

Special year end issue



The Ibis

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Spencer ends first full year at L.C.

By Judy Gibilferra

Does Lindenwood Colleges' President William C. Spencer, merely sit in his office and dictate the changes that our school will undergo? Or is he a man, constantly in motion, trying new ideas to improve the campus atmosphere?

Lindenwood students have forgotten that President Spencer, following his appointment to the college, wanted the campus community to feel welcome to talk to him. Unfortunately, students don't give him the opportunity to talk anymore.

Granted, we have a professional football team in residence during the summer, but when we return, they will be gone and we'll still have the use of the stadium. And not just for use by the soccer team, but by the field hockey and baseball teams, too. "We're getting a facility that can be used for many purposes," said President Spencer.

Not only will we have a stadium, but President Spencer guarantees that our Student Center will be back too. "If anybody had looked carefully at the plans, they'd find

that at the end of the time that the Cardinals will be using it, what is the Tea-Hole and related area will be returned to its former state. What we will be getting is better lighting, air-conditioning and a better outdoor patio."

It's not just the "Cardinals" that President Spencer has brought to the school, but also new innovations in learning. The college has grown into four different and diverse educational communities. One can now receive a Master's Degree from Lindenwood in certain areas.

President Spencer hasn't wilted under the pressure of the controversies that followed him here. "I think the negative reaction of the students portray, for the most part, a lack of information and a lack of understanding of what the ideas are."

He says he has no plans to change our school, but to more fully utilize it. After all, he has an obligation to many more people than just students. He must contend with the faculty, staff, alumni, community and boards. The ideas that he proposes or supports must suit more than just students'

needs.

"I feel that people (students) think that presidents have almost unlimited power. About the only power I have is the power to suggest, to provide certain kinds of conditions in which others can provide ideas."

The way to reach President Spencer is through a logically thought-out conversation. He is open to suggestions and would certainly appreciate feedback concerning more than just the Cardinals and the closing of Butler Hall.

President Spencer is in favor of an active student community. He would like to see a strong student government and support for such a body.

Spencer is not affected by complaints and problems. He seems accustomed to them. And while he remains cool under a barrage of questions and negative comments, he continues to function in the role of the college's president. It takes a self-assured, enterprising person to govern something successfully. William C. Spencer has the makings of a president.



President William C. Spencer brought many changes with him when he came to Lindenwood one and a half years ago. Some of these ideas have caused considerable controversy, but Spencer remains unruffled in his job of leading Lindenwood to bigger and better things.

plus, the end of the Sunday hacker

Inside The Ibis

Butler Wake p. 3

B.C. Horse show p. 7

The Italian Connection p. 9



Strini enjoys Lindenwood; would like full-time work

by Dennis Miller

Tom Strini likes the Lindenwood campus and would like to continue teaching here but realizes that a full time position is not available.

"Everyone is friendly enough," he said, "but there are not enough students interested in classical guitar for me to teach full time."

Strini, a teacher and performer of classical guitar, began his teaching duties at Lindenwood last February. He currently teaches one class in the evening, and has two private students during the day—all on Tuesdays—plus other private students who do not attend Lindenwood.

"Very few places are able to hire a full time teacher of guitar," he explained. "There is the possibility that I could teach music composition next fall, but nothing has been planned yet."

Strini became involved in music at an early age. He started out by singing and playing folk music. "Then I had to sell my instruments, and since the guitar was the only one left it became a natural outgrowth for me. And I guess I've always liked classical music."

He has received a Bachelor of Music degree from Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville, and a Master's degree

from SIU-Carbondale. He is considering the possibility of returning to school for his PhD.

Strini, a native of St. Louis, began his teaching career while still in high school. It was then that he began teaching classical guitar to private students, and has been doing so since. He said that before he received his Bachelor's degree, he taught in music stores. "Maybe 60 per cent of my teaching was done in music stores. I also had a friend who lived in St. Louis and let me use his house because I had some private students in St. Louis. At the time, I was living in Alton. I would spend three days teaching in Alton and three days teaching in St. Louis."

At Carbondale, Strini was a graduate assistant and taught all the classes in classical guitar. He has also taught at Florissant Valley Community College and Kaskaskia College, along with continuing his private teachings.

He said he will probably be teaching at Lindenwood and St. Louis University next fall, and possibly Stevens College in Columbia, Mo. "I'm going to try to put together several part time jobs to make a full time job."

Strini does not stop at teaching. He is a performer. Isn't there an old saying, practice what you

preach . . . or is that teach? In any case, Strini does it. He recently gave a recital on the Lindenwood campus to the delight of a large audience.

All of Strini's concert experience has either been at St. Louis colleges or at other colleges. He has played at Lincoln Land College, Illinois Benedictine, Marillac College, Purdue University and Shawnee College. Each year he will try to do a tour. This year he did five concerts. "Tours are difficult," he said, "because it takes a long time to prepare yourself and to learn the material."

When asked for comments on Lindenwood's music department, he replied, "There are drawbacks to a program like Lindenwood's because there is no ensemble. Woodwind and brass players need the experience of playing in an ensemble or a band. However, here there is great opportunity for private instruction."

"One of the nice things about teaching is that there are opportunities to perform at the school where you teach. You are also encouraged to compose music, especially if there are people around who perform or are interested in composing."



Tom Strini, classical guitarist and teacher at Lindenwood likes the friendly atmosphere here but wishes he had more students.

Honors day . . .

The controversial man of the year comes to the podium. I watched and listened in anticipation, fearing he might say the wrong thing. His most distant opponents twirled ropes and gazed at the rafters. But, alas! The spirit of the day overwhelmed all parties. The program came off without incident. And Dr. William Spencer culminated his speech by saying, "This is what it's all about." He was referring to the many accomplishments of the students. And that's what Honor's Day is all about.

On to the presentations. But first, a short speech by Dr. Edward Balog about the good and evil of competition. "Our purpose is to recognize achievement to some unusual degree," said the speaker. "Is competition good or evil? Well, I think it is necessary. Competition is a way of balancing." Fine words in the Balog style. If you've ever had one of his classes, you know what I mean.

The award presentations finally came, but not without the traditional Academy type ritual. After all, this was a day for everybody: teachers taking pride in those students they have worked with and put part of themselves into, the honorees enjoying a rare moment they'll never forget, and the students looking on and soaking up a little inspiration to do better next year.

So, the faculty presenters had their few words to say about each recipient. Now, of course there is nothing wrong with this. In fact, it is sorely needed in a program of this type. But why did 'comic' Dean Delaney stop? He was rolling, as Johnny Carson would say. Why has this great talent been restricted to the first floor of Roemer? Remember, Jelkyl Center is only a hop, skip and a jump down the hall from Delaney's pen. And what about Dean Crozier? Will comedienne Crozier go on tour with Delaney this summer?

There were, however, no acceptance speeches which allowed the program to move along nicely. People like to hear something about the honoree, but redundancy is something else.

Receiving the Lindenwood College Senior Awards were Maribeth Selvig, Chris Coleman and David Brantley (LC III). Coleman seemed to be a sentimental 'favorite' as he also was named to Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities, received the C. Eugene Conover Award in Religious Studies, and was warmly hugged by Delaney and Dr. Esther L. Johnson, who

presented the Conover award.

Named to Who's Who were: Steven Andrews, Rick Champagne, Coleman, Jan R. Dineen, Nukhet Dogan, Darby Dregallo, Kay Ferneding, Virginia Gender, Suzanne Groom, Sammy Hall, Lynne Jeffery, Cheryl Kimball, Janet Knickmeyer, James Knoblauch, John Lundberg, Jessica Moore, Robyn Muncy, Nancy Prosser, Leslie Rodieck, Janet Rupert, Michael Sandwith, Robert Schneider, Maribeth Selvig, Stacy Singer, Deborah Spitzmiller, Bob Van Dusen and Thomas Wong.

John Lundberg received the Spahmer Creative Writing Award for his short story, "Always Open." Broadcast Journalism awards were presented to Barbara Rogers and Diana Van Isegham. Rogers will be news director next year at KCLC while Van Isegham will be public affairs director. Recognized for Equestrian accomplishments were: Beth Hammes, Pam Ward, Sarah Vogel, Jane Ruffkahr, Ann Layton, Bob Meier, Cindy Tozar and Margie Mueller. Meier, Tozar and Mueller received ribbons for being the senior members of Beta Chi Riding Club. Kay Ferneding, Bob Van Dusen and John de Pasquale received awards for work in the theatre.

Phyllis Noland, a teacher in the St. Charles School District, presented the Alpha Delta Kappa award to Kay Greer. Besides Coleman, students receiving the Conover Award in Religious Studies were Elizabeth Burbank and April Center.

Other awards and their recipients were: Presser Music Foundation Scholarship, Audrey Kramer; Mu Phi Epsilon, Janet Knickmeyer and Jennifer Henderson; Psychology Interest Group, Susan Good and Bob Schneider; Franc McCluer Sociology, Virginia Gender; Outstanding senior member and underclass member, presented by the Black Student Union, Jessica Moore and Maggie Watson; CRC Freshman Chemistry, Terry Killian; and, the F. Gilbert Bickel, III, Prize in Business Administration, Nancy Prosser.

Students receiving senior certificates from the National Council of Alpha Lambda Delta were: Jan Dineen, Nancy Prosser, Leslie Rodieck, Maribeth Selvig, Debbie Spitzmiller and Janet Westmann. Selvig also received a book for achieving the highest grade point average among the Alpha Lambda Delta members.

NY Times reporter to be contributor, not performer

By Jim Knoblauch

Graduation exercises can be overly formal, painfully long and, at times, dull. Likewise, commencement speakers have used these occasions to bore their less than captive audience with personal insights and senseless rhetoric.

Gene I. Maeroff is this year's speaker for Lindenwood's graduation ceremony. If indications from President William C. Spencer are true, Maeroff will be nothing like the aforementioned orators. He will be a contributor and not a performer for the event.

That's great, but who is Gene Maeroff?

Maeroff, 37, is currently employed by the **New York Times** as the national education correspondent. He has been on the Times staff since 1971.

"He is a broad-scoped person," said Spencer. "Gene Maeroff is a very thoughtful, well-educated and modest man."

Not only that, but Maeroff is a reporter in both the most complex and simplest sense of the word. His style is slick, to the point and well structured—every journalist's goal. Likewise, within that style, Maeroff is thorough and informative—the objective of every journalist.

"I was struck by his professional work," said Spencer. "I noticed his by-line with his articles, was impressed and made an effort from that point on to read his work. Mr. Maeroff is an in-depth, informative reporter."

Before working for Times Maeroff spent a good part of his life in his native state of Ohio.

Maeroff was born in Cleveland,

grew up there and eventually earned his undergraduate degree at Ohio University in 1961. After leaving Ohio to receive a Masters Degree at Boston University, Maeroff returned to his home state to work for the Akron Beacon Journal.

From Akron, Maeroff moved back to Cleveland to take an editorial position with the Cleveland Plain Dealer. While at the Plain Dealer Maeroff gained national recognition with numerous selections appearing in **The Nation** magazine.

In **The Nation** Maeroff displayed his "broad-scopedness." In '68 he was part of a team of writers which analyzed the Presidential elections of that year. Also, in '70 Maeroff contributed coverage of off-year elections in the Ohio area. In a completely different field of business, he reported on the efforts of small shareholders battling big corporations for an equal voice.

The most dynamic articles appearing in **The Nation** were concerned with education. Maeroff covered topics ranging from taxation problems of public schools, to union vs. non-union teachers, to desegregation of schools in the predominantly white district of Brooklyn called Canarsie.

Maeroff's article about schools in Canarsie was most intriguing. At one point he abandoned his usual non-editorializing style: "They (the whites) and their parents struggled and paid their dues; they think it only fair that the next fellow should do the same. However, the system no longer operates as it did for previous generations. How do you pay the dues when they won't let you near

the toll booth for fear of a rip-off? How do you ride the vehicles of upward mobility when they have let the air out of the tires?"

Gene Maeroff has something worth saying. And he'll even sacrifice his usually impeccable journalistic style to get his strongest points acrossed.

Along with his work in **The Nation**, Maeroff has contributed articles to the **Saturday Review**, the **New York Times Magazine**, **New York** magazine, **Parade** and various educational journals. He also published his first book, "The New York Times Guide to Suburban Public Schools" (Quadrangle), this past March.

What will Maeroff do at Lindenwood? From Dr. Spencer's viewpoint the subject matter of the commencement speech is anyone's guess.

"This will not be a performance for him, though," said Spencer. "He is sincerely interested."

Maeroff should arrive Friday evening before commencement and Spencer was certain that he would be available for students to talk to. "He'll probably sit down on the floor and talk to you for hours," said Spencer.

This type of behavior is definitely inconsistent with speakers in the past. Most commencement speakers from out of town arrive the morning of the ceremony and leave immediately afterward. The most recent example was Dan Rather's quick entrance and exit for the '74 commencement.

So even though Gene Maeroff may not be a household name, his contribution to Commencement '76 may be more than just a memorable experience.

Butler Hall, R.I.P.



In memorium, Butler Hall . . .

by Chuck Accardi

T'was the week before finals and all thru the dorm, the crowd sipped from teacups while Dave played his horn. The girls were decked out in black and mascare, while small talk of football fields cut through the air. And I, the reporter, assigned to this beat, wondered how Spencer was enjoying the heat.

Author Unknown
Diploma withheld

This must have been what my grandmother was talking about when she spoke of those Irish wakes in her younger days. You've heard, I'm sure, of these legendary affairs where all the mourners raised their pitchers of ale to salute their dear departed at the end of the service.

Well folks, the Butler wake of May 7, 1976 won't have to take a back seat to any Irish wake of yesteryear. Indeed, everyone who was anyone showed for the old dorm's last hurrah. Deans, faculty members, administrators, students, and yes . . . even Henry Kissinger came for this less-than-solemn occasion.

To be sure, any attempt to keep a serious attitude for the event was quickly dispelled once the first serving of green punch was poured. In fact, some of those who sampled the concoction swore that it was strong enough to raise the dead.

But all were gathered for one reason on that Friday night: to commemorate the last days of Butler Hall as a girls dormitory on our Lindenwood campus.

Yes, after more than a half-century of service to many Lindenwood ladies, this grand, old edifice will become general administrative offices because of

the critical lack of classroom space in Roemer Hall.

When you think about it, its almost criminal that President Spencer might be occupying the former room of the legendary Kay Ferneding when classes resume next fall. And what will visitors to Dean Delaney's new office think when they walk in and see inscribed on the wall, "Shirley Fowler slept here."

For graduating members of Butler, the ceremony was almost unbearable. You could see the anguish and sorrow in the eyes of Rondel Richardson and Polly Saputo as sympathetic mourners offered their condolences. It was as if they were saying, "Spencer, Spencer, why hath thou taken our dorm from us, Spencer."

But despite occasional efforts of solemnity, I can report that generally, a good time was had by all. After a stirring rendition of taps by the multi-talented Dave Chapman, the overflow crowd gathered in the parlor for the brief, but eventful ceremony.

Lynn Hosmer read from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, followed by a sadly amusing eulogy from another Butler Babe, Jane Povis. Next, Saputo and Ferneding brought the crowd to their feet (even though they were already standing) with a melancholy number in the honor of the late Mr. Butler who wasn't able to attend because of prior commitments.

To that last point, it was fitting that Ms. Ferneding mentioned in her remarks, some of the "high" moments that Butler had enjoyed over the years. Her closing comments evolved into a Billy Graham address as she whipped the crowd into a frenzy. In fact, there were so many "amen's" and "alelluia's" flying around that a passerby might have mistaken the

proceedings for a pentecost revival.

Rowdy and exuberant might be another way to describe the crowd after Ferneding's impassioned "hellraiser." Her fervent rhetoric ignited the emotions of the crowd to the point of signing the Great Amen. So inspirational was the scene that I thought that Sidney Potier must have slipped in the side door.

After the service, everyone who hadn't been drinking, started. Dean Crozier, draped in a black mourning costume, laughingly reminded me of what a sad occasion it was while Sally Richardson commiserated with everyone who could stand to listen to her.

The tempo of the celebration had hardly diminished as I prepared to leave. After I had paid proper homage to the portrait of Sir James lying in a long, gray casket for the last time, I departed the premises so that I could begin putting this memorable event into words.

Outside, the sun's rays reflected off the chrome of the long, silver hearse parked in front of the dorm. It had just begun to pull away when I stepped onto the front steps. Suddenly, the real sadness of the occasion ocured to me.

No longer would those staid, old hallways nurture the feelings of togetherness and friendship that only a dormitory can. Butler Hall will still be here next year and for years to come, but, it will never be the same. Yes, a little bit of Lindenwood tradition will be lost when they close its doors as a dormitory for the last time. More than one tear will be shed by those seniors who, for these past few years, have called Butler their home.

But I heard a voice exclaim as I walked down the hall, "Thanks Butler Babes, its been a ball."



Polly Saputo, in mourning



George Giorgetti comforts ex-resident Kay Ferneding.

Photos by
Chris Coleman

Text by
Chuck Accardi

Placement Office too often overlooked

by Lisa G. Myers

You probably pass right by the door as you go to and from the mailbox every day, but how often are you really aware of the Placement Office?

Director of Alumnae Affairs and Placement, Mary Lichliter and Associate Director, Dorothy Barklage, both wish that students were more aware of the Placement Office.

Lichliter and Barklage have a variety of services to offer students. It is their purpose to assist students who are seeking

employment following graduation and students who are looking for summer jobs or part time work during the school year.

"We are not an employment agency though," says Barklage. "We can make contacts and arrange interviews but the students have to get themselves the job."

The office is well provided with vocational information, including a variety of brochures, booklets, and directories prepared for students by publishers, professional organizations, companies and

other types of employers.

"One of the things I'd like to see undergraduates take advantage of is our vocational file," said Barklage, referring to this available information. "We have an excellent file and I'm willing to research any area we don't have covered."

"We just want them to come in and browse through our information," added Lichliter. "Especially if they don't yet know what they want to do."

Another thing Lichliter and Barklage attempt to do is teach

students about going out and applying for their first jobs—how to look for a job, about resumes and cover letters and how to sell themselves.

Besides helping students with jobs, Lichliter and Barklage also assist those who plan to enter professional or graduate schools. They have information on the schools as well as on tests for different institutions and graduate record exams. The office keeps a permanent file for alumni who can reactivate and update their references at any time.

However, Lichliter, "One of the most important things is to get their letters of recommendation before they leave, because once they are gone, it's very difficult."

Both women felt the office has done a good job in helping students find jobs.

"I think we are successful in getting information on jobs to the students who are registered with us," said Lichliter.

"I would really say we have a good record over the years of helping students find jobs," added

Barklage. "But not everyone comes in for help and not everyone can be helped. A lot of people aren't even seeking positions right now."

Lichliter said that in the past, the Placement Office was helping a majority of education students but that now it is getting more into the business field.

"One thing that is difficult is predicting now what fields will be open for a student when she graduates in four years," Lichliter said.

For next year's seniors, both Lichliter and Barklage repeatedly stressed the importance for the students to come into the office early in the year.

"One of the first things they should do is to come in and talk to us, and then to keep checking back with us. We can't help the ones who don't come in," said Barklage.

To that, Lichliter added, "for those who are graduating this year, please let us know what you do after you leave—whether you get a position or go to graduate school."



Dorothy Barklage and Mary Lichliter invite students to stop by the Placement Office and take advantage of the many services offered there.

Young Democrats balk at 'apathetic' label

Whoever said Lindenwood students are apathetic is wrong and the Young Democrats are living proof.

Young Democrats (YD) was formed to promote political awareness of students and the community by featuring speakers who relate to the public. Since this is election year, we are constantly bombarded with candidates seeking office and it is almost impossible to tell what issues are expounded by which candidate and what, if anything it all means.

The YD intends to simplify this by featuring candidates or their representatives, to give a better perspective of the candidate and

his views.

Greg Barnett, who is currently acting head of the YD is trying to get a charter for them. With this charter would come recognition by the state and the national Democratic Committee. But, to obtain the charter, the YD must have a faculty sponsor and currently they do not.

At present, only Lindenwood students who are Democrats are permitted to join, but anyone is welcome to the speakers format. Recently the YD sponsored a representative of Jimmy Carter and one of Morris Udall.

The newly formed organization

is not, however, without growing pains. They have not yet decided whether they will promote certain candidates or concentrate solely on increasing public awareness. In either case, they will invite candidates to explain their issues and views clearly and concisely.

If you are interested in the YD and what they are doing, contact Greg Barnett or come to hear some of their guest speakers on Thursday nights in Younge Lounge—its free and informative. Some of their future speakers include William Cason, Missouri candidate for governor and Senator James Symington.

Letters . . .

I would like to express my feelings towards your recent editorial pertaining to the president of our college. It translated my personal feelings into words and also may have some effect on the future decisions that are made for the students. It was well written and relevant to the general campus mood on that matter. Furthermore, the recent editions of the Ibis have been outstanding in quality and very informative, as well as entertaining.

Perhaps now those who criticize the Ibis will be finally satisfied. I am speaking of those who complain that their newspaper is poorly managed, that the articles are poorly written, and in general a poor newspaper. (Poor, very poor). I wonder if their taste is in their mouths, or if they are just the chronic complainers who bitch about anything. These same people

are the ones who complain that the food here is terrible, and for the money we pay we should get good food all the time. Send 'em back to mother.

Maybe next year they will be having a good time with the ten to twenty thousand other students they will be with when they transfer to a larger school, and I hope they enjoy their food and newspaper too.

Or then again, maybe they will return to dear Lindenwood to join on the Ibis staff to bring it up to their impeccable standards. But I doubt it, they will probably come back to complain once again about all the things that are wrong with this school. (granted, there are a number of them) and while in the process of talking to you about world pollution, they may just throw their beer can into the nearest bush. Touche'

Chris Miller

Humanities FORUM

Observers of all kinds are striving to get a sense of the 1970's but with perhaps no better success than in the 1950's and 1960's. There is, in fact, a collection entitled **The Sense of the 60's**. In it, Philip Roth says: "for a writer of fiction to feel that he does not really live in the country in which he lives . . . must certainly seem a serious occupational impediment."

And now, in spite of the revolt of the 1960's, poetry continues to be locked into the academic community. Break-away writers, who seemed to be starting a new era, have not matured. Even their readers are primarily on the university campuses.

Popular fiction is dominated by a frankness bolder than that of the previous decade. It says something about the times, but hardly more than proclaiming survival as the main reason for being. That, as Roth says, hardly gives us "room to be cheery."

Lewis Mumford, in **Art and Technics**, argues that art and literature show conditions rather than affect them. "When society is healthy," he writes, "the artist reflects its health; but when it is ailing, he likewise reinforces its ailments."

Mumford sees ours as a "nonhistoric and impersonal world of matter and motion, a world with no values except the value of quantities; a world of causal sequence, not human purposes."

Because art and literature begin in the need to widen the province of personality, "a society which worships technology and quantity "forces the artist into bizarre-expressions of personality."

Mumford's point is that the creative potential of a society needs expression in imaginative literature, but that expression depends upon a social environment which places human purposes above quantitative aims.

"Unless you believe," says Mumford, "that life transcends all its instruments and mechanisms, there is no answer" to the cynic's question: "So what?" and little encouragement to the artist. — **Howard A. Barnett, Professor of English, The Lindenwood Colleges, Forum Director.**

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Ibis/entertainment

The sleuth of Baker Street is alive and thriving

Sherlock Holmes a befuddled drug addict? Watson coming up with the right answers? Professor Moriarty a "good-guy?" Sigmund Freud blaming Holmes' father?

Yes. And you'll have a lot more questions when you finish reading the book; like "why did I bother?"

Nicholas Meyer may masquerade as the same "writer" Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did (Dr. John Watson), but sadly he is not. He lacks the suspense, tightness and detail Sherlock Holmes mysteries are known for.

To make matters worse, he tries to blame Watson for his shortcomings: "if the narrative which follows occasionally fails to bear the impress of my usual style, age must partly share the blame, along with the fact that years have elapsed since I last wrote."

Years indeed had elapsed between that wet April evening Sherlock Holmes burst into Watson's office and the time Watson wrote the story. Once again Moriarty plagued Holmes. He babbled on about the professor, acclaiming him as London's criminal mastermind, listing his accomplishments and crimes. Holmes carried on about Moriarty before, but only, Watson realized, when the great detective was "deep in the spell of his cocaine."

Cocaine use was quite legal in Victorian England and Holmes turned to it often to ease his restless mind when nothing pressing or sinister challenged it.

Now, as always, Moriarty appeared. At Watson's insistence, Sherlock's older brother, the more ingenious of the two, and Professor Moriarty lay a trail to Vienna's Sigmund Freud in a desperate attempt to cure Holmes of his addiction.

Freud finds Holmes a fascinating case and proceeds to cure him. Immediately thereafter Holmes stumbles across a mystery and once again is on the trail. Unfortunately, the quarry is not much—a mute young woman dragged from the river who, when hypnotized, claims she is a baroness and someone tried to kill her. From there on the book goes downhill. Holmes pounces upon the case and pursues it to a final flashing sabre duel atop a speeding railroad car.

It's a bloody shame Meyer's writing talents are as lacking as Holmes' sabre talents. He neglects details with a passion—something Holmes NEVER does. While Mycroft supposedly led his brother to Vienna, no one ever makes mention of him after they leave London. Characters disappear for little or no reason at all, and Meyer alludes to things he never quite explains.

No one ever figures out just what the Holmes brothers hold over Moriarty to manipulate him as they do, but Meyer, nonetheless, makes a big point that they do have something over him. Holmes hijacks a nobleman's coach from a

funeral procession with both Freud and Watson hoping "he knows what he is doing." But we never discover why—this particular nobleman could cause such repercussions.

Despite a rough beginning, a drab middle and a disappointing ending, Meyer's talent as a movie writer surfaces occasionally, producing flashing, daring, action-filled moments.

More than once I picture a scene upon the silver screen—Freud battling and finally trouncing the arrogant young soldier at the tennis club; Holmes and the baron dueling to the death atop a rocking railroad car with scenic Bavaria flashing through the background. Slowly we pan to a back view of the baron, only to see an approaching tunnel threatening Holmes from the rear.

Unfortunately these moments of intrigue are few and far between. Usually the plot is thin and at times non-existent. Small, unconnected slips strain the story and give the reader the feeling Meyer knows he is not up to Conan Doyle's level, yet he persists. To realize a writer is struggling unsuccessfully to emulate another's style is sad. To spend \$7.98 on such a writer's book is criminal.

Just what Nicholas Meyer hopes to accomplish with "The Seven Per-cent Solution" is unclear. He did sell quite a few books, I suppose he made quite a lot of money and he did disappoint quite a few

"Homisians." Maybe his intentions were good; perhaps he wanted to give Sherlock Holmes fans a tantalizing mystery for once. All I can say is "Nice try, Mr. Meyer. But next time, remember, Sherlock Holmes is not elementary."

Denise Poesé

Sherlockian siblings

Can you imagine what happens when a photographic ear gets stuck, gets stuck, gets stuck, PlunnnK!?

In "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother," all the funny things you can think of occur. Imagine Gene Wilder playing the role of Sigerson, Holmes' younger brother. In the first scene when he is introduced to us he is fencing a huge pot-bellied stove on which he has attached an arm and head.

Marty Feldman plays Orville Sacker, Wilder's sidekick. Feldman is very funny with his bulging eyes and photographic ears. At the drop of a hat he can name all the streets, rivers, stores . . . in London. In one particular scene he is naming all the members of Parliament when his ear gets stuck, gets stuck, gets stuck, gets stuck, PlunnnK! He must slap his head to stop.

But Feldman isn't the only one with an acute organ. Wilder is also gifted with hearing footsteps. But, that's where his gift ends. He is a bumbling detective who by some miracle saves the life of "The

Liar," played by Madeline Kahn. In the movie Madeline had the same problem that a lot of women are plagued with, she says 'No' when she means 'Yes' and 'Yes' when she means 'No'. Madeline is also a governess, an actress, a fiancée and an accomplished comedienne.

The producer of this comedy, Richard Roth, has a talent for taking simple romantic scenes and making them hilariously funny.

The movie, though quite jovial, is filled with social connotations. For instance, Wilder calls his brother "SherLuck" because he doesn't believe he's a great detective.

This sibling rivalry is rather apparent throughout the movie. Wilder's character is filled with mythical dreams. He wants to be a hero and save someone. But as the message of the movie states, "It's very difficult to be a hero in real life." In fact, the movie places particular emphasis on how people use each other to gain fame and success.

If you're the kind of person who enjoys simple, clean laughter than you'll enjoy this movie. It doesn't employ the use of violence to get its kicks. Instead, it relies on the audiences' reaction to the characters.

Audience involvement is so intense that you can forget, forget, forget, forget, PlunnnK! that you paid \$3.25 to see a movie that's only two hours long.

Maggie Watson

\$3,000 needed, Minithon raises over two-thirds

The hope of KCLC's Minithon, held April 23-26, was to raise funds for station operations and to increase audience awareness of this student-run FM station located on the Lindenwood campus.

The goal of the minithon was to raise \$3,000 to convert KCLC to stereo. In discussing the need to become stereo, John Stephens, station general manager, said, "Our engineers have estimated the cost of going stereo at \$12,000. After dividing this cost over a number of years, plus obtaining funds from other sources, we placed our figure at \$3,000."

Although the station collected only \$2,281.00, station personnel expressed thanks to all those who contributed. Because FM-89 is non-commercial, they cannot accept revenue from advertising and must rely on outside sources (the public) for income.

KCLC staffers helped plan and execute the three day event which featured guest speakers and disc jockeys. Among the notables in the broadcasting field "appearing" were Robert Fox of KXOK, Robin

Smith—a 1975 graduate of Lindenwood—and Don Marsh, both of KTVI. Deans Doris Crozier and Patrick Delaney became honorary disc jockeys for an afternoon along with St. Charles area businessmen. KCLC's own Rhinestone Cowboy, Gene Roberts, appeared twice to keep audiences entertained with the best in blue grass sounds. The minithon also featured specials on such music personalities as Bob Dylan, Leon Russell and Joni Mitchell.

On Sunday, the KCLC No-Stars planned to play a celebrity softball game against the St. Charles City Council, but wet weather forced them to play basketball in Butler Gym. Due to the inconsistency of the No-Stars—most notably this reporter's—the council defeated KCLC by ten points.

All in all, it was a memorable time for the staff of KCLC, the St. Charles community and, most importantly, the people who contributed to the minithon—people who want to see KCLC remain a viable form of entertainment.



Monk-eying around are the member of the Meredith Monk Dance Company, which performed at Lindenwood last month.

Photo by Chris Coleman

From campuses nationwide . . .

Presented by National College News Service



IT'S TWIRP TIME AGAIN

The ladies of Mount Vernon Nazarene College will once again have their chance to snatch the guy they want during Student Council's first TWIRP week of the year.

TWIRP means The Woman is Required to Pay, and has proved to be one of the most successful social occasions in past years.

During this TWIRP weekend, the dating roles are reversed. The woman asks the man out, picks him up at his residence, and picks up the tab for the cost of the date.

THE LAKEHOLM VIEWER
Mount Vernon Nazarene College

A GREEK'S BEST FRIEND

Fraternity composites consist of all the frat members. But who hold the most prestigious spots in the centers of the composites? It would be none other than those always-loving and ever-supporting mascots.

Not all frats on campus have mascots, but those who do have some really extraordinary ones.

Sigma Chi has a mascot, but it is classified a little differently than a regular mascot. The Sigma Chis keep their visitors on their toes with a tarantula. The large, hairy black spider has been in the custody of Mark Segell for two months and lives in an aquarium.

The tarantula eats dead white mice or anything it can get its legs on. The spider did escape once by knocking the cover off the aquarium and crawling out into Mark's room. In a frantic search he was finally found under a pile of clothes and put back into the aquarium.

BRADLEY SCOUT
Bradley University

MAC HAMBURGS UNDER FIRE

McDonald's is the giant of the field. Sales for 1974 were a whopping 2 billion dollars. Over 150,000 teenagers work at McDonald's making them the largest employer of young people in the nation, all of them clean shaven, short-haired and acne free.

The food that those all-American teenagers serve is a nutritional wasteland according to most experts. Dr. Jean Mayer of Harvard University's School of Public Health has noted that the typical McDonald's meal — hamburger, french fries and shake — not only contains little in the way of vitamins, but he also observes that McDonald's bland, mushy food was so lacking in roughage that it did not require any chewing.

Dr. George Christakis, nutrition chief at New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine estimates that one-third of the children raised on the all-American meal would be high risk heart attack candidates by the time they reach fifty.

According to Benjamin Rosenthal, the volatile Democratic Congressman from Queens, New York, the "Quarter Pounder" isn't even a quarter pound.

Oh well, see ya at Mac's after the game.

Dave Kintigh
LANTHORN
Grand Valley State College

SATIRE OF BREAST-FIXATION

If you like to invest part of yourself in the art you view at an exhibit, even if it means offering body hair and having castings made of your nipples for display, you had a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity at the opening of Louise Munyan's Aqueous Inclinations.

The title Aqueous Inclinations comes from Ms. Munyan's belief that water is an erotic medium, and the theme of water runs throughout the show.

It is the artist's conviction that it's necessary for the viewer to become part of the art he sees, to integrate himself into the experience of his viewing. She feels that the viewer is too distanced from most art, and she wants to break down some barriers. That's the reason for the castings that she was taking from the crowd on opening night adding them to her display of erogenous zones of the body.

Indeed, the most sensational part of Ms. Munyan's show is the display of castings taken from the lips, nipples, and who-knows-where-else of the body. The castings were taken from male volunteers gleaned from the local nude beaches. Knowing this you can appreciate the fine irony of people's reactions in the gallery. One guy was so impressed by the sight of so many nipples together in one place ("Man, look at those boobs!") that he called all his friends over, who were equally enthusiastic in their appreciation, none suspecting that they were admiring specimens of male and not female beauty.

DAILY NEXUS
University of California, Santa Barbara

CAMPUS TV PLANNED

A weekly television show produced and written by Baylor students will be discussed at a meeting open to all students and faculty.

"What we're trying for is a student-produced, magazine-format television production," says Gregory S. Porter, assistant professor of oral communication and radio. "We're trying to do it on a weekly basis."

Porter, who originated the idea for the program, said that the show might be of a "60 Minutes" type format, covering not only news but original student productions. Three to five minutes each of campus news and campus events are scheduled to lead off each program.

"The rest of the program will consist of a feature or features, documentaries, instructive programs, say, on motorcycle maintenance, an original piece from the school of music, an original play. Anything, any concept is possible."

The OCR instructor said that the idea for an original television news program from Baylor occurred to him last semester, but that he'd decided to broaden the format to allow artistic expression as well.

"It'll all give everyone a chance to showcase their talents. Usually, when someone makes a videotape film, only the class he's in gets to see it. This will provide for a larger audience."

THE BAYLOR LARIAT
Baylor University

INSPECTION WORTHLESS

A study recently completed by CMU students has received national attention by showing that Pennsylvania's twice-yearly automotive inspection is almost worthless, while it costs motorists an estimated 130 million dollars annually. In past years the projects undertaken by these students has influenced legislation, and because 34 other states have inspection systems similar to Pennsylvania's, it is certain that this study will receive attention from government officials across the nation.

By using national and state figures, it was found that only 3-15 percent of traffic accidents are caused by vehicle malfunctions, motorists cause 60 percent of all traffic accidents and an additional 30 percent are caused by bad weather. Thus, the goal of the inspections — to decrease traffic accidents — can only be realized in a very limited way under any circumstances since mechanical failure causes such a small proportion of accidents.

To determine just how well the inspections were done a car with 13 major defects, any one of which was enough to cause the car to be rejected, was taken to 20 randomly selected inspection stations. The results of these inspections seem to indicate that it is normal for the inspections to be so badly done that several, or even many, major defects go undetected. Thus, the inspections apparently can do little to decrease the number of traffic accidents.

The 20 stations involved on the average, found only four of the 13 defects, and one station found no defects at all and passed the car. Strangely enough, the stations found, on the average two defects that were non-existent or were not on the state's inspection list. Therefore at best the students concluded that state inspections are only 50 to 75 percent effective in spotting and correcting mechanical defects in cars, and that even detecting those weaknesses did little to decrease accidents since the six states without inspections had no more accidents due to mechanical failure than Pennsylvania.

Joan Konkle
THE TARTAN
Carnegie-Mellon University

COMPUTERS HELP JOB HUNGRY STUDENTS

Students at several colleges this fall are plugging into a sophisticated computerized system that uses multiple-choice questions and fictional situations to provide career guidance.

SIGI, the System of Interactive Guidance and Information, is a \$1.5 million pet project of the Education Testing Service (ETS), and is designed for students who have a fuzzy idea of what comes after college.

The SIGI experience is simple, according to ETS. First a student is given a series of ten occupational values such as the importance of high income, prestige, helping others, leisure time and job variety.

Fictional job descriptions based on the occupational values appear on the screen and students weigh the importance of each one to themselves. After ranking their occupational values, they are led through a number of steps

that match real occupations to those values, compare information about careers and rate chances of success in the fields.

Finally, students narrow their vocational prospects to one choice and figure out the necessary steps to prepare themselves for that job.

LANTHORN
Grand Valley State College

PRANKS PART OF HISTORY

Great moments in Auburn history? That should conjure up a bit of nostalgia in everyone's mind.

An old story originating from 1925 involves a Model-T Ford sitting atop the roof of Samford Hall. A group of boys took the car apart one day and broke into Samford that night.

They carried each piece of the disassembled car up to the roof where they put the whole thing back together. Next morning the campus was shocked to see the car parked neatly on the roof!

In those days there were few cars or buses and the train was the major source of transportation for students attending the Plains. The train line serving Auburn ran between Montgomery and West Point, Ga.

Students took a special delight in hiding near the tracks at night to wait for the train to speed by. As the train approached the waiting students, they scurried out of hiding armed with brooms and large buckets of sopping paint. They dipped the brooms into the paint and held the broom against the train's side as it screamed along down the tracks painting itself orange and blue.

The angry train owners had to clean up the mess with no guarantee that the train would get safely through Auburn on its next trip without a fresh coat of orange and blue.

Another popular prank played on the railroads was greasing the tracks. Students would spread grease on the tracks in front of a parked train and get out of the way to watch the fun. When the train started to move on, the wheels spun round and round going nowhere — comparable to a car stuck in a ditch.

An event that propelled Auburn into national prominence was the streak, which occurred two years ago. The campus became a leader in running around with no clothes on after the first streaker ran across the concourse of Haley Center. The streaker (a male) wore a red ski mask, socks and tennis shoes.

Overnight, the Lovliest Village was filled with nude bodies as couples streaked together hand in hand and people rode bicycles in the flesh. Finally, the night before winter quarter finals, mass streaking hit the campus. During the break before spring quarter, the excitement died down and the campus once more returned to its normal routine — until new campus traditions and pastimes are invented.

THE AUBURN PLAINSMAN
Auburn University

□ □ □

Day not long enough for Partlow

by Maggie Watson

Shhhhhhh! Want to know a secret?

Mrs. Glenda Partlow doesn't know there are only 24 hours in a day. To fulfill her duties as wife, mother and newly appointed

school. Presently Glenda is updating changes made in the student catalog for 1976-77. It is her desire to have the brochures ready for distribution by late summer.

Where did Lindenwood acquire this 5 foot, 1 inch, brown-haired

of Publications for the Missouri Bar Association. With such a wide variety of experiences, Glenda hopes to help unify the publications that go out for the college and to help coordinate publications for various departments.

With the help of Sarah Fulton, current coordinator of news releases and the college calendar, Glenda believes efforts to make this college more visible will succeed and she will do whatever she can to ensure that success.

But even succeeding all the time can be boring and Glenda has a solution. She goes camping, on float trips and is an active tennis player. However, these things can only be done in the summer months so what does the workaholic do in the winter months?

Glenda explained she was quite active in the Delta Gamma Foundation. They raise money to aid blind preschoolers. When she isn't being a mother, wife and employee, Glenda is a student.

For the past few years she has taken drawing courses here at L.C. to strengthen her artistic ability, but if you saw her portfolio and the award-winning display ads and citations you'd wonder why she needed these courses.

No matter how talented she is,

Glenda's always willing to share her knowledge. Glenda will be available to anyone who might need her help. She said, "I have very nice feeling about the Lindenwood community. I'm willing to do whatever I can to open up

avenues so people learn more about Lindenwood, because they tend to forget what they don't see."

But we know, Glenda the workaholic won't let them forget because she'll be in there pitching more than 24 hours a day.

Ibis/personality

Manager of Publications and Publicity for L.C. she needs more time than twenty-four hours brings, so she works until her tasks are completed regardless of the number of hours involved.

Glenda's only been with the college a short time, but already she has completed the news release for the Masters' Program which recently received accreditation and she is nearly finished with the ads for summer

workaholic? Glenda explained she has had a variety of job experiences since graduating from Florida State University in 1964 with a background in business, advertising, writing, public relations, and art. Included was her position as Youth Coordinator for Famous-Barr.

Glenda was also copywriter for Boyd's, advertising manager for Golde's and PR person for radio station KFUD, as well as Director



On-the-spot maintenance played a large role in the successful outcome of the recent Beta Chi Horse Show. Above, a smith shoes one of the many horses entered in the two-day affair. Riders from Lindenwood and other equestrian centers participated in the show,

which was held at the St. Charles Fairgrounds in St. Charles county. Below, a Lindenwood rider leads her mount through its paces in one of the many different events. As always, the show was a memorable experience for riders and spectators alike.

Photos by Roy Sykes



Printing press bought

Do you create poetry, literature, or other art work and then tuck it into your desk drawer, hidden from the rest of the world? Have you ever considered having your original works published?

Now you can because the English department of the Lindenwood Colleges has purchased a used, iron, small and foolproof printing press.

June 3, 1960, Dr. Agnes Sibley, Emeriti member of Lindenwood, and Dr. Mary Elizabeth Dawson, Professor of English, established a bank account (from sales and gifts) intending to purchase a printing press.

Recently as Dr. Howard Barnett, chairman of the English department, was browsing through the classified section of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, he discovered a printing press which was for sale at a very reasonable price. So he, accompanied by Leo Dessert of the maintenance staff, visited the press' owner to get a better description and closer look at the printing press.

Concluding that the press was in good condition, Dr. Barnett pur-

chased it for \$100. (It is sold for about \$300 new.)

Dr. B. Richard Berg, vice president of Lindenwood College, generously donated a set of type for the press, which would otherwise have had to be bought.

So what is Lindenwood College going to do with a printing press? A few suggestions have been made.

One decision is to print a special issue of the *Griffin*, dedicated to Lindenwood's sesquicentennial year (1977), which would include selections from the *Griffin* from the past 50 years. It is foreseen that alumni of Lindenwood will be very enthusiastic and willing to purchase such a publication as would many present students.

Dr. Barnett explains that "it offers a good opportunity to have individual original work published." The cost would be low, for it would include only the price of supplies (ink and paper) and no labor charge.

Several options are available concerning publishing costs. The author could cover the cost and get the entire cash income from sales, the press could sponsor the

author's work and receive all money, or the author and press could split both the costs and money received from sales.

Students may publish graphics, broadsides, literature, or any other material which is within the size of 6" by 10".

So who would be running the press? The *Griffin* Press, which is composed of interested students, has been organized to work on the press.

Also, Dr. Barnett hopes that work-study funds will be granted and thus provide an individual to assume the responsibility of keeping the equipment in good working order.

Leo Dessert, who formerly had worked with a printing press for 20 years, has agreed to contribute his time and knowledge to see that operations function smoothly.

Yes, the Lindenwood Colleges now own a printing press which offers opportunities to all students. Do you have any creative works that you have been eager to share with others? Why let them sit in your desk drawer, unnoticed? Now is your chance.

LC gets Masters OK

The Lindenwood Colleges have been officially recognized as a fully-accredited Masters-degree giving institution by the North Central Association of Colleges and Schools, the major, nationally accepted accrediting body in this area.

Dr. William C. Spencer, President of the Lindenwood Colleges, announced the new accreditation status April 27, 1976, after receiving the NCA letter of notification.

"We are pleased and gratified that the North Central Association has recognized and supports Lindenwood's efforts to provide quality graduate programs to better serve the people of St.

Charles and St. Louis. We will do our best to warrant their confidence in us," remarked Spencer.

A popular Masters program which is offered through the Evening College, Lindenwood III, is the M.B.A. It is designed to provide a professional opportunity for individuals with significant business experience who are seeking new insights into all areas of business. Classes are kept small and the case method is employed enabling students to learn from each other as well as the instructor. The faculty, besides a permanent staff for the colleges, are corporate executives from the Greater St. Louis area.

Sixteen courses are required for

the M.B.A. degree. Up to six may be waived depending upon the students undergraduate background. New students can enter the program in the summer, fall or spring.

Some very innovative Masters programs are being offered by Lindenwood IV, The College for Individualized Education. Students are typically mature, purposeful people who are seeking a very specialized kind of education. They plan their own programs and carry them out under the guidance and direction of the college in a supportive learning community of faculty, resource persons and fellow students.



Ms. Glenda Partlow, Lindenwood's new manager of Publications and Publicity looks ready to begin making the Colleges more visible.

The Sunday Hacker—Part 3

By Jim Knoldauch

Well Sunday Hackers, the last time we met, you mastered the techniques of the game, but those techniques are useless if you don't know what to do with them.

If you want to improve your weekend wizardry at tennis after you're properly equipped and you've practiced all the necessary shots, it's time to put your brain to work.

"Mind over matter." That ancient adage where we humans assemble our vast educations in the cozy confines of our skulls and try to achieve the ultimate physical feat.

Bull, you say. It may be, but when all else fails it's nice to know that hunk of gray matter exists, especially if you plan to use it in an individualistic sport like tennis.

Our final lesson is strategy.

Most tennis strategy is common sense. When the ball is returned to you, your brain says hit it back. Some of us have the problem, though of losing that message before it gets to our arms. So, for those of us who have locked neurons in our brains saying, "Forehand to the baseline," here are some tips.

Start your match with a game strategy. Experts suggest to always take the offensive, but

when you're meeting a more deft opponent this "take charge" scheme isn't always possible.

I suggest taking the defensive. With this plan, or the "Gee, I hope he misses" approach, all you need do is return every shot your opponent sends over the net. Of course, your returns won't always be accurate, but your goal with this plan is irritation not accuracy.

If a country club pro has every shot he makes returned, irritation is bound to set in. While your adversary is returning all your "clinks," "dinks" and "woodies," he'll be getting quite perturbed. You'll know this when he turns as red as a can of Del Monte beets.

This plan can backfire, though. Remember, you're out to irritate, not ridicule. Don't ever let your opponent know that you're enjoying his enraged escapades. Here's a good example. Joe Pro has just double faulted. You chuckle. The next serve you can't see, because it has streaked by you for an ace. So remember, you're out to beat this guy not mock him.

This leads to another point. Don't give your opponent too much satisfaction.

Throughout a match, players will normally acknowledge a good shot, but when you're playing the country club set your acknowledgements may start

sounding like a broken record.

What do you do? One, you could just ignore those beautiful backhands, slicing forehands and powerful serves or you could buy a Roget's Thesaurus and look up synonyms for "good shot."

Granted, your choice in tackling this problem is slim, but you're a hacker so your talents are as slim as our choices.

Now that you've got your opponent somewhat angered at you and you're still giving him some merit for his talent, it's time for your knock-out punch to the thinking man's strategy tennis.

To register the perfect T.K.O. on the courts, learn as much about your enemy's personal life as you can. Knowledge of affairs, illegal real estate deals and bouncing checks, hinted at by you, during breaks in the action, should keep your average country clubber's mind off tennis.

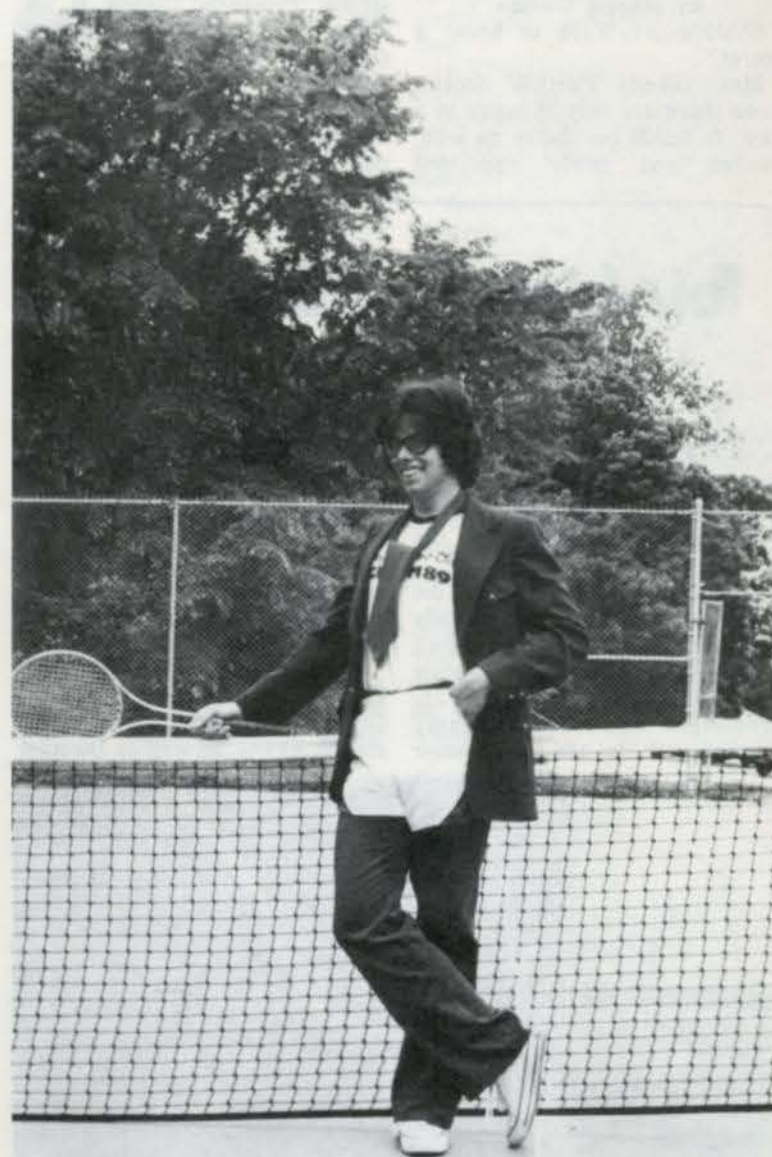
So now, Sunday Hackers, you have a condensed guide to help you beat that slick buddy who's been bothering you to play. Use the information well and I'll see you on the courts.

You can't miss me. I'm the one in the Mickey Mouse T-shirt, grass-stained sneakers, with a bent metal racket, fuzz-less tennis ball and losing 0-6,0-6.



Above, the Hacker neutralizes his superior opponent by wrapping the net around his neck. This technique is a sure way to keep your foe from charging the neck too often. (Upper left) Here, the Hacker models in his unique attire, living proof that you don't have to be fashion coordinated to play the game. (Opposite) Our hero grimaces because he's just missed a net shot and now finds himself straddling the cords; a painful position if your shorts are too tight. Just ask the Hacker about it!

Photos by Chris Miller



KCLC's losing ways**City Council short circuits hopes of 89er's**

The KCLC 89er's had everything going for them except the score; the St. Charles City Council whipped the disc-jockeys 35-25. The 89er's were winning 18-15 at half-time, when a city council member began officiating. Members of the Lindenwood team complained about the "roughhouse tactics" employed by the city council. More depressing than the defeat was the number of pledges called in during the basketball game.

Lindenwood Tennis — Italian style

By Jim Knoblauch

The Lindenwood tennis team is suffering another losing season, but records don't always paint an accurate picture.

This year's team raises many eyebrows of opposing players and coaches alike.

When those brows lift, it's usually due to the play of two first-year players at Lindenwood—Claudio Giorgi and Sebrina Castro of Trieste, Italy.

Claudio and Sebrina come to Lindenwood this semester to study the English language, but they brought with them a talented assortment of forehands, backhands and serves—along with an unquenchable love for playing tennis.

Together, they have only been playing tennis for seven years, but their talent sprang them into the starting line-up for Lindenwood. And it's been a steady climb since the first match.

Claudio opened the season as the fourth singles player. He now holds down the second spot.

Sebrina didn't start in the first match, but once she did start, she moved from sixth to fourth in a matter of three matches.

As a doubles team, Claudio and Sebrina started at number three,

moved to number two and hope to challenge the top spot.

One has to wonder how Claudio and Sebrina started playing tennis and advanced so quickly.

"I started because my father wanted me to start," said Sebrina. "He likes playing tennis and he wanted me to play."

"As a matter of fact, I didn't like it at all when I started, but my father pushed me."

"Pushing" is no longer necessary for Sebrina. She enjoys the competition. In fact, through points won in summer tournaments last year, Sebrina is nationally classified in Italy. She is considered a third category player in a system of three category tankings.

Claudio sites other reasons for taking up the sport—reasons that take the wind out of any male chauvinist's sails.

"I started playing because Sebrina was playing," said Claudio with a grin.

Despite their desire to play, practice time is limited in Trieste.

"We have no courts in or public parks," said Sebrina, "only pay courts. We don't have very many indoor places to play either in Italy, where here you have many, many indoor courts."

Likewise, none of the schools organize teams for students. Trieste University, where Claudio and Sebrina attended classes, did have a team, but only a limited number of students could participate.

With the opportunity to play here at Lindenwood on the team and numerous courts to practice on in St. Charles and St. Louis, Claudio and Sebrina have had plenty of time to polish up the fine points of their games . . . much to their opponents' chagrin.

One interesting predicament throughout the season has been the lack of, or broken, communication on the court between Claudio and some of his opponents. Sebrina has lived in the United States before for five years, but this is Claudio's first trip to America and the slang is still tough to tackle.

One amusing incident occurred when Claudio was playing against an opponent from Concordia Seminary.

After racing for a shot and returning it for a winner, Claudio's opponent acknowledged his "good hustle."

Claudio stopped in his tracks. Smiled at his opponent and asked, "Pardon me?"

"Good hustle," said the

by Chuck Accardi

Lindenwood vicinity held a sporting event of considerable interest to sports and political observers alike. No, it wasn't ABC's Wild World of Sports coverage of Jimmy Carter's peanut-splitting contest with Joe Namath, nor was it the CBS Sports Spectacular presentation of stock car bridge jumping between Sen. Edward Kennedy and Evel Knieval for the Kopechne Cup.

Not hardly, sports fans. The event I'm speaking of brought together members of KCLC FM and the St. Charles City Council in a basketball game which coincided with FM 89's Minithon '76 fund raising weekend.

That the game occurred at all was a tribute to the ingenuity and quick thinking of 89er's Jim Knoblauch and Sue Schiller. Originally, the two squads were to match bats in a softball game on the LC soccer field, weather permitting. But Sunday morning rolled around with its angry eyes unveiling a wet scenario of steady rain and cold, brisk winds. Without haste, Knoblauch, Schiller and other staffers contacted the council members who agreed to stage a basketball game indoors.

Even the faulty remote-broadcast equipment, which had already caused the cancellation of two earlier outdoor events was resurrected in time for the opening tip. Ralph Heim handled the play-by-play duties for the broadcast while UCLC's answer to Phyllis George, Barb Rogers, chipped in with the color.

In the first half, the Rogers and Heim (erstein) duo out-performed their fellow radio staffers. To say that things started off badly for the communicatinn cagers would be an understatement. With the council tandem of Harvey Panietz and Mick Ward leading the way, the boys from City Hall jumped out to a quick 10-2 lead. Ward, bulling his way down the middle, gave the 89er's fits while Panietz complimented his rugged teammate with some good outside shooting.

But the younger jocks, or in this case, jockeys, from the basement of the MAB didn't give up. Led by

the shooting of former high school phenom, Chuck Gelber, KCLC fought back. By halftime they had taken the lead away from the underdog council and swept to an 18-15 advantage.

During the half-time break, Sue Schiller and Diana Van Ishgam interviewed various dignitaries present in Butler Gym. At one point during the session, DVI cleverly queried councilwoman Grace Nichols to recall "the last athletic position she had been in prior to this basketball game." If that question tickles your shin bone, then Jim Knoblauch's prediction for the second half will fracture it. Knoblauch, speaking with Heim before the second half, predicted his team would roll in the second stanza, "Now that they were over their first-half difficulties."

Not even the astute "Mr. K" could have predicted the disaster awaiting his squad in the second half, though. With Councilman Bruce Decker now in charge of the officiating, the council rolled. Even the presence of big men Mongo Carlucci and Dumbo Dale did not prevent the 89er's collapse. In the end, it was the City Council prevailing by the score of 35-25.

The next day, the outspoken Mr. K. complained about the roughhouse tactics employed by his opponents. "At one point, I was bringing the ball up court when I was suddenly attacked from three sides. While two guys were beating me up, the other guy stole the ball and scored at the other end," Knoblauch bitterly recalled.

What hurt the most, however, was the lack of pledges made during the game. Those in charge indicated that call-ins were very light during the basketball contest. Maybe listeners were upset because Lindenwood basketball star Brad Hill, also a member of the FM 89 sports staff, didn't even show up for the game. But Hill had an excuse: nobody told him that they were going to play basketball.

Minithon '76's sports showdown ended with nothing but bitter memories for the KCLC staffers. But, there's always next year. Has anyone thought of challenging the football Cardinals in a tug-of-war?

Trieste.

Sebrina will continue at the university where she'll still have a year and a half of studies left before becoming interpreter and translator. Meanwhile, Claudio will return home and work with his father.

No matter what Lindenwood tennis team's records ends up to be in 1976, two players—one with four years experience, the other with three—made substantial contributions.



Sebrina Castra (left) and Claudio Giorgi brought a new style of tennis to Lindenwood—winning. A reluctant player at first, Sebrina now holds the number four spot on Lindenwood's singles line-up with Claudio at number two.

'The Hustler' revisited: Smith takes on Nichols

By Judy Gibilterra

John Nichols walks around the red felt covered pool table, examining all the possible mathematical angles. He returns to his original place, holds his cue stick and shoots. That's one point for him. He begins his trek around the table for seven more shots, finally missing what seems to be an almost impossible shot.

"Helluva shot," Tom Smith calls out from the sidelines as he grabs his pool cue. He calmly approaches the table. Smith stands in one spot, aligning his shot. "Four in the side pocket," he says. He pulls his cue stick back and taps the ball. It falls in the pocket. He smiles, "That's one." Smith continues shooting, calling out his shots, and making every one until only two balls remain. "Thirteen in the corner." He misses it.

Nichols approaches the table again, pacing around aligning two or three shots. "Six in the corner." He sinks it and they begin again.

In about an hour's time, they play enough pool for one of them to accumulate a total of 50 points and win the day's game. Choosing to play in this manner, they gather a few spectators who occasionally

add an "ooh" or an "aah."

Amid the construction of the former student center in Cobbs Hall, Smith and Nichols meet almost daily for a rousing game of pool. They utilize both skill and wits. Friendly bantering passes between them as they alternate munching on Manager's Specials from the Tea Hole with shooting pool.

"My biggest problem is getting my lunch eaten. I have to keep shooting all the time," says Smith.

Smith and Nichols have been shooting pool together for almost three years. Nichols says, "I think I beat him so bad in tennis, that he bought books and started reading about pool." During the school year, their game lasts only as long as their lunch time. However, they extend their shooting time during the summer.

Pool requires intense concentration while shooting. Nichols says, "I don't concentrate. You must have total concentration and I have to listen to his mouth." Although the day they were interviewed Nichols won the match, Smith claims to have a better "winning" record.

Even though both Smith and

Nichols cajole each other frequently throughout the game, they play it for fun. Though neither claims to have any previous experience before shooting together, they still stage a very exciting exhibition of the game.

They have become a part of the scenery in Cobbs Hall. The construction workers nicknamed them "Slim" and "Fats," but it remains a question as to who fits which title.

But Smith may be leaving Lindenwood at the end of this term. Continuing in the bantering wit of their pool game, Nichols says, "I won't miss him, but I will miss the pool games."

If anyone is interested, grab your pool cue and join Smith and Nichols in Cobbs during lunch. But, be prepared, it's not easy to win a match with either of them. One miss or scratch and you'll regret it. It may be your last chance because you probably won't get a chance to shoot again.

Scared you away, huh? If you don't feel up to a challenge, just drop in and watch. They may help you improve your own shooting abilities. Both humble themselves when speaking of their game, but they aren't bad "by a long shot."



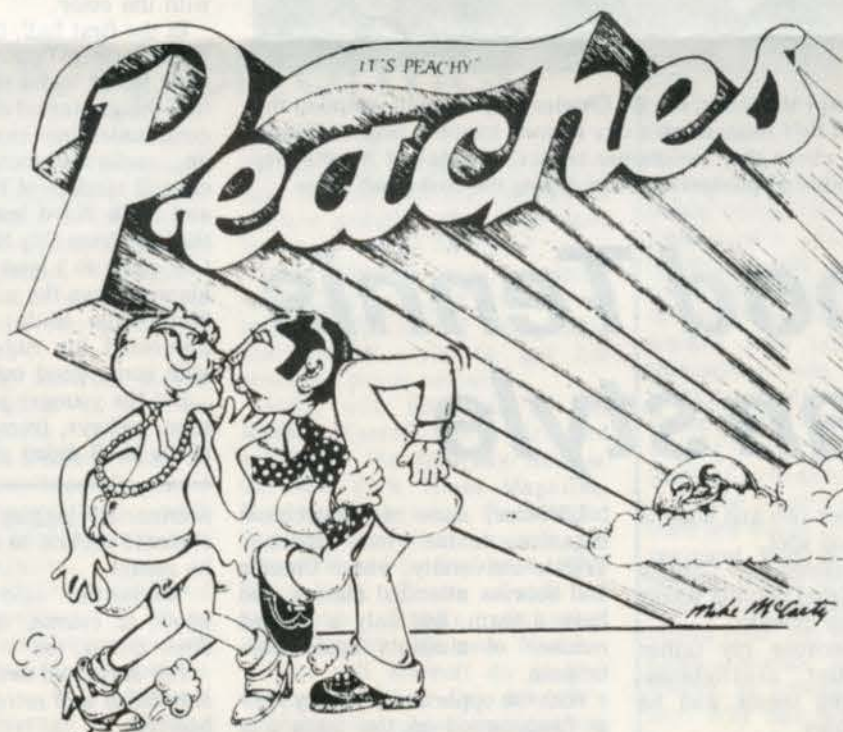
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