

The His

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Dr. Lawrence Simkins

ESP, Hypnosis, Dream Research Discussed by Psychology Professor

By JUDI MOYER

Do you believe in ESP? According to Dr. Lawrence Simkins, professor of psychology at the University of Missouri at Kansas City, there is increasing acceptance of the phenomenon by researchers. "In fact, it's not a question now of the existence of ESP but of finding and reproducing in the laboratory the conditions under which it occurs. There has also been research work done with hypnosis. It has been demonstrated that when a person really is in a hypnotic state his blood pressure drops and he doesn't feel pain. But, if a person is faking it, he will feel pain and with pain his blood pressure does increase."

Dr. Simkins talked about ESP, experimental work with hypnosis, biofeedback, and dream research, in Young Auditorium last Tuesday night, in a lecture entitled "Mind and Body Problems: Altered States of Consciousness." His two-day residency at Lindenwood was part of the Visiting Scientist Program of the American Psychological Association.

The program permits leading psychologists to visit colleges and universities to present some of the frontiers of psychological research and application, and to stimulate students to seek careers in psychology.

"Psychology suffers from a gap (as do many fields) between the development of knowledge and the application of that knowledge," said Simkins. "Psychologists have been expected to deal with mental patients only; but there are other possibilities such as working with drug abuse, the courts and juvenile offenders, ghetto problems, and even birth control — finding out why it is or isn't acceptable to people."

Dr. Simkins thought that psychologists as a group may have created a need among the public for the services of psychologists.

"Earlier in this century when a woman had a migraine headache she took an aspirin and went to bed. With our educational programs she now has learned that this is a symptom of her anxiety and she had better see her therapist." He saw the creation of this public need for psychologists as a "large credibility gap between the needs of society and what we are able to offer."

Simkins felt there was no choice but to develop training programs to equip students to cope with the immediate problems of society.

In his stay here, Simkins held workshops, and discussions. Briefly, his sessions explored whether clinical

psychology should be separate from experimental psychology; whether independent training programs should be set up in which a student will never do research; or through change, make it possible for a clinical psychology student who is working on his Ph.D., to be able to do research while he learns in a clinical setting, that is, while he actually works with people.

Dr. Simkins received his training at the University of Houston for his Ph.D., Lehigh University in Pennsylvania for his Master's degree, and Temple University in Philadelphia for his undergraduate degree. Besides being a professor of psychology and Director of Clinical Training at the University of Missouri at Kansas City, he is also a research consultant with the Brandon Psychiatric Clinic, and a member of the Board of Directors of the National Council on Alcoholism. He is author of *The Basis of Psychology as a Behavioral Science*.

In talking about career opportunities in psychology, Dr. Simkins said, "A person with a B.A. in psychology still can't work with people on the clinical level. However, there are many possibilities for using psychology in related fields, such as personnel work."

Commentary

A Certain Style

By JOYCE MEIER

Looking back on Dr. William C. Spencer's arrival from the editor's point of view, I can only say, using an old cliché, that there's never a dull moment. From the second "the team" first came to Lindenwood, until now, there has been an ever-abundant flow of copy flowing from the President's Office. Regardless of whether it's a financial aid plan or a proposal for a community college, his project of the moment has seldom been mundane.

The procedure by which he makes the headlines is finally beginning to settle into a distinct pattern. (Or maybe I'm just beginning to catch on). The President waits until some auspicious occasion, when people are gathered together, and then announced dramatically his plan, which, we discover, he has been working on for several months now. The Announcement never fails to send waves of shock through the audience. Needless to say, few alumnae, students, faculty, or often even the Board, have heard of the plan prior to its Announcement.

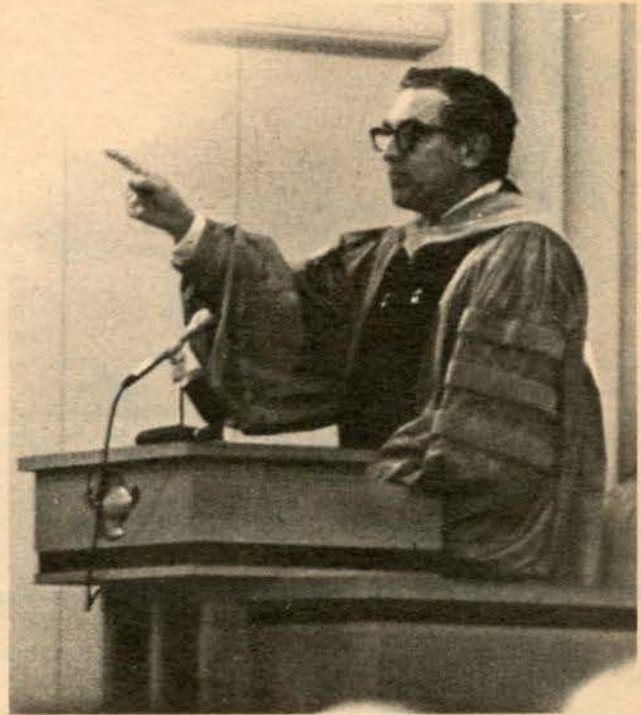
But drum roll! Curtain up! And with all the flair of a born actor, the President has taken us on an armchair view of the future. It was the Announcement that gave us a picture of Lindenwood as a college for air-conditioning mechanics, as well as the vision of it becoming a Stanford of the Midwest. The Announcement told us of a Graduate School, and a Music Conservatory.

And now comes the newest developments.

At the Installation the other day, the President gave us two more Surprises. One is the turning of Niccols Hall into an administrative building for the Evening College (it is not yet clear where the Education Department will go), and finally, knocking out Dean Crozier's house, the one adjacent to it, and the Health Center, to make room for the new Community Center and Gymnasium.

Oh, no? But this is only the beginning. The new President has been here only a matter of months, and look! We now have a College III; IV and V are in the making (God only knows how many others have yet to reach the Announcement stage when the college community can find out about them), several administrative changes have taken place, and a great variety of proposals have been tossed before our wondering eyes.

And, throughout, our only question can be an amazed, what next? A Stanford of the Midwest? Why not? Already once this year



Dr. Spencer uses the announcement technique at the recent Installation.

(photo by Chris Coleman)

Dr. Spencer has drawn the analogy between Harvard and Lindenwood.

There's nothing wrong in dreaming, but sometimes the Announcement method leads me to believe that either these ARE dreams, or that they are without planning. Rather than a public statement that has the entire audience open-mouthed in awe, perhaps we could use a little previous warning. Too, it may not hurt to have a little alumnae, Board, faculty, and student participation in some of the planning before the Announcement is given.

Whatever, I can only look back on these past few months with chagrin. A President like Spencer is a constant source of amazement to me — no sooner do we pass one crisis before the next one appears. He keeps me in a constant state of wariness, trying to prepare myself for the next Announcements and yet somehow I never seem to be truly ready.

Ah, well. At least he has style.

Art Show

Raises

Question

About

Photography

By KAY FERNEDING

Members of the Art Department are hot under the collar. The tension involves a question that critics and artists have long been asking themselves; what is the relation of photography to art?

On Tuesday, April 21, a student art exhibit opened in the Fine Arts building at Lindenwood. Prior to the exhibit, a letter was sent to all art students inviting them to enter the show. Students submitted sculptures, prints, paintings, and other forms of art to be judged by an outside critic. One student, Frank Oberle, entered some photographic work but was informed that it was ineligible because the work had not been completed under the Art Department.

"Photography is not offered as an art course," said Harry

Hendren, "so it can not be included in the show. If photography were shifted over to this department then that would be different."

Oberle suggested that the letter concerning the show, which he received, did not limit the type of art works to be entered. "The letter does not explicitly state that photographers cannot enter their works. The school boasts about photography being an art form and I believed them." He added that last year photos were allowed to enter the student exhibit and he could not understand why the rules were changed for this year's show. "Don't Communication Arts and Art overlap?" said Oberle. "I feel that there is a prejudice here."

"Photographs were not in-

cluded in the show last year," said Hendren. "The photo students had their own show at that time because they asked for it. They haven't asked for it this year."

"I think there is a lack of definition in the letter," agreed Glen Michaels, another student photographer at Lindenwood. Michaels submitted photography work in the art show last year but it was included under an independent study in Art.

When an Ibis reporter asked Mr. Hendren to comment on the letter, he said, "I'm irritated with the implications. I don't think I have to define what is in the department and what isn't."

Mr. Kanak, who is managing the art show, was unavailable for comment on the controversy.

A Frankenstein to 'Keep You Laughing'

By DENISE PERKINS

"Werewolf! . . . Where? . . . There wolf, there castle." This is only a small part of the subtle humor from Mel Brooks' production "Young Frankenstein" starring Gene Wilder and Cloris Leachman.

The story begins when the grandson of Baron von Frankenstein is called from his position of professor at a medical school to return to Transylvania. On his return, he is greeted by his assistants Marty Feldman, Teri Garr, and his Grandfather's old girlfriend, Cloris Leachman.

Destiny takes its course and Dr. Frankenstein finds his Grandfather's book **How I Did It**, on creating monsters. He and his two assistants then proceed to create their own monster.

The Frankenstein monster (Peter Boyle) is given an abnormal brain by mistake and proceeds to terrorize the countryside. Determined to make his creation good, Dr. Frankenstein captures him and tries to teach him the manners of a gentleman. He then takes his monster on a lecture-demonstration tour to show the public his good monster.

During one of the shows, the Frankenstein monster is frightened and escapes again. While the monster is loose, he captures Dr. Frankenstein's fiancée. During the night, he

is mysteriously called back to the castle by music.

On the monster's return, Dr. Frankenstein decides to switch brains with the monster. During the "Brain transfer" with the monster, the village rioters interrupt and the transfer isn't completed. Just as the villagers are about to destroy the monster, he gets up and gives a heartbreaking speech on how the Doctor had changed him to a good monster with the brain transfer.

Mel Brooks did an excellent job of casting for this show. Gene Wilder as Dr.

performance. In his role as Igor (Dr. Frankenstein's assistant), he stole the show. There is only one word to describe Marty Feldman's talent. Genius.

In her second role for Mel Brooks, as the doctor's sexy fiancée, Madeline Kahn was wildly funny.

As a frightening Frankenstein monster Peter Boyle was a failure, but he is the craziest, most lovable monster on film. From the moment of his creation, Peter Boyle adds chaotic humor to the show.

At her best, Cloris Leachman gave an outstanding performance of Baron von Frankenstein's mysterious and funny girlfriend.

The cinematography, in black and white, could have been better. The picture was fuzzy at times and the overall composition of the film was not as interesting as it could have been. But, even with these few faults, this is not a movie to miss.

"Knock, knock . . . What knockers! . . . Why thank you, Dr. Frankenstein." The script for "Young Frankenstein" was a Mel Brooks and Gene Wilder masterpiece. Nearly every sentence contains a pun.

This is one of Mel Brooks' better productions. The movie will constantly have you laughing.

Movie Review

Frankenstein couldn't have been funnier. With a wild look in his eye and a crazy laugh and sense of humor, he was the perfect mad scientist.

"Would you like a roll in ze hay?" Teri Garr made a beautiful but dumb doctor's assistant. Miss Garr is a refreshing new face to the world of comedy. With her obvious comical talent, this is one actress we should be seeing more of.

Marty Feldman gave an outstanding

Commentary

The Wild, Wild West?

By DAVE WHOELER

Recently, I had the good fortune of being among those in attendance of the 53rd annual Ye Haw Cowboy Festival. The festival was held in Picken It Up, Arkansas. While there I had the privilege of talking to Clem Clod, the world reknowned bronc busting champ.

Clem is just your average looking boy, who stands 6'8" in his bare feet, weight 375 pounds, and has a large scar, shaped like the laces of a football on his forehead.

I asked Clem what he thinks of being a cowboy.

Clem said, "Boy, I wanna tell ya it is just pea-picking good! Folks all the time tell me I am their hero."

"Gee, that is real neat. Clem, there has been a lot of talk around town that you don't like the way most people treat cowboys. Is that true?"

"Yeah, it is. See most people don't respect cowboys like they oughta. They thinks we just a bunch of dummies. That ain't true. We are smart sons a guns. I can count up to 20 if I use my toes."

"Is it true that you are leading the other cowboys on a march to the Falstaff Breweries to ban those two guys, you know, Gabe and Walker?"

"Yeah, it is. I believe them boys are givin' cowboys a bad

name. Seems like all they wants to do is to finish roping the cows and go home and get loaded. What we wants the folks to know at home is that all cowboys ain't alcoholics."

"They're not?"

"Heck no, we're drug addicts." With that Clem let out a Ha! Ha! Ha! and slapped me on the back. "Truth is none of us boys believe in drinking too much!"

"I see. Well, is it also true that you cowboys don't like how you are represented in the movies?"

"Yeah, it is. We cowboys is just sick and tired of being made to look like we never seen a girl. That ain't true, in fact my ma's a girl. You know that fella John Wayne? He ain't like no cowboy I ever saw 'cause he acts too much like a sissy. Any self-respectin' cowboy don't go through the doors, he busts in through the windows. Once he busts in through the window he goes in and grabs him a girl. Know what for?"

"I'm almost afraid to ask."

"So they can take her home and have her do the cooking and cleaning."

"Well, where do kids come from them?"

"Boy, you are dummer than I thought you was. The stork brings them."

"Well, Clem, that brings us to the most famous western of all times. The most revered piece of work done on this subject ever; a true triumph of cinemas. I am talking about 'Blazing Saddles.'"

"Yeah, I did. I saw that movie down there at the movie house. It was the gosh darndest funniest movie I ever did see. Only that part about sitting around the campfire eating beans ain't true!"

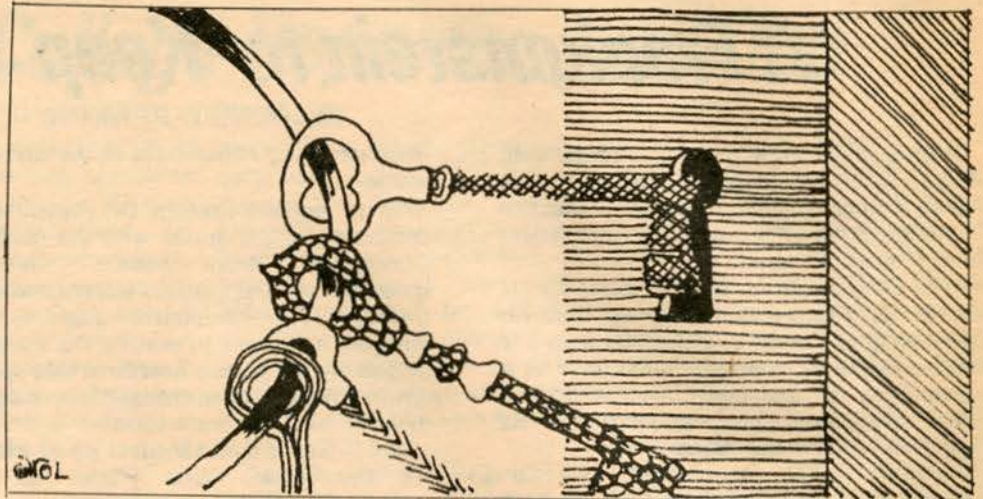
"You mean you don't . . ."

"No, after we do we 'scuse ourselves."

"Somehow, I think I'll never feel the same again about pork and beans!"

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Prisoners of Conscience

By
KAY FERNEDING
and
BARBARA MARANTETTE

Last year, Maria spent Christmas on the "pau de arara," an iron bar from which a victim is hung by the knees upside down, with the wrists and ankles tied together. Earlier she had been subjected to severe physical and mental torture.

She was suspended naked from the "pau de arara" with electric wires attached to her tongue, eyes, nostrils, wrists, buttocks, breasts and sex organs, but the current was not enough to kill her. Maria's torturers burned her with cigarettes, beat her with clubs, pressed the barrel of a revolver against her head and pulled the trigger.

But it was just a prank. The revolver wasn't loaded.

What was Maria's crime? A friend of her fiancé was thought by the police to be involved in activities against the state. Even if Maria had known anything she would not have betrayed her fiancé. And Maria is not alone.

Like thousands of others, she is a "prisoner of conscience," an individual captured and ill-treated by a government, not because she

committed any crime, but because she refused to adopt the beliefs prescribed by the state.

Prisoners of conscience have either never been tried or were tried under laws and legal processes that mock justice and ridicule the concept of human rights that nearly all members of the United Nations have agreed to observe.

People are tortured and imprisoned unfairly in every country. But since 1961, Amnesty International (AI), a sort of Red Cross of political warfare, has been doing something about it. The organization has concerned itself with seeking freedom for political prisoners around the world, and since its founding has taken up the cases of some 13,000 such captives. More than 5,000 of these persons have been released.

Though AI is not a large organization, its 35,000 members in 60 countries throughout the world make up quite a few groups.

Amnesty International . . .
the Red Cross of political
warfare.

Robert Wilke, instructor of journalism at Lindenwood, belongs to a St. Louis group.

"As Tarrau said in *La Peste* there are victims and executioners. I decided to be on the side of the victims," Wilke said.

"We want to bring torture to the public's attention. Torture is always done in the dark. We want to bring it out into the light."

Wilke cited the Russian novelist Solzhenitsyn's exile as a recent proof of the power public attention has in freeing political prisoners. "Solzhenitsyn's books have attracted so much world attention that the Russians had to treat Solzhenitsyn with kid gloves. They would have loved to kill

him, put him in an insane asylum, or send him to Siberia as they did before."

"But since the Russians want to appear moral and enlightened, they were greatly influenced by public pressure. They exiled him, which was the softest thing they could have done. Others less famous are not so lucky in Russia."

AI members throughout the world operate by forming into small groups similar to Wilke's — it has nine members. They are assigned three prisoners from the main AI office in London. The prisoners, outside of the members' home country, are from an Eastern, a Western, and an unaligned country.

The members then began work by writing letters to the appropriate government officials, to various ambassadors in the prisoner's country, to the foreign ambassadors in the U. S., and to the prisoners themselves and their families.

Besides writing for their own three prisoners, groups participate in joint campaigns with all other members of AI. "Sometimes in particularly difficult cases the London office asks all members to write a government and plead for fair treatment or the release of a prisoner," Wilke said. "The most recent example was the case of Alfonso Sastre, the famous Spanish playwright, who was arrested for terrorism. His wife was also arrested, and we think she has been tortured."

"This is our most effective device because it lets governments know that a great many people are interested in these prisoners. And it lets the prisoners know that somebody cares."

"Countries like to think of themselves as respected members of the world community, but they can no longer maintain this pretense if the world learns they are torturers."

"As long as prisoners are detained for expressing their opinions or tortured for any reason the Universal Declaration of Human Rights remains what it is now — a mockery."

KCLC — Big Plans For Marathon Night

By TOM PINNELL

Would you like to hear Dr. Spencer do his own music show? Or, how about Dean Crozier playing Cambodian music?

If that doesn't interest you, why not come down and hear yourself on the radio?

KCLC is having its Second Annual Marathon, May 2-7, to raise \$2,000.00. The money will be used for new production facilities, to keep the station on the air throughout the summer, and to increase community involvement in the station.

The marathon kicks off at 6:00 p.m. on May 2, with a special edition of the Sports Magazine to be hosted by Chuck Accardi and Jim Knoblauch. At eight p.m., KCLC will broadcast live the performances of "Travis" and the "Choosy Beggars." The groups will be performing at the Silo in Blanchette Park, and proceeds from admission to the Silo will be donated to KCLC. From eleven to midnight there will be another live broadcast, this time from Anniello's. Then, at 12, we return to the studio for the Ultimate Frank Bacon Experience, twelve hours of music.

All students and interested parties are encouraged to come down any time during the marathon. The station will be open from noon to midnight daily, for tours, information, or just to look around.

Starting at noon on May 4, there will be four hours of the Bib Band sounds. At four there will be a live jazz concert, featuring Etcetera, to be held in the KCLC studios. Admission is free. At nine p.m. there will again be a live broadcast, this time from Westport Plaza, with more jazz.

Moving over to three a.m., May 4, Steve Andrews takes over the controls with six hours of comedy. Then at nine he turns the show over to Naomi Ferencz for two hours of Broadway tunes. From eleven to noon there will be a special program of "Just for Kids,"

to be hosted by Barbara Marantette. Noon to three will feature more jazz.

Then, at three p.m., KCLC once again goes live with a broadcast of the Barbershop Quartet from the plaza next to the Crow's

*"Comedy,
Jazz,
Interviews,
Concerts,
Bluegrass . . ."*

Nest on South Main Street. Four o'clock brings a special interview with Totson Mawere, a visitor from Rhodesia. Six to nine there will be a special program of music by George Gershwin, featuring Leonard Slatkin and the St. Louis Symphony. From nine p.m. to six a.m., May 5, there will be solid music.

Bright (?) and early Monday morning, Chuck "Diamond" Gelber will present six hours of old gold. From noon to 5:30 there will be music shows hosted by guest disc jockeys from local businesses, high schools and the college. Linda Gratl, St. Charles', Missouri Miss, Dean Crozier, Dr. Spencer, Silo director Glen Remington, and student leaders from area high schools will serve fifteen-minutes to half-hour shifts as djs. The 5:30 news will feature Kathy Leonard of the KSD news team, County Court Judge Lee

Schwendemann, and Dave Arns, sports editor of the *St. Charles Journal*.

From six to eight p.m. KCLC will present live bluegrass from the studios. Again, admission is free and all are welcome. At nine, Mike Sie of Capitol Records will talk and play a few records. This will lead into a "Beatle-Stone Night." Mr. Sie was responsible for bringing these groups to the U. S. in the sixties.

Tuesday, May 6, at nine a.m. the music students of Lindenwood will present recitals and special programs. From noon to five there will again be guest djs, featuring Councilman Dave White, Councilwoman Grace Nichols, and former County Judge Doug Boschert. The 5:30 news will be anchored by Mayor Frank Brockgreitens, Robert R. Lynn of the KXOK news staff, and Steve Hornbostel, sportswriter for the *Banner-News*. Seven-thirty to ten will be the City Council meeting, and at ten Chuck Gelber returns with more gold.

Wednesday will be the finale of the marathon. All those who worked on the marathon, or anyone who still has the energy to walk, is welcome to come down to the station between three and six p.m. There will be a surprise wrap-up, that should prove to be "veerrryy interesting."

As John Stephens, station manager says, "We see ourselves as an alternative to other FM broadcast stations in the St. Louis area. And we are an alternative in a unique way. Because we are an educational, nonprofit station, we can do much more with our programming. Secondly, we are the only full-time station locally, so we have a commitment to the community, which has come to rely on us. They support what we do."

Maybe the marathon will help keep it that way!

Right, Susan Schiller of KCLC conducts an interview with Dr. William Spencer, president, and two Lindenwood alums. This is just one of the many types of activities that students do at the radio station.

(Photo by Chris Coleman)



The Trials of a College Reporter, part One

By DARRELL SHOULTS

There are times when this whole business of being a journalist gets to be a real pain.

You see, probably the most frustrating thing that can happen to a writer is when he thinks he's got a dynamite story and he watches the dern thing fizzle. That's what I did today.

I set out all fired up to do a story on the Karate schools in St. Charles. We've got three of

instructor was a Korean, but he'd been in the states long enough to know English pretty well. He even knew what a "bummer" was.

The second encounter, though, was a doozy. When I got to the school (on time, I might add), I was told that the teacher would be a little late. I occupied myself talking to the secretary, hoping to get some insight from her. No such luck. She must've been one of

The teacher, she explains, she introduces us; handshakes all around. Mr. Wong (not his real name either), the teacher, wants to know my background in Karate. A little at Central Mo. State, I reply. Well, he asks, do I want the black belt course?

Oh no, Mr. Wong, the secretary explains. The young gentlemen is not here for lessons. He's from the newspaper.

Then he leaves Wong and I together. Wong is eager to answer any questions I might have. The problem is that I can't understand a word he says. I look for the secretary. Nowhere to be found.

Wong rattles on; something about how Karate helped unify the three Korean states some 3,000 years ago.

When he finishes that spiel, I ask the difference between Tae Kwon Do and Hopkido, two of the styles the school teaches.

This brings a sparkle to his eye. "I'll show you," he says and jumps up. "Here, grab my wrist."

Now I'm thinking, you must be nuts. Me, grab a 6th degree black belt? No way.

"Go on," he says, "grab my wrist."

Gingerly, I take hold. "This," he says, "is Hopkido."

He then puts a move on me that just about broke both my wrist and elbow. I never even say him move.

"Now, grab me again." Determined to watch faster this time, I take his wrist. "This is Tae Kwon Do," he says, and gives me three quick shots to the chest and one that pulls up a hair's breath from my nose. Again, I never saw him move, but a dull pain in my chest tells me he did indeed strike me.

He sits back down and we talk some more, but it soon becomes apparent that he's given all the usable info I'm going to get. So I thank him, excuse myself, and leave.

But I can't get away that clean. Outside in the main schoolroom, Song stops me. When will you begin classes, he asks?

My patience almost gone, I explain once again that I have neither the time nor money to take his lessons.

What paper do you work for, he wants to know. None, I reply, I'm a freelancer.

But you can't be a newspaperman, he says. You haven't got on a tie. All newspapermen wear coats and ties.

Yeah, and wide-brimmed hats with cards that say "Press" in the brim, I'm thinking. But I just smile and tell him I'm of the new breed, and leave. It was gonna be a long day.

The Ibis Sports

Darrell Shoults, Sports Editor

them in town now, and Lord only knows how many more we'll get. So I figured a story on them would go over big.

I had reckoned without one fact. Since Karate is an Oriental art, it stands to reason that the instructors would be Oriental. That created a cultural and language barrier that I was to find a little difficult.

The first interview went OK. The

those Manpower specials.

She did warn me, though, that Mr. Wong (not his real name) had only been in the states three months and wasn't too good with English. Not to worry though, she said, she'd stay around the translate.

Great, thinks I. I'll need all the help I can get.

Ten minutes later, a young Oriental gentleman strolled in.

It's not too often that you'll see a van flash down the street with a dragon on one side, a hobbit on the other, and a magical battle across the back doors. Lindenwood students, however, have grown quite accustomed to just that spectacle. In fact, almost every day you can see the **Lord of the Rings** acted out in multi-color paintings on a van that sits outside the KCLC studio in the Music Arts building.

It belongs to Keith Berdak, a sophomore from St. Charles. His 1975 Dodge van is festooned on all four sides with flowers, stripes and emblems of all natures. But most impressive are the scenes from J.R.R. Tolkien's fantasy masterpiece.

"I had a sudden urge to start drawing on it one Saturday afternoon," Keith explained. "The

whole thing took about four weekends and about two fifths of whiskey. I was working on it in my garage, and friends would come over and we'd mix a batch of drinks. It was cold and I had to wear my thermal underwear to work on it. I guess I should've waited until spring, but when I get in the mood to paint, I just have to do it now."

The front of the van bears the scene of Gandalf the magician leading his band of hobbits, elves, dwarves and men, in their quest to dispose of the One Ring. (You'll have to read the books, all three of them, to truly understand). On the driver's side you'll see Bilbo Baggins, the hobbit, struggling with Smaug the dragon in Smaug's cave. In case you're interested, Bilbo won.

On the opposite side we see Bilbo

listening intently to Gollum, the evil one. Gollum had been possessor of the Ring until it fell into Bilbo's hands. Like everyone else who wore the Ring, Gollum turned evil. That's why Gandalf and his gang had to get rid of it.

And finally, across the back doors, Gandalf is in fierce battle with a Ring Wraith. Again, the good guys (Gandalf) won.

Why the **Lord of the Rings**? Seems an odd thing to put on a brand new, \$5,000 van.

"I had just read the books," Keith explained, "and I was greatly impressed with them. In fact, they're my favorites of all the books I've ever read."

"They're a lot better than any of the Commons readings," he added, laughing.

Though this was the first van Keith's painted, he has been doing

other things. "I do regular acrylic paintings that the Art Department can't get into because they're too weird. I've got a very fantasizing mind. I like to do pictures of elves and monsters and things like that."

Sounds like a career in comic book illustration would be in order.

"I'd love it!" Keith exclaimed.

Until then, though, Keith will be satisfied with decorating cars, vans, motorcycles, and most anything else that needs a little life. "I do emblems and names on cars, things like that. I've also done a couple of motorcycles. I'll do lettering at a pretty reasonable price."

Then he got up to leave. "I've got to go buy some paints," he said, excusing himself. "I've got to do a weird scene on a guy's Camaro."

'You see, there was this hobbit, and...'

By J. L. BAIRE

Delaney:

LC sports "very respectable"

"When John Wooden sits down with his team, he's thinking about being number one. The same with Bear Bryant at Alabama. But our coaches don't put the emphasis on being number one. Our teams are set up so the students can compete and have fun."

The speaker is Patrick F. Delaney, Dean of Lindenwood College II, and the college's athletic director. In what was more or less an offshoot from the story on Page 8 of the April 18 IBIS, Delaney was commenting on the philosophy behind the men and women's sports programs at Lindenwood.

"The goals of our programs are simple," Delaney said. "If we were to put purposes on our program it would be to provide students with valuable extracurricular activities. It's a good way to blow off steam."

"Ours is not a high powered sports program," Delaney con-

tinued, "and there are no plans for it to be."

Delaney believes that the low-keyed atmosphere of Lindenwood sports is a factor in the progressive success. "The best way to judge," he said, "is to talk to the people involved, the player. Whenever I've spoken to the

"... now — pressure athletics are a plus."

people, they've seemed happy, in good spirits, about our sports program."

"I think our non-pressure athletics are a plus."

Delaney made it clear that he wasn't talking just of men's sports programs. "The woman's sports have a similar philosophy," he

said.

As anyone who is in any way involved would tell you that lack of money and facilities are two of the drawbacks in Lindenwood's athletic program.

"There's no doubt we need more facilities," Delaney said. "I can see no way, for instance, that a men's basketball team could play in Butler. But we managed to work out an agreement with the St. Charles schools to let us use Jefferson Junior High's gym."

And then there's the money hassle. Like most other schools, Lindenwood is faced with a tight budget, and athletics, being extracurricular, is one of the areas that suffers most.

"We have to try to keep costs down," Delaney said. "The two things that cost the most are travel and, surprisingly, officiating." Consequently, travelling to distant schools is almost nonexistent. There's not much you can do about

the cost of refs and umpires. "Their prices have doubled in two years," Delaney said.

Those drawbacks notwithstanding, the Dean feels that Lindenwood sports are heading in the right direction. The program was upgraded this year by joining the St. Louis Area Collegiate Athletic Association (SLACAA) and by adopting tighter eligibility rules. And Delaney sees more improvement in the future. He mentioned the possibility that a golf team might be established.

"I'd be more prone to add another sport than to move into a high powered program. I'd like to add one of the life-sports, like golf, for example."

In all, Delaney was pleased with athletics in the '74-'75 school year. "I'd say our goals were fulfilled," he commented. "Given our size and resources, and our athletic facilities, I think this school has a very respectable program."

Tennis '75

Tennis has been acclaimed as one of America's fastest growing sports. Lindenwood has not escaped the tennis boom. Not only have both men's and women's varsity teams been set up, but at any time between six a.m. and dark on a warm day, the Lindenwood courts will be filled. About the only thing that dampens a tennis player's spirits is the rain.

In the pictures on this page are Darby Dregallo, one of the leading players on the women's team; and Greg Barnett, a starting singles player on the men's team. The tennis squads have fared about as well as other Lindenwood sports teams: they haven't won much, but they have a good time.



Darby Dregallo



Greg Barnett

Photos by Harold Russell

Beerball -

It Ain't Bad

By SCOTT BONCIE

Writing about a beerball game in which I committed six errors may be considered an attempt at exorcism, but an artist, of course, is a man who markets his neuroses in the first place.

Okay, so when I was young I wanted to be Juan Marichal, but as they say, I didn't have the tools, and had to find something better to do. For awhile I used to go to Mets games and write about them, but I quickly became bored with this. Sportswriting is an abdication, you know, for a writer or a jock; it's pretty hard to justify writing about games nobody has any business taking seriously in the first place.

Fortunately, no one at Lindenwood takes beerball seriously, which is perhaps the best thing about the game. Beerball is an excuse to drink beer, take a little sun, get a little exercise, which was why baseball was invented in the first place. We play on the weekends, in McNair Park, fat men, drunks, mountebanks, and the occasional athlete or closet athlete. Several cases of beer are on hand, and we drink on the bench, at our positions, and on the bases.

There's nothing here to excuse (and there won't be) the worst-played ballgame of my career, six errors at third base, a position I'm usually fairly comfortable playing.

Intoxication is no excuse for kicking a grounder, just as it's no excuse for putting a Chevy in a ditch or jumping out a window. Or throwing to the wrong base or getting picked off second, or hitting into a double play.

The teams so far have been captained by Woo Song, who can hit, run and play left field with competence, and by Ralph Heim, whose bench jockeying almost compensates for the paper bat he carries. The razzing that accompanied beerball back in the old days was often a high point of the game, but good bench jockeys, you know, are hard to find.

Dave Gardner, known as the Dead Man, is fun to watch. Diane Wegmann, pioneer woman beerballer, has played the best second base we've seen so far, and Rick Champaign can play short. Steve Rockanski, the so-called Sewer Rat, is a pretty fair slap hitter and Gringo Gillis the slowest baserunner.

Somebody usually keeps score, but it isn't important. We play until the beer runs out, then go home. The games aren't much aesthetically — in addition to physical errors, there are countless throws to the wrong bases, illogical cutoffs and base-running rocks. But it's a lot of fun and nobody minds too much. In fact, beerball may be the best thing that goes on around Lindenwood these days. It ain't bad.

News In Brief

In a recent competition, Laura Bland, Joyce Meier, Vickie Ryan, and Carol Weinstein were all awarded honors for the work done in the IBIS during fall semester. The awards were received from the Missouri Interscholastic Press Association, which the IBIS is a member of in the small college category.

Laura Bland received first place for her artwork in the art-cartoonist section. Part of her award included a gold pin.

Everyone else received certificates. Meier received a second place in Editorials, and an Honorable Mention in Features. Ryan was awarded 3rd place for the special or regular column category. Weinstein received an honorable mention in the art-cartoonist division.

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