

REFLECTIONS of the JUNIATA COLLEGE (JC) CLASS OF 1975

FORWARD and INTRODUCTION

Just think about it, 50 years ago about this time, the majority of our JC 1975-entering classmates were preparing for our proms, our high school finals, our high school graduations and our last real summer at home with mom and dad. At the same time we were getting ready for our entry into college life at Juniata College (JC).

As we fast-forwarded to our 46th reunion on October 7-8, 2021 (ultimately cancelled by JC) and now look ahead to our 50th reunion in 2025, we thought it would be great to remember and reflect on the many experiences and memories we had at that time and place of Juniata College in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.

While I am starting this written adventure, I need your thoughts and input to make this a huge success for us all. This first year rendition reflects my impressions of how we all got started at JC. This covers our path to JC and our freshman year. It provides the start of a framework of how we'll ultimately tell and immortalize the story of the JC Class of 1975.

In 2022, we'll tackle our sophomore experience. In 2023, we'll cover our junior year and in 2024 we'll detail our senior year. In early 2025, we'll gather as much current information about our classmates (that you wish to disclose) in preparation for getting together to our 50th reunion in June 2025. By that time, as we build this "reflections" story, we will have hoped that you added your pieces to our mosaic which ultimately provides a composite history of the Class of 1975 into perpetuity. We'll also need any photos and graphics you have and are willing to share with the class.

We have a Class of 1975 Facebook page where you can provide input into this project and see updated Class "snippets". Our facebook group is Juniata College Class of 1975. Realizing that everyone doesn't do Facebook, input can also be provided via eMail to **Don Tobias, TobiasJ@Verizon.net (610-608-7212** It would

be great to update this first edition with extra content and thoughts by you in preparation for our 46th reunion.

I only want to be an EDITOR and utilize your inputs for future editions of this publication. I'm providing the skeleton framework and you fill in the pieces!

I hope you enjoy and reflect on this first part of our journey to and ultimate exodus from Juniata College.

REFLECTIONS: 1970, 1971 and early 1972

1970

The date is **May 4, 1970**. The place is Kent State University, Kent, Ohio. The event is **"4 dead in Ohio"**! What are we doing in our lives? We are seriously beginning to think about where we want to go to college since we will be entering our senior year in high school. JC may not even be on our radar. And certainly the events at Kent State and other large universities might have a bearing on the college selection decisions we'll be making in the upcoming months. Large college campuses were rife with protest and dissent about the war in Southeast Asia. JC suspends classes and allows students options for course completion, off campus.

Was the small college, Juniata College, option an alternative for us? Did our guidance counselors direct us toward JC? Or, were we "legacies"? Back in 1970, there were no real mechanisms to point us directly to JC, except for the Brethren church connection or college reputation, particularly in the sciences and business and education curriculums. Can you remember JC at your college fair, if you had a college fair?

The majority of us now begin our senior high school year in Fall 1970. Meanwhile back at the ranch (JC), a major overhaul of the educational processes and experience is underway. President Stauffer and the gang are moving toward the establishment of a new educational paradigm which they intend to spring onto the incoming "Class of 1975". That paradigm has successfully passed the test of time to today!

Let's start our journey with your JC application and interview. Back in the day, I think the baseline SAT scores that JC desired were 1050's and above. Remember, we actually had to submit a "paper" application to JC (no PC's or internet back then) with what I remember to be a \$25 fee. If you're receiving this communication, you passed this first step and moved on to the "in-person on-campus" interview.

Mom and dad probably brought you to Huntingdon and hung out while you were interviewed and before your campus tour. You didn't really get any hint at this point of all the curriculum changes that could affect you as the "guinea pig" Class of 1975 at this interview.

Now the campus tour. It was amazing to get this tour and in my case get the view of the laboratories in the Brumbaugh Science Center (or as some of us lovingly named it the "Temple" in later years). Great labs, small classes, friendly and approachable faculty ... everything we might expect from a great school. And our tour guide ... she knew everyone we encountered on our tour route. Mom and dad even enjoyed the tour until we hit the dorm stop portion ... Sherwood 3rd floor. They expressed concern; my reaction COOL!

We ultimately got our JC acceptance letter (mine arrives Christmas Eve 1970). Having already been accepted at Penn State Main and Pitt Main (having already sent my \$125 matriculation fee to Pitt), I decide instantly that JC was where I wanted to be. **What were your feelings about your acceptance to JC?** Hopefully we all had similar feelings about our decisions to attend JC.

1971

Let's dial it back 50 years to 1971. Many things happened during our entry year to JC. Just a few examples:

- Voting age lowers to 18 years
- The Selective Service draft continues, but actual call-ups are suspended
- 2 Apollo missions (14 and 15) land on the moon. Rover drives around moon's surface

- Vietnam War continues and fighting expands into Laos but President Nixon begins drawdown of thousands of US troops from Vietnam
- President Nixon also declares the US War on Drugs
- The NASDAQ stock index opens as does Disney World in Orlando
- D.B.Cooper hijacks an airplane, jumps from the plane ... and we're still looking for him today
- Attica prisoners riot

What important or monumental events from 1971 do you remember?

And we can't forget our favorite musical groups of the year on which we played our "vinyl records" on our "quadrophonic" stereos in our dorm rooms. These groups included: James Taylor, Carole King, Jethro Tull, Pink Floyd, The Stones, The Who, The Doors, The Grateful Dead, The Allman Brothers, Led Zeppelin, Santana, Yes and Black Sabbath. Oh, the list isn't complete without The Beach Boys.

What were your favorite bands?

Well it's now Fall of 1971, we packed our bags, trunks and vehicles and headed off on that fateful trip to Huntingdon, PA. As I remember it, the majority of us were coming from Pennsylvania and adjoining states, New Jersey, New York, and Ohio. Many left girlfriends or boyfriends behind; some didn't; and some came to seek their partners at JC. Some Fall athletes came early to JC to begin preparations for their initiation to Division III collegiate sports. Dave Amidon remembers gnats and Nadzak!

Remember that yearly JC tuition (including room and board) was approximately \$2800 dollars our freshman year. Yes that's right. Compare that with today's \$54,000 yearly price tag for a JC education. Many of you probably received educational scholarships from your respective high schools and communities but these were in the tens to hundreds of dollars and not the thousands of today. Still many of us may have taken low-interest loans like the PHEAA loans at 3% interest.

Day 1 at JC

We've now checked in and received our room assignments and room key. Over the summertime, we knew who the college pre-selected as our roommates. Some of you made initial contacts then, most probably didn't. We now haul all of our goodies into our rooms. Some brought extra furniture, refrigerators, TVs, stereos and maybe we even brought a typewriter, reference books, and actual school supplies. We hauled our wardrobes of jeans, T-shirts, dresses, skirts, sport jackets, sports apparel, sneakers, shoes, coats etc. into our rooms. Moms and dads looked at each other and said:" All of this stuff isn't going to fit into this space", yet it did! After brief introductions we now have to proceed to Convocation where Dr. Stauffer is going to take the opportunity to tell us about the new JC educational paradigm we are about to embark on. Of, course again, over the summertime, we had been alerted that this was happening but how many of us really knew what was going to unfold?

The New Program

Here's what we were told to immediately forget:

- Semesters (2)
- Majors and mandated classes within those majors
- Foreign language requirements
- A single advisor in your now defunct major
- The 4.0 grading scale
- JC as a closely-allied Brethren Church college (just years before there were even chapel attendance guidelines)
- 120 "credits" to graduate
- Comprehensive exams at the conclusion of Senior Year

Here's the replacement and we are the guinea pigs and first class to proceed through this program!

- 3 ten- week "**trimesters**"

- A **“Program of Emphasis (POE)”** where we decide what we want to be. Justification only to our advisors and ourselves
- A mandatory core curriculum of courses and by the way your first trimester in 1971 had to include 3 of these
 - Modes of Thought and Methods of Inquiry
 - Freshman Seminar – generally speaking you selected a seminar in some pretty irrelevant subject area before you came to JC
 - Freshman Writing Program ... which you may have to take all three freshman trimesters depending how well you wrote! All of these were pass/fail.
 - Human Existence Historical. Oh boy! Here we actually had a choice of historical epochs – American, Baroque, Medieval, and Greek. We had to take 2 of these.
 - Human Existence Analytical – taken our senior year
- 32 units (not credits) to graduate from JC. This one comes to “bite JC in the ass” in our senior year but more about that later
- Grading on a 3.0 scale rather than the world accepted standard of 4.0. I know I had fun explaining this one to potential employers without a transcript in hand.
- Two or more advisors required ... with one in your defined POE
- NO comprehensive exams at the end of senior year

What were your impressions of Convocation and new knowledge how the next 4 years were charted for us? I realized at the conclusion of that session: “I should have digested more of the material JC had sent me over the summer”.

Moms and dads exit the JC campus ... moms and dads with numerous tears! We are now ready to get acclimated to “college life”. You get to meet your RA’s and get to find out about some of the new and good rules and regulations about dorm life. Male dorms are now open on weekends for entry of women from Friday evening until Sunday evening. Male wash/bathrooms are allowed to be used by

women ... but males had to guard the door. I don't think the women's dorm policies were quite as liberal our freshman year.

Day 1 closes with a student dance/mixer that I kind of remember to be somewhat "awkward".

Our First Class ... Modes

We assemble to get an overview of this sentinel course we all must take. We find out who our "teacher" will be. What a gaggle of teachers – Mrs. Cherry, Bruce Davis, Janet Lewis, Dr. Russey, etc. etc. Profs who had somehow been conned (forced) into having to oversee this experimental course. We find out we supposedly have to read 10 books that are a mishmash of history, science fiction and downright garbage literature in 10 weeks. We have to write and TYPE papers on what we perceived as irrelevant/irreverent topics. Then we have to take a final and we have to actually receive a pass/fail grade. I know I struggled to actually get through those books ... which we bought through the book store on campus. Yes, you hopefully remember bookstores that actually sold books!

We stagger our way through Modes to the Final Exam. Blue Book in front of us, we write an essay on how this Modes course related to an Orson Wells movie "Citizen Kane"? What a crock! **Do we know anyone who actually got an F in this course?**

Looking back 50 years, our perceptions probably have changed: this course did actually make us think and express ourselves! (Or become even better "bullshitters")

Freshman Campus Life

So we now settle into campus life beyond the books. How much did we really have to hit the books hard that first trimester? For some of us it was athletics both interscholastic and intramural ... football, cross-country, golf, soccer, tennis, and later basketball, track, wrestling, baseball etc. JC hadn't even begun programming volleyball where it became a national Division III power.

For others, it was the arts – the visual arts, drama and/or music. I remember my role in a campus drama production of George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" directed by Clayton Briggs. Our cast included mostly freshman thespians and was performed totally on Oller Hall Stage as theater in the round, a first for JC. My fondest remembrance was growing out a full beard to portray an elderly Serbian major, Major Petkoff. Unfortunately back then we didn't really have a makeup artist so my beard was spray painted with chrome car paint which we decided was best left on for the 3 consecutive days of performances. Hence my JC nickname "Beard". Needless to say it took turpentine and some "shearing" to remove that paint makeup.

JC had an outstanding college choir but "lousy" instrumental music program. The pep band at home football games really stank with its' 20 or so eclectic collection of instruments and instrumentalists (I know having played trombone for only 1 embarrassing halftime performance). Luckily JC had an outstanding cheer squad to cheer on the football team which was beginning its' rise through the Division III ranks toward national prominence.

None of us can forget our first campus events and traditions. First, the "Storming of the Arch at the Cloister". Here we, as freshmen, had the Herculean task of running up the stairs to gain the arch thereby defeating the defending upperclassmen. Ultimately some of us got nicked up and bruised but as I remember it, we did overtake the upperclassmen.

Next was "Fall Mountain Day". All classes were cancelled and we were transported to one of the local state parks for a day of fun, food and games.

And we can't forget the good chow we consumed in the dining room of Ellis Hall. I believe JC had just hired a new catering service our freshman year. Good food and great fellowship. Do you remember when we actually had steak nights and at the first one "seconds" on steak were given? I don't remember if that practice was ever repeated. Remember the flying tater tots? At Christmas time we experienced the "Madrigal Dinner" where JC administration, faculty and staff actually served us at our tables.

Later in our freshman year, none of us can forget “All Class Night” ... sort of a Saturday Night Live (before the actual NBC TV show). Each class was pitted against each other in fun-loving skits designed to roast people, places, classes and crazy things in general.

One of the big highlights of Spring, freshman year was the Juniata River Raft Race. Luckily this was held when the water and air temperatures were tolerable. A number of teams formed and constructed rafts of their design choice. Some were practical and navigable, some were funny and some designs were just downright stupid. The route of the race was from the Smithfield Bridge downstream to the Route 522 Bridge at Mount Union. I vividly remember our team exploits. We decided to float our raft downstream from the Cliffs area. Remember the Cliffs? What we hadn't factored in was the need to float past the prison, where we were detained for a short period of time till they ascertained that this wasn't a prison break. Our raft named the “Basic Spartan Raft” was crafted of wood and a Styrofoam packing carton from a new motorcycle then wrapped in plastic. Our paddles were hand-hewn from boards we retrieved from the village of Ribbot, where cabins were being dismantled for the Raystown Dam. We navigated the entire course but came to realize that plastic is not impervious to water especially when you hit rocks along the way.

Moving on to the Remainder of Freshman Year

Well we've made it through trimester 1 and the Thanksgiving break. It's time to return to campus and now really start taking classes that have relevance to our POE. We actually get a chance to select courses.

Remember standing in those lines in Ellis Hall to sign up for your classes? We now get to those basic 100 level courses we need as the basis for sentinel courses we need later. Most of us continued on with the Freshman Writing Program. I remember one trick I used was recycling some old high school term papers to complete certain writing assignments. I actually graded out better on these at JC than I did in high school. Freshman Seminars have ended.

We now move on to Human Existence Historical (HEH) ... the American version. As I remember, we all had to take this one and our second HEH offering could be one we selected from a choice of 3 alternative time periods. The idea behind HEH was to get us into the mindsets and motivations of folks that lived in these eras rather than rote learning of important dates, times and places found in a typical history class. Again, an eclectic collection of professors are drafted to facilitate these classes ... from the scientists to the business folks to the education staff to the foreign language/studies folks. Boy I bet they loved being drafted for this chore.

What electives did you take for the remainder of your freshman year? Did your advisor point you in certain directions? The BIG question: did your freshman course choices influence you to change your POE going forward?

Huntingdon: Yesterday and Today

Shifting gears a bit, let's remember the community that became our home from 1971 through 1975 – Huntingdon and the surrounding regions of Central Pennsylvania? Huntingdon is located about 30 miles south, west and east of State College, Lewistown and Altoona respectively. Probably a somewhat different geography and environment than we were used to.

Back in 1971, Huntingdon was a sleepy borough of 6000 to 7000. Along the Juniata River, it had a small base of manufacturing companies like Elco and Owens Corning Fiberglass. The largest employer, however, was the PA Maximum Security State Penitentiary. Juniata College and JC Blair Hospital also contributed a significant base of employment for the region.

The downtown main streets had a decent array of stores that could meet the demands of the community and college. Back then you could actually buy a new pair of underwear in one of several clothing stores.

There was a group of reasonable restaurants, diners, pizza shops and bars and grilles in and around Huntingdon. And of course, we can't forget the State Stores and beer distributors. Hotels and motels were adequate. The Raystown Dam was

only in the beginning construction stages but hunting and fishing were prominent activities of the many residents.

Push ahead 50 years to today, 2021. Huntingdon remains fairly constant regarding population numbers. The industrial base has all but disappeared. The good news ... the 120 mile long Raystown Dam area has stimulated extensive growth in leisure time activities and commerce. Huntingdon and Raystown are now exceptional destinations for fishing, hunting, and boating vacations and the area is also becoming a retirement venue. Hotel/motel growth is being realized along with an expansion of Bed and Breakfast and Guest Cottage accommodations.

Unfortunately the local restaurant fine dining situation has become pretty bleak. There has been, however, a large influx of good fast food options along Route 22 to meet the demands of the Raystown crowd.

Shopping downtown in 2021 is equally bleak. Storefronts that used to be stores we knew and frequented have become an array of thrift and bargain stores. There are 2 small shopping centers along Route 22, however, and Huntingdon now has a Walmart and Ollie's have arrived. Ollie's slogan "good stuff cheap".

Adding to the historical character of Huntingdon, the Juniata campus has undergone quite a metamorphosis over these past 50 years. The campus now has an outstanding field house and natatorium. New and renovated dormitories are present. We can't forget the von Liebig Science Center, Halbritter Performing Arts Center, Nathan Hall and renovated Founder's Hall plus many others. It's obvious that our contributions, donations and legacy gifts are playing a big part in maintaining the necessary infrastructure to facilitate a student's successful Juniata education.

Freshman Year is Done ... What's Next

We've now successfully navigated our way through freshman year ... or maybe unsuccessfully! Our class mix entering our sophomore year will change. Some of us like the freedom of our new curriculum; some don't. Some will change POEs and advisors. Some will change schools. We head off home for what is expected

to be a summer of jobs and fun with downtime at the beaches or parks or just being with hometown friends and family. Then the Agnes Hurricane of 1972 hits us and hangs on for days in the mid-Atlantic regions we're from. Devastation in what was the costliest storm ever is rampant ... including Huntingdon and the Juniata River basin. I know I spent the entire summer cleaning coal dirt out of businesses, neighbors, friends and my own home. This sure was a motivating factor to get back to Juniata College in the Fall and continue my college career.

REFLECTIONS

Dave Amidon "Reflections on football" "I was a decent high school football player at a mid-sized high school near Pittsburgh, and was recruited by Juniata among a few other schools. I didn't know anything about "Juanita" when I unfolded the letter from Walt Nadzak. I decided to follow up and made an initial visit. As I narrowed my choices, Coaches Nadzak, Rabine, and Bunton stayed in touch. I liked their approach to the game, so I decided to apply.

My family had by then moved to the Atlanta area, so moving from home became a bigger task. In early August my parents and I made the trip and moved me into the Sherwood dorm. Practices started the next day: a few days conditioning with helmets and shoes, lots of running, calisthenics, drills, and more running. Then we put on pads and things got a lot hotter, and harder. I don't remember ever sweating like I did in the Huntingdon humidity, gnats were flying in my face and in the earholes of my helmet, and I had never been hit so hard and so often in 5 prior years of playing! I thought more than once: Who in his right mind would voluntarily come to campus before anyone else was there, spend mornings and afternoons for two weeks getting the crap beat out of him, then attend meetings in the evenings?

Coaches yelled at us, seniors dominated us, we got only short breaks to catch our breath, and the only way to try to slake thirst was with a couple of paper cups of "bug juice," really just red Kool Aid – Gatorade and Powerade were experimental products in Florida in those days. Then the team started taking shape, and we started seeing how this was coming together. **As the first game got closer, we could feel how we would all make a contribution of some sort to the**

effort. Then, running onto the field for the first game, the grass neatly cut, the yard lines clearly marked, and game uniforms that weren't ragged looking, it became clear that we were really doing this. I was playing college-level football!

Our record that year was 3-4-2. Coaches Rabine and Bunton moved on in their careers. New directions were laid, and a stronger program was being built. Pieces were coming together for more success in the next few years."

Bill DeMuth "Reflections on cross country" "I have memories regarding the Cross Country experience. First, it was a much smaller affair [than other Division 3 sports]. We traveled to away meets in the college Pontiac Catalinas. The upper classmen took turns driving along with Coach Mitchell. Also, he and I (and his infant son Matthew in a backpack) blazed a new course in the hills near the Peace Chapel. As I recall, we changed it every year to have a home court advantage. Many of us still return each spring for a runner's reunion at Baker House. They remain some of my closest Juniata friends"

Larry Stem "Reflections of 3rd Sherwood" (slightly edited)

Our RA was Bruce Ketrick. Mike Long (a sophomore) used to walk the hall late at night in cowboy boots and cowboy hat and nothing else. We might also find several episodic "vomiting" bouts in our communal bathroom Saturday or Sunday mornings. When I opened a window one evening, I witnessed a "caving club guy" repelling down Sherwood after retrieving keys thrown up on the roof. "C Lifestyle" meant the weekends were often crazy, as were some of the women. Few appreciated Jim Herb playing Rossini's William Tell Overture one fine spring day at max volume through 100 watt speakers (think; "Hi OH Silver Away" and the Lone Ranger and Tonto)

Our phone booth for the whole floor caused problems for the rooms close to it and many uninterpretable messages:

"Call your Dad (Mom, sister, lawyer...)"

"Bill (Sam, Cathy, Olga...) called"

"Someone called, call them back"

"Carrie (Suzie, Sally, Buffy etc), Dad is coming to talk to you...run!"

We learned the trick of barricading the shower area with paneling – duct taped drains and turn on the water – it was over 3' deep when they freaked out and caused serious, but ultimately minor flooding. **(see nextr article for full details)**. Harvey Wallbangers and “passout” were popular. Setting the trash chute on fire did also accidentally happen. Fire trucks etc.

Remember when we worked in the cafeteria (and later library and as a tour guide and as a lab instructor/assistants) all for \$1.60/ hour. We had to also walk off campus to do laundry every 10 days or so and carrying it all down and up three flights of stairs

“Wombats” yellow rubber tubing from the Science Building was used to squirt water or baby powder. “Pennyning in” was also a fun exploit making the room door out of alignment with the frame using pennies, rendering it “locked” **(see next article regarding pranks)**

I haven't used many names to protect the innocent!

You need to stay tuned to see Larry's famous “Joe College” essay with hand-drawn caricatures!

Judy Swartley “Revenge in South Hall”

I lived in South Hall all 4 years and still keep in touch with a lot of my hallmates. In my freshman year, we would bake brownies in the kitchen (in the basement level facing the football field). We'd make a LOT of pans of brownies especially around finals when we'd be studying late. No one cared about calories back then!

One time, we noticed that the brownies disappeared before we had a chance to eat them. How could this happen?? The ladies of South Dorn had a meeting and decided that the thieves were going to pay for this act of insurrection against the women in South Hall!! We set up shifts of spies to detect the thieves.

Voila, one night the spy told us that a bunch of football players came into the dorm, went down to the kitchen and ate all of our brownies...all they left were crumbs. The football players were eating and laughing about their glorious "find". WWWHHHHAAAATTTT!!! How dare they do this to us?? They will pay...those @\$%\$#.

So the women on 1st floor South Hall came up with a plan--we would make 5 large pans of brownies and put an entire BOX of chocolate ex-lax in EACH batch of brownies. Little did we know that a couple squares of the chocolate ex-lax would have solved the problem....so you can imagine what an entire box of squares/batch would do.

Anyway, we baked the "ex lax brownies", we set up our "spy" station again and sure enough the football players returned to raid our kitchen and, yes, the football players took every single last brownie with them. Needless to say, they never came back!! To this day, we laugh about our revenge on the brownie thieves.

PRANKS

After seeing Larry Stem's and Judy Swartley's additions to **Reflections**, it was appropriate that we needed to add a "Pranks" chapter. While the word prank today has negative connotations in social media, back in our days at JC, it was a rite of passage. Pranks weren't bullying, they were mischievous stunts, many taught to us by more senior JC classmates. We were equal opportunity pranksters. These are specific to 3rd Sherwood (the top floor) but were most likely relevant to other living areas on campus. **Let's include yours here in this section!**

Wombats

What's a wombat? Well in the JC sense it was a long piece of Bunsen burner tubing that could be shoved over a faucet spigot and filled with copious quantities of water ... a true super-soaker. Some wombats could be up to 20 feet in length requiring a couple of classmates to carry. Being on 3rd Sherwood and having access to the "attic" created the opportunity to get ceiling access to rooms and target classmates residing in top-bunk berths. Great way to get a shower without actually leaving your bed! Wombats were also great super-soakers for person to person or group to group "combat" on the floor.

Door "Pennyng"

You may not have realized that the insertion of one or two pennies between dorm room frames and the actual door created the inability to turn the door knob and exit the room. Simple trick. I don't remember anyone missing classes as a result but classmates may have wished they missed some of the Modes class lectures!

Panty Raids

By the time we entered JC, "panty raids" were somewhat blasé and a dying tradition on college campuses. Not a JC though ... we actually had some. Male classmates emerged from Sherwood, North and the Cloister and rushed female Leshner and South Halls. While deemed politically correct today, these panty raids were fun events for both males and females. In 1971, we were far in front of the "thong era". My reward was a bit different, a panty girdle – much pre-Spanx. Remember back in the day, sometimes your mom sewed a nametag into your garments and clothes. This garment had an identifiable name in it! I saved the garment and shoved it into a dorm drawer and forgot mom's snoopy Parent's Day. It's not drag ... it's a panty raid.

Shower Room Pool and Spa

While not exactly a prank this event affected all of Sherwood Hall ... swimming and hot-tubbing in the 3rd Sherwood shower room. Our senior classmates alerted us freshman there was an opportunity to turn the shower room into a pool ...all we needed was a half-sheet of plywood inserted into the walls of the shower area and some materials to block the drain. Once the plywood was in place and the drain blocked ... just turn on the shower and let the area fill with water.

Great concept. Great swimming (I forget if some female classmates were involved). Somehow what wasn't considered was the tensile strength/thickness of the plywood. Once filled to over 3 feet of water, nature took over ... snap of the plywood and gallons of water rushing into the washroom area and down through the washrooms onto Sherwood 2 and Sherwood 1. Let it be known that no student rooms areas were affected by this exploit ... at least that we know of!

Pranks weren't always perpetrated on classmates but sometimes also on faculty. Anybody remember the great "skunk escapade" in Brumbaugh Lecture Hall? A bagged road-kill skunk was placed in the lectern for one of our all-hands lectures our freshman year. We all had to know the day when we walked into that lecture that something was up given the distinct skunk stench. This wasn't a chemistry experiment gone bad!

While memories fade on which male professor was "professing", the comedic value of his podium search was priceless. We definitely did have a shortened lecture that day. I'm still wondering what they did with that skunk, once found.

A prank was perpetrated on one of the business faculty professors which involved the "relocation" of an oil company gas station ground sign from Whipple Dam to his front porch in Huntingdon. Apparently the oil company on the sign was part of the classes' ongoing case study. While an endearing educational class aid, the sign had to ultimately be relocated again.

Finally on the "pranks front", we can't forget the "repurposing" of road signs, particularly from the Raystown Dam area, as they began to fill the dam and areas of land were abandoned and the lake began to be filled with water. **How many of you "borrowed" signs to add to your room décor?** I can remember a "Village of Ribot" sign I retrieved that was, back in the day, sort of reminiscent of the Goldy Hawn character on the TV show "Laugh In" with her frog "ribot" impressions.

THE DRAFT

Geoff Clarke reminded me that we needed to address the "Draft". Remember when all male freshmen had to sweat the "draft" and how we sat around one week night in our dorms as the numbers were called based on our birthdates. Deferments no longer existed for education. As freshmen, now 18 years of age and draft-eligible, we went into that selective service draft process in fall 1971 still capable of being called for recruitment/enlistment in the U.S. Army (or if you chose one of the other service branches). I remember a number of us on 3rd Sherwood sitting in one of our dorm rooms as the numbers were called based on our birthdays via radio broadcast. Some, like myself at #187, were happy; some

with lower numbers not so much. At that moment, none of us would know that none of us would actually be drafted and have to enter the military to probably be deployed to Vietnam.

Some were called for their physical at Ft. Indiantown Gap. Some, with low draft numbers, chose to enlist very quickly so they could select their service branch or National Guard assignment. One of our floor mates, #3 (pre-med POE), enlisted in the Coast Guard. He ultimately had great courage and duty. Others with low numbers took their physicals, but were never called for service. By the end of our freshmen year via President Nixon, it became obvious that no one was getting drafted or called anymore!

WE NEED YOUR STORY AND FEELINGS ABOUT DRAFT NIGHT THAT FATEFUL FALL EVENING WHEN THE DRAFT NUMBERS WERE REVEALED.....

Study Abroad

Even though it's freshmen year and sophomore year, a small number of classmates realized during their Junior year, they wanted to study abroad. Following are 2 stories:

Dave Amidon's Story

Sometime during sophomore year, the idea of study abroad came to the fore, especially for language majors. It made a lot of sense, of course, but missing a year on campus made the decision more complicated. (In my case it resulted in missing a football season – you know, the one where Juniata played Wittenburg for the small college national championship.) A group of us chose to sign on with the Brethren Colleges Abroad program which opened the door to study in Strasbourg, France; Barcelona, Spain; or Marburg, Germany. Foreign travel and overseas study programs are the norm now, but in the mid-70s it was truly the exception.

Here's an example of the contrast with today: To call my parents from Strasbourg, I had to go to the Post Office, *La Poste*, ask for a trans-Atlantic collect call to be placed, wait for several minutes for the connection to be made on the undersea cable, then go into a phone booth and pick up the receiver. Given the cost of the call, we had short conversations! It was a different world.

Besides classes at the university, I tried to make the most of cheap student travel opportunities. Every vacation, I arranged to go somewhere I hadn't been before. I met fascinating people and saw amazing places walking around European cities. Some youth hostels were clean and comfortable, some were... not. Sleeping on a train saved the cost of lodging, but the trip when all the seats were full, and a small group of us leaned on each other between cars overnight, was, uh, less than desirable, even for students. All told, it was a year of adventure, exploration, not an easy time, but a time of huge growth and understanding of the wider world.

From this perspective, 45+ years later, it's easy to see how that year opened horizons for me that I never knew existed. It also started to make Strasbourg a focal point in my life. 20 years later, in the mid-90s, my family and I moved to a town south of there for three years where my daughter met her future French husband, who later was a student at the same university, and lived in the same neighborhood I did. Then, twenty years after that, married and with two daughters, she moved to Strasbourg with her family! You never know where things will lead...

Denise Hartman Quance's Story

At the age of 9, French became a part of my life, as did the desire to live and study in France. Juniata helped me to realize that dream with some exceptional professors and the Brethren Colleges Abroad program. I remember arriving in Strasbourg, France and being overcome with a sense of awe. Being totally surrounded by the language and culture was something I had longed for, and there I was! My French family was incredibly welcoming and gracious. I provided English lessons, and in return, they gave me the gift of travel. I remember

travelling by train and how easy it was to see parts of France, Germany and Austria. The architecture, the cuisine and hearing different languages are memories that truly enriched my life. Perhaps my biggest thrill occurred one day when I was walking to class at the Palais Universitaire. I saw a dog and stopped to pet and talk to him. All of a sudden, it dawned on me that I was speaking French to the dog. It was then that I realized that I was actually thinking in the language! Words do not do justice to how exhilarating that was! It actually spurred my desire to return to France years later and pursue my MA.

I was fortunate to find a position teaching French at the high school level. I loved being able to share the language and culture with my students. Every other year for 30 years, I took students to France and was able to witness how that experience helped them to grow. French came alive for them just it had for me thanks to my Juniata education.

For others who studied abroad, tell us your story