Pilgrimage to the Top of the World by Linda Julian
In Iceland, English professor Linda Julian finds the same harsh climate and desolate beauty that once inspired legendary heroes to acts of bravery.

Twenty-Four Days in a German Hospital by Olof Sorensen
A simple nosebleed, or so it seems, forces Olof Sorensen to take a close look at the German health care system.

Traveling toward a Global Perspective by Marguerite Hays
Furman students who study abroad learn to see the world through the eyes of others.

Play It Again, Sam by Vince Moore
Sam Wyche’s penchant for the unusual has made the NFL sit up and take notice.

COVER: A sacred horse race held for the entertainment of the gods at a shrine in Kyoto is one of many festivals Furman students in Japan may see. History professor James Leavell photographed this young priest who was waiting to be blessed after riding in the race. See article about Furman’s foreign study program on page 10.
On top of the world — I was virtually there, at last. Standing by the flag that marked the place of the Law-Giver atop the Law Rock, I looked out over the wide valley that is Thingvellir in western Iceland and imagined myself a sturdy Viking come to recite the law at the annual parliament, the Althing. The moment was profound and holy for me as many moments were in this two-week pilgrimage to Iceland.

The trip, to celebrate completing my Ph.D. requirements, grew out of my keen interest in Icelandic sagas and their influence on the 19th century British poet William Morris, the subject of my dissertation. My interest in these sagas had developed into a passion, one shared only by my friend, Keller Cushing Freeman, a historian and philosopher, who had joined me on the trip and whose enthusiasm matched my own.

Scorn and ridicule were the emotions that had surfaced in remarks from our families and friends when we announced our intention of visiting Iceland. Most of our acquaintances who had been there had, after all, been there on the way to somewhere. Sane people, it seemed, just didn’t go to Iceland as a destination. But from the moment we landed at the sophisticated new airport at Keflavik, near the capital, Reykjavik, and had our first glimpse of the gray lava and brooding gray clouds that even Ruskin and Turner would have envied us, we knew we were on holy ground.

The ground may have been holy to us, but it was interesting to our fellow travelers for vastly different reasons. Most were taking advantage of Icelandic Air’s package flights to Europe which included several days in Reykjavik for shopping in the justly famed wool shops. Indeed, most of the pre-trip literature we had received touted Reykjavik as a shoppers’ Mecca.

More to our liking were the geologists of the world, who had convened in Iceland that week, as had an international group of psychiatrists. Since we had not expected Iceland to lure conventions, Keller and I had not made hotel reservations past the first night — and these geologists and psychiatrists caused us to do our tour upside down so that we could return to Reykjavik after they had vacated the hotels.

Iceland is holy ground to geologists, too. A relatively late land mass, it has live volcanoes as well as glaciers. Travel brochures like to call it “the land of Fire and Ice.” The geologists, as it turned out, had chosen an excellent time to convene since a major volcanic eruption was expected in northern Iceland within hours.

And northern Iceland was exactly where Keller and I were headed, thanks to the geologists’ appropriation of all of the hotel rooms in Reykjavik. But we found out about the impending volcanic eruption in a most unlikely way: we stumbled into the studio of Willi Knudsen, the man who, with his father, has filmed all of the major eruptions in Iceland in the past several decades.

Behaving like real tourists, we could not resist taking in one of the chief attractions of Reykjavik, a film show called The Volcano Show. Tracking down the tiny film studio for a Sunday morning showing, the day before we were to leave Reykjavik for the North, we found ourselves in the company of only two couples and a distinguished looking man who began to lecture as background to the films of the serious eruptions, particularly the one on Heimaey in the Westman Islands in 1974.

During that eruption the entire population of several thousand people had to be evacuated. More than 300 houses were...
buried in ashes and it took the inhabitants months to clean up and resettle the island. But such a fight with the elements is second nature to the Icelanders, and filming it is second nature to Knudsen. It was only after about two hours of lecturing that our modest speaker identified himself as the filmmaker.

Chatting with Knudsen during one of the intermissions, we learned that he was keeping a packed suitcase with him at all times, expecting the alert to fly at any moment to Lake Mývatn, where the ground had been steadily rising and warming and cracking for days.

It just so happened that Keller and I were due to fly to Lake Mývatn the next morning. Knowing that we might see a volcanic eruption added to Keller's mounting excitement over this expedition, but I was less enthusiastic, directing my questions to Knudsen about preparedness and routes of escape. He assured me that when we heard the alarm bell from our hotel, we would have at least 10 minutes to make travel arrangements!

The full absurdity of that statement did not become apparent until we actually arrived in Lake Mývatn. One doesn't fly there, exactly.

The first leg of our trip was a flight from Reykjavík (population 86,000) to the northern capital of Iceland, Akureyri (population 14,000), which is within a hundred miles of the Arctic Circle. The Icelanders fly everywhere, and air service, by Icelandic Air exclusively, is excellent. Our flight took us over the desert midlands of the country and into the strikingly beautiful northern coastal area, where we were to spend several days.

At the small but modern Akureyri airport, we boarded the bus that would eventually get us to Lake Mývatn. (Bus schedules are coordinated with airline schedules so that the whole Icelander tourist industry is extremely efficient.) Once we began climbing the mountains around the long harbor at Akureyri, a guide began to lecture about all of the sights we were passing, giving us detailed information about the farmland and the history of the area. She spoke in English, as had an earlier guide in Reykjavík, though both guides also spoke fluent Norwegian, Danish and German as well and occasionally spoke to our fellow travelers in these languages.

Stops included not only a spectacular waterfall, one of many we saw in Iceland, but also some craters — and a post office. We were, among other things, the mail
coach, our bus being the only scheduled transportation between Akureyri and Lake Mývatn.

Bouncing along, thanking the fates for the decent shocks built into the Mercedes bus, Keller and I were grateful once again that we had resisted our initial impulse to rent a car. The road was a narrow two-lane dirt track, bumpy and winding, extremely tricky when one vehicle met another. Indeed, all of the roads except those on the outskirts of Reykjavik were extremely primitive. Of course, the extremities of the winter weather make maintaining roads almost impossible and make flying the choice of most Icelanders for trips of more than a few miles.

We were surprised to learn that this was a section of the Ring Road, the major highway that runs around the perimeter of the country. Although it is possible to drive across the center of the country, the roads there are even worse because the population is sparse and the weather more severe. Most Icelanders live around the perimeter of the island, almost a third of them in and around Reykjavik.

We had sensibly decided not to rent a car after reading that to travel on some of the roads, we would have to ford glacial rivers and thus should know how to wrap in plastic the parts of the motor that should not get wet. These directions also listed engine parts we should take in the car as replacements and cautioned us to take extra gasoline since fuel is rarely available in more remote sections.

Several fellow passengers who had rented cars told of disastrous experiences with flat tires in the middle of nowhere — and worse. In fact, Keller and I had already experienced a breakdown of our tour bus on an earlier day trip to Reykholt, where Snorri Sturlusun, the great medieval writer, was murdered by the king's men.

Having viewed the archaeological dig under way at Reykholt and sated ourselves with soup and fish, the typical lunch for tourists, we had been heading toward the glaciers Ok and Lanjokull when our bus came to an abrupt halt signaled by a cacophony of screeches and grinding sounds. The driver soon ascertained the cause and said he could repair it himself in an hour or so — what choice was there really, on a one-lane dirt track miles from nowhere? The bus emptied us onto a wildflower-filled meadow criss-crossed by one of the many Salmon Rivers, a gorgeous place in the shadow of the glaciers.

Soon, we noticed that a farmer had appeared, from nowhere it seemed, and began to help our driver make the repairs. In a few minutes they were joined by a couple passing in a car, who also pitched in to get the job done. Our guide explained that in a climate so alien to civilization, survival in Iceland has always depended upon cooperation among its inhabitants.

Fortunately, our six-hour drive into Lake Mývatn from Akureyri, was without a breakdown. A couple of winding jolts and there we were looking out over the shallow volcanic lake, some 35 square miles, an important sanctuary for birds, especially ducks.

Mývatn means "midge," and about four times a year the midges swarm so thickly that tourists must wear masks so they can breathe. Luckily we missed the midges.

Luckily also, we missed the volcanic eruption. To our relief — and probably the disappointment of visiting geologists — earlier predictions of a major eruption turned out to be wrong.

From Mývatn we took a day trip to the Krafla lava fields and geothermal power station. At one stop the guide took pains to show us the different colors of soil, making certain we understood that if we stepped on bright yellow soil, the crust would give way and we would have a boiled foot, boiled in the sulphur gurgling beneath the fragile surface. Signs everywhere in the active volcanic area reminded us to watch where we stepped. Touching the ground, we could feel the heat.

The Icelanders have made the best of living with live volcanoes. In this area they
have installed elaborate pipes that shoot water out to cool the lava in case of an eruption. They also harness the heat from these geothermal areas to warm the entire country through an elaborate system of pipes.

We saw two additional wonders on this tour. We hiked from the road into a canyon to see Dettifoss, the most forceful waterfall in Europe (so we were told). As usual at waterfalls, a rainbow appeared in the mist above the pounding glacial waters. Like other such places, this one impressed us with its cleanliness, its lack of refreshment stands and souvenir shops, its natural state clearly respected by the Icelanders.

Nearby we visited Ásbyrgi, a horseshoe-shaped canyon much loved by the Icelanders. This park is one of the few places where we saw trees of any size and density. Many campers were taking advantage of the mild weather (40-50 degrees F during the August days) to enjoy the park. Legend has it that the canyon was formed when Odin’s horse Sleipnir put down one of his hoofs accidentally as he was transporting slain warriors from the land of the dead to Odin’s home.

The second wonder of the day was seeing the sea from the cliffs above the lovely town of Husavik, the northernmost town we visited. Walking along the cliffs, several hundred feet above the sea, we craned our necks to look into the nests of puffins. (Puffins, too lovely to be eaten, nevertheless turned up on menus everywhere, the only fowl offered in most restaurants. Chicken and pork do not appear on the menus at all.)

Before leaving the Lake Mývatn area, Keller, a horsewoman, lured me into a ride on one of the Icelandic horses. Icelanders are offended to hear them called ponies though they do, in fact, look like ponies. These horses, the descendents of Viking horses, never mixed with other breeds and are stocky and shaggy and strong — uniquely qualified, in fact, to survive in this hostile world.

The Icelandic horses have a particular gait, the tólt, a kind of running walk that is easy on the rider — or is supposed to be. My horse, whose name translated into the equivalent of “Old Red,” was the oldest, slowest horse the guide could find, clearly less eager for the climb up the face of the mountain than Keller’s spirited.

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Signs at a lava field near Namaskarð warn visitors to be careful where they step.
One of many small country churches, this Lutheran church is near a hot pool where Snorri Sturluson, the great medieval writer, bathed. Sturluson was ambushed and killed on his way to the pool.

"Bright Star." Our guide was a handsome young man who said he worked at Mývatn in the summer in order to be outside and to learn farming and relieve the long winter's work as a piano teacher in the city. His English was the most broken we found, yet it was understandable. How humiliated we were not to be able to speak more than a couple of phrases to him, or to the other Icelanders we met, in their own language.

Some of the most interesting Icelanders we met were scholars at the University of Iceland. Happening into the Árm Magnússon Institute to see the manuscripts of our favorite sagas, Keller and I met the keeper of the manuscripts, an Icelandic who seemed interested in our enthusiasm for them. He invited us back the next day, when the museum was closed, and gave us a tour of the institute and tea with scholars from all over the world who were working on Icelandic literature.

Like other Icelanders, our host at the institute was interested in the decaying values among the young Icelanders as a result of Western influences, especially television. Literacy is one concern. Iceland has the highest literacy rate in the world (more than 99 percent) and has always valued its literary heritage.

Indeed, the most ordinary people with whom we spoke knew the sagas and were interested in them. Thiers is a country that values poetry. In fact in the middle of nowhere, in a desert waste, our tour bus stopped at one point so the guide could check a bottle in a cairn there to see if anyone had left a poem. Apparently it is the custom for people (other than tourists) to leave poems in jars in cairns on the main roads. We left one penned by Keller.

The list of delights in this country is too long to detail: swimming in a naturally heated public bath, outdoors in Akureyri, in freezing weather; seeing salmon leap upstream; viewing a whaling station, where, fortunately, there was no whale being processed; hearing contemporary symphonic music at the Nordic center, and seeing first-rate theatre in Reykjavik; browsing in bookstores which had more English language books (among many other languages) than most U.S. bookstores; eating the best lamb and salmon imaginable; eating bread that had been cooked in ovens in the hot, volcanic ground; petting the numerous shaggy sheep; exploring a turf house — the list is nearly endless.

Thingvellir, however, was the epitome of Iceland. In this valley the continental drift that makes huge fissures all across Iceland is especially — and dramatically — evident. Visitors here are keenly aware of the fragility of the place and the fragility of all life: the scrubby mosses and shrubs make that truth only too evident.

What a fitting symbol Thingvellir is for the rugged individualism that made Iceland an important medieval society and the Icelanders the epitome of bravery. The democratic spirit that undergirded the Althing was a revolutionary idea that, like the literature of the Icelanders, survived largely because of the isolation of this remarkable place.

Standing on the Law Rock, Keller and I truly felt that we had found a place that symbolized the best in the human spirit. We want to return. □

Dr. Linda Julian, who holds a master's degree from Clemson University and a doctorate from Boston University, has taught English at Furman since 1980.
24 DAYS IN A GERMAN HOSPITAL

OR HOW FURMAN BLOOD WAS SPILLED ON FOREIGN SOIL

BY OLOF SORENSEN

It was a mild winter. No snow at all, temperatures in the 40s and 50s. And no rain, which is typical of Berlin in January and February, or so I was told. But the air was not the cleanest. West Berliners blame that on the East. It is true that pure air is not yet one of East Germany's priorities, and perhaps my unfortunate experience can be at least partially blamed on that dirty air. Never feeling really well, for two months I bused daily to my class at Goethe Institute from my room in Kreuzberg. What German I learned was spoken with a sinus infection nasality more appropriate for French. However, two months of dragging to class with a fever, of somehow struggling through Grundstufe Eins in that polluted atmosphere proved to be too much.

Standing in line for opera tickets in the rain in East Berlin the day after class was finished, I developed a nosebleed. Simple enough, I thought. But 24 hours later it hadn't stopped. Friends in West Berlin hauled me to Wenckebach Hospital known for its "Station 7," a ward for eye, ear, nose and throat problems. "Do something," I demanded! "I leave for Munich tomorrow." Frau Doktor Braun took a look at the problem and bluntly announced, "It is not good. The blood comes from a bat place. You will stay with us for at least seven days." So much for my German rail pass. So much for visiting Romanesque churches in Germany. Oh, well, I thought—an opportunity to learn more German. And besides, when I return home, I'll write an article, "Seven Days in a German Hospital."

I have been asked a dozen times if I was well cared for. Can you imagine an inefficient German hospital? Even though I was brought in on Sunday morning, a doctor was on duty, as was always the case in Station 7. And when, 15 hours later, I began to hemorrhage for the third time, three of his eye, ear, nose and throat colleagues joined him in less than 10 minutes. So, with four specialists and three nurses (there to comfort me and to hold my hand it seemed), I was wheeled through the magic doors into the spaceship operating room (what a contrast to the rest of the 150-year-old building) where I was "restuffed," this time from through the mouth. But it was less painful than the "balloons" shoved into my nose and then inflated, the previous "solution."

After some five days of semi-sedation, excruciating pain and tender loving care, the process of removing the packing began, piece by piece, a bit each day. Finally, I could breathe and eat again. Not a recommended weight-loss method, but pounds had melted away. My nose began to return to its normal size. I thought again of the article I would write, but the title would have to be revised; this time, "Ten Days in a German Hospital."

It was Monday. The entire entourage of doctors—seven in all—and the head nurse, records in arm, traditionally made the rounds of all the rooms on this day. We patients spent our Monday mornings watching the group in white, for it was imperative that we be at or in our beds when they arrived. Standing in front of each of us, the doctors discussed our case at some length among themselves, then with the patient.

Having finished with my roommates, the doctors turned to me. Without consulting with his colleagues the head doctor began, "And you, Herr Sorensen, not so gut." My heart plummeted. "You are not improving. We think you need an operation. All this time with heavy doses of penicillin, yet you show no improvement of your infection." "And how long will that be, the operation and all," I asked. "You will be ready to go home in seven days." And as the group in white moved to the next patient, one of the doctors, noticing how upset I was, turned to me. "It is not all bat," he said with a kind smile. "Just think how your German will improve!"
Small comfort. I began to get depressed. I had expected to be told I could leave the hospital, not that I needed an operation. I mentally scratched the number 10 from my story, and wrote out the new title for looks. "Nineteen Days in a German Hospital."

"Before you operate on Wednesday," I said, "I think you should look at my leg. A bit of pain here, and it's worse each day. Could I have a blood clot?"

Within the hour a specialist appeared and announced that indeed, it appeared to be a THROMBOSIS. I was wheeled to the X-ray wing, strapped on a tilted frame, injected with whatever, and photographed from every angle by ladies manipulating multiple gears, handles, switches and buttons from behind a glass cage, a veritable 21st century experience. One clot for sure, and possibly three, was the verdict. Numbness set in. I could only think of my wife's arrival date, of the plans we had had for traveling in West Germany, of the opera tickets in my wallet. How much longer was this to go on?

On arrival back at my bed, I found that the doctors were taking no chances. I was not allowed to move. I was not to stand. I was to wear ugly elastic hose. I would be moved to intensive care in the heart ward where the clots were to be treated. "After all," I was told, "this is more life-threatening than the hemorrhaging."

For a moment I was left alone. A nurse, not yet informed of the new developments, called me to the phone. I hobbled to the nurse's station. It was my wife, Joan, calling from the United States. I quickly made her aware of the new developments but was caught in mid-explanation by a bevy of doctors and nurses who, entering the nurse's station, saw me on my feet and, in panicked unison, demanded that I get off the phone and off my legs immediately. I hung up. I was whisked back to my bed. Within minutes I was transferred to Station 12. It took my wife two days, countless calls to friends who had friends in Berlin, and even more calls to the Berlin friends to locate me.

My new ward doctors assured me that, with proper treatment, I would be rid of the blood clots in five to seven days. Of course, we did have a special problem in that thinning the blood to dissolve the clots necessarily heightened the chances of the nasal bleeding beginning again. No, I could not shave. What if I cut myself? No, I could not go to the bathroom. Yes, I would be hooked up to that infernal machine for as long as I remained in the ward.

As soon as they were sure the clots had been dissolved, I was to be returned to Station 7 for the operation. Of course that would depend, since they could not operate immediately, as the blood would be too thin. I counted the days. Seven here in Ward 12, a couple of days for allowing the blood to return to normal, and seven days for the operation and recovery. It was now day 13. Day 20 for the return to Station 7. Day 22 for the operation. Day 29, possible release. That would be 10 days into Joan's three-week vacation. Granted, my spoken German would be better, but once more it was time to reconsider the title of my article. "Twenty-Nine Days in a German Hospital." No one would believe it, even if I said it in perfect Deutsch!

There were treatments for the thromboses and treatments for the sinus infection (a doctor from Station 7 came over daily). In the midst of all this, my wife arrived for her "vacation." She was, without doubt, the most welcome experience I had had in this hospital! Physically and psychologically, it was a turn for the better. It was all uphill from here.

Station 12 had done all they could for me. They felt the clots were sufficiently dissolved. Again, I was wheeled through the garden, now in full spring bloom, back to what was, at this point in time, my old home, Station 7. Indeed, it was like a homecoming. I embraced the nurses and greeted the doctors, all of whom I felt were best of friends.

In a sense I was back home. I was with old friends. My wife was with me every day. Treatments for the infection were stepped up. There were more X-rays. I was up and around, even able to walk outside, and Joan was the best moral support for which I could ask.

Another Monday rolled around. It was day 24. I was, of course, in my room. The seven doctors in white were moving from bed to bed, followed by the head nurse, records in arm. Now it was my turn. I assumed that we would discuss operation dates at last.

Wednesday, as before! The head doctor spoke to me in German. "It is better. You have improved. You can leave today," I was floored. I could "go home." Of course I could not "go home." Because of air pressure changes I could not fly for two months. But I could get on with my work. Joan and I could visit Berlin. We had missed the opera in East Berlin on 1st Sunday, but perhaps Easter Sunday! They were doing Parsifal. I could visit Romanesque sites as planned. As the doctors left, one turned to me. I can hear him yet. "Your German is better every time we come by."

I embraced the nurses. I said goodbye to all the doctors I could catch, thanking them for what was probably the best medical attention I could have found anywhere. I was given prescriptions and a letter to be given to any doctor should the bleeding start again. I said goodbyes to my friends and roommates. I thought of the excellent care, of the personal relationships. I remembered the 24 days. I thought, nicht so schlimm! Not bad at all. Auf wiedersehen! □

When he wasn't flat on his back, Dr. Olof Sorensen, chairman of Furman's art department, studied the German language and Romanesque and Ottoman architecture during a sabbatical in Europe last winter and spring.
When asked what has been the highlight of their years at Furman, students who have studied abroad almost always say foreign study. Some go further than that and say it changed the course of their lives.

Susan Campbell Duncan '75, now a pediatric psychiatrist, credits her experience in England with influencing her choice of a career and redirecting her life. As a biology major at Furman, she could not decide what she wanted to do after graduation and so she decided to go to England the fall of her junior year to get away from science.

"I loved the literature and drama in England, but it was more than that," she says. "I had grown up in a very small town and had never traveled at all. I had always been surrounded by people who looked at things the same way I did. In England I was fascinated to find a lot of people who looked at things entirely differently. I think that discovery eventually led to my becoming a psychiatrist. I love to study people and their differences."

"Anything I can say about that experience is not enough. It changed my whole world view, and it made me determined to travel after graduation."

For the past 20 years, Furman students have studied abroad regularly. Some have spent the fall term in England, France, Spain, Vienna or Japan. Others have traveled in the Middle East or the Soviet Union during winter term. Still others have studied in Belgium, Italy, Africa, China or the Galapagos Islands.

While many other colleges have foreign study programs, few have programs in as many countries as Furman does, and few involve the faculty as much as Furman does. All Furman programs — except the one in Japan — are directed by Furman professors, who handle most of the arrangements and teach and advise students.

Twenty-eight years ago, Furman's foreign study program was just an idea in the mind of one man. When Francis W. Bonner became dean of the university in 1961, he had a lot to think about besides foreign study. Furman had just moved to a new campus, and there were dormitories to furnish, labs to equip and professors to hire, to mention a few.

Yet he felt strongly that Furman students should have the opportunity to travel and study abroad, like students at many other good colleges. He knew that a few Furman students had studied abroad in programs operated by other colleges, but he wanted Furman to have its own program so that many more students could have this opportunity.

He began talking with faculty members about foreign study, but he encountered little enthusiasm. "I didn't find apathy," he recalls. "It was more just curiosity."

In his conversations with professors, he learned that few had traveled in other countries, except with the armed forces, and few could afford to do so. In fact, Bonner himself was among this number; his only travel outside the United States had been as an Air Force officer and a member of the OSS. He also learned that many of the younger professors, whose education had been interrupted by military service, were preoccupied with work on their dissertations and other requirements for their doctorates.

Bonner realized he would have to find a way to send some faculty members to Europe to arouse their interest and give them some experience in traveling. He talked with his friend Paul Clyde, who was then on the staff of the Duke Endowment, and together they persuaded the endowment to allocate some funds for faculty travel. In 1964 two professors and their wives were given $3,000 a couple to travel in Europe. The next year three additional faculty members and their wives traveled in Europe on Duke Endowment grants. Bonner also found resources to support travel in India by three professors, mainly to prepare them to teach courses in non-Western studies.

St. Paul's Cathedral becomes a familiar landmark to Furman students as they learn their way around London.
One of the professors whom Bonner selected for travel was Carey S. Crantford, who had come to Furman in 1962 as chairman of the foreign languages department. Although Crantford had traveled in Cuba and Mexico while working on his dissertation, he had never been to Europe. As a teacher of foreign languages, he welcomed the opportunity to travel abroad and in 1965 visited most of the countries in Western Europe.

During the next two years Crantford spent much of his time making arrangements for two summer institutes for high school teachers of foreign languages, which were funded by the National Defense Education Act. As a part of one institute, he brought to the campus Virginia Burkhead of the International Travel Club in Charlotte to talk to the teachers, and incidentally Furman professors, about foreign travel.

In the summer of 1967 Crantford and Bonner took 17 students on the first "culture tour" of Europe, traveling through Ireland, England, Switzerland, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Germany, France, Spain and Portugal. The next summer Robert Crapps, professor of religion, conducted the second tour of Europe with 18 students. Both of these trips were in fact tours; no study was required and students did not receive academic credit.

About this time several other Southern Baptist colleges expressed an interest in setting up foreign study programs, and some suggested that the schools should cooperate in this effort. The International Travel Club in Charlotte offered to send Bonner to Europe to investigate possible program sites on behalf of all of these colleges.

Bonner recalls with amusement an incident that occurred during this trip. As he was checking out of his hotel in Madrid, a young man came rushing up to him and apologized for not getting in touch sooner. The Spaniard, who it turned out was supposed to have assisted Bonner while he was in Madrid, offered to drive him to the airport. As they parted at the airport, the young man said, "You are a very nice man to be president of 53 colleges."

Although nothing came of the contacts he made in Switzerland, Spain and Austria during this trip and the Baptist colleges ultimately decided to set up their own individual programs, Bonner's trip to England bore good results for Furman. Before leaving the United States, Bonner had written to Ronald Tress, the Master of Birkbeck, one of the colleges that make up the University of London. Tress's reply had been encouraging, and so Bonner made an appointment to see him.

Arriving in London, Bonner found Birkbeck ideally suited to be the center for the Furman program. Since most Birkbeck courses were taught at night, there was plenty of classroom space in the daytime and professors who ordinarily taught at night were available to lecture during the day. The college was located in the heart of London, near the British Museum and a short distance from the theatre district. After making the necessary arrangements with Master Tress, Bonner also reached an agreement with two hotels located nearby, the Ivanhoe and the Kenilworth, to house Furman students and faculty.

After some preliminary investigation by English professor Phil Elliott, Bonner had also written previously to the Shakespeare Institute in Stratford-upon-Avon, with the idea that students could study Shakespeare in Stratford following their six weeks in London. Finishing his business in London, he rented a car and drove to Stratford. There again he was pleased with the prospects: classes could be held at the Shakespeare Institute, which is the graduate school for Shakespeare studies of the University of Birmingham, and students could live in guest houses. Satisfied with the arrangements in Stratford and London, Bonner flew home to announce that the fall term in England would begin the following year.

Accompanying Bonner to England on this last trip was Edward B. Jones, a 1954 Furman graduate and another key figure.

At the beginning of the fall term in England, students and professors take a two-and-a-half-week tour of Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales. Getting to know people in these countries, like this shy Irish child (left), is one of the lasting benefits of the trip. A climb to the top of a mountain in the Lake District in northwestern England has become an annual tradition (opposite, top). Also in the Lake District, students, such as Anne Hartley and Joan Price in 1976 (bottom right), usually visit William Wordsworth's grave in a Grasmere churchyard. While living in Stratford later in the term, students take excursions to nearby places of interest, including the house where Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother, lived (bottom left).
The Sun Never Sets on Furman Foreign Study

Well, hardly ever. From the British Isles to Europe to the Middle East, from the Soviet Union to China, Japan and South America, Furman students learn about other cultures by living in them.

In London they tour the Houses of Parliament (upper left) and attend sessions in both Houses.

A favorite stop on the tour in Austria, the little moated castle of Mespelbrunn (upper right) was built by the wealthy Schoarnborn family in the sixteenth century.

In Tanzania a Furman group on safari during winter term in the Middle East comes across a pride of black-maned lions (middle right).

In their travels in China, students visit the major cultural and historical sites, including the Summer Palace outside Beijing, where in 1988 (l-r) Gena Shore, Davidson student Emmy Cunningham, Wendy Bass, David van den Berg, Debbie Salley, Elizabeth Hicks and Sharon Crews pose in replicas of robes worn by members of the Manchu Court (lower right).

By studying the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome (lower center), students learn about the forces that have shaped modern Western civilization.

Students practice their Spanish in the marketplace in Tetuán, a Spanish-speaking city in Morocco (lower left).

Photographs (clockwise, starting at top right) by Norman Whisnant, Don Gordon, Edward B. Jones, Willard Pate, Maurice Cherry and Willard Pate.
in the development of foreign study at Furman. An associate professor of history, Jones had spent several months in England while working on his doctoral dissertation. He had also lived a year in India and traveled in Western Europe. Because of his travel experience and knowledge of England, Bonner asked Jones to direct the first program.

On Sunday morning, September 7, 1969, 28 Furman students landed at Heathrow Airport outside London. They were met by Ed Jones and his wife, Beth Evans, who had arrived in England earlier. The Joneses had engaged a driver and a coach that would take students on a two-week tour of England and Wales. Traveling clockwise around the island, they drove from Canterbury to Dover, along the southern coast to Plymouth, through Wales and up into the Lake District in northern England.

As they traveled, they visited places they had read about in textbooks. In Canterbury they walked through the Canterbury Cathedral and saw the spot where Sir Thomas Beckett was murdered in 1170. In Rye they ate at the Mermaid Hotel restaurant, where food was being served before Columbus discovered America. In Winchester, the capital of West Saxon kings before modern England was formed, they saw Winchester Cathedral and Castle. They spent part of a morning at Stonehenge, the Bronze Age observatory. They visited Thomas Hardy’s birthplace near Dorchester and walked on the heath where many of his novels are set.

They walked through the ruins of Tintern Abbey and explored Caernarvon Castle, where Prince Charles had recently been invested as Prince of Wales. In Cambridge they attended evensong at King’s College Chapel and went punting on the Cam.

On September 21, the Furman group arrived in London and moved into the Kenilworth Hotel. For the next six weeks, students attended classes in British history and literature taught by Jones and Birkbeck professors. In their spare time, they explored London, learning how to use the tube and find their way around the city.

They attended more plays and concerts and visited more art museums than they had ever been to before. “The cultural advantages of living in London have been overwhelming,” said Suzanne Pinkham toward the end of her stay in London.

After six exhilarating weeks in the city, the students and Dr. Jones flew to Ireland for a weekend. Upon their return, they were met at Heathrow by the same driver and coach and John and Anne Crabtree, who accompanied the students to Stratford. A Shakespeare scholar and then dean of students, Crabtree was another person who would play a major role in developing Furman’s foreign study program.

The more leisurely atmosphere in Stratford provided a welcome relief after the hectic pace in London. Students attended classes at the Shakespeare Institute for about five hours a day, taking breaks for lunch and morning and afternoon tea. Although their study included all aspects of Shakespeare’s life and work, it was centered around the nine plays (seven by Shakespeare and two by his contemporaries) they would see at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. During class they heard lectures by Crabtree and scholars from the faculty of the institute. Actors with the Royal Shakespeare Company came to talk to their class.

Returning to campus after Christmas, students who had studied in England talked about their wonderful experiences, and many other students expressed an interest in going the next year. Bonner asked Willard Pate, assistant professor of English who had traveled extensively in the British Isles, to direct the program. He also asked John Block, assistant professor of history, to teach in London. The next fall 40 students studied in England.

In the meantime, Bonner continued to work on arrangements for several other programs. In January of 1970 four students traveled with Edgar McKnight, associate professor of religion, to Rome, Egypt, Cyprus, Israel and Greece as part of a course on biblical archaeology and geography. This trip was the forerunner of a winter term program that has taken
students to the Middle East almost every year since then.

With the help of the Institute for European Studies, Bonner and Carey Crantford set up programs in Spain, France and Austria during the next two years. Since these programs involved the study of another language, they were structured differently from the England program. Not only would students study the country’s language and culture in class, but they would live with families in private homes where they would be immersed in the culture and speak the language at all times.

In 1970 Crantford and 15 students spent the fall term in Madrid. The next year 16 students, accompanied by French professor David Parsell, studied in Paris, and 14 students, with German professor Tom Bacon, spent the fall term in Vienna.

With the founding of programs in England, Spain, France and Austria, Furman’s foreign study programs in Europe were well established.

Next Bonner turned his attention to the East. He corresponded with officials at several colleges and universities in Japan and later flew over to visit them. He liked Kansai Gaidai University best because it was conveniently located between Osaka and Tokyo, and it already had a program for American students. Although it was not primarily a language program, students studied the Japanese language, history and politics. Their instructors were English-speaking Japanese, and students lived in the homes of Japanese families.

The first three Furman students traveled to Japan in 1973, and since then several students have gone almost every year, usually for the fall term but occasionally for the whole year. Furman now sends more students to Kansai Gaidai than any other American university, and for the past 10 years students from Kansai Gaidai have studied at Furman.

In 1982 Bonner took the first step toward setting up a program in China. He traveled to Taiwan as the guest of the government and reviewed a proposal from one college, but that program never materialized. It was not until

French professor Sadie Franks adjusts the wig she will wear for her role in a student play in Versailles.

1986, after Communist China had resumed diplomatic relations with the United States and opened its borders to Westerners, that the first group of 17 students, accompanied by Ed Jones, went to China.

Jones took another group to China in 1988. This past summer professor Long Xu, who teaches Chinese at Furman, was scheduled to take nine students to study there, but their trip was canceled at the last minute after the military crackdown on Chinese students. Jones thinks it is likely that some kind of Furman program will be established in China after the United States resumes normal relations with the Chinese government.

In the late seventies, history professor William Lavery, whose areas of expertise include Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, and sociology professor Gene Johnson, who teaches urban studies, put together a winter term program centered around the Baltic nations. Offered every other year with one exception since 1978, this program takes students to several Baltic countries, usually including Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Poland and the Soviet Union. In their study of Baltic history, politics and urban life, students attend seminars and briefings, visit museums, art galleries and historical sites, and meet with local officials, politicians, journalists and artists.

Although Furman does not offer language or culture programs in South America, the biology department sponsors a winter-term trip to the Galapagos Islands, Costa Rica, Equador and other Central and South American locations. Students in this program study the area’s unique ecosystem and its different forms of plant and animal life.

While there have been some changes over the past 20 years, all of Furman’s foreign study programs still operate much as they did when they were first set up.

Directed by Willard Pate since 1970, the fall term in England continues to attract more students than any other program. During the past 20 years more than 800 Furman students have studied in England.

John Crabtree, who as vice president for academic affairs has had the overall responsibility for foreign study since Frank Bonner’s retirement in 1982, has directed the program in Stratford for 14 of its 20 years. Although the Stratford program is shorter than it was originally, students actually see a larger number of plays because two other theatres have opened there. Some of Britain’s leading actors, including Jeremy Irons and Roger Rees, and such internationally renowned Shakespeare scholars as Stanley Wells and Philip Brockbank have taught Furman classes.

For the last 10 years students have had the option of taking another course in place of drama in Stratford. Every two years a group goes to Brussels to study the European community with economics and political science professors. In other years students have studied Roman history in Rome, art history in France and Italy, Russian history in Russia and music in Vienna.

After operating in Paris a few years, the French program was moved to Versailles, where it is easier to find

Seeing the Cathedral of Notre Dame and other famous sights in Paris for the first time is an exhilarating experience for Furman students. Jeryl Kendall and Arthur Anderson, both of the class of 1978 and now married, will always remember exploring Paris together.
housing for students. Just this year the Vienna program has moved to Munich because the German spoken in Munich is much more like the German taught at Furman.

The Mideast program has continued to evolve. Eventually students began to study the religion, history and politics of Israel, along with a course that varied from year to year and involved travel in Italy, Spain, Greece or Africa.

Students who have studied abroad usually come back to Furman with a much greater interest in art, drama, politics and travel, says Willard Pate, who serves as coordinator of foreign study programs. These are the students who usually support the arts from then on, she says.

Jennifer Thomas, a senior who studied in England last fall, says, “It was the best thing I’ve ever done. For me to be saturated for three months with history and drama and all of the literary things I like so much was wonderful. Whatever I do — whether I go to law school or to graduate school — I want to travel after I finish Furman. I may possibly go back to Stratford to get my master’s.”

Foreign language students agree that the ideal way to learn a language is to study it in a country where it is spoken. Courtney Carr, who studied in France last fall, says, “I learned more in a week there than I had learned in a semester in the classroom, because you never get away from the language. All your classes are in French. You go home, your family is French. Everything you read and hear is in French. You never hear English. Everyone’s French improved a lot.”

Willard Pate believes foreign study gives students a kind of a crash course in independence. “When we first arrive in England, students are perfectly willing to follow me around,” she says. “But by the time we get on the plane to come home, a real rite of passage has taken place. Of all the students we have taken over there, very few couldn’t go back and take complete care of themselves. I think that’s one of the most important things they get out of the experience.”

Since Dr. Bonner set up the first Furman program in England in 1969, more than 2,000 Furman students have studied in other countries. “What I envisioned has come to pass,” says Bonner. “I envisioned a worldwide economy and a time when there would be a greater need for graduates who could do something with other countries. I thought that if you knew something about Japan, you would have an advantage. If you spoke Japanese, you would have an even greater advantage.”

Student interest in foreign study is greater now than ever before but rising costs may soon put it out of reach of all but the wealthiest students. Unlike many colleges, Furman has always charged students for just the cost of the program and not for tuition. In the early years students paid about $2,000 more to spend the fall term in England than to study at Furman. Now, however, because of the decline in the value of the dollar and escalating prices in many countries, students must pay an added $4,000 or $5,000 to attend the fall term programs. The cost of programs in other countries varies according to transportation costs and the economies of the countries. Although Furman awards a few scholarships for foreign study, there are not nearly enough to assist everyone who would like to study abroad.

In just 20 years Frank Bonner and a group of Furman professors have established a foreign study program that has enriched the lives of hundreds of students. The survival of the program may now depend on others to find ways of allowing all Furman students, whatever their financial circumstances, to acquire the global perspective of foreign study.

One of the Japanese ceremonies students may observe is the yearly planting of the sacred rice fields at the Fushimi Inari Shrine (left). In the Soviet Union, students ski cross country outside the ancient city of Suzdal (opposite, top) and attend performances at the Kirov Opera and Ballet Theater in Leningrad (bottom left). During a tour of the Baltic nations, they may also visit Dresden in East Germany and see the famous Zwinger Museum (bottom right).
In 1987, the same year that 144,000 people across the world held hands and hummed in an effort to achieve universal harmony, Sam Wyche learned something important about the nature of peaceful coexistence. If you are one of the dozen or so head coaches in the National Football League each year who are doomed to suffer through a losing season, there is no such thing. Because, as Wyche found out, NFL fans are a serious lot who do not enjoy losing, and they are definitely not the type to hold hands and hum in a display of goodwill.

At the time, Wyche was in his fourth season as head coach of the floundering Cincinnati Bengals and the majority of the city's football fans were making no secret about their wish that it be his last. The Bengals were well on their way to fashioning the NFL's second worst record (4-11), and Wyche's abilities as a football coach were criticized daily in the newspapers, on the six o'clock news, during radio call-in shows, at luncheon counters, and anywhere else people talked about the Bengals.

This was merely the crescendo in a familiar chorus of fan disapproval. Wyche's three previous seasons as the Bengals' head coach had produced a decent enough 25-23 record, but the fans wanted more. The voices only grew louder as people decided that Wyche's trademark offensive strategies, such as the no-huddle, hurry-up offense, were perhaps less innovative than they were disruptive, and the Bengals developed an unfortunate knack for losing games in the final minutes.

Things became so bad that even his fellow competitors broke rank and joined the critics' chorus. After the Bengals lost a close game to Pittsburgh, one of the Steelers' assistant coaches, alluding to Wyche's penchant for trying the unusual, was quoted as saying, "Well, Wicky Wacky blew another one."

Head coaches in the NFL are public figures and they can brace themselves for a certain amount of criticism, but this was approaching the outer limits. So Wyche finally closed the doors to the outside world. His wife, Jane, screened his phone calls and let him see only the parts of the newspaper that had nothing to do with the Bengals. When he watched the local news, he kept the remote control in his hand so he could turn off the sound as soon as the sports came on.

"I would just go find something else to do," he says. "I really couldn't listen to one more cry of 'fire the bum and get him out of town.'"

But Paul Brown, the Bengals' vice president and general manager, refused to be swayed by public sentiment and stood behind his head coach. The Bengals, he announced, would honor the final year of Wyche's contract and he would return for at least one more season. The fans were not pleased, and if Wyche had cared to read the paper or watch television or listen to the radio, he could have heard all the reasons why he shouldn't have been granted another year.

"I never thought about quitting in 1987, but I did think about writing a book," Wyche says. "It would have been called Looking Up at the Bottom."

How, you might ask, did Sam Wyche, a 1966 Furman graduate with a degree in business, come to find himself being attacked by an unholy alliance of rabid football fans in Cincinnati, Ohio? Wasn't this the same man who, just a

When it comes to talking to the media, Wyche is seldom at a loss for words.
few years earlier, had been the mild-mannered owner of a successful chain of Greenville sporting goods stores and whose only coaching experience was with the Taylors Falcons, a team of 13- and 14-year-olds in the Greenville County recreation league?

Well, it's true that Wyche certainly had a football background. He started at quarterback at Furman for two years in the 1960s and enjoyed a productive playing career in the NFL. But he returned to Greenville after retiring as a player and had every intention of severing his ties with football.

"I came back to Greenville with the idea that I would spend all my time with the (sporting goods) stores," Wyche says. "We had bought a house in Terra Pines and the kids were enrolled in school. Then I got a call from Bill Walsh at San Francisco and I was back in football again."

Walsh, who was head coach of the 49ers and had been Wyche's quarterback coach when he played with the Bengals, wanted Wyche to serve as the 49ers' quarterback and passing game coach. It was a huge first step into the coaching brain trust of the NFL, which in no way offers the same sort of security as, say, a chain of successful sporting goods stores.

Wyche could hardly be blamed for listening to the siren song. Football had been a part of his life since his boyhood days in Atlanta, and he had always been one to push his luck in the sport as far as it would go. Who else would have started at quarterback in both college and the NFL, even though he was a third-string quarterback during his senior year at North Fulton High School?

"I started on defense in high school, but I was way down the depth chart at quarterback," Wyche says. "What's worse was that my little brother, Bubba, was listed ahead of me on the depth chart. That can be pretty tough on a senior ego."

Wyche had grown up dreaming of playing for Georgia Tech, but he knew that was out of the question. So when a high school teammate invited Wyche to visit Furman with him, he did. But not until the two of them took a wrong turn on the way to Greenville and ended up asking for directions in Royston, Ga. They were so late for their visit that Bob King, the Furman coach, gave up on them and left for the golf course to get in an afternoon round.

"They had to go find him and we were pretty nervous about being late," Wyche says, "but I already knew that Furman was where I would be going to school. It was love at first sight."

Wyche started at quarterback for Furman his junior and senior seasons. While his place in the record books is mostly obscured by the accomplishments of quarterbacks like Bobby Lamb and David Whitehurst and David Charpia, he had a good career and still ranks eighth among Paladin quarter-
backs for total offense in a single game (295 yards in a 1964 loss to William & Mary).

Still, it would have been tough to predict a successful NFL career for Wyche at quarterback. After graduation, he toiled for the Wheeling (W.Va.) Ironmen in the Continental Football League for a season, then attended the University of South Carolina to work on a master’s degree. Wyche joined the Gamecock football team as a graduate assistant and, as fate would have it, his main job was to help a young assistant coach named Lou Holtz run the scout squad, a collection of second- and third-string players who earned their scholarships by pretending to be the offense of that week’s opposing team.

Wyche quarterbacked the scout team that fall and Holtz was so impressed with him that he told Rick Forzano, an old friend who was an assistant coach with the Cincinnati Bengals, that he should give Wyche a look. A short time later, Wyche had landed a job with the NFL’s newest expansion team.

"I had worked out for them in Columbia between taking two finals in Columbia," Wyche says. "I signed for $16,000, and I can remember running to a phone booth and calling my wife and saying, 'We’re rich.'"

This was in 1968 and he was the Bengals’ starting quarterback for much of the time during his three seasons with the team. By his own admission, any success Wyche enjoyed as a player was due more to diligence and hard work than raw talent. He was traded to the Washington Redskins in 1971 and then to the Detroit Lions in 1974. He also played for the St. Louis Cardinals and Buffalo Bills before retiring in 1976.

The next three years were spent in Greenville, where Wyche huddled with partner Billy Turner in the business enterprise of Sam Wyche Sports World. He also took an active part in Furman athletics, serving as a radio color commentator for the Paladins’ football games and as a public address announcer for basketball games. His closest contact with football came as a very relaxed coach with the Taylors youth team.

"It was my first coaching job," says Wyche, who once showed up for a game on Halloween dressed in a Dracula costume. "I don’t remember if we won, but we did have a pretty good time. I still get calls from kids who were on that team."

His next coaching job was with the 49ers, where he stayed three years as an assistant and built his reputation as an offensive whiz. He was credited with developing quarterback Joe Montana and helping San Francisco win Super Bowl XVI against — who else? — the Bengals. His next stop was at the University of Indiana, where he spent one year as head coach, and then he was called back to Cincinnati by Paul Brown to replace Forrest Gregg as head coach.
"It was a tough decision to leave Indiana after only one year," Wyche says, "but you don't get many chances to be a head coach in the NFL.

And that was how, three years later, Wyche came to have his head on the chopping block in the village square, with the experts and doomsayers making odds on when the ax was going to fall.

In 1988, the same year Jimmy Swaggart discovered that public favor is a fickle proposition, Sam Wyche learned two very important things. One, peaceful coexistence in the National Football League can be achieved on the higher plane of victory, and, two, there is no bandwagon big enough to accommodate the hordes of patient, long-suffering football fans who support their team in good times and bad.

The Bengals, sporting largely the same talent they had the previous year, won their first six games of the season. They went on to compile the NFL's best record (12-4), claim the American Football Conference championship and come within a few seconds of winning Super Bowl XXIII, losing instead to the San Francisco 49ers, 20-16, when Montana threw a touchdown pass to Jerry Rice with 34 seconds left in the game.

**In constant demand as a speaker, Sam Wyche donates all he earns from speeches to help the needy.**

"We won early in the season and that was important," Wyche says. "That took some of the heat off us. If we hadn't won, the heat would have been right back on and I'm not sure how we would have handled that. But people were suddenly following us to see how many games we could win and not how many we could lose."

Some things were done differently, mostly off the field. Wyche made some different room assignments while the team was on the road — "offensive guys with defensive guys, black guys with white guys" — and allowed the players to stay at home with their families the night prior to a home game.

Wyche's approach to football in 1988 remained the same. The only thing different about his no-huddle offense was that it was no longer considered wacky. It was so effective, in fact, that NFL officials, prodded by complaints from other league teams, concluded that it gave the Bengals an unfair advantage and ruled (it was rescinded after one game) that the team couldn't use the formation in the AFC playoffs.

"People were hollering at me from the stands, saying 'Sam, we're with you all the way...and we were with you last year, too,'" says Wyche, smiling. "I'd like to have a nickel for every time I heard that."

Wyche became a good guy in 1988 for reasons other than his team's ability to win football games. He also received national publicity for his work on behalf of the homeless in Cincinnati, a task that he still takes very seriously.

On nights before home games, Wyche stayed in a downtown hotel to block out distractions and it was there he became aware of a situation that put the Bengals' fortunes, good or bad, into proper perspective. As he drove through the city early in the morning on the way to the stadium, he saw people sleeping in storefronts and roaming the down-

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Wyche can be quick with a joke, as Furman head football coach Jimmy Satterfield and C. Dan Joyner learned at last winter's banquet honoring the Paladins as Division I-AA champions.
town area in search of food and shelter.

"It was a sad thing to see," Wyche says. "I started thinking that maybe I could take the wave of excitement the Bengals were generating throughout the city and use it somehow to help these people."

Because of the Bengals' tremendous success, Wyche was in great demand as a speaker, something he ordinarily did without a fee. So he announced, by way of the three network affiliates in Cincinnati, that his speaking fee would now be $5,000, all of which would go directly to local organizations that help the needy. He also made numerous visits to the homeless shelters, offering encouragement and drawing attention to the problem. By the time the Bengals began training camp in July, Wyche had raised more than $150,000 for the homeless.

"You find out that these people don't want to be homeless," Wyche says. "Ninety-five percent of them work in a day labor pool, but they can't afford housing. I just tried to do something to help. The real heroes, though, are the people who work in the shelters and soup kitchens, who are there every day."

Although Wyche says he never thought about quitting in 1987, the season of the Bengals' discontent, he admits that he thought about it a lot the following year. Even though the team was tremendously successful in 1988, all of the pressures were still there. It is hard to forget that, in a league where the Super Bowl champion is the only celebrator, a team is never more than one loss away from failure.

"After a while, Jane and I sat down and said maybe this just isn't worth it," Wyche says. "All the long hours, the pressures, the criticisms. And no matter what you do, you have to come right back and prove it all over again."

Wyche obviously made the decision to stay and he has opened himself up for another year of scrutiny in 1989. How will the Bengals fare? Will their All-Pro quarterback, Boomer Esiason, stay healthy? Will they be the first team to repeat as AFC champion since Pittsburgh 10 years ago? Will the fans be tolerant of a season that doesn't measure up to 1988?

If Wyche really cared to know such things he would probably still be in Greenville, safely removed from a profession where the difference between success and failure is so obvious that it can be reduced to an agate line in Monday's newspaper. But the uncertainty lies only in the journey. Wyche knows exactly what awaits him at the end.

"I realize that watching football games is the fans' leisure," Wyche says. "They want to cheer you when you win and they like to complain when you lose. If you're a coach you know what to expect. We all go into this with our eyes open."
Once again the absence of Furman's name in *U.S. News & World Report*’s annual October issue featuring "America's Best College's" has caused dismay on the part of some alumni and friends of Furman. They are especially confused because Furman was mentioned prominently in similar articles in previous years and then suddenly, it seemed, last year its name was dropped.

The explanation for this absence is simple. About three years ago the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, whose classification system *U.S. News & World Report* uses, moved Furman out of the regional comprehensive university category into the national liberal arts college category. As a result, instead of being compared with colleges and universities in the South that offer a number of graduate and professional degrees, such as Wake Forest, The Citadel and Stetson, Furman is now being compared with other top liberal arts colleges nationwide, such as Amherst, Williams and Bryn Mawr.

Describing these national liberal arts colleges, *U.S. News & World Report* says, "No group of institutions comes closer to matching the popular ideal of what higher learning should be.... Small in size, high in cost, rich in tradition and passionately devoted to what they call 'the education of the whole man and woman,' many of these colleges have achieved national and international distinction for educational quality."

The top universities in the country are included in the only other national category: national universities. All other colleges and universities whose names appear in the article are in various regional categories.

Few people who know which category Furman is in now would expect Furman’s name to appear among the top 25. In fact, only two of the top 25 are located in the South. Thus, the main cause of confusion is that most people have no idea which category Furman is in, because only 25 of the 141 schools in this elite category are listed. In like manner, only 25 of the 204 national universities are listed.

The truth is that Furman is in better shape than it has ever been. The SAT scores of freshmen entering in 1988 and 1989 are higher than they have ever been and approximately 100 points higher than students’ scores at any other college in South Carolina. Student retention and graduation rates are higher than ever before and higher than those of other colleges in South Carolina. Nearly 90 percent of our faculty hold earned doctorates, and our endowment has climbed to over $76 million.

While we salute the five South Carolina colleges recognized in *U.S. News & World Report*, we believe there is a serious flaw in an article that does not also include the names of all colleges in the national liberal arts category. In future articles we hope *U.S. News & World Report* will include the entire list of national liberal arts colleges and national universities, as well as those ranked as the top 25 in each group. Or why not run lists of the 10 top national liberal arts colleges and national universities in each region? Or perhaps identify the top colleges and universities in each category in each state? Surely this would give high school students and their parents a more balanced picture of the relative strengths of colleges in each section of the country.

But magazine article aside, we want you to know that Furman has made remarkable progress in recent years and the future looks even brighter.

Editor
PUNTING ON THE CAM in Cambridge has become a fall term in England tradition.