

The Iris

The Lindenwood Colleges

Vol. 7, No. 3

April 25, 1973

Lindenwood Reschedules

After much discussion, many delays, proposals, counter-proposals, the Lindenwood faculty recently approved a new class schedule for the next school year. The new schedule is primarily designed to make Lindenwood's class schedule compatible with the schedules of other colleges and universities in the St. Louis area and to promote cooperation between ourselves and these other institutions. The main obstacle to this compatibility at present is Lindenwood's Monday-Thursday, Tuesday-Friday scheduling, which has been eliminated in the new schedule.

The new schedule also allows more time during the noon hour for extra-curricular activities, such as choir, theatre, physical education, and clubs. The noon hour period is extended until 1:30 p.m., instead of the present 1:00 p.m.

The new schedule is as follows:

Time Block	Class Time
A	8 a.m., MTThF
B	9-11 a.m., MF
C	9-11 a.m., TTh
D	11 a.m., MTThF
E	1:30 p.m., MTThF
F	2:30-4:30 p.m., MF
G	2:30-4:30 p.m., TTh
H	4:30 p.m., MTThF
I	8 a.m., W
J	9 a.m., W
K	10 a.m., W
L	11 a.m., W

It is anticipated that time block H will be lightly scheduled to facilitate the scheduling of three-hour lab periods.

Wednesday will be the same under the new schedule as it is now. Time blocks I, J, K, and L simply indicate available times. There has been some talk, however, that some faculty might want to schedule an A or D horizontal time block on a MWF schedule. The Common will probably

use the B blocks on Monday and Friday and the J, K blocks on Wednesday. It is anticipated that many science labs will be scheduled in the J, K, and L blocks on Wednesday.

Some special attention will be required for scheduling student teaching but it does not appear that the new schedule will be any more difficult for accommodating student teachers than the present one.

While there may be a temporary period of anxiety and adjustment, it is hoped that the new system will enable Lindenwood students to schedule non-conflicting courses at other institutions in the area.

LC Donates

Blood

On April 18th the Red Cross Bloodmobile was on the Lindenwood Campus.

Although 72 members of the Lindenwood Community had signed up during the preceding week to donate, only about 50 showed up. A number of people not associated with the college also came to donate.

Of the 74 in all who came, 24 were rejected for health reasons. The remaining 50, each of whom gave a pint of blood, received cards noting their donations and assuring them of blood for a nominal fee, should they ever need it.

LC II Elects New Officers

In a general election held Monday, April 9, officers of the Lindenwood College II Student Government for the 1973-74 school year were chosen. Rudy Lama, a senior of L.C. II majoring in mathematics, was elected to serve as Community Manager for the coming year. Jeffrey Kleiman, also a senior, was chosen to fill the position of Chairman of the Judicial Board, while Ray Bedell and Lloyd Moses were selected as Social and Athletic Coordinators, respectfully.

Tim Tracy and Ray Bedell, running uncontested, tested, were enlisted as members of the Judicial Board. It was decided to use the services of Mike Dean and

Dome Breaks Ground

Following months of planning, fund-raising, and general disbelief, the Lindenwood Dome Committee broke ground around 1:15 p.m. on Saturday, April 21st. Seven shovels, wielded by various members of the Lindenwood Community, were used to start the digging, and a post was planted, marking the planned center of the structure.



Students, Faculty and Administration begin work.

Work parties to complete the footing and foundation walls for the dome are scheduled for the next week.

Today, April 25th, help will be needed from 8:30 a.m. until supper to lift the sod to form the footing. This sod will be replanted, filling in the holes on back campus.

If the footing is dug on Wednesday, the concrete will

be poured Thursday morning. It will then take between a week and ten days to put up the foundation wall. On Saturday morning work will be begun on the forms for the foundation

wall. Some wood will also be cut for the dome's framework.

Further information and up-to-date news will be posted daily in Roemer Arcade.

P.E. Majors Approved

The Physical Education Department has added two new areas of emphasis: Horsemanship and Community & Outdoor Education. In addition to completion of the general college requirements and requirements for a physical education major, completion of requirements appropriate to the field of specialization will be necessary. These requirements will include a practicum pertinent to the area of concentration, for which two to four credits will be received.

New course offerings in the Physical Education Department will include a two-semester course entitled Principles of Teaching Equitation. Each semester will receive 1/2 credit. History of Selected Light Breeds and Stable Management will be offered for one credit each.

Cycling will be offered, dealing with the fundamentals of bicycling safety, selection care and maintenance of equipment, in addition to conditional

exercises and long and short bicycle journeys.

Game strategies for men and women will be part of a Co-Ed Volleyball course, which includes fundamental volleyball skills.

Class to Present Plays

Two plays, produced by the Theatre Lab I class under the supervision of Lou Florimonte, will be performed for the Lindenwood Community in the Carriage House. The plays, both directed by Debra Hembree, are a result of class projects.

Mary Todd Wise and Bob Van Dusen comprise the cast of "Birdbath", a one-act serio-comedy written by Leonard Melfi. It will be the first play to be staged.

The second play, "Moss Covered Sorrows," was written by one of the members of the class, Bob Van Dusen.

Dean Hospitalized

Dean Doris Crozier was hospitalized Thursday morning, April 19th, for a series of tests. The previous day the Dean had been advised by Bloodmobile personnel to see her personal physician, due to her pulse rate. Dr. James Felder recommended the hospitalization. She returned home Monday morning, and hopes to resume teaching Thursday.

Pamela Hadas Gives Poetry Reading

Pamela Hadas, a young poetess, was at the Black Student Union Coffee House on April 18 to do a reading of her works for Lindenwood students. The poems she read spanned her career from eight years ago to the present.

other, a look at the people at a zoo.

Another phase in Ms. Hadas' poetic development was a period during which she wrote about works of art. This interval was an intermediate stage as she moved from writing objective poetry to poetry dealing with inner feelings. One of the best poems of the reading was inspired by the Book of Kells and was written in the style of Marianne Moore. The poem conveyed the intricacies of the illuminated manuscript through intricacies of language.

Among the personal poems was a sonnet dedicated to her husband. It described the meeting of two childhood fantasies. Praise? Suffice it to say that the audience wished to hear the poem read twice.

The last poem in the reading dealt with two fictional women, Penelope and Ophelia. The works again showed great intuition on the part of their authoress.

The Griffin has received Ms. Hadas' permission to print some of her poems in their upcoming edition.



Pamela Hadas

"I began," she said, "as most poets do, by writing objective poems that look at the outside world." Among the more objective poems Ms. Hadas read, one of the finest was a triptych on Japan, each segment offering a different vision of life there.

Two other poems showed differing impressions of the zoo. One was a comical piece on "The Walrus," and the

Rabbi To Speak

Rabbi Alan D. Bregmann from Temple Israel in St. Louis, in connection with the Jewish Chautauqua Society, will be in Sibley Living Room on Wednesday, April 25, at 3:00 p.m. to speak on "Judaism's Response for Modern Man."

Players Organize

All students of Lindenwood College interested in the promotion of the Dramatic Arts at the college have been invited to join in helping to organize the Lindenwood Players. An organizational meeting of the group will be held on Thursday, April 26, at 6:30 in the television studio on second floor, Memorial Arts Building.

The group will aim at establishing workshops in acting, body movements, mime, and voice, as well as aiding in the production of plays to be presented next year.

All persons interested are asked to contact Lou Florimonte through box 717, or to attend the meeting on Thursday.

Elections were supervised by John Dooley, Chairman of Ways and Means Committee.

In The Common Interest

Editorials

Innovations in an educational system are almost always prone to attack — usually for no other reason that they are different and untested. If, however, complaints remain long after an innovation has become a permanent part of an educational institution, then the time comes when it must be examined carefully and its validity questioned.

In the past, freshman year has meant taking numerous required courses, notably English Composition. At Lindenwood, however, a widely acclaimed "Year One" program — widely acclaimed by the college at least — has called an end to the tedious exercises aimed at developing one's writing skills. What has instead been offered is the Lindenwood Common Course.

In theory, the Lindenwood Common Course not only allows the student the opportunity to improve his composition skills, but does so in an environment where the student is acquainted with the "revolutionary changes and dominant issues of our time." As a student enters and suffers the drudgeries of the Common, he soon realizes the disparity between the theory and its practice.

Almost any student who has taken the Common Course has become aware of its drastic shortcomings. With only one English professor and more than one-hundred students, the improvement in writing skills

aimed for is hardly ever accomplished. The most obvious proof comes when a junior or senior reaches the realization that poor grades on papers are not necessarily due to his lack of understanding in the field, but rather to his inability to form complete sentences and put these together in a coherent manner. When most, or all, of the writing done by a student during his freshman year is handed in to a non-English professor, his writing mistakes may go unnoticed and uncorrected.

At only one time in the student forced to submit his work specifically to the English Department, this being when the English Proficiency Examination is administered once yearly. This also is open to criticism. The student is given a choice of several topics on which he may write a short paper. This essay is then graded "arbitrarily" by members of the English department.

Not only do we consider the Common Course ineffective in dealing with the cultivation of writing skills, but it also fails miserably in trying to acquaint the student with the "disciplines of college study as focused on the issues facing mankind in today's world," another stated objective of the course. Freshmen may not have the educational background necessary for the complex comparisons demanded by the nature of the Common. What, in effect, the

course seems to do is to offer the student a golden opportunity to learn the refined art of shooting the bull. This it accomplishes by awarding an equal number of points for class participation as are given for the papers that must be written.

Where, then, can a cure be found for the ills plaguing the Lindenwood Common Course? Perhaps the answer lies in the re-establishment of a compulsory composition course where the student can be given a solid basis for writing. For those few students who enter college already able to communicate effectively on paper, a rigorous proficiency examination can be offered that would exempt them from taking the course. Another suggestion that seems to bear some weight is that the Common be changed from a freshman course to a senior synthesis, to be offered as a seminar.

The Lindenwood Common Course has been tested by several hundred students over the past few years. Not only has it been found unsatisfactory, but in many cases it has caused more harm than good to the college careers of students. Now is the time to start seriously considering how badly this program's faults outweigh its merits; and, in so doing, to realize the need for the abolishment of its present form.



Letters to the Editor

Editorial 'Hasty'

Dear Editors:

I would like to take exception to the recent editorial in the Ibis entitled "In Defense of Wednesdays". While I wholeheartedly agree with your premise, that "the Wednesday 'breather' policy at Lindenwood is one of the school's good points", and should be preserved, I feel that the editorial was published hastily and without all of the facts present.

First of all, the proposal in no way required us to rearrange our schedule of classes to accommodate other institutions. The new schedule is designed to accommodate Lindenwood students and to facilitate their taking courses at other St. Louis area colleges which are not offered at Lindenwood. One of the main reasons stated for the new class schedule was to permit a greater degree of cooperation between institutions in our area.

I would also state that it is, at present, practically impossible for a Lindenwood student to take courses at other colleges because of our schedule. Our current Monday-Thursday, Tuesday-Friday vertical schedule eliminates at least four possible class times at schools with a Monday-Wednesday-Friday, Tuesday-Thursday-Friday, Tuesday-Thursday-Friday schedule; and this does not even include travel time.

Lastly, I would suggest a little less haste in writing editorials before all the facts have been found out. As it happens, the new class schedule, which preserves Wednesdays, was passed by the faculty eight days before the Ibis editorial appeared.

Regretfully,
John Dooley

Editors Reply:

We extend our apologies. The editorial referred to in the above letter was written in some haste.

However, we feel that this may, in fact have served to bring to light a situation that is in need of a remedy. It is a sad state of affairs when students can remain unaware of decisions such as this one, which may have a greater effect on them than on any other segment of the college community, for so extended a period of time. What is even more depressing about the whole affair is that this obvious lack of communications is a constant factor in life at Lindenwood.

Yet, channels are available presently by which information can be disseminated, if the proper parties wish to do so. Both the men's and women's student governments select faculty representatives in order that a liaison can be established between faculty and students. We of the Ibis feel that the utilization of this existing structure is of utmost importance in unsnarling the lines of communication between students, faculty and administration.

The Ibis

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And the band played on... Parents' Weekend

by Lee Jolliffe

Lindenwood's Parents' Weekend, as students may have noticed, took place last April 13 and 14.

The weekend opened with a welcoming speech from President Brown, who was afterwards absent, along with Mr. B. Richard Berg, for the weekend.

Later, a panel discussion "Why College?" was held, with Dr. Cerny and Mrs. Basore representing parents on the panel. Parents then joined their daughters and sons for a buffet luncheon in the cafeteria.

The high point of the weekend was a dinner-dance at Three Flags Restaurant. Rich Cash organized a musical review designed to show all of the more hilarious aspects of college life at Lindenwood, and later in the evening, Dean Delaney led the parents in a chorus of "Strangers in the Night."

A Chapel service by Reverend Betts closed the program Sunday.



Dean Crozier

Cotillion by Carol Braunshausen

Cotillion was so big and wonderful! The Jay Berry Band played good rockin' music: some old Beatles, Rolling Stones, Edgar Winter, Jethro Tull, Moody Blues, Beach Boys. Proud Mary kept on burning, big wheel kept on turning, and once again the dance floor was too small.

Everyone was beautiful people; it was quite the Easter Parade. Backless dresses seemed most popular although all the fashions were stunning.

Nominees for Queen were Dean Doris Crozier, Ms. Jean Fields, and Dr. Mary Gruber. Dean Crozier was the winner, although she had to miss the dance, due to her stay in the hospital. Mr. Lou Florimonte was elected king, victorious over Dr. Norm King and Mr. John Nichols.

We rocked to the rhythms we felt circling through the speakers, dancing with such wisdom and grace...through the car window on the way back the night whistled through my hair with magnificent light and sound...Oh Daddy, everything was beautiful and nothing hurt.....!TEQUILLA!

Janet Hughes Gives Senior Recital

by Mary Jane Jennings and Susan Nisonger

On Sunday afternoon, April 15, Janet Hughes presented her senior voice recital in the parlor of the Memorial Arts Building. Janet was accompanied on the piano by Susan Nisonger.

Janet came to Lindenwood as a senior in September, from the St. Louis Institute of Music. She leads the soprano section and does solo work for the choir and Madrigal ensemble. Janet has also become a member of Phi Theta, the Lindenwood chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon, the national honorary music society.

The compositions Janet chose included pieces from the Baroque, Romantic and Contemporary eras. She began her recital with the Handel Aria, "Svegliatevi nel core" from Guilo Cesare. This is an aria about courage made up of fast-slow-fast sections. Janet sang it in very clear Italian, with the boldness and strength that it was meant to have.

The next work, Bach's

Contate No. 28, was probably the most complex work Janet performed, but it was nevertheless sung with great



Janet Hughes assurance. Her German pronunciation was perfect. The piece was set in a high range, throughout which Janet's soprano showed much control.

The Romantic section of Janet's recital consisted of four works by Brahms and four by Faure. The first Brahms' piece, *Liebsteu*, is a dialogue between mother and daughter about the daughter's lover. The melody is in the minor key representing the mother's portrayal and major key for the daughter. Janet's interpretation made the two

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January Independent Study

Mexico on a Bike

by Eileen Moccia

During final semester four of us, Mark Zimmer, Nancy Morgan, Tom Hergert, and Eileen Moccia dreamt up a bicycle trip across the Yucatan peninsula. With a few meetings and chasing of advisors and faculty, independent studies were set up in sociology, anthropology, communication arts and physical education. Although grants from the school were voided because the courses were independent studies, posing a slight financial problem not faced by students who travel with an instructor in a pre-organized course, we persevered and dug into our savings for sixty-five dollars apiece — enough to pay for a first-class round-trip ticket to Merida, Yucatan, Mexico.

On the second of January, we met in Laredo, Texas, armed with tourist cards and remnants of classroom Spanish, to board the south-bound train. We spent two days walking in Mexico City, a wondrously polluted town with poinsettias and dahlias growing around palm trees on the boulevards, a city filled with extremely helpful people and maniacal drivers.

On the way south and east from Mexico, we passed through jungle, desert, and lush grasslands inhabited cooperatively by cattle and delicate white egrets. After a long train ride we arrived in sunny Merida, caboose first, shooing startled iguanas from the tracks as we moved.

A silent but friendly crowd gathered around us in the station lobby as we removed our bicycle parts from their cardboard cartons and assembled four shiny light-weight ten-speeds. Finally someone spoke to us and the story of our plans to traverse the peninsula on seat and pedal was revealed along with the fact that we were students from the U.S. The word spread and the crowd smiled even more, sharing, it seemed, the excitement within us. Even though they laughed when we rode away on grossly overweighted bikes, they were already waiting to see if we would do what we had planned.

We spent some days getting to know Merida. In the trailer park where we found space to camp, we became acquainted with a gracious American woman who agreed to keep our "overweight" for us. We readily abandoned our heavy tent, spare shoes, chains, books and an assortment of warm clothing necessary only in the highlands; packed up new cotton hammocks; and set off on the evening of the ninth for a town named Tixpeual to the east.

In Tixpeual we were surrounded by a crowd of about thirty brown-eyed Maya-speaking townspeople who were curious and friendly toward us. One eighteen-year-old who had studied English adopted us and his family provided dinner, sleeping space, and breakfast! He pedaled with us to Tixkokob

the next day, where we met a hammock maker, spent a day visiting cenotes, and fought "turista". (Cenotes are natural clear water wells formed by collapsed limestone rock layers and are the main natural source of water in the riverless peninsula.)

Following our stay in Tixkokob, we pedaled on to see ruins at Ekmul and Ake. Mapped roads end at Ake, but using locally-given directions we trudged toward Hubila, nearly six kilometers away. As the sun lowered itself into western henoquen fields, a storm blew up. For what seemed like hours after a roadside-fired pot of hot soup, we walked poncho-covered bicycles through ankle deep mud and water, our bodies drenched in a pouring rain, singing and groaning our way to Hubila. A knock on a door there brought a fire to warm, a dry room to hang hammocks and two white candles. New friends and dry clothes brought sleep.

The next day we picked up the main highway at Holactun and rode more than fifty miles to Chichen Itza, where we spent a day and a half soothing sunburns, and taking care of a sprained ankle and a banged-up knee. Chichen is one of the most visited archaeological sights in Yucatan, as it has been mostly cleared, restored and redone for the tourist trade.

Another one hundred and thirty miles and three days

took us through Valladolid and Xcan to Puerto Juarez on the Caribbean. There we shared a sleeping roof with two large hogs. We met up with Paul Vandevelder's sister who happened to live in the camper next door and came upon long distance travelers from as far away as Sweden. A ferry took us to Isla Mujeres (Island of the Women) where we found good snorkeling waters, beer, and seafood in the sun. One day was spent on the beach at Can Cun, a future multi-million-peso resort area that is now a flaky white strip of sand, shells, palm trees and deserted lagoons. At the time of our visit, there was a small restaurant and a boat rental place — the only tourist services so far. The beach was ours except for quiet family of three who dug wells around sandcastles and spoke in European accents.

On the eighteenth we headed out from Puerto Juarez intending to ride to Valladolid. The sun turned hot on our backs when a few miles out of town we were obliged to stop for bicycle repairs. With one of our eight wheels standing in the approximate bend of a pretzel and two others wobbling crooked (the result of a rear-ender two days before), we resigned ourselves and flagged down a second-class bus to Valladolid. Our bikes were tied on top for extra fare and we hopped on the ever-filling bus that took us one hundred sixty kilometers to the nearest bicycle repair



Palacio de Bellas Artes

shop.

We spent our time in Valladolid exploring the market, eating papaya, and writing postcards in the square. We met a guy there who was then living in a borrowed hut in the Yucatecan village of San Francisco. He invited us to spend the night there and disappeared thumb first into the east. Six months in Mexico had given him the gift of fluency in Spanish. One month prior to our meeting he had walked into a village and told the people he wanted to learn to speak Mayan. They gave him a hut and he worked in the fields in exchange for food. During that month he had gained a fine command of the language. San Francisco did not have electricity, but the government was planning on its installation in the near future. The threat of disruption through progress in the village had led our friend to decide on a move to Guatemala, which he was to undertake following our departure from village.

A short ride on the twenty-

first took us back through Chichen where we hung our hammocks outdoors, high in the trees. That Sunday was the bullfight day of a five-day fiesta in Dzitaa, only twenty kilometers from our campsite. Leaving baggage tucked away in hammocks and ponchos (Yucatecans frown on thievery) we spun wheels on bare-backed bicycles to an afternoon of beer and ice-cream vendors. (The ice cream and soda pop flavors in Mexico range from apple or papaya to coconut or maize!).

Our longest riding day, 78 miles, led us back into Merida racing and grinning, as we had greeted people on the road-sides both east- and westbound in the preceding two weeks, and there rose some feeling of accomplishment in us. Packed deep in our saddlebags were notebooks and rolls of irreplaceable photographs filled with the travels and studies of Yucatecan markets, ruins, and people.

Two days after our Merida return we made an aborted attempt to reach Uxmal.

Cont. on P. 7

“Where have all the flowers



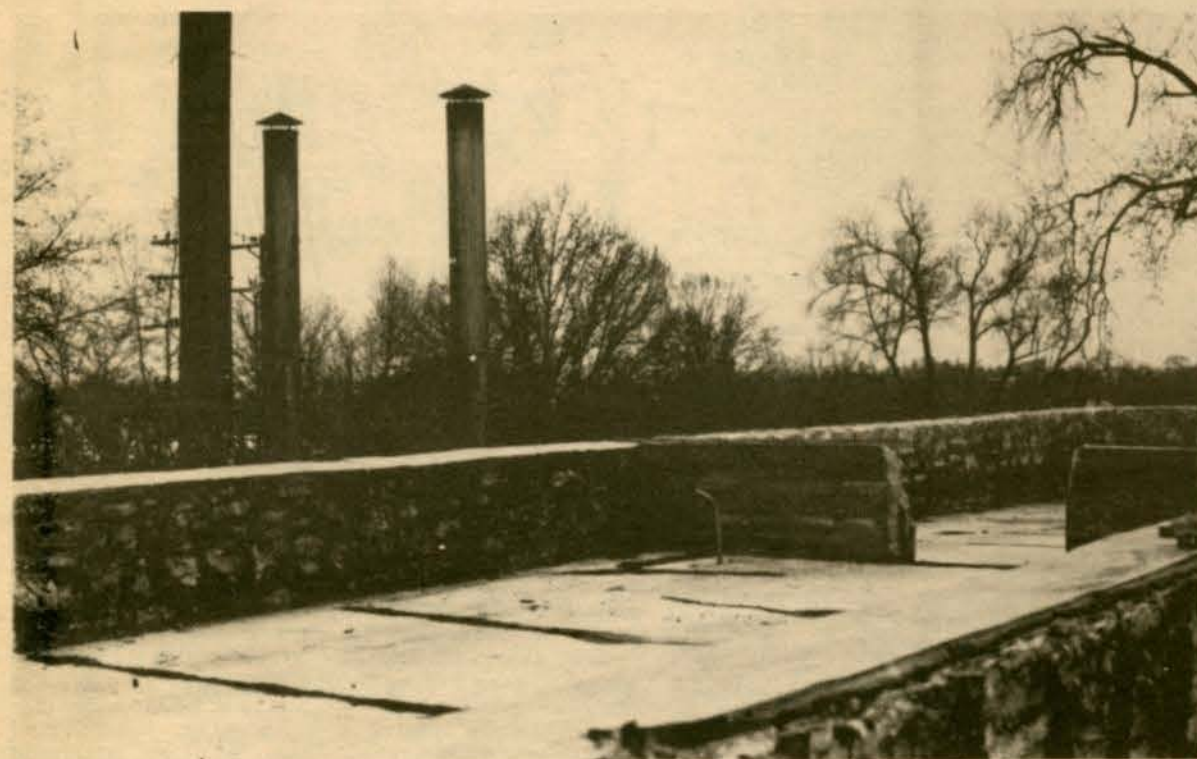
1940

“Yesterday the roses were rising upward,
 Pushing their buds above the dark green leaves.”

Wallace Stevens



“The land remains desolate



“What are the roots that clutch
 what branches grow
 Out of stony rubbish?”

T. S. Eliot

“Oh, it’s enough to make you weep,
 all that remains.”

Cat Stevens



rs gone?"

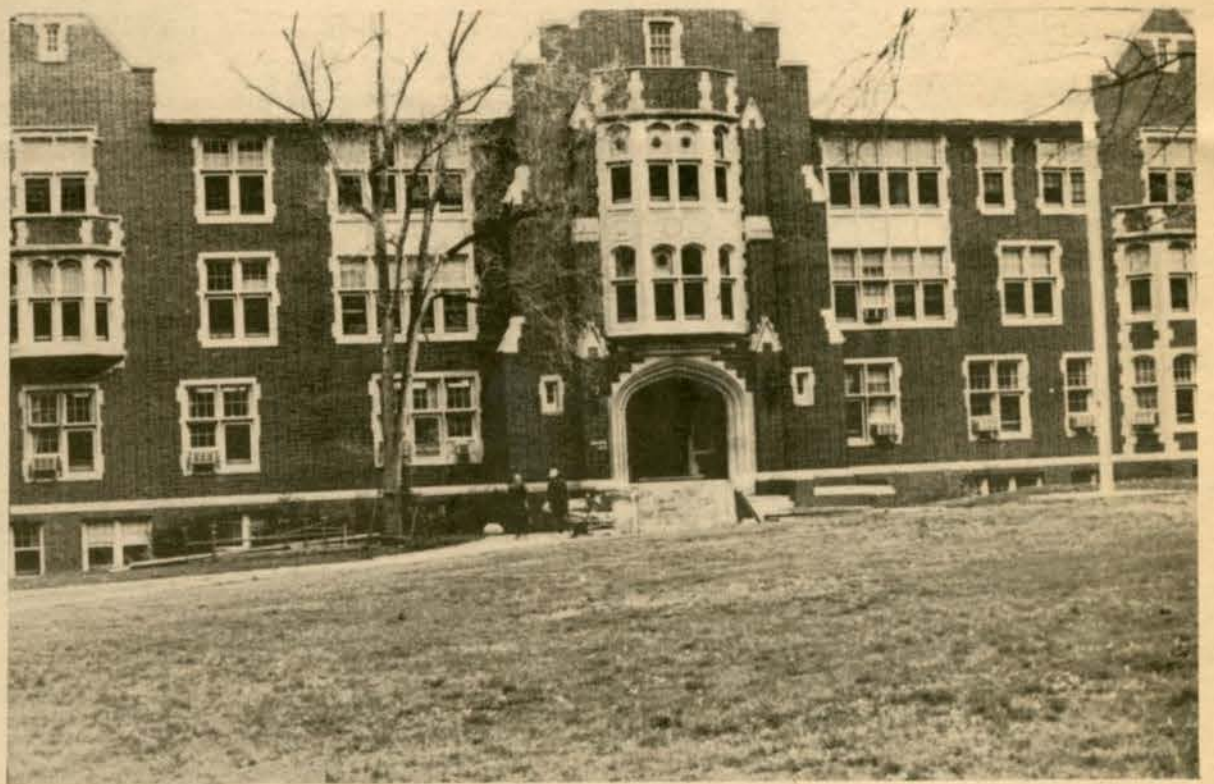
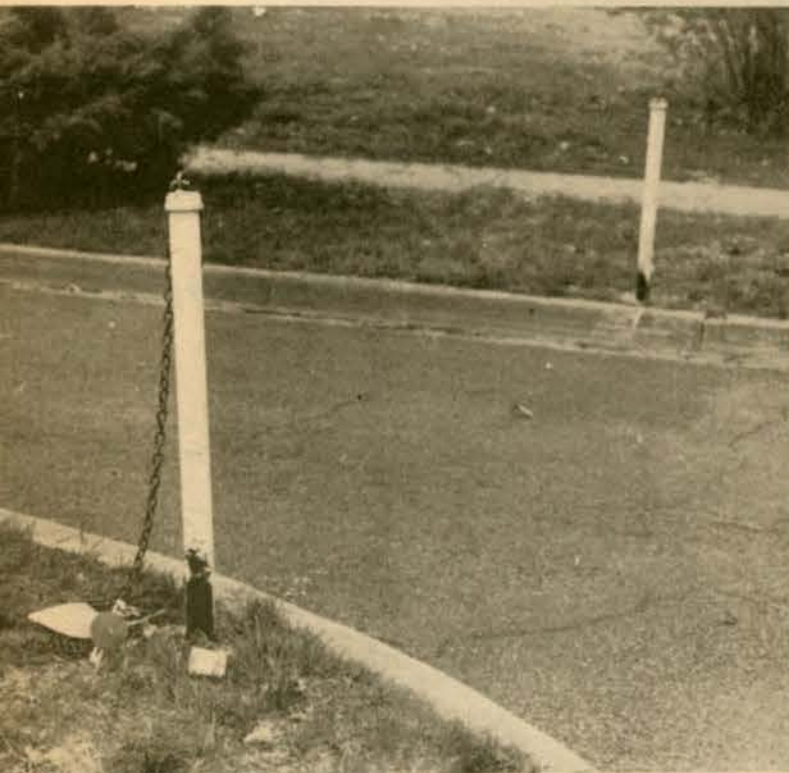


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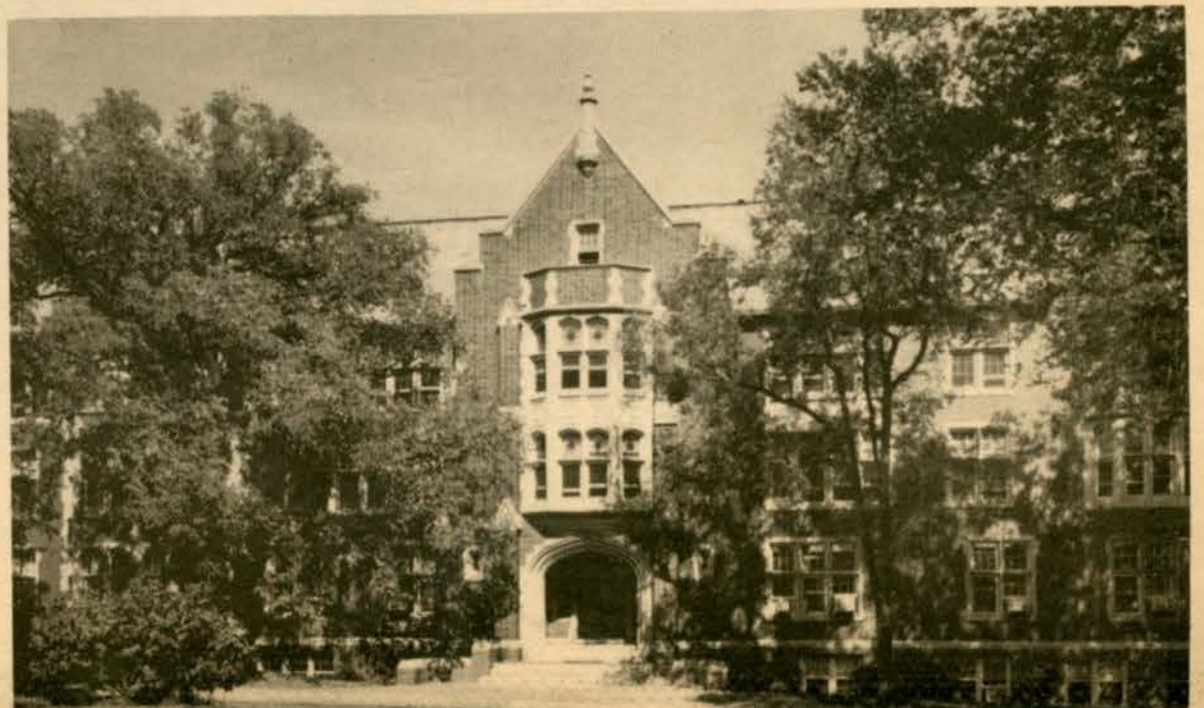
"Don't it always seem to go that
you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone?"

Joni Mitchell



"They paved Paradise
and put in a parking lot."

Joni Mitchell



"It's been my delight...to play all night"

"Well I have nothing important to say,
So I'll take my old fiddle and manage to play.
A few common pieces will do to begin
To give you an idea of my violin.
Now here of late it's been my delight,
To take this old fiddle and play all the night.
I've played near a lifetime, parted and told,
Some time in forth, sometime in hold.
A fair understanding of how to begin.
That liquor not passed twitch my nose and my chin.
The reason of this can be told in a thrice:
Partly I taketh my mother's advice,
And partly because I've heard so much sin
Charged to the use of an old violin.
Now while I depart from this vain world of old,
I cannot take my violin with me, you know,
But I hope my old friends will not fail to take in
The true use and worth of an old violin."

The old man laughs at his own wit and charm, and the small group of students applauds his talent. Chased from his home by the flood, he had to take refuge in Cobbs Hall, but despite this he's pleased with himself. After all, not too many 90-year-old men can remember and recite poems to a crowd of twenty year olds. He looks at his violin case and giggles to the group. "Now I got to open it up, uh?" Someone says, "I guess so, while he fumbles with the case. He has some difficulty opening it and he mutters to himself, "Don't know if I can get into it or not." With an expression of innocent satisfaction, he obtains his treasure and quickly holds it to his chin. He is about to play a tune, but stops abruptly and looks at the group in puzzlement. "Ain't nobody that can play with me?" he asks. No one answers, and still puzzled, he adds "Ain't nobody here?" What he wants is someone to play the guitar and accompany him, but no one comes forward. Seeing that he'll get no help, he starts to pluck the strings of his precious instrument to tune it. It seems he's making just a lot of noise, but he is pleased with what he hears, and adds, "Ah, here it goes...I'll play two or three pieces."

The small audience has waited for this moment. The old man begins his music. The sounds that come forth are scratchy at first, like an old record, the pitch slightly off, but the old man continues to play. The audience is spellbound. If what they hear is less than perfect, they love it, because they love him. Everyone stares at this century-minus-a-decade-old man and sees a beautiful human being. His hands find it difficult to hold his bow and violin, but he continues and finally ends. The people hold their silence for one or two seconds, and then the applause bursts forth. Some are just clapping, others laughing, some talk and grin. Everyone is happy, everyone wants more.

The old man wants to give it, but he's not paying attention to his audience's enthusiasm; he's vainly searching for something in his violin case. He mutters about "there should be more grease" on his bow; he finds his grease and starts to smear it on his instrument. He seems to be deeply absorbed in this ac-

tivity, not paying much mind to his onlookers. Suddenly he glances forward and comments, "Greasin' it up. . . Now what ya want me to do?"

Some in the group has obviously heard this man tell stories before and asks, "Would you tell that story about the red devil?" The old man is hard-of-hearing, and he asks, "Bout the what?" He is answered again with "the red devil". The man understands; the people can tell because his eyes light up and he rubs his hands together approvingly and adds an eager "Oh, boy."

He settles back in a chair, pauses and then sits forward, saying, "Well, there was this man, he had a son — I guess it was his son — anyhow, he didn't want him to grow up in the world, with the world. He went away and isolated himself on the hill and he raised that boy. And the boy was grown, and he thought he'd take him down, and, ah, see what he thought of the world. Well, there comes the streetcars and the automobiles and here comes this girl all dressed in red. He says, he says, 'Now that's the little red devil.' And he says, 'You don' wanna have nothin to do with that.' And...so they went back up and he thought he'd inquire the boy as to how he liked the things down there and what of the things he liked the most. And the boy said, 'that little red devil.'

The audience, having listened intently, gives only mild responsive laughter. The old man, however, thinks it's funnier than the people do and chuckles quite heartily. In between his chuckles, he quips, "That's just 'bout so — ain't it!" At this remark the audience bursts into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. While everyone is enjoying themselves, the old man regains his composure and inquires, "Waddaya want me to do now?" Someone speaks out and says "It's up to you, it's your show." Without waiting a moment longer, the fiddler breaks into his second musical venture. The music is a bit different, though there seems a great deal of similarity to it to the untrained ear. This piece is much shorter than its predecessor. At the end, he says complacently, "That's a hymn." There is a small round of applause from the puzzled audience. Ignorant of the ways of a fiddle, they have trouble telling the difference

between a hymn, or any other piece of fiddle music. A voice carries over the din of the crowd, "Do you sing?"

The old man gives a blank stare and then adds, "No, I can't sing". He continues speaking, but his words are not clear. He mutters something about pigs squealing, and then breaks into his third piece of music. This he starts and ends almost simultaneously. He gives his now-familiar chuckle and informs the group that "What ya just heard was the first piece in the book."

From the audience a voice inquires, "Can you tell us when you first started playing the fiddle?" The man apologetically answers no at first, then thinking back, he begins, "I... Oh, I was eighteen, I guess — I wasn't of age." He pauses while the audience laughs, then continues, "Anyhow, ma brother-in-law put up ma money and ma uncle had a catalog and they ordered the fiddle. And I got it home and the fiddle come and I ask my mother, I says, 'Whatdaya think about ma fiddle.' She says, 'I wonder where and how ya got the money to pay fer it.'" At this point in his narrative, the old man starts laughing and wheezing, then abruptly halts. His tone of voice takes on a serious quality as he continues, "I took fiddle lessons from ma uncle. . . I don't know what to do now. . . Wanna here 'bout the devil," he asks. The audience is willing, so he goes on. "Ya know, he's gotta song," says the old man.

The small group sits and stares inquiringly. The old man laughs mockingly at the ignorance of the group and then apologetically states, "Well, I don't know, don't even know if I kin play it. . . I can't hold the fiddle like I used to." Somehow he manages, and he plays the devil's song. It is a nice, light tune that is met with a pleased applause at its conclusion, but nothing about this old man seems to be demonic, not even his version of the devil's song. While the clapping is beginning to fade, someone in the group of spectators says, "I was told that you entered a lot of contests and that you had won quite a few awards. Is there a lot of truth to that?" The old man looks as though it takes a great deal of concentrated effort to hear the person's question. His ex-

Alumnae Weekend Planned

The Alumnae Association of the Lindenwood Colleges will be holding a Country Fair and Reunion on the campus April 28th. The Reunion will be in honor of twenty-four classes, including the Classes of 1913, 1923, 1948, and 1972.

The Association has planned a full day's activities for the visiting alumnae. Following breakfast, an Association business meeting will be held in the living room of Cobbs. The Reunion Classes will be



Mr. Runkle

pression of puzzlement makes it clear that he didn't quite hear the question put forth to him.

When he says, "Waltz. . . You wanna to hear a waltz?" and then breaks into another ear-shattering tune, it seems at first that the question was not understood, but slowly the audience realizes that the old man has to ignore it, wanting not to brag or boast about any of his past achievements. At the end of his tune he sadly adds once again, "I wish I could hold the fiddle like I used to." His waltz is applauded and he mutters something about the fact that lately he gets mixed up on his pieces. Then he changes the subject.

"I don't, I. . . ah," he stutters and fumbles for the proper words. Continuing, he adds, "I used to play for a dance in Colorado every two weeks fer two years. That was when I was living on the homestead; I got three dollars a night — that was big money then for me." His eyes are sparkling as he once again laughs at his own statements.

"There was no work to do there in that there homestead country. Ya had to leave there to get work. Well, people just come there; that there country had all been homesteaded before and they all left." "What do you think of today's music?" someone asks.

"Oh, oh, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know — I don't never think about that," he chuckles.

"Have you ever listened to rock music?" asks the person.

"Oh, oh no — I don't. . . I don't care. I don't make any difference to me so long as it harmonizes!" This comment is met with approving, warm

honor at this meeting.

A large red and white checked tent on front campus will be the center for lunch and the Country Fair. Hand-made articles from all over the United States will be sold at the Fair. This year's senior class will also be there selling their stationery. The Fair is to be the kickoff for raising money for the Colleges' Sesquicentennial Fund. There will also be tours of the campus and of Historic St. Charles.

laughter. He continues, "When I used to play for them at these dances, I used to play with a fella that played the pieanna. . . He learned all of my tunes."

He continued, "Well, that's about all I can do, huh?"

One person, not accepting that proposed departure, poses yet another question. "I heard you can preach."

"Preach?" says the man, showing not the slightest bit of annoyance, "Naw, I can't preach, I kin sing better 'an I could preach."

"I thought you said you couldn't sing?" came a voice. The audience starts laughing, then applauds as the man makes a facial expression that makes clear, "I'm gonna sing."

"If now ye will listen I'll sing you a song, a ditty, 'bout the worst woman ya ever did saw.

"Where can you buy a cap for your knee?
Or a key to the lock of your hair?
And your eyes they call an academy because there pupils are —
In the crown of your head what jewels are found?
Who travels the bridge of your nose?
When you shingle the roof of your mouth,
Will you use the nails of your toes?
Can you set in the shade of the palm of your hand
Or beat the drum of your ear?
Can the calf on your leg eat the corn on your toes?
Then why not grow corn on your ear?
Can the crook of your elbow be sent to jail,
If it could then what'd it do?
Pardon me, sharpen your shoulder blades,
- Darn if I know, do you?"

Flood Victims Visit Lindenwood

For the past few weeks, the flood victims have been a familiar sight on the Lindenwood Campus. Most of the ten families, including some forty men, women, and children, arrived here April first. The majority of the people, who lived on the third floor of Cobbs Hall during their stay, left for their homes by the fifteenth of the month. Those remaining are expected to leave by the twenty-sixth, at which time a convention will be staying in Cobbs.

Costs for those affected by the flood were covered in a variety of manners. The rooms and linens were provided by the College. The Student Center, located in Cobbs Hall, collected about three hundred dollars. One hundred dollars of this money was donated by the student government of the women's college and fifty dollars came from the LC II government. The rest of the monies were donated by the college at large. These funds were used for a variety of necessities ranging from toiletries to medical bills to gasoline.

While at Lindenwood, the visitors ate in the cafeteria. The food bill was principally paid by the Red Cross and the Salvation Army. The College paid part of this bill, and those funds remaining from the Student Center

When you have heard it, you'll think it's a pity that ever I had such a mother-in-law."

Continuing, he taps the beat with his foot and patting out the rhythm with his hands on his knees. He finishes, then quickly adds, "The old heifer!" The audience bursts into laughter and applause, and he laughs with them. Between guffaws, he states "That was pretty good, wasn't it?"

The old man looks up and says, "Ought to have somebody with me. With that it makes me better." But no one is there to play along with him, so he breaks into another solo on the fiddle and at the conclusion recites another poem. His warm and friendly eyes tell you that he loves what he is doing — making others share in his happiness.

collections were also used to cover this expense. Many clothes were donated to assist the visitors, with all left-over clothing being turned over to FISH.

In addition to monetary assistance, the College and the student body tried to help those staying here in many other ways. The laundry room of McCluer Hall, for example, was opened for the use of the visitors, and the Student Center's fund supplied the necessary money and soap. On at least on occasion the Campus School in Nicholls Hall was opened after hours for the enjoyment of the younger children. Lindenwood students acted as babysitters for several families. One man, a deaf mute, had left his dogs tied to a car when he had to leave. Members of the Center found the dogs and were able to leave them in a neighbor's care. "Anything they needed, somehow we found," said Mrs. Kesselman, in charge of the visitors' stay at Lindenwood.

Those who came to Lindenwood were not ungrateful to the College for its hospitality. One little girl, receiving a pine seedling at her school on Arbor Day, brought it to the Center explaining that she wanted to give it to the school to say thank you.

Rudy Lama

by Roger Smith

It started out somewhat as a joke. The prospect of his running was initially met with laughter and even the prospective candidate joked about it. But soon, through some kind of Skinnerian process, the prospect and laughter behind the prospect were transformed into a somewhat apathetic assumption that Rudy was to become the next community manager of Lindenwood College II. The assumption proved justified. After little or no campaigning by either candidate, election day arrived, and thanks to the constant reminders of the election workers, who seemed to be mainly the candidates themselves, an election was held. The final tabulation showed Rudy the clear victor, and considering the lack of campaigning or discussion of issues, one couldn't help but wonder if the vote indicated an endorsement of the winner or mere apathy towards the election. Whatever the case may be, a community manager has been elected and some of his thoughts, and thoughts about him, follow.

With the tails of his ironed shirt always out, seemingly trying to cover up any obtrusions made by the waist of his pants, and more often than not, cowboy boots, Rudy presents himself to the Lindenwood Campus. His activities outside of the classroom include working on the Ibis staff as layout editor and appearing in numerous drama productions and activities. Looking for him on campus, one's best bets are either in Irwin living room, or television room, or the pinball machines at the tea hole.

Our interview proved interesting. The presence of the microphone, and the awareness that what he said might be quoted, elicited an unfamiliar amount of rhetoric. The new role of community manager was being tested and Rudy was being cautious about what he was saying. But there was a theme to many of the problems he talked of; this was communication.

Rudy sees his role as "a liaison between the students and the faculty and administration. This liaison should establish lines of communication that can be both efficient and comfortable for all parties to criticize and discuss one another, constructively." How this is to be done is another question. Establishment of regular town hall meetings was one possibility suggested by Rudy, and the establishment of reports by student government officers to be issued on a regular basis to the students was another. Hopefully, this would inform the student body of the different topics being discussed, instead of their relying on rumors and would gather some interest by the students, thus combatting a general attitude of apathy.

"Since our college is now suffering a financial crisis, it is very important for all

students to realize the gravity of this situation and then try to offer aid to the institution in finding solutions for the problems plaguing it." This came in response to a question regarding information of which students must be made aware. Again the idea that students don't realize what is going on at the school appears. "Rumors fill the air too often, and no one knows anything for sure." Asked why this information doesn't get to the students and where it seems to get bottled up, Rudy seems to feel some of the problem rests on the members of the committees who do not report back to the students.

He had this to say about the students: "Up until this point, those students, and I include myself, are not aware simply because there has been no utilization of the means by which they can learn." It should be noted that one assumption that Rudy makes is that the students' representatives bear the responsibility for making sure that all students are aware of the proceedings of the various meetings, and it is not up to the students to seek this knowledge. "The responsibility lies with the representatives to report to the students what is going on."

What are the areas to be worked next year? Besides gaining a general awareness of problems confronting the college, Rudy hopes to begin work on open dorms and possibly coed dorms for the college. He would like also to raise a few questions about money appropriations. Some specific areas are the amount of money spent by the admissions department, and also the money spent by the office of director of student activities, which Rudy feels is a function which could be adequately handled by a student or students. Whatever, Rudy has begun to communicate some ideas.

As with any person in a position of authority, Rudy's personality has an effect on how he interprets his role and how he sees himself in the role. This applies to the office of community manager. The previous brief description of Rudy certainly provided one view of him, but by no means the only view, and more should be stated to offer a better understanding.

Rudy believes that Lindenwood offered him "several avenues of education while here." The classroom is one avenue, but certainly not the only one. His job on the Ibis is an avenue, as will be the role as community manager. Learning to play bridge has been rewarding to him, and he values that experience, although not to the degree it was made out to be in the St.

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Charles Banner (regarding the ill-fated bridge-marathon of January).

Given a list of the five avenues including interacting with other people, Rudy gave the following in order of priorities for himself. Of course, this list of priorities may change, but on the whole, they rank as follows: first is "Personal responsibility to myself and friends; second remains contested between community manager and the Ibis; fourth, classroom activities; and fifth would be bridge." This is important for Rudy believes it and more importantly seems to live by it. Residents of Irwin Hall have seen Rudy drop what he is doing (before his typewriter was stolen) to type a paper for someone. Money is the last consideration, and if a person makes no offer to pay, the matter more often than not is

Student Focus

dropped. Whether one agrees with his list of priorities is not the most important thing to consider, for it is just one way in which one person views his life and environment here at Lindenwood.

How effective a community manager Rudy will be remains to be seen. The office itself needs building up if it is to gain any type of respect and the credibility with the students. Expectations would seem to be minimal considering the lack of interest before the election.

Rudy seems to be trying to fill a void in the government. It seems apparent he has his hand on the key to many problems at this college, that being communication amongst the groups that make it up.

Whether he can turn the key is another problem that only time will tell, but the mere recognition is a beginning.

Skydiving

by Mary Cox

"There's no feeling like it," said Sarah Wunderly. "You never feel like you're falling -- it's like you're floating the whole time. . . . You look around, you sit back and enjoy. You're the only person up there -- there's nobody else around. It's so quiet."

"Once that chute opens, you don't have a care in the world," added Lauren Simpkins, another skydiving enthusiast.

Far from the airy sensations of parachuting, sitting in a noisy cafeteria amid the chatter of students and clatter of dishes, Sarah, Lauren and Judith Freidma, all sophomores, talked eagerly about their skydiving experiences.

Sarah became interested in the sport last spring when Lauren and a former student, Margaret Bucher, started jumping. Judith, like Sarah, got interested by constant contact with people at the "drop zone" (landing area for the jumpers). Although Judith hasn't made her first jump yet, and expects to be "hysterical" when she does, she feels confident that she is ready.

Says Sarah "I sat around at the drop zone for a long time, watching and talking to people about it. I really got interested and decided to try it myself. I started this past October."

"Were you scared?"
"YES. . . I was petrified! That was the most scared I've ever been in my whole life." She paused. "But, it was worth it."

"When I went up for my first free fall, my Sentinel malfunctioned (a Sentinel is an automatic reserve opener that is set up before the jump to open the reserve chute at 1000 feet is something goes wrong in the air). I went to do my first "Hop and pop" as we call

it. We were up in the plane and the other jumper turned his Sentinel on. It worked fine. I turned mine on and the whole thing went out -- all over the inside of the plane. I had gotten all psyched up to make my jump, and then I had to ride down with the pilot. I got to go up again later, this time without the automatic opener."



A slow descent...

"They make the hour and a half trip to Sparta, Illinois, where they jump, almost every Saturday, and sometimes stay overnight in the airport office, sleeping in their parachutes."

Judith comments on their Saturdays that, "from 10:00 a.m. to midnight, all you talk about is skydiving, so you know more and need less training. . . . I spend enough time with these people that I 'Arch 1000, Look 100, Reach 1000, Pull 1000' in my sleep." (That's the procedure when stepping out of the plane to be sure you're clear.)

Normally, training consists of six hours of classroom work and many more of practical training.

"They hang you up in suspended harnesses, you jump off cement blocks, you jump out of the plane while it's on the ground, you jump off platforms. You practice parachute landing falls -- falling the right way so you

Cont. from P. 3

another excellently-restored archeological ruins. Two blowouts, empty water gags and a townless map ahead into the wind turned us around, as the large city of Merida still held delights for us. That day we rode forty miles, only to chalk it up as recreation or exercise. The next day was a flurry of last minute shopping ending in a night on the town. Friday morning the gods left us again as we discovered that Tom's camera bag had been emptied of nearly \$600-worth of equipment during the night. The thief even made off with flurries of exposed film meant for use in Tom's C.A. project! The police department was cooperative and sent an investigator to the scene after we filed a report, but nothing was ever discovered or recovered.

By the time we rode into Merida for the last time, headed for a night in a hotel and a train, we had gone 470 miles on our bicycles and another hundred by bus. Ahead of us was the train ride through Mexico City to Texas

-- we were still over two thousand miles from home.

During our second stay in Mexico City, we buzzed back and forth on the metro for a peso a hit (8 cents U.S.). We visited the Museum of Modern Art, a city university, and the Ballet Folklorico. We even had the opportunity to be in an earthquake!

A mix-up and bad timing caused a near catastrophe at our time of departure in the train station. We found ourselves running and jumping into a moving train (my voice screaming in Spanish for it to please stop. . . ha!) only to find that we had left Mark behind with bicycles and tickets. Had we known that Mark (with three centavos in his pocket) had not made it into the baggage car, things would have gone differently. The conductors were pretty threatening the way they shouted for our tickets, but we just kept explaining to them that our friend had them back at the station and planted our three selves in a compartment reserved for four. Mark

Cont. on P. 8

don't break a leg or smash your head against the ground," Sarah explained.

After ground training, a novice jumps with a twelve foot long static line, affectionately referred to as the "done rope," which is attached to the rip cord. As the jumper falls twelve feet, the rope automatically pulls the rip cord. The novice must make three successive -- and successful -- dummy rip cord pulls before his first free fall.

How much does it cost?
Judith got a package deal for her training -- \$70 to get her out of training, off the ground, and into the air for her first free fall. After that, it's \$4.50 per jump.

As for equipment, it can get expensive, although it doesn't have to be. Parachutes go for \$75 (Army surplus) on upwards. . . way up. New boots cost around \$50. Your own altimeter -- that's another \$50. Jumpsuits start at \$34.95.

Sarah suggests to "borrow a jumpsuit or wear overalls. . . Really, all a starting jumper needs is a chute and a pair of boots. He can even rent the chute if he has to."

"It's like any other hobby -- you can spend the minimum or the maximum. If you want the best gear in the give me about \$6000 and I can get it for you," Judith added.

"Did you ever get hurt?"
"No, I never have," replied Sarah, "But Lauren has. She sprained her ankle once -- it was her own mistake, though. She didn't fall right."

Judith describes an anxious moment when Lauren was jumping: "Lauren was jumping with a ten second delay. While falling, she went unstable -- she thought, wow, that's fun, and tried again. She was out there having a great time, going unstable and playing around in the air. I was watching the stopwatch, and it had already

been fifteen seconds since she had jumped. That's the longest fifteen seconds of my life. Finally, she pulled at about 2800 feet. . . ; 2,500 feet is the legal limit. That's the last safe altitude you can pull and still have time if something goes wrong."

Sarah added, "There are people, though, who do late pulls, where they go down to five hundred feet and pull and pray." All agreed that jumping is not really a dangerous sport if you know what you're doing.

They related the story about the jumper from Parks who was killed recently taking his first free fall. He had a malfunction in his gear, he panicked, and didn't bother to pull his reserve chute. They called it a complete jumper error. "This kid just wasn't so sure -- before you go up in the air, it all should come instinctively. You shouldn't have to consciously think through emergency procedures."



...with a quick stop

"You have to take it all somewhat callously. You know in the back of your mind that something could happen to you," Judith said. "It all has to come instinctively, and you have to have confidence in yourself."

Sarah added, "When you go up, you know what you have to do, and you just do it."

The Deuces

by Ray Bedell and Rudy Lama

To finesse, or not to finesse, that is the question. Many a declarer, in his over-zealousness to make a contract, may find himself "overfinessing." Today's

declarer found himself finessing once too often, and his partner's subsequent reviling tirades made this lesson one not easily forgotten. The hand was as follows:

NORTH		EAST	
WEST	S-A 6 5	H-A K 9 2	S-Q 3
S-8 7 4	D-A 5 2	H-Q J 7	D-K J 3
H-8 5 3	C-9 6 4	H-K J 3	C-A 8 7 3 2
D-10 9 8 6	SOUTH		
C-Q J 10	S-K J 10 9 2	H-10 6 4	
	H-10 6 4	D-Q 7 4	
	D-Q 7 4	C-K 5	
	C-K 5		

East	South	West	North
1 club	pass	pass	double
pass	1 spade	pass	1 no trump
pass	2 spades	pass	4 spades
all pass			

With the opening lead of a club, to his doubleton King, South was able to reduce the hand to a matter of a favorable spade split or a finessable Queen of trumps, and the establishment of two diamond tricks.

The opening lead was taken by East with the Ace, and a club return was made in hopes of finding a void in that suit in West's hand. South won the trick with his King. He then led a small spade to the Ace, on the board, from which another Spade was led to the King-Jack of trumps in declarer's hand. The Queen fell, taking the weight of decision off of South. The remaining trump was pulled.

At this point, the grave mistake of the hand was committed. The Queen of Diamonds was led in false

hopes that West held the King and would not cover. The Queen was lost to East's King, thus making it impossible for the hand to make. The play that was made was a very poor one. In no case—whether the King lay in East's or West's hand—was the Queen destined to hold for a trick. The correct play, as pointed out by an irate North, was to lead a small diamond to North's Ace. Since East had been the only one to bid of the opposing partnership, chances were slightly better than even that he would hold the King of diamonds. By leading a small diamond to the Q7 through East's King, declarer would have assured himself of a second diamond trick and his contract. In all, he would have taken five spade tricks, one club, two hearts, and two diamonds.

Cont. from P. 3

characters' parts even more convincing. The next Brahms' work, *Der Jäger*, is a short piece which is light and tuneful. Janet's interpretation of a maiden in love with a hunter was conveyed beautifully. The third, *Anden Mond* is the most lyrical tune of the four Brahms' pieces. This one concerns a gentleman singing to the moon about his love, and Janet gave it the melancholy character it requires. The last of the Brahms' works, *Vergebliches Standchen*, is a dialogue between two lovers. The conversation is pleasant at first and is sung in a major key, but as the girl becomes irritated at her lover, it changes to a minor key. Janet was able to show the quick change of moods very clearly.

The second group of the Romantic era, four works by Faure, were all very beautiful and rich in harmonic texture. Janet proved very versatile in adapting to languages, for her French accent in these pieces by Faure was excellent. The first song, *Les Berceaux*, "The Cradle", is very expressive and conveys the rhythmic motion of a cradle rocking. Janet sang it with the gentleness needed. The next, *Notre Amour*, is a light and fast song about the precious love of two people, which Janet sang in a very charming way. *Le Secret* was a nice contrast to the previous song, as it is slow with long phrases demanding great breath control. Janet made the most of the lush melody and sang it

with ease. The last of the Romantic era was Faure's *Fleur Jettee*. This song, again about love and passion, has the most brilliance of any of the previous Faure works. The accompaniment, made up of fast, continuous motion, gives this piece its drive, and Janet's vocal part was given with vigor and clarity.

Janet closed her recital in an amusing way with *Four Recipes* by Bernstein. The contrast between the serious melodies and the description of recipes made them extremely amusing. Janet sang them in the same manner as she had the serious music, adding to their humor.

It was a delightful recital and Janet was a pleasure to listen to. The light and clear quality of her voice is certainly refreshing. Her audience enjoyed the concert thoroughly.

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Lindenwood Stables stole the show again at the Weldon Spring Horse Show on April 14 and 15. This show was held at Palmer's Stables in Weldon Spring, and was judged by Miss Gene Ann Nichols, of Louisville, Kentucky.

Jeanne French started the ball rolling on Saturday by winning the American Saddlebred Five-Gaited Pleasure Class on "Lady of Decision." Susan Barklage rode "Denmark's Born to Show" to take third place in this class. Incoming freshman Beth Hammes received second place in the Amateur Three-Gaited Class on her horse, "Dangerous Dan." "Yankee Lover," owned and shown by Rhonda Palmer, won the American

Saddlebred Three-Gaited Pleasure Class for riders 18 years and older. Second place in this class was "Lady of Decision" ridden by Craig Maescher.

In the English Pleasure Class, "The General" won his second blue ribbon of the year, ridden by Susan Barklage. Susan also was second in the Amateur Five-Gaited Class with "Summer Wine." First in this class was "Pearl O' Stonewall," owned and shown by Rhonda Palmer. "Miss Kathy," ridden by Betsy Hill received third in the Country Pleasure Class. Tooley Durning, making her first show for Lindenwood, did quite well by riding "The Mask" to win second place in the Regular Working Hunter Class.

Beth Hammes started off Sunday by winning the American Saddlebred Three-Gaited Pleasure Class for riders 17 years and under, on "Santana," owned by Mrs. E. Floriman. The Academy Saddle Seat Equitation Class for riders 18 years and older was won by Craig Maescher on "Lady of Decision." Susan Barklage, riding "Denmark's Born to Show," placed second in this class. Rhonda Palmer and her horse, "Sunflower Denmark," won the Ladies' Five-Gaited Class, with third going to "Stonewall's College Queen" and Mrs. Fern Bittner. Beth Hammes again received second place on "Dangerous Dan" in the juvenile Three-Gaited Class. Mrs. Bittner rode "Raving Genius" to

receive second in the Ladies' Three-Gaited Class. The Men's Western Pleasure was won by "Rochester Etta," ridden by Gene Palmer.

Jeanne French won her second blue ribbon at this show in the Saddle Seat Equitation Class for riders 18 and older on "Lady of Decision," with second going to Mary Todd Wise on "Denmark's Born to Show." "Lady of Decision" and "Denmark's Born to Show" ridden by Mary Todd Wise and Susan Barklage were placed second in the Matched Pair Class.

Lindenwood hopes to continue its winning streak at the St. Joseph's Academy Horse Show at the High Trails Stables, Eureka, Mo., on April 28 and 29.

On The Courts

LC I

The Lindenwood Women's Tennis Team got off to a slow, cold start this season. Playing Greenville College in Greenville, Illinois, the women faced some tough competition in their opening rounds. Two women were able to pull their single matches out to a win for Lindenwood. Native of Greenville, Cindy Essenpreis showed her hometown fans how the game was played by winning her single match. Kathy Monteleone, senior member of the tennis squad, also played her opponent successfully.

Three sets of double matches were scheduled, but the lateness of the hour and the dipping temperatures called some games early. Playing some games early, playing doubled in this match were Kay Brady, Jamie Dregallo and Kathy Monteleone, and Cindy Kimpo and Cindy Essenpreis. Jamie Dregallo played the number one position that day and lost quite closely 4-6, 4-6. A new member to the squad, Cindy Kimpo also fought for her loss, 5-7 and 9-11.

All in all it was a long, cold day to open the season, with three points for Lindenwood College scored, and nine for Greenville.

LC II

The Lindenwood College II Tennis Team, in their fourth outing of the season, lost to Westminster College on Wednesday, April 18, by a score of 9 to 0. The team, coached by Mr. John Nichols of the Mathematics Department, has yet to score a win on the tennis courts.

Those members of the team who played in this match, in order of rank are: Tim Tracy, Jim Martin, Mo Anway, Steve Davis, Steve Dierringer, Steve Johnson. The doubles teams were composed of Tracy and Martin, Davis and Anway, and Dierringer and Johnson.

In their previous meeting of the year, in which the tennis team met Meramec College, the Lions were defeated by a score of seven to two.

Beta Chi Continues To Win

Kleiman Announces 'Ignominious Defeat'

(Editors' Note: The following statement was released to the Ibis by Chess Club President, Mr. Kleiman, shortly after their initial defeat, the only victory being won by Jennifer Mitchell of Parker Hall.)

The indignacious defeat and humiliation perpetrated upon the illustrious corps of Lindenwood's Finest by the St. Charles Chess Club was without precedent in the annals of chess history. Not since the famed cavalry excursion of Lieutenant-general Custer was so much done to so many by so few.

The height of the evening's frivolities was a fourteen-year-

old prodigy who sat in the corner reading *The Best of Bobby Fischer*, and I daresay



Jeff Kleiman ponders a move.

had a jolly good time skewering his seniors. The impertinence of allowing a minor to be corrupted with the power of victory is a matter to be brought before the legal community of St. Charles.

"Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely," and the virtuosity displayed by this animated howdy-doody proved that he is well on the road to absolute power. If that isn't corrupting our youth of today, what is? There is no moral fiber left in America when a prepubescent yearling can wreak unbridled havoc upon men almost twice his age. We paid to go to college, not to be defeated!

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managed to have a telegram sent through the chief at the train station assuring the conductors that we were being correctly transported, and our bicycles were tagged to go on the next morning's train. Mark cashed in his ticket and juggled pesos for a sixteen-hour bus ride and meals, arriving in Nuevo Laredo ahead of us with hours to spare. (Luckily, Mexico City is the only place you are able to cash in Mexican train tickets!) It was, to say the

least, quite a surprise when he reached out to help us off the train, since he was, after all, thought to be still waiting in Mexico City.

Customs whooshed us through in ten minutes: The man didn't even blink when my innocent face declared the purchase of "a little pot...and five spoons." we hitched to a waiting car and familiar friends in Laredo, dreaming all the time of our next trip south.

Trap Team Goes To Natl Meet

The Lindenwood Colleges will send a trap shooting team to the National Collegiate Trap and Skeet Tournament to be held at Lake of the Ozarks on April 26-29.

Trap shooting is a form of target shooting in which a shotgun is used to break a round clay target, commonly known as a "pigeon" or "bird". The target is thrown by a machine from a building usually not more than two feet high and six feet long. When the shooter calls for the target, he does not know where along the house the target will appear, since the machine rotates its direction of release in a random pattern.

The team, which includes Azim Anway, Ray Bedell, Dorothy Kennedy, Pat McMackin, and Lovie Oelklaus, has been hampered by a flooded gun club and a shortage of ammunition components.

Anway appears to be the strong shooter on the team with stiff competition from Kennedy and Oelklaus. Mrs. Sue Taylor, who organized and coached the team as an adjunct to her course in Hunting and Shooting Safety, will accompany the team to the tourney.

Mason Proffit

Seven cowboys from *Rockfish Crossing*, totin' banjos, guitars, a fiddle and a pedal steel, prove themselves expert composers and performers of country rock, 10 times over. Sensitive, forthright lyrics, with vocals as rich as the prairie, set the mood for this well-loved band's new album.

Also available: Mason Proffit's first on Warner Bros. records and tapes.



Rockfish Crossing BS 2657



BAREBACK RIDER

Includes: Cottonwood - Sail Away To Be a Friend - Stoney River

Mason Proffit - Bareback Rider - BS 2704