost will be \$1.50 for adults and \$1.00 for students.

The setting for the play is in a jury room. The play focuses on the jury members who must decide whether a young boy is guilty of murder. The audience is able to learn a lot about the jury members through the opinions and reactions that they express. Miss Frances Tamboli, the Director, feels that the play provides an excellent opportunity to analyze people in

stressful situations and do in-depth character studies.

There is minimal set in order to focus more attention on the action and the actors. Presently under construction is a Three Quarter Round which will allow the audience to sit in a semi-circle around the stage on three different levels.

Laura Mae Smith is the Assistant Director. The two major characters are portrayed by Ken Sausedo who is Juror No. 3, and Eric Brem who is Juror No. 8. The other jurors are: Gary Garman, Terry Thomas, Renee Reynolds, Timm DeLapp, Bonnie Walke, Jim Stevens, Melinda Gillis, Cathy Bush, Lisa Stikeleather, Karen McGee, and Tom McFalls.

## M-AC Student Called to Art Career

by David St. John

The dictionary defines an artist as one skilled in learned crafts. We at Montreat-Anderson College have the real definition of an artist in Miss Kim Walsdorf. Kim, a sophomore at M-AC, is from Haines City, Fla. An aunt who is a painter encouraged her to develop the talent she has possessed since her childhood.

Kim places most emphasis on her oil painting and portrait sketching. As Kim puts it, "sketching is my first love."

Miss Walsdorf has entered various art contests and has received a few reputable awards. The first contest she entered was the Central Florida Bicentennial Fine Arts Show. In this contest,

Kim won first place with an oil painting and she also received the Viewer's Choice Award which is chosen by the people who attend these events. Kim has also participated in the Phi Theta Kappa Fine Arts Festival. She entered in oil painting and drawing and won first place for her oil painting and best of show honors.

Kim's future plans for now are to continue her education at Florida State University, which has an outstanding art department. Working in the field of commercial art and possibly teaching art are two goals in her mind at this point. Miss Walsdorf confesses that her art work is not done by herself but by the Lord Jesus Christ working through her.

## New Computer Arrives

by Stuart Jones

"To err is human, but to really foul things up requires a computer." This modern version of an old adage has taken on new meaning for 8 M-AC students currently enrolled in the Computer Programming (Math 208) classes. The classes (taught by Gene Tagliarina and Charles Massey) are designed to give students a foundation in Level II Basic programming.

The course centers around the school's new TRS-80 Microcomputer system, received last spring and located in room 204 in the Science Building. This is the first time the course has been offered, and this semester is a sort of trial in program assignments and grading systems. Limited to sophomores this semester, it will be open to both freshmen and sophomores 2nd semester.

Laura Cadenhead, one of three students in Mr. Massey's class, says that, although it is difficult, she is glad she took

the course because it "promotes a literacy in the computer field which we wouldn't otherwise have, and computers are in use everywhere now, so understanding a little about them is important." She feels students need to be "disciplined, because so much of the work is done on your own."

Another student, Stuart Jones, says, "You've got to respect it (the computer)."

When you're wrong, it tells you, and no matter how much you plead with it and swear at it, it won't continue with the program until you correct your mistake."

Gene Tagliarina, an instructor, encourages students to take the class, but cautions that, "...it is not a crib course. We work hard because there is so much to learn and so much the computer can do. It really is very interesting." "Sure," say the students. "Except for the times when you want to break it into a million pieces."

## McGregor Ministry

by Mary Ann Beasley

Through the leadership of Mindy Mills an enthusiastic group of women from McGregor Hall will be sharing their talent and fellowship with several girls from the Black Mountain Presbyterian Home.

Venturing off to the city zoo, hiking in the Smokies or just sitting around sharing individual experiences may be some of the considered activities. Many of the McGregor girls are looking forward to the big-little sister

relationship in hopes together that the Lord might nurture them in his fellowship as individuals and also to gain a deeper understanding for one another. The relationship which is gained through the big-little sister relationship will be one that will last a lifetime.

"Many of the girls have parents that can't or won't take care of them," she said. Sometimes that can be hard to deal with but the whole dorm is excited about the ministry and we really enjoy the time we spend with the girls."

## Crawford's Excursions in Europe

by Bill Clarke

Being robbed of his wallet on a Subway; losing part of a tooth in a WWII Concentration Camp in West Germany; and acting the role of Professor, Father, and confessor to thirty-five college students traveling in Europe; Dr. Crawford asks, "How did you spend your summer?!"

It happens every year; the Gordon College European Expedition begins to blossom into what appears to be another great experience. Dr. Crawford is among those on the advisory committee and has, himself, led three expeditions since 1975. This summer, he, as team professor, and two co-ordinators, accompanied thirty-five students on the Western Europe and Greece field trip, one of five combinations of trips that Gordon College co-ordinates.

The group began their journey on a flight from New York to Belgium; then sailing across the English Channel they spent five days in London. In order to catch a train to Paris, they had to ride a hovercraft from London to Boulogne, France, an experience new to most of them.

When they arrived in Paris, they learned that the vehicles

which were supposed to be waiting for them had been delayed and wouldn't arrive until that night.

Dr. Crawford was confronted with the task of exchanging his currency, buying thirty six subway tickets, and boarding himself and the students onto a busy subway train in a foreign station. It was immediately following this episode, that he became aware that his wallet was missing. After informing Paris Police they set out for their hotel on the other side of town. The next day, with four new VW minibuses at their service; the brigade loaded up and shoved off for Normandy.

After an aggressive campaign in Normandy, they circled back through Versailles and stopped in Veselay where they lodged for three days in a Catholic run Hostel, "Dedicated to Christian Peace." It was in Veselay that St. Bernard of Clairveaux proclaimed the arrival of the second crusade. After an early morning communion service held in the chapel built in honor of the Saint, the party hit Lauterbrunnen where they did some ridge climbing.

Cruising through Geneva, they traced their way to a little town just north of Bern,

called Neuchatel, claimed to have been the home of the Crawfords for thirteen months while he was studying French back in 1960.

Sliding down the "Boot" through Florence and to Rome, they camped out in the pine groves between Rome and the sea. After several excursions into the city and a visit to the old Roman seaport, Ostia Antica, they bypassed the "Toe" and went for the "Heel" and Brindisi, where sail was set for Greece. Giving on-site lectures to the students in Athens, Corinth, and the 3000 year old Mycenai, Dr. Crawford added to the thirty-plus, 20-45 minute lectures he would give throughout Europe.

It took twenty eight hours for the train to reach Salzburg, Austria from Thessaloniki; and when the professional thief boarded somewhere in Yugoslavia and made a sweep of the train, two of the girls' pocketbooks disappeared. They turned up later in a trashcan minus some travelers checks, but these were easily replaced.

After driving from Salzburg to Augsburg, West Germany, they visited Dauchau and some visited Neuschwanstein Castle, south of Augsburg

near Fussen, built by Bavaria's King Ludwig II in the 9th century. It is this castle, with its majestic towers, that inspired Walt Disney to design the Cinderella Castle.

The final course of the journey carried them through Heidelberg; Arnhem, Netherlands, where "A Bridge Too Far" was filmed; Amsterdam; and Vlissingen, Belgium.

Dr. Crawford related one experience which happened in Geneva on a particularly hot day. Some of the students decided to go swimming at the municipal beach and when they arrived they discovered that many of the women were displaying a style foreign to them, the "Monokini." It was a very surprising fashion show.

Besides all the travel and study, the gangs' escapades did make for some growing relationships; and to add to the spice of romance to their experience, three love affairs blossomed. No one was to be left out in the love affairs, though, because they all found a new love for the people, the history, and the spirit that is Europe.

## Lookout, A Quiet Beauty

by Debbie Wright

As our small group set off up the gravel road, each step seemed to push the college farther and farther away. The cool greenness enveloped and opened oneself. Walking up the path in my jeans and sweatshirt I immediately was aware of my senses. Touching, smelling, hearing and seeing all seemed so different from in amongst the branches, roots and trees.

As soon as we began climbing the first leg of our adventure up "Lookout" my whole being became aware of itself and even more so of God.

While climbing up the rocks in the washed-out creek-bed with my legs already aching and my head pounding as my heart pumped the life-giving blood through every part of my body, I could only wonder in amazement at the handiwork of God, the Creator. Only an occasional empty soda can or beer bottle would disrupt the perfect patchwork quilt of greens, browns and even reds. Autumn would arrive early this year.

As we continued clambering up the side of the mountain, the girls moaned in agony while the boys were wonderfully attentive and very rarely show-offs. At last we reached the level road which signified the half-way point. After everyone, really only the girls caught their breath we began moving down the road which was actually an old train track, to the mountain stream.

Carved out of the mountain after years of winter freezes and spring thaws, the stream zig-zagged down through the trees. At the place where we stopped large rocks had fallen to form little pools of the cold, clear water. I cupped my hands together and dipped them into a small pool, not quite prepared for how cold the water would be. As I touched it to my lips, I felt I had never tasted anything so pure. Once again I was reminded of the Father and the purity of His Son, Jesus.

Some of the girls in our group were just visiting the college so as loyal tourists they had brought their cameras along to capture the special times. We all moved over to a big rock, covered with graffiti and placed ourselves in the corny positions that people do to have their pictures taken. After several shots, to make sure everyone was in at least one picture, we headed back down the road to tackle the second half of our journey.

Suicide! "I'm out to have a good time not kill myself," I protested. But after some persuasion I consented to climb the monstrous hill, Suicide. Most of the group also went this way except for the two visiting tourists and a

veteran who kindly offered to take them up another way.

Suicide did not prove to be the dangerous climb that its reputation professed but it certainly was a challenge. The steps up were roots of the larger trees that made a winding stairway up the mountain. Fingers grasped for branches to hold on to but often only found dirt, which then stuck under the nails making the girls wriggle their noses in disgust. The ground was damp because of recent rains which made the way slippery and often caused slips. Truthfully though the slips were the best part because they added that element of danger.

As we continued to climb higher the joking and giggling gradually subsided so that the silence of concentration and the snap of twigs were the only sounds. Sometimes there would be the cry of a slip that would pierce the senses but it too was soon lost as the body, now aching all over, pushed itself farther and farther.

The Stone Face. It was not as big as I'd imagined it but it was certainly a sheer face of rock. At first I thought How am I going to get up that, but then I saw the path to the side of the Stone Face.

I began up it, feeling quite pleased with myself at making it this far and feeling also very sore all over. This path was the most difficult of all. There were no fallen tree branches or roots to grab on to - merely rock. We all worked together as a team.

The moment I came out upon the top I was aware of space, freedom. I truly felt like a bird who soared from mountain top to mountain top. The view was a total assault on the senses. I could see for miles and though many of the mountain tops were shrouded with mist, I could distinguish between the different ridges and valleys.

We sat on the top just gazing for a long time and I thought to myself what a wonderful spot for a quiet time. Looking for miles and miles it was possible to get a conception of the grandeur that was created by the Father. "Praise the Lord," I said out loud. A couple of the group glanced my way but they felt it too. We were all reluctant to leave our spot at the top of the world but time beckoned us.

We all went down the same trail, Jack-Rabbit, appropriately named because you hop-skip down though most of us ended up sliding down on our behinds.

Once back on the gravel road, the girls complained of their legs that felt like jello while they boys bragged of other more daring exploits up to "Lookout". I just praised the Lord!

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