

A trip to Yellowstone Park yields 6 science credits

By LORRAINE McCLISH

The goal was a maximum of six geology credits for a 4,200 mile trek from central Michigan to Yellowstone National Park and back...

The travelers numbered 48 moving at a surprisingly fast clip for two weeks in a motorcade of campers all marked John Wesley College...

In residents on the trip drawn through the college's off-campus site in Farmington were Todd Bates of 25893 Thomas Court and a student at Southfield Christian School...

The travel-and-study format was in keeping with the Owaso-based college's philosophy of learning by experiencing.

AS TO THE experience, I can only talk for myself. I was drawn to the venture for its uniqueness I could see the countryside while leaving the driving to someone else...

Additional credits could be earned for independent study, keeping a log, writing papers and such but two credits just for going were quite reasonable.

We were so immersed in talk of

such as glacial deposits and ingenious dikes and learning to use words such as metamorphic and pre-Cambrian...

We also picked up rocks, of course—the only souvenirs that were worth of the field guide and itinerary authored by Dr. Hulon Madely...

I felt awkward with my clipboard and hammer the first few days. Even though rock formations were changing dramatically and rapidly...

DR. MADELY confessed from the onset that it was his first trip along this route, so his sharp eye brought us to abrupt classroom sessions on mountain sides, in moraines...

A lesson on the formation of oil was held with hot dogs around an open campfire. That was a time when our professor was bent on traversing a mile of road inside Yellowstone Park...

A class explaining the water tables was held one night when flashlights lit up Dr. Madely's illustration cards on a windy Wyoming plain...

There were some religious overtones for even the non-religious when one comes to think in terms of millions of years as compared to lifespans...

One unexpected lesson came at an open strip coal mine which supplies electricity for both South Dakota and Wyoming...

But "good peckin'" were not available in all places. In many national parks, signs forbid removing rocks, picking wildflowers or disturbing the natural terrain...

It was done more systematically in some campers than in others. That it had to be done was no surprise. Two orientation sessions prior to the trip prepared one as well as one could be prepared for a venture where the unexpected is inevitable...

At times I felt immersed in the subject of geology, saturated in the past where it was difficult to remember where Michigan was. As one student put it: "For all we know, we might

have a new president by the time we get home," so remote were we

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WE TALKED ON these things between times when those of us who were working for additional credits were deciding which of the major sites we saw would be chosen for writing a geological history of the Badlands' Big Horn Mountains' The Grand Tetons' The Rocky Mountains' Mount Rushmore?

Dinner time was sharing time when the rock and fossil collections of the day were spread out for all to see. It could be a time of argument, or it could be a time of congratulations for a good find.

TRAVEL STUDY TRIPS are developed continually in a wide variety of subjects by Dr. Larry Standridge, head of the college's center for Continuing Education.

For a brochure listing upcoming trips for either graduate or undergraduate students, residents in this area may write to Nancy Bates, John Wesley College of Continuing Education, 27600 Farmington Road, Farmington, 48024.



Dr. Hulon Madely, with megaphone, conducts an on-the-spot classroom session with students who joined a travel study program for six geology credits.

Travel and learn

Editor's note: Nancy Bates continues her account of a trip in central Europe this summer when she and her family accompanied a group of students from John W. College.

The travel study program is an intrinsic part of the college's curriculum. Mrs. Bates is an administrative assistant for John W. College of Continuing Education and works from its off-campus center in Farmington. She is also a resident of Farmington.

It was after lunch and our caravan was back on the autobahn (Autobahn—Nancy Bates translation means "madness in motion" before long—we were in camp after a few purchases, dinner was served. The students took delight in buying medicine and salad dressing in tubes like toothpaste. Everyone was holding up with and the camaraderie was an infectious bonus on this adventure.

Salzburg was just what we needed. It was the setting of the movie "Sound of Music." The students received guidelines suggesting a walk to Domplatz to see the major cathedral in existence for 1,200 years. Mozart's birthplace, the Mirabell Gardens, and a collection of Baroque Art.

Salz means salt and the city's name above all mines. The students sought to enjoy most of all, the castle the bishops and archbishops occupied when the city was at the height of its power. Salzburg seemed to combine Vienna like Detroit would compare to New York. One person on tour remarked if an Austrian lord at the Danube or Alps, he would write music, and a Frenchman might frame a picture, while an American would be attempting to somehow convert it all into energy for that endless American efficiency. Could be, that is a fair statement.

AFTER A LONG DAY some of the group gathered for a game of frisbee. Apparently, frisbees are not known in Europe, and many natives watched, intrigued, at the fast sailing innards. Later, some of the girls and I drove walked around town. It nearly caused problems. The girls ran ahead, giggling and yelling, and the guys chasing fast behind. Thinking they were in trouble, two local men came out to help the girls. It took some quick-thinking changes to convince the local men that they didn't need help. We all wondered how this scene would play out in Detroit. Would help have been so available? And why not? What is the answer?

Saturday: An early start to Munich—Munich. We are told when you cross the German-Austrian border, expect a stop. The length of stop depending on the goodwill of the guards. We were very lucky. The stop was brief, and the next hour's drive through the Bavarian Alps was pic-

ture-book ride. Brian our 9 year old is certain he saw the very hills where Heidi lived. Perhaps he was correct and even in June, snow sits on the top of cars were not unusual. Munich is a contrast to the European cities we had seen. It seems busier, more industrial yet in the old part of its place, history is unmistakable. After dinner and a very long, wet walk to a tram, we went to downtown Munich.

SUNDAY MORNING—Although many different denominations and backgrounds are represented in the group, most of us preferred to gather for a brief service of prayers, songs and sharing. It was led by Dr. Bonner, with others contributing what was important to them. When we part, it seemed even more like we had become a family.

The heart of artistic Germany, the intellectual center, and the industrial hub of Bavaria, is Munich. Of interest to the students were the churches, the imperial residence, and town hall with the famous clockspire. Being of another generation, I recognized most of the buildings from old World War II movies and I fully expected Mariene. Detroit to pop out from every lamppost. Ballet is very popular.

One of our young men wanted to go but couldn't get the rest of his friends to swear they wouldn't "rat" on him to his other friends in America. Munich also offers the Olympic Village, the Technical Museum, and countless other sites of interest. At the Art Museum, Herz Hunch gave a lecture on one of the many masters housed there. It was a highlight. As he stood unfolded, in his Biblical setting, the meaning of the painting was more fully appreciated. Munich justifies a week's stay; but the time allowed for it had passed. Tomorrow Heidelberg.

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine that it is two o'clock a.m. in Detroit right now. Last night we heard an American radio station. Todd was unhappy to discover his Tigers weren't doing too well.

Yesterday morning our unit, consisting of my husband Charles, our three children, Todd, Andrea, and Brian, their friend Mike, and myself left the rest of the caravan. I have some college business in London. In order to rejoin the group in Paris, we would be unable to make all their scheduled stops. We went ahead reluctant to leave our fun-loving friends.

The wisdom of Dr. Armstrong's theory had become more evident each day. The comments and conduct of our fellow travelers reflected growth and insight. Experiencing education is, as Dr. Armstrong believes, the most valid way to obtain it. It was in-

teresting to note that although Herb Burch and Tim Vancor, the tour chairmen, had an unlimited amount of knowledge, they volunteered very little. When asked, they graciously answered any questions. This policy kept us all on our toes and contributed greatly to everyone's self-reliance.

Some personal observations by the students—European women don't shave legs or under-arms. They seem, on the whole, to be more modest and conservative. In the landlady at camp, I saw a sign in German, Italian, French and English. It requested all "undergarments" to be dried on a line behind the building, because hanging them on a line beside tent or van, in view, is not nice. In this same camp, I was surprised to find the janitor cleaning the women's shower room, while showers were being taken and no one except our group, seemed to notice. It is some kind of statement on values. What?

MANY PEOPLE in central Europe have pet dogs. They are well-trained and so everywhere. Apparently, petting a dog from back to front, groceries, eating places, and beaches, is an American policy.

By now, some of the students have gained enough self-confidence to attempt to verbally communicate with the German people. The results are interesting and sometimes side-splitting. Almost everyone manages a "bitte" or an "auf wiedersehen." One member of the group was even overheard challenging a store keeper in a market. This is a long way from holding out a hand full of money and letting the merchant take what they said was correct, which is what we all started out doing. I'm not sure who was right in this dispute, but on the whole, we have found the people to be honest, pleasant, and helpful.

One exception comes to mind; in Munich, we went to the cafe for our evening coffee and dessert. Some young people were in there drinking and talking for our benefit, I don't know, but America and Americans became the topic of conversation in very loud, fractured English. It seems one young man was going to point the American flag on his sign. It was extremely difficult to pass, so he decided to put just one representative star on the blue field. His friends advised him that wouldn't do—all those stars meant the U.S. had grabbed more land. As one young German declared loudly, "Don't you know, that is the way Americans all are, more-more-more!" Anger and hurt are two emotions that ruin the experience. We left quietly, our rich desserts untouched. That incident made us aware that even more than we knew, we were "head-high, hands-on-the-heart, flag-waving Americans." The children,

rather spontaneously, began to sing "God Bless America," as we rode down the autobahn the next morning. I guess patriotism can also affect the very young.

Note: the students have formed a committee and some 4th-of-July plans are being made. God did bless America. It only takes five minutes with these young people to know that is true.

HEIDELBERG: After several hours travel, it was good to stop. We had what had become a standard lunch: dark bread, cheese, jam, yogurt, cookies, and lemonade. Still time to discover this quaint Bavarian town before dark. My grandpa had lived here for a year in 1907. I remember in her stories about Heidelberg's beauty in spite of the bomb damage, and I looked forward to exploring it.

Grandma spoke the truth. Heidelberg is charming. The streets are narrow, clearly made to accommodate horses and not cars or trams. It is a city of contrasts. Surrounded by breathtaking hills and mountains, Heidelberg seems to sprawl lazily along the Neckar river. It is constructed over by a 12th century castle and yet, at the center of town, the most unlikely thing imaginable—a Wimpy's Hamburger stand.

Its presence likely reflected the U.S. Army base nearby. Our favorite item on the menu was "Hackfleisch am rein in rein in ein em geostet in Maibrotchen march" ending with the most important information of all—"Original Amerikaner Rezept." Perhaps of our course, it was Original American Recipe. We had ours "mit pommes frittes" (french fries). A footnote—the "original American recipe" lost something in translation, but still a treat. Americans cannot live on korn and brachwurstchen alone.

One experience we will remember is taking Andrea to the doctor. She has asthma. It is necessary for her to have allergy shots. We carried the serum, needles, and instructions, but needed someone to administer it. Occasionally, Andrea reacts and adrenaline is necessary. We carried that, too.

The logical place to begin looking for a doctor is an apothecary or drug store. We were told Dr. Langenstein was up two floors and he spoke English; a little Well, maybe he did, but his nurse spoke English, none began to look like a doctor. These shots, improperly administered can be fatal. The office waiting room was sparsely furnished, but immaculate. It had elegant high ceilings, with crown moldings and splendid chandeliers.

On one table were magazines. Although I couldn't read the words, the pictures indicated that Jacqueline Ken-



NANCY BATES

edy Owaso and Christina were was like an asthma inhaler. Andrea had used three years ago. We thanked him and took it.

FINALLY, our turn with Dr. Langenstein—he was charming. He had never been to the United States, but his brother married an American girl and lived in Kansas City and he had studied English in 1959. Andrea also had a sore throat. The shots were given and her throat checked. He said no problem, and gave us medication. Then he asked his nurse for something when she returned with it, he proudly explained that German doctors had this fine new medication for asthmatics and we should carry it. It

was like an asthma inhaler. Andrea had used three years ago. We thanked him and took it.

Dr. Langenstein walked us to the waiting room and was surprised to learn we had our children traveling with us. Brian had fallen asleep on his couch. He patted him gently awake and with an understanding that any parent could appreciate, said "Is fun, yes?—But much, much work." Amen, doctor, amen.

Heidelberg is a university town. Many handwritten messages were scrawled on walls of buildings. German youth are politically oriented.

igal group and the high school singers in the Farmington School District will have a workshop with the Detroit Madrigal Society Oct 3 at Harrison High School.

The Farmington Arts Council is sponsoring the workshop, which will feature audience participation. Marjorie Belanger, president of the Farmington Arts Council, said that while such workshops are commonplace things for bands, "It's never been done here in a choral workshop."

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"To bring it to our kids is going to be a very good thing," she said. Ted Still, director of the North Farmington High School choral and the Detroit Madrigal Society, is conducting the workshop, which will be divided into three sections.

The first section, he said, will present sound and blend and other aspects of the voice. Secondly, sight reading will be done by both the mad-

The third portion of the program will illustrate various choir grouping and multidimensional sound, where the singers surround the audience.

Bucket Brigade sets presentation date

A Farmington group dedicated to helping those with reading disabilities will sponsor a presentation on its program Monday, Sept. 22, at the North Farmington Public Library on Twelve Mile Road. Called the "Bucket Brigade," the group seeks interested people to help children in the first and second grades overcome reading difficulties. Prior experience is unnecessary. Anyone interested may call Florence Sharp at the school district's reading services offices at Ten Mile School.