



FOCUS | Winter 2009

**I hope you are enjoying the new format and look of FOCUS and are reading it from cover to cover! Thank you in advance to those who will be responding to the online survey of the magazine sponsored by CASE (Council for the Advancement and Support of Education). Your feedback will be very useful and appreciated.**

### Dairy cows...

I think it was a recent FOCUS that gave an update on the Dairy.

In a recent newspaper article I read it pointed out that every dairy cow produces 200 tons of “greenhouse gases” each year.

Has there been any study as to how to lower the impact the Dairy has on “global warming” that these greenhouse gases cause?

We enjoy the FOCUS—well-written articles that help keep us informed.

Lyle Hamel (BS '49)

### Jack's memoir

During the school year of 1953–54, I took economics from **Wilbert Schneider** (former faculty, deceased). The class was required for several different majors and had a large enrollment. Because the class was so large we were seated alphabetically. Thus, I was in the first or second row. Seated next to me was an attractive young lady who I thought was rather nice and since I was very interested in her I spent class time talking to her instead of listening to Schneider drone on about economics. Given a choice, what would anyone else have done in the same situation: listened to the teacher or talked to Carol?

I'm sure the day came when he had had enough of me not paying attention. I can see him running his finger down the seating chart to identify who was doing all the yakking in his class. And he came to my name, which like everyone else's, was listed by the student's legal name.

When I was born my parents named me “John.” Immediately thereafter, evidently forgetting what they had named me, they called me “Jack,” a practice which everyone who knew me followed.

So when a question came my way from the teacher, prefaced with “John, what is...?” it went right over my head. I was “Jack,” didn't know any “John” and I kept right on talking. Once again it didn't register, and I kept on whispering to Carol. Then he asked me the question the third time and it still didn't sink in, but something else did. I realized



that there was one of those deadly silences that sometimes occur. One of those silences that indicate that some terrible crime has just occurred...and I suddenly realized that there was only one person in the room who was talking, and it wasn't the teacher.

I don't recall what happened next. Maybe there is a reader who was present in that class and can give a “rest of the story” ending. I know I survived and I remember that in succeeding classes I really enjoyed having Schneider as a teacher. So, however he did it, he must have been very gentle with me.

Jack Burns (BA '56, MA '62)



### Thanks for writing

**Letters to FOCUS are always welcome.** To ensure a range of viewpoints, we encourage letters of fewer than 300 words. Letters may be edited for content, style and space.

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