

Chicago Prof Discusses New Writers

By ROBERT G. LARGEN

"The 'Conscience' of the New Literature, Or, Between Antioch and Alexandria" was the subject of discussion at the Cecil B. Williams Lecture in American Literature Wednesday night.

Dr. Nathan A. Scott Jr., chairman of theology and literature, The Divinity School of the University of Chicago, divided this century's writers into the "moderns" and the "post-moderns."

At the first event in Creative Writing Week, Dr. Scott said the "moderns" had realized that the inherited systems of reference had broken down and had tried to improvise into existence new systems of meaning and faith.

"The distinctive element of modern literature is the consistency with which the conscience prompted the artist to compete with the vast panorama of anarchy which comprised reality."

The "moderns" had each tried to create a new mythos.

"One feels what is being offered at the bottom of their works is a parable about time, destiny and the human prospects," Dr. Scott said.

The "post-moderns," said Dr. Scott, make no serious attempt to enter into competition with reality. They feel everything has become non-narrative.

"The 'post-moderns' throw away the illusion that an artist can give a shape to reality. They feel the work of art must be an image of the actual world which emphasizes its 'thereness.'"

Dr. Scott said the "post-moderns" lie between the cities of Alexandria, representing imagination, and Antioch, representing the factual-historical method.

The "post-moderns" were said to be practicing a "hunger art," a deliberate abstention from giving any kind of meaning to reality.

"A silence seems to have descended on metaphysical matters."

The modern theologian also seems to be a "hunger artist," said Dr. Scott, reluctant to state any absolutes, to certify any beginnings or ends.

"Theology is not seeking answers so much as helping us live into the answers," Dr. Scott said.

"Both literature and theology invite the reader to be patient and wait between Antioch and Alexandria for the answer to the mystery of being."

Finale To Run Through Saturday

"The Skin of Our Teeth," produced by the Theatre Department under the direction of chairman Jack Cogdill, is playing nightly through Saturday at the William Edrington Scott Theater. It is the department's final production for the year.

The Skiff regrets an error in the May 7 issue which stated that the play was to run only through Thursday.



DR. NATHAN A. SCOTT LECTURED HERE WEDNESDAY NIGHT "Moderns" and "Post-Moderns" discussed by U. of Chicago prof

Bids Opened For Auction

An auction of art works by TCU students and faculty will take place Friday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on the front steps of the Student Center.

All bids will start at \$2.50. Proceeds will go to the artist, and to an art club for scholarships.

Works will consist of paintings, prints, drawings and ceramics.

Auctioneers will be Charles Beseda, Education Department, from 11 to noon; Dr. Gustave Ferre, philosophy, from 12-12:30; John Isoline, Art Department, from 1-2; James Farrar, University chaplain from 2-3; the Rev. Gayland Poole, of the Canterbury Club, from 3-4, and Dixon Bennett, Art Department, from 4-5.



FLOURISHING ART—PAM SMITHSON ADORNS ART EXHIBIT Auction being held in front of Student Center today —Skiff photo by Lee Heubner

House Hat Plumed In Year-End Steps

By JOHNNY NORMAN

As their last official act the retiring members of the House of Representatives presented to the newly elected members their committee functions for the year and a list of possible improvements for the coming year.

This year the House was divided into five major committees—Congressional Relations, Academic Affairs, Elections, Permanent Improvements and Student Life—with each designated certain functions.

One of the more important steps the House has taken this year is the innovation of the experimental college, which is handled through the Academic Affairs Committee, with Randy Rogers as chairman.

The purpose of the college is to provide students with an opportunity to take courses which they could not ordinarily take, and at a nominal cost.

As presently visualized, professors would volunteer their services to teach a course which they choose and students may take the courses of their choice. The classes would meet two hours per week for five weeks. There would be no attendance taken, no credit given, no tuition and no tests.

Two Problems

At the present time two problems are detaining the experimental college—volunteer professors to teach, and class scheduling. "Once these are worked out the program can begin," said Rogers.

The other area of concern of Academic Affairs is that of handling faculty evaluation.

Rogers suggested that a list compiled of questions which would rate the professors from one to five, be sent to all students. The results could be compiled as a mathematical average and the students be left to interpret the results.

"Both areas are confronted with many problems and not until these are worked out should this committee consider other areas," Rogers said.

The Congressional Relations Committee, headed by B.J. Gustafson, was busy during the fall entertaining representatives from student governments of other schools.

Whenever a football game was played at home this committee sent letters inviting the rival school's executive officers to meet at an open house prior to the game.

This committee also corresponded with Oklahoma University, Texas Tech, Rice and Arkansas.

Exchange Minutes

"We exchange minutes and in this way hope to pick up ideas which might contribute to the House," said Miss Gustafson.

This committee was also responsible for the setting up and posting of House members office hours.

"Other than these functions our

committee has nothing really to keep busy. I think this committee should merge with another or take on new work with a larger committee body," Miss Gustafson recommended.

The Elections Committee, obviously, handles elections. It is its job in the fall and spring to count votes, print ballots and do anything else connected with elections.

"The only problem is that the rest of the year this committee has nothing to do," commented chairman Ralph Reavis. The committee could either be combined with the House as an entire body or possibly give the handling of elections to Alpha Phi Omega, he continued.

Permanent Improvements Committee, long concerned with park benches, purple fire plugs and anti-shock spray, was next to speak.

Presents Requests

"This committee tries to present any request from any student, no matter how inconsequential it may sound," reported committee chairman Jane Glier.

The main responsibility of the Student Life Committee headed by Candy Leinweber, is to organize the Town Hall meetings, write letters to The Skiff, organize leadership retreats and take care of anything else that comes up and doesn't fit into some other committee.

The Special Events Committee, also headed by Jane Glier, was responsible for Campus Chest. But this being its only function this committee will be merged with another next year.

Again, the controversial subject of campus food was brought before the House. Chuck Marler had gathered, within three and one half hours, over 600 signatures to a petition requesting either lower prices or better quality and larger quantity of food.

The House decided to go directly to Chancellor J.M. Moudy, present the petition, and if he does not take any action on the matter the House will take it upon themselves to elicit further student response.

A faculty evaluation of how the House might improve was presented by Dr. Howard G. Wible, dean of students. He suggested that the House have more administrative exposure.

"Then, after a resolution has gone through proper channels and nothing has been done the House can turn to the administration and find out just what has happened," commented Dr. Wible.

"The administration's view of the House is one of interest and belief in what the House is doing. It is the student's role to keep the administration's seat to the fire," said Dr. Wible.

Activities Council chairmen were nominated and unanimously accepted.

If it is financially possible the House will pay for the cheerleaders to attend cheerleader school this summer.

Means Apartments Allow Family Living

By JIM KEEFER

With the climbing cost of education combined with the rising cost of living, one would think it impossible to be married, raise children and go to school.

TCU, however, has overcome this problem somewhat, at least in the area of housing, by providing the R.M. Means Apartments for TCU's married students. The complex is made up of two sections: the Rogers Ave. section and the University Drive section.

Jack Yates, the R.M. Means manager, is a religion major at TCU and has been managing the apartments for the last year. He said that the difference in cost of the two sections is because the University Drive section is centrally air-conditioned and living space is somewhat larger.

"What makes it so nice for the student," said Yates, "is that, beside the rent being much lower than comparable apartments of this type, all the bills are paid and the apartments are furnished."

Yates noted that the apartments have their share of problems. "Most of the students living here," said Yates, "are graduate students and therefore like it quiet. Loud stereos sometimes become a problem."

Vandalism is not much of a problem, said Yates, because tenants come and go during the evening and the area is well lighted.

As far as restrictions, said Yates, there are not too many. Pets will not be permitted to incoming tenants although those tenants who now have pets may keep them. Pets were a problem earlier in the year. However, tenants got together and set down some rules stating where pets could be walked.

Parking, said Yates, is the biggest problem. Many people who come to visit, park in the driveways, beside the buildings, blocking entrances to parking stalls and causing congestion. The TCU Security Force, said Yates, does occasionally come down to ticket cars.

Yates noted that the R.M. Means Apartments are bound by the University rules. The tenants, as well as Yates, are responsible for their conduct. No alcoholic beverages are allowed in the apartments. All maintenance is taken care of by the University or Jack Yates.

"As for entertainment," said Yates, "we do have the University Drag Strip, screeching tires and

an occasional accident occurring at the corner of University Drive and Park Hill."

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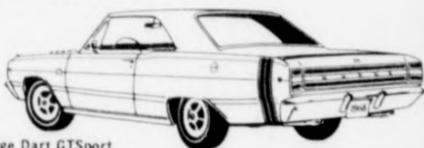


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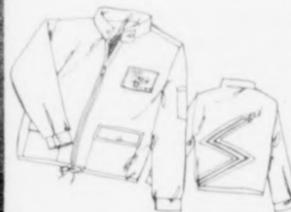
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Sabbaticals Granted for Prof Study

By VAL PAUL

In the coming months several of TCU's faculty members will realize once again what it's like to be students as they study and travel both here and abroad.

Their work is a part of TCU's plan of granting leaves of absences with pay to a limited number of faculty members each year to conduct research or in other ways gain new knowledge that will benefit them and their students.

Dr. Marguerite Potter, leaving for the entire 1968-69 academic year, will do research among the material in the Public Records

office in London and the British Museum.

Recipient of one of two \$5000 grants in the nation awarded by the American Association of University Women, Dr. Potter will use her award for investigative study among documents which the British government has made available to scholars within the last few months, rescinding their 50-year ruling that has kept official papers under seal for 50 years after the event.

Crucial British Policy

The history professor, who has conducted around-the-world and

other study tours for TCU, will focus her attention on British policy during the crucial period of the Italo-Ethiopian crisis of the 1930's. The study will be an extension of the work she did for her doctoral dissertation at the University of Texas.

Mrs. Telete Z. Lawrence, University speech pathologist, will participate in the Semmelweis-Anniversary Week sponsored by the Federation of Hungarian Medical Societies in Bucharest with participation by the Ministry of Health, the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, the Union of Medical Workers and the Medical University of Budapest.

A lecturer in that capital city in 1967, Mrs. Lawrence will attend the 14th Congress of the International Association of Logopedics and Phoniatrics in Paris.

In England, she will observe therapeutic procedures in clinical situations and research in specialized material at London University and the Library of the Royal Society of Medicine, in addition to conferring with leaders in the field of speech therapy.

Phonetic Labs

Mrs. Lawrence's schedule will also include visiting the acoustic phonetic laboratories of Dr. Svend Smith, world authority on the physiology of phonation, in Budapest.

Dr. Alvin F. Nelson, professor of philosophy, will spend the spring term studying the relationship of philosophy of science to the systematic philosophy. His work will be conducted at both the University of California at Los Angeles and the University of Southern California.

Also, Dr. L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.,

now completing his 21st consecutive year on the TCU faculty, will spend the fall term in Europe for research and writing. His special field of interest is American Literature; however, he has made no definite plans concerning the exact location of his study.

Asst. Prof. Charles Beseda of the School of Education has been granted leave for a year's residence study at North Texas State University for completion of his

Ph.D. degree. Beseda will do research in a specific field of education.

On leave this summer for additional studies is Ernest Larkin, assistant professor of journalism, who will begin work on his doctoral dissertation at the University of Iowa.

Also doing research this summer are Charles J. Isoline, associate of art, and Gustavs Jurevics, assistant professor of foreign languages.

Practice Weddings Mark AWS Wedding Seminar

AWS announced that there will be a wedding seminar May 13, at 8 p.m. in the sanctuary of the University Christian Church.

Two weddings, a formal and an informal wedding, will be presented complete except for the vows.

The University Christian Church Choir will sing at the formal wedding, followed by a discussion led

by Dr. Granville Walker on planning a wedding, and important things to remember.

Six TCU girls have been selected as bridesmaids for the seminar. They are Gina Tate, Nancy De Wees, Jennifer Birdwell, Joan Nutt, Sherry Henley and Kathie Barthel. The bride will be Linda Loftis, a former Miss Texas and runner up in the Miss America pageant.

The seminar is being sponsored by AWS in conjunction with the Organ Guild in Fort Worth, the University Christian Church and Cox's department store.

Following both weddings will be a wedding reception with wedding cake and punch. The public is invited free of charge.

AWS also announced the results of last Sunday and Monday night's elections for dorm presidents. Leslie Murdy is the new president of Sherley. Karen West was elected president of Foster, and Gina Tate was elected president of Jarvis.

Also, Iris Holcomb and Madge Lynn LaValle are the new Jarvis AWS representatives. Franny Faubion and Carolyn Grigsby are the Foster representatives. Viki Forsythe, Beth Bell, Linda Hamilton, Brenda Schuck, Patti Stevenson and Madonna Young will represent Sherley.

Hawkins Hop Set In Euless Hotel

The AWS annual "girl-ask-boy" spring formal will be Friday at Western Hills Inn, Euless.

Tickets may be purchased from the Girls Service Sorority in the Student Center. A map giving directions to Euless may be obtained when students purchase their tickets.

Admission is \$3 per couple and dress is formal. Girls may wear either long or short dresses, and the boys may wear dinner jackets, tuxedos or dark suits.

"The Executives" will provide entertainment for the dance.

Nightingale's Fete Illumines Service

The Harris College of Nursing will hold its annual dedication ceremonies, Saturday at 7 p.m. in Robert Carr Chapel.

Part of the ceremony will be the lighting of the candles, by sophomores and seniors, which will symbolize "light your light for service."

Lucy Harris, past dean of HCN, will be the main speaker.

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Editor's Mail

Student's Hang-Up Another's Pleasure

Editor:
Why doesn't one of the student protest groups on campus protest some of their own activities? I personally think that the gross display of "love" and affection in the Snack Bar by some students should be censored by the school if not by the student body. Let the advocates of "Free Love" display their emotions

where it is or will be appreciated. Perhaps on Hippy Row, Skid Row or at the local Dairy Queen with their immature peers. I, for one, am tired of being grossed out by some pig hanging all over her "mate of the hour" and covering him with her body and sloppy kisses while I am trying to eat.

Signed,
Drooled On

FINAL EXAMS SCHEDULE

May 23-29, 1968

Class Hours	Examination Period	Date of Exam
8:00 MWF	8:00-10:00	Fri., May 24
9:00 MWF	1:30- 3:30	Wed., May 29
10:00 MWF	8:00-10:00	Mon., May 27
11:00 MWF	8:00-10:00	Tues., May 28
11:30 MWF	8:00-10:00	Tues., May 28
12:00 MWF	1:30- 3:30	Thurs., May 23
12:30 MWF	1:30- 3:30	Thurs., May 23
1:00 MWF	1:30- 3:30	Tues., May 28
1:30 MWF	1:30- 3:30	Tues., May 28
2:00 MWF	10:30-12:30	Wed., May 29
2:30 MWF	10:30-12:30	Wed., May 29
3:00 MWF	10:30-12:30	Mon., May 27
4:00 MWF	10:30-12:30	Fri., May 24
4:30 MWF	10:30-12:30	Fri., May 24
8:00 TTh	8:00-10:00	Thurs., May 23
9:30 TTh	8:00-10:00	Wed., May 29
11:00 TTh	1:30- 3:30	Mon., May 27
12:00 TTh	1:30- 3:30	Mon., May 27
12:30 TTh	1:30- 3:30	Fri., May 24
1:00 TTh	1:30- 3:30	Fri., May 24
1:30 TTh	1:30- 3:30	Fri., May 24
2:00 TTh	10:30-12:30	Tues., May 28
2:30 TTh	10:30-12:30	Tues., May 28
3:00 TTh	10:30-12:30	Thurs., May 23
4:00 TTh	10:30-12:30	Thurs., May 23
4:30 TTh	10:30-12:30	Thurs., May 23

Dorm Dodgers Reverse Vogue

By CAROL SHUMATE

There is a vast difference between Columbia and TCU (no kidding): TCU students would never dream of usurping the buildings from the school's authorities.

Rioting and looting them, yes—usurping them, no. Were the trustees to trust their buildings upon the students, the unspoken ethic of the Horned Frog would prevent him from accepting them.

Perhaps it is time that this common law be articulated, as an example for other universities throughout the world: ye shall not inhabit the campus.

It is not for naught that TCU has been acclaimed the Suitcase School of the Southwest. Whenever possible, students flee the dormitories to the quiet refuge of an apartment party. The movement outward has also been reflected in past years by class attendance.

The student body, agile, rambling and nebulous, extends its arms and legs to the far reaches of the town. A historical figure lurks behind this unique spirit of non-cohesion.

Local Symbol

The name of our local symbol must remain unprinted, due to the subversive character of his activities. His disciples, however, call him Robinson Crusoe because of his extraordinary resourcefulness in establishing a home for himself amidst adverse conditions. He has maintained a successful underground railroad for dormitory evacuees for nine of his 10 undergraduate years.

His somewhat premature master's thesis, titled "Freud and Civil Disobedience: A Case Study Demonstrating the Corrosive Effects of Dormitory Life on the Id," was originally written to satisfy at one blow the requirements for his American Literature, Introductory Psychology and Social Problems courses.

While failing to earn any recognition from the faculty, the thesis has become an invaluable text to students, because of an appendix which Robinson added as an afterthought.

Survey of Methods

The appendix is an exhaustive survey of methods of dormitory regulation evasion, a work of unimpeachable scholarship representing months of research, and is readily available from any of the campus junkies. (bookies?)

Robinson literally stumbled onto his extraordinary findings.

In his sprier days, he became obsessed with the idea (are not all great people fanatics in some way?) that Milton Daniel Dormitory was for the birds and the animals, and he duly informed the dean of his decision to remove himself to an apartment.

After an initial scene of discomfort, the dean gave Robinson to understand that he might gain permission to live off campus if he were to break both of his legs. Seeing the dean's countenance light up in sudden inspiration, Robinson departed.

He had learned the third lesson of life: that dormitory regulations, like death and the income tax, cannot be escaped.

Creative Energy

In an unanticipated burst of creative energy, later to win him fame, Robinson broke his leg. A broken leg, he soon found, is a many-splendored thing. Ever-obedient to the behavioral codes, he took it to the dorm and won the privilege of living off campus, due to the obvious difficulty of getting around the dormitory on crutches.

A month of apartment hunting—during which the extra activity

compounded his fracture—produced fruit: an unfurnished garage ideally located six miles from the campus.

Since his broken leg prevented him from walking the six miles daily, Robinson was temporarily excused from classes until his father could be persuaded to come through with an early graduation gift (nine years early, in fact) of an automobile.

Following in Robinson's footsteps, one or two rebels—well, maybe one or two hundred rebels—have attempted dorm-dodging, an inevitable springtime recrea-

tion, but to little avail. There is considerable opposition among the students themselves to such flagrant disrespect of regulations.

The signs of change have begun to afflict the student body, to the distress of certain Robinsonians. Large groups of students have been observed to be ominously massing on campus for picnics, baseball games, Forums programs, etc.

Group living has come back into vogue. A nationwide live-in seems imminent. But a few words should acknowledge the passing of a fine figure: God bless you, Robinson.

Controversies Soak Drink Referendum

Now that the liquor-by-the-drink proposal has been tested by a referendum of Texas voters, and been given definite, if somewhat grudging, approval, the next logical step would seem to be making it a law.

This, of course, would prompt howls of protest from package store operators and various temperance groups and organizations that see in it the beginning of wholesale crime and violence. Nevertheless, it should be a law.

Package store operators would certainly be hurt by such a law, but they have survived in other states and would probably survive here, too. Nor would this law necessarily bring on a state-wide wave of crime, auto accidents and other catastrophes, as has been predicted. In fact, it might have the reverse effect.

Under the present system, if an individual's favorite haunt happens not to be a private club, he must bring his own bottle, if he plans to drink anything besides beer. Once having purchased said bottle, the average Texan, being the lusty product of his legendary ancestors, feels honor bound to finish the entire contents, or hang his head in shame. Toward evening's end, he is primed for a variety of diversions distinctly frowned upon by local authorities. The end result is often the exact set of circumstances those opposed to the law are presumably trying to avoid.

If the law went into effect, a person could walk into a bar, have a few drinks, and go home, if it occurred to him that it wasn't his night for terrorizing the neighborhood. It has been argued that unlimited quantities of alcohol on supply provide the incentive for a patron to keep drinking until he is no longer able to choke it down, but this incentive exists already. If a customer, once comfortably settled in the local pub, runs out of booze, he can always switch to beer and keep going until they pour him out the door.

Package store operators have a legitimate complaint, based on the logical assumption that the law would hurt their business, but those groups predicting dire consequences for the community if the law is passed appear to be convinced the sky is about to fall without giving the law a chance to work.

The Skiff

Student newspaper at Texas Christian University, published Tuesdays and Fridays during class weeks except in summer terms. Views presented are those of students and do not necessarily reflect administrative policies of the University. Third-class postage paid at Fort Worth, Texas. Subscription price \$3.50.

Editor Whit Canning
Managing Editor Paula Watson
News Editor Carol Shumate
Sports Editor Pete Kendall
Business Manager Jim Carter
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Prize Winning Entries

Creative Writing Contests: May, 1968

Published by the Department of English, Texas Christian University,
in cooperation with the Department of Journalism and The Skiff

**MARGIE B. BOSWELL
POETRY CONTEST**

Open to T.C.U. Graduates and Ex-Students.

Offered by the family of Margie B. Boswell.

First Prize: "Snow and Cold Day Shadow," Janne Goldbeck, Norman, Oklahoma.

Second Prize: "A Spring-time Whimsy," Camilla Boykin Campbell, San Antonio, Texas.

Third Place: "Blues for the Drifter and the Long-Gone Train," Ramona Weeks, Phoenix, Arizona.

Honorable Mentions: "Roughneck," Darrell G. Hagar, Pittsburg, Kansas.

"A Seasonal Discourse," Mary Neal Northcut, Dallas, Texas.

Judges: Professor Gusta Nance and Professor Laurence Perrine, Department of English, Southern Methodist University.

**THE WALTER E. BRYSON
POETRY CONTEST**

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.

Offered by Artemisia B. Bryson and the Bryson Club.

First Prize: "Raindrop Song," Chris Willerton, Borger, Texas.

Second Place: "The Wall," Timothy R. Brown, Boise, Idaho.

Third Place: "Pastoral," Richard M. Johnson, Eldorado, Arkansas.

Honorable Mentions: "To My Father on His Eighty-Third Birthday," Margaret Patoski, Fort Worth.

"A Different Carnival," Katherine Harris McCarty, Fort Worth.

Judge: Dr. A. V. Goynes, Department of English, University of Texas at Arlington.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.

Offered by Rebecca Smith Lee and Marion Day Mullins.

First Prize: "Split-Second," Nancy Jones, San Antonio.

Second Place: "Terra Incognita," Katherine Harris McCarty, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "The Bank Account," Margaret Patoski, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mentions: "The Snake Killer," Ted C. Daniel, Fort Worth.

"He," Robert G. Largen, Fort Worth.

Judge: Tom Conrad, Fort Worth.

SOUTHWEST LITERATURE

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Offered by A. L. Crouch.

First Prize: "Death in the Afternoon Revisited," Robert G. Largen, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Life on the Santa Fe Trail," Peggy Aars, Clifton, Texas.

Third Place: "Fact, Fiction, and Art in Death Comes for the Archbishop," Sue Kipling, Carthage, Illinois.

Honorable Mentions: "The Woodses," Tucky Saint, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"Won in a Surrey," Mary Evelyn Collins, Cleburne, Texas.

Judge: Mrs. B. G. Reed, Fort Worth.

DRAMA CONTEST

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Offered by Mabel Major. Not awarded in 1968.

NON-FICTION PROSE

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.

Offered by the Thursday and Saturday Chapters of the Woman's Branch of the Fort Worth Ex-Students Association.

First Prize: "Kipling's Code," Richard M. Johnson, Eldorado, Arkansas.

Second Place: "Eugene O'Neill and Alienation in the 20's," Chris Willerton, Borger, Texas.

Third Place: "The Libation Bearers and The Flies," Donna Compton, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mentions: "The Cat as a Minor Symbol in The Horse's Mouth," Donna Shearer, Baytown, Texas.

"Nigerian Breakfast," Emily Jane Lott, Navasota, Texas.

Judge: Dr. Cora Schweitzer, Tarrant County Junior College, Fort Worth.

**LENA AGNES JOHNSON
LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN
CONTEST**

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Offered by Siddle Joe Johnson. First Prize: "Gumdrop Gobbling," Sue Hall, Texarkana, Arkansas.

Second Place: "The Downside-up Cake," Mitzi Tade, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "Nanette," Mike Chesser, Plainview, Texas.

Judge: Miss Alberta Harrington, Department of English, University of Texas at Arlington.

**FRESHMAN CONTESTS
NARRATIVE OF FACT**

Offered by the Dallas T.C.U. Woman's Club.

First Prize: "A Graduation and a Transformation," Jack Christenson, Lufkin, Texas.

Second Place: "The Sneak," Charles Varner, Overland Park, Kansas.

Third Place: "Summer Sunday," Mollie Anne Grates, San Antonio, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "On the Loss of a Doll," Shirley Farrell, Fort Worth.

"Camp," Emily Winifred Shepherd, Houston, Texas.

Judge: Arloa M. McHugh, Fort Worth.

ESSAY

Offered by the Dallas T.C.U. Woman's Club.

First Prize: "Bonnie and Clyde vs. the F.B.I.," Linda Newman, Arlington, Texas.

Second Place: "Spelunking — Agony, Ecstasy, Truth," Stephen P. Brown, Webster Groves, Missouri.

Third Place: "Incidents I Do Not Like to Recall," Sheila Ross Gott, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Honorable Mentions: "The Artist and the Medium," Charles Varner, Overland Park, Kansas.

"Reunions Are," Collette Augustine, Lake City, Minnesota.

Judge: Catherine Morford, Fort Worth.

FICTION

Offered by the Fort Worth Woman's Wednesday Club.

First Prize: "Best for Last," Emily Winifred Shepherd, Houston, Texas.

Second Place: "Coon Hunt," John

Sutherland, Overland Park, Kansas.

Honorable Mention: "Remembrance," Dixie Lee Cody, San Antonio, Texas.

Judge: John S. Lewis, Department of English, University of Texas at Arlington.

**RESEARCH PAPER
OR ARTICLE**

Offered by the Fort Worth Woman's Wednesday Club.

First Prize: "After Eighteen Years, Hollywood Is Still in the Running," Linda Newman, Arlington, Texas.

Second Place: "The New England Voice in Frost's Poems," Mitzi Tade, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "The Role of the Gods in Ancient Greece," Gary Meek, El Campo, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "Musical Associations," Lois Goldthwaite, Fort Worth.

"Salvation According to Blake and Gibran," Marion Field, Granby, Connecticut.

Judge: Fred P. Boswell, Arlington, Texas.

POETRY CONTEST

Offered by Mrs. Cecil B. Williams.

First Prize: "To Beth and Jo," Janice Hocker, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Second Place: "Take Jesus by the Hand," Mike Shabay, Bedford, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "In the Heart of the Forest," Craig Balthrop, Fort Worth.

"Abstractions," Janise Goff, El Paso, Texas.

Judge: Mrs. Walter W. Rice, Fort Worth, Texas.

**THE HONORABLE DILLON
ANDERSON CREATIVE
WRITING PRIZE**

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Offered by the Honorable Dillon Anderson.

First Prizes: Nancy Jones, San Antonio, Texas; Chris Willerton, Borger, Texas; Roger Wirt, Portland, Oregon.

Second Prizes: Ray Dryden, Fort Worth; Katherine Harris McCarty, Fort Worth; Margaret Patoski, Fort Worth.

**THE JOAN ELISABETH
STEPHENS MEMORIAL
AWARD**

Open to Sophomores. Winners: Diane Griffin, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Richard M. Johnson, Eldorado, Arkansas.

**DR. AND MRS. FRANK
DOUGLAS BOYD FRESHMAN
MERIT AWARD**

Offered by Amy Margaret Boyd Chamberlin. Winner: Linda Newman, Arlington, Texas.

**SPECIAL SCHOLARSHIP
OFFERED IN ENGLISH**

The Creative Writing Scholarship offered by the Dallas T.C.U. Woman's Club. Winner: Chris Willerton, Borger, Texas.

**SPECIAL AWARD OFFERED IN
ENGLISH**

Offered by the Fort Worth Woman's Club. A Merit Award given in the Spring semester to an upper classman.

Winners: Carol Shumate, Stamford, Connecticut; Laura Steeples, Fort Worth.

**ENDOWED SCHOLARSHIP
OFFERED IN ENGLISH**

The Rebecca Smith Scholarship. Established by Miss Marion Day Mullins honoring the former chairman of the Department of English, TCU.

Winner: Kathryn Priest, Baytown, Texas.

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Split Second

Nancy Jones

The October heat was suffocating. The monsoons would be coming soon, and then Viet Nam would become mud from one end to the other. But now in the pre-season, the air hung heavy with the moisture it would soon release and everyone tried to move as little as possible.

Simon stretched out beneath one of the nameless jungle trees and propped his rifle against it. He hated the country, he hated the war, he hated the work. He had been patrolling the jungle with his company for almost a week and seen little more than venomous insects and signs that the Viet Cong had been there before them. He bent over and peeled a leech from his boot, threw it down, and smashed it with his heel. "Slimy bastards," he thought. They could suck the life out of a man in no time, and the country was full of them. He had been waiting for the break, "recess" he called it, so he could just sit still for fifteen minutes and not move a muscle. The heat was killing him. He thought if he ever got out of this lousy hole, he'd sit in front of an air conditioner for the rest of his life and let it blow on him.

No one spoke. Each of his twenty comrades saved his energy for more important work. Like killing Charlies. They all just sat — sweating, staring, listening, thinking. That was the best thing about these breaks, Simon thought. Besides cooling off, if a man could cool off in 115-degree heat, he could think about better times, nicer places, prettier jobs. It was about the only thing that kept him sane. If he let himself get involved completely in the mess he was in, the stinking hot dogs three times a day, the constant heat and humidity, the poisonous snakes, Simon was certain that he would go mad. Instead, he thought of home. He pulled a worn letter from his grimy fatigue shirt-pocket and read it for the fifth time. It was from his father and was the last he had heard from home in three weeks. There just weren't any mailmen in the jungle these days, and Simon thought it was a shame. He wouldn't have any new mail until he got back to Bien Hoa and civilization. That was a joke. There was nothing civilized in Viet Nam. The whole situation was a big joke to Simon. Why, in the three months he had been there, he had not killed one Viet Cong. "I thought the place was swarming with the rats," he would declare. "Just wait'll I get my hands on those Charlies, they'll know Simon Jason Adams was here." Simon liked to talk big.

He stuffed the letter back in his pocket and remembered the life he had left on the other side of "the big pond." He bet that right now there was a good football game on TV or that his college was having homecoming. "Like they don't even know we exist here," he grumbled. Why the hell hadn't he studied hard?

der? He had the world by the tail, graduation in the spring, a girl, the whole bit. And he'd blown it. Boy, did he blow it. He caught himself before he thought about it too long. He was here, sitting in a rancid jungle in South Viet Nam. That was real, that was what Simon had to deal with, and he knew the only way to spend his year was to make the best of it. If he could just get his hands on a few of those Red throats, why, maybe he'd even win the Medal of Honor. That would make it all worth while. If he could just come home a hero.

Simon was startled out of his daydream by the command to move. As he lurched to his feet, he swore they had only been stopped for five minutes; even if it had been fifteen minutes, it should have been thirty. He peeled his fatigue shirt away from his wet skin, bloused his pant legs over his combat boots, and picked up his rifle. He squashed a fat, waddling spider with the butt of his rifle and moved away from the tree to join his company. As they moved out into the jungle, he heard the word: there are Viet Cong in the area, watch out for them. Charlie was always in the area, Simon thought, but he had yet to see the action get hot.

Suddenly the crack of rifle-fire broke the silence. The company scattered and hit the dirt, searching out defense positions against the unseen enemy. There was no way to communicate audibly without chancing his position,

so Simon lay on his stomach behind a tree, praying and wondering who was hit. "An ambush, a lousy ambush," he repeated and quivered as he did so. He held his rifle ready to fire, but he could not see a target. There was rifle-fire exploding all around him, bullets screamed over his head, slammed whining into tree trunks and chewed up the dirt around him. He still could see no enemy; was he the only one who could not? Panic seized him, and he fired several shots wildly. Someone screamed. Simon stopped shooting and buried his face in the dirt and covered his head with his arms. He wanted to run and he couldn't, he wanted to scream and he couldn't, he wanted to fight and he couldn't. He thought he had lain there for hours when, as suddenly as it had started, the shooting stopped. Simon listened to the quiet, not believing it, thinking perhaps he had finally gone mad. Slowly he raised his head and surveyed the scene. The foliage smoked from the heat of the day and the heat of the battle. There were dead Viet Cong who had fallen from trees and worse and worse yet, there were his buddies, three that he could see without getting up, dead in the bushes around him. He listened for movement and hearing none, he chanced a call. "Franklin! You ok? Franklin!" There was no answer. He tried again. "Johnson-Schwartz?" And with a desperate cry, "Mont-gomer-y?" There were no answers, there were

no sounds of life save Simon's own crying when he realized everyone was dead.

Then some leaves rustled behind him. Startled, he rolled over and looked up, straight into the barrel of a .45 pistol aimed at his heart and held by a bloody Viet Cong. Simon heard the familiar click as his glassy-eyed enemy cocked the gun.

It was clear to Simon what he had to do. With surprising ease, he quickly rolled toward his captor, knocked him down, leaped to his feet and ran farther into the dense jungle. He heard the sound of someone pursuing him as he dodged low-hanging vines and leaped over the bodies of his friends and his enemies. He ran as quickly as he could, fighting the bushes and tangled weeds that seemed to be grabbing him, holding him back so that his enemy could catch up to him. He thought of the song about a murderer running through the Everglades with hounds hot on his trail, and he felt the same way. He ran until he thought he could run no more, and then he made himself run farther, faster. He could still hear running feet behind him, but when he darted a glance over his shoulder, he could see no one. Sweat was streaming down his temples, running into his eyes and blinding him. He had to wipe his eyes as he ran, and it angered him because it slowed him. His fatigues clung wetly to his body, but Simon did not have time to pull them away. If only there were a breeze! He

wished he could relieve his feet from the weight of his combat boots, but that would be suicidal; his boots were his most treasured possession next to his rifle. He could stand the weight. If only he had grabbed his rifle when he ran. No time to worry about that now. Run! Faster! Run! Run! The words repeated themselves in Simon's mind like a needle stuck on a record. His left side began to throb with pain, his throat and lungs screamed with the agony of the quick, forced breathing.

He was lucky, certainly surprised, the escape had been so easy. He would gladly suffer now in thanks for that. Every bone and every muscle ached and cried, but he pushed on. More quickly than he had expected, Simon came to the edge of the jungle and found himself a few hundred yards from one of the runways of the Bien Hoa Air Base. Beautiful civilization! He was safe, he thought as he ran. He would see home again, he would see his father and his girl, he would go to football games, finish school, he would drink beer and laugh as he sat in front of that air conditioner. Maybe he would not be a hero, but he was alive.

A bullet slammed into his chest. Simon fell back on a bed of weeds and jungle leaves, staring wide-eyed into the smoking barrel of the .45 held by the bloody Viet Cong. There had been only a split-second between the cocking of the gun and the pulling of the trigger.

Children's Literature

Gumdrop Gobbling

Sue Hall

Grunelda Groppledorp, the Gorgeous Georgian, slowly opened her one good eye. The other one was useless because she hadn't worn her glasses as a child, and the eye had given up trying on its own. Ever since the eye (which was fondly called Erma) had quit working, she had taken excellent care of the other one, Ethelburg. Yes. Ethelburg served her well. He was as sharp as a hawk. Even his one small flaw did not bother Grunelda Groppledorp. She was now used to seeing blue people and pink trees. It made her dreary existence a little brighter.

Sad, but true—Grunelda Groppledorp, the Gorgeous Georgian, was a Gumdrop Gobbler for Gramps Greeley. She was forced to gobble gumdrops 21 hours, 43 minutes, and 17½ seconds of each and every day. She did not even get any time off for the Semi-Annual Anniversary of the Night Bromfield Borzatz Fell into Pandlegorra Pond and Saved Himself by Thinking Dry. On that day everyone in the village of Tintlestat gathered at Pandlegorra Pond.

There was much feasting and merry-making, and at the precise moment Bromfield Borzatz reportedly fell in, the townfolk circled the pond, joined hands, and sang all 57 verses and choruses of "What Would You Do If An Asparagus Sat On You?" That was Grunelda's very favorite song. Tears came to Ethelburg when she thought of how she would not get to sing it again.

Grunelda Groppledorp knew that she just had to go the next time. She just had to sing. But the celebration was that very day. She knew that Gramps Greeley would never let her go. Her only chance would be to quit her job. After all, she didn't even like gumdrops, and gobbling them was no fun. She had gained 77 pounds in the two years she had worked there to support her aging ostrich. Grunelda was not known as the Gargantuan Gorgeous Georgian. (Gargantuan was the Tintlestat word for Big.) Her dresses were made from old Boy Scout tents. If only she were thin again, and Erma could see. But she would have to plan later. Her Kool-Aid

break was over, and she had to go back to gobbling gumdrops.

Today was Licorice Gumdrop Day. How she hated licorice. As she popped the 649th gumdrop in her mouth, a strange feeling came over her. Erma began to blink wildly, and Grunelda felt herself shrinking. What was happening? She turned around, and there stood—a seven-foot Licorice Gumdrop! Yes. It was none other than Goody Gumdrop. "I know what you want, and I have come to help you. You will remain thin and be able to see out of Erma if you do just one thing," said Goody.

"Yes, yes!" cried Grunelda. "I'll do anything you say!"

"Very well," said Goody. "You must allow me to be your escort to the festival at Pandlegorra Pond."

Grunelda was a bit frightened, but she did want Erma to see, and she did want to sing, so she agreed. They walked slowly down the main street of town and arrived at the pond just in time for The Song. People were staring, but Grunelda and Goody didn't

care. Grunelda's golden voice was heard above all the others. In the middle of the 26th verse she turned to look at Goody Gumdrop. Lo and Behold! He was not there! Instead, there stood a tall, handsome young man. He bowed to Grunelda and introduced himself. "I am Smedley Splotz. Gramps Greeley cast an evil spell on me and forced me to wander the countryside as a gumdrop. Now, because of your kindness in allowing me to appear with you in public, I am restored to my true form. I want to marry you."

Grunelda was overjoyed! Erma blinked again — and saw! Grunelda looked at Smedley through Erma and Ethelburg. Surely there had never been anyone who was a lovelier shade of blue. Grunelda's heart was thumping wildly. Was this Love? Of course it was! Smedley took her hand, and together they sang the last 31 verses of The Song. They could face anything now — even Gramps Greeley and Gumdrop Gobbling — and live Happily Ever After. Yes.

Kipling's Code

Richard M. Johnson

Rudyard Kipling has stirred up possibly more controversy than any other English author. C. S. Lewis has said, "Those who admire his work will defend him tooth and nail . . . The other side reject him with something like personal hatred."¹ Men have called him brutal and unfeeling. They have called his characters insensitive to the higher things in life. Kipling, though, was not writing about poetry or opera. He was writing about the world of work and its code: a code that demanded that a man know his work, obey his orders, and do his job well and completely.

Kipling outlines his code in *The Jungle Book*, first published in 1894.² Here the foundation for the code is "the Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason. . ." (XI, 7) The Law demands obedience, a justifiable obedience. If one obeys the Law, one can be well-off; but if one flouts it, one will perish. "Now this is the Law of the Jungle — as old and as true as the sky;/ And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the wolf that shall break it shall die." (XI, 85) For instance, when Seeonee pack broke the precept, "The strength of the Wolf is the Pack," (XI, 85) they suffered until they formed again. When Mowgli called them together, "They answered the call from habit; and some of them were lame . . . and some limped from shot-wounds . . . and many were missing." (XI, 109) When the second Seeonee pack stayed in the Law, however, they prospered. "Phao . . . fought his way to the leadership of the pack, according to the Jungle Law . . . and the young wolves grew fat and strong and there were many cubs to bring to the looking-over." (XI, 180-81) The Law demands and commands obedience because it protects the pack, when it is obeyed. This practical law forms the basis for the code.

Mowgli, who is being trained to be the master of the Jungle, must learn to obey the Law. Moreover, he must learn all of the Law to be able to do his work well. He must learn all the dialects of the Jungle to be able to talk to his subjects. He must learn the master-words of the Jungle to be able to walk safely in it.

Baloo, the teacher of the Law, taught him the wood and water laws; how to tell a rotten branch from a sound one; how to speak politely to the wild bees. . . ; what to say to Mang the bat when he disturbed him in the branches at midday . . . None of the Jungle-People like being disturbed, and all are ready to fly at an intruder. . . (Mowgli) grew very tired of saying the same thing over a hundred times; but, as Baloo said to Bagheera. . . 'A Man-cub is a Man-cub, and he must learn all the Law of the Jungle.'

'But think how small he is,' said the black panther . . .

'Is there anything in the Jungle too little to be killed? No. That is why I teach him these things.' (XI, 34-35)

This knowledge of the Law is Mowgli's schooling. He must learn it to be able to do his job well.

The Law, nevertheless, is not an end unto itself. It only gives a base to build on. After Mowgli has learned the Law, he becomes its administrator. He cannot allow any violation of the Law or any injustice to remain in the Jungle. When the village turns on his foster parents, who had done nothing against the village, Mowgli takes up the matter.

Thou knowest the village of the Man-pack . . . They are idle, senseless, and cruel . . . They do not kill for food, but for sport. When they are full-fed, they would throw their own breed into the Red Flower. This I have seen. It is not well that they should live here any more . . . (but what good are white bones to me? I have killed Sere Khan . . . but I do not know whither Sere Khan has gone, and my stomach is still empty. Now I will take that which I can see and touch. Let in the Jungle upon that village, Hathi! (XI, 141)

Here is the master of the Jungle using the Jungle for simple justice. He does not wish to kill the people; they have not killed. He only wants them to go away from the ground they have defiled. Furthermore, once the people are gone, he will not pursue the matter further: "One of the beauties of the Jungle Law is that punishment settles all scores. There is no nagging afterwards." (XI, 60) The grounding in the Law has helped Mowgli to do justice. It has also helped him from committing the injustice of over-punishment.

Moreover, Mowgli can rise above strict obedience to the Law when necessary. For example, the Jungle Law says to move when the "Dhole, the red hunting dog of the Dekkan," (XI, 183) move to fight, for they are a powerful people and not to be tampered with. Mowgli, though, will not move aside. He is the caretaker of the Jungle; to move would be to desert his job; and he is proud of his work.

North are the vermin; South are the lice. We are the Jungle. Choose ye, O choose. It is good hunting! For the Pack — for the Full Pack — for the lair and the litter; for the in-kill and the out-kill; for the mate that drives the doe and the little, little cub within the cave — it is met — it is met!

The Pack answered with a deep crashing bark that sounded in the night like a tree falling. 'It is met!' they cried. (XI, 185)

Mowgli tricks the dholes, killing all of them. He preserves his Jungle. He has done a good job.

Kipling thought that the same code that helped Mowgli in his work would not be a passive thing. He saw it as vibrant, affecting all that it came across. He thought it could take a man, and, by giving him inner discipline, free him from the need of outside control. This aspect of the code appears in *Captains Courageous*, initially published in 1897.³

The material that the code has to work with is Harvey Cheyne, Jr., spoiled heir to a fortune. Harvey knows nothing of the code. He has spent his life doing just as he wished. He is the "biggest nuisance aboard" (XVI, 1) the ocean liner. He has too much money and gall for a boy his age. He is a cunning, snobbish brat. Kipling cannot leave the boy like this. He sweeps him off the taffrail of the liner into the fishing schooner "We're Here, of Gloucester," (XVI, 6) a ship whose whole crew is rooted in the code.

At the center of this Lilliputian world of blanketing fog, heaving seas, pert square-riggers, and cod is Disko Troop, the captain and an expert fisherman. Disko has lost a seaman; he sees in Harvey a replacement. This is not all, however, for he also sees that Harvey needs discipline and work. "Be sure you sense what I say, (said Disko) ten an' a ha'af fer second boy on the schooner . . . fer to teach you an' for the sake of your health." (XVI, 13) Disko is not a cruel man. He has a job to do and sees Harvey as an aid for that work. Moreover, he feels a strong obligation to finish his work. When Harvey demands that Disko take him back to New York at once, Disko says,

'A little work will ease up your head, an' you kin tell us all about your dad an' your ma an' your money afterwards.'

'She's on the steamer,' said Harvey . . . ; 'Take me to New York at once.'

'Poor woman — poor woman! When she has you back, she'll forgit it all, though . . . If we went back now . . . we'd lose the whole season . . . A whole season's catch is eight men's bread, an' you'll be better in your health when you see her in the fall.' (XVI, 12)

Disko must weigh the essentials against the nonessentials. He will finish his work. He will make Harvey work because he cannot afford to carry any dead weight on the ship.

Around Disko stands another pack, but this pack contains men, not wolves: Manuel, the Portuguese; Salters, the farmer turned fisherman; Penn, the simple man; Tom Platt, of the old Ohio; Long Jack, the Irishman from Galway; and Dan Troop, Disko's son. (XVI, 26-29) These men do not lead easy lives. Their work is hard and dangerous. The hours are lonely and long. They have left behind their women, "silent and grave, with the dim eyes of those who look long to the sea for the return of their beloved." (XVI, 153) Yet they are bold and merry men, fearing the sea, and loving it. They know how to laugh and how to work.

These men are alien to Harvey. He knows nothing of them or their ways. At first he mistakes their simplicity for stupidity, but Dan tells him, "We ain't any common wharf-end crowd by any manner of means. We're fishermen, an' we've shipped together fer six years an' more." (XVI, 18) Harvey tries to browbeat them. They do not give an inch.

He calls them vile names. Then Disko sends him skidding into the skippers with a bloody nose. (XVI, 13) Out of these new experiences comes an awareness of a perspective of life. He has been cocky and obstinate. Now he sees that he has erred. "I haven't acted quite right . . . When a man's saved from drowning . . . he oughtn't begin by calling people names . . . So I'm here to say I'm sorry." (XVI, 19)

From this point on, Harvey is a new man. He is not yet a complete man; but he is shedding his spoiled ways for a better life. He starts to work and to take pride in his work.

At the end of an hour, Harvey would have given the world to quit; for fresh wet cod weigh more than you would think, and his back ached from the steady pitching. But he felt for the first time in his life that he was part of a working gang of men, took pride in the fact, and held on sullenly. (XVI, 31)

Harvey is learning the code. He is learning that a man must obey orders and finish his work. He is learning that not all the joy in life consists of giving waiters hot-foots. He is growing up.

He continues to grow throughout the summer as the code sternly guides him in his work. When his father sees him again, he is an altogether different person from the boy who was the "biggest nuisance aboard." (XVI, 1)

(Harvey Cheyne, Sr.) knew very little whatever about his son; but he distinctly remembered an unsatisfied, dough-faced youth who took delight in 'calling down the old man' and reducing his mother to tears . . . But this well-set-up fisher youth did not wriggle, looked at him with eyes steady, clear, and unflinching, and spoke in a tone distinctly, even startlingly respectful. (XVI, 141)

Herein lies the message that Kipling would teach. His code has taken a worthless puppy and turned him into a useful member of society, ready to do any job that may come to him. Harvey now follows the code, and is a better man for following it.

Kipling also thought that proper schooling could ground a man in the code, describing this school in *Stalky & Co.*, first published in 1899.⁴ He saw the school as an agent to prepare boys for later life by giving them practical experience in living.

The Head is the prime figure in the school; he is the code's man. He knows his job and runs the college well. He is not a soft man: "On the rare occasion when he caned, he did it very scientifically." (XIV, 248-49) He does, though, feel a deep affection for the boys. When the former students come back to school, they go to him for advice.

Chiefly, though, they talked with the head, who was father-confessor and agent-general to them all . . . Each carried his trouble to the head; and Chiron showed him, in language quite unfit for little boys, a quiet and safe way round, out, or under.

So they overflowed his house smoked his cigars, and drank his health as they had drunk it all the earth over when two or three of the old school had forgathered. (XIV, 237)

The Head is like Baloo of the Seeonee pack, an old bear that loves his charges beyond all knowing, but who will beat them if they need beating. He is the king-pin of the school.

Under the Head are the masters of the college. They show the boys what kind of men they will have to work under when they get out of school. King is the vituperative man who cannot stand any opposition. Hartopp is the man fanatical about his cause. Prout is the man always suspicious of what goes on under him. These men are typical of men outside the school. The students need to know how to deal with them. Kipling selects his masters to give the boys a grounding in dealing with superiors.

Below the Head and the masters is the school itself. Here the learning actually takes place. Here they learn the "lesson of their race, which is to put away all emotion and entrap the alien at the proper time." (XIV, 50) They learn here to get along with each other, and, which is harder, to take orders given by their peers. They are learning to do a job despite difficulties. For instance, when Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle want to secure a safe hiding place to read and smoke, they seek out a place in a dense furze that is off-limits to them. Then they ingratiate themselves with the owner of the furze so that he will not report them to the school. (XIV, 29-58) If the goals sought were not of the highest nature, the value is still there. The boys are learning to consider all aspects of a question before acting.

Stalky is a case-in-point of the virtue of this type of schooling. He was a hellion in his school-days; and the college beat him faithfully for breaking its rules. By beating him, it taught him how to bend the rules for a good cause. Once, when a master threw him out of his study, Stalky tricked a villager into stoning the master's window. (XIV, 78-79) The same technique showed up years later in Afghanistan. Stalky left his lines at midnight to trick two powerful tribes into fighting each other instead of fighting his own meager force. (XIV, 366-68) The tricks learned for fear of caning at the college served him well in the fear of death at the Khyber Pass.

Kipling would not have the school be too soft; but neither would he have it be brutal without love. Perhaps the essence of what he wanted the school to be is expressed in these lines.

And we all praise famous men—
Ancients of the college;
For they taught us common sense,
. . .
Which is more than knowledge! . . .

This we learned from famous
men, . . .

Man must finish off his work—

Continued on Page 4

Freshman Fiction . . . Best for Last

Emily Winifred

Shepherd

The girl neared the barn, and then deliberately walked down the long row of stalls farthest from the mare's stall. She would save the best — the mare and new-born foal — for last. She must try to ignore the uneasy questions about the mare that filled her head and made her stomach quiver.

The girl shut her eyes, but she smelled the hay and horses, and heard the stamps and snorts, and she knew that now, for a little while, she could dream and imagine herself on each horse. And later, if she were patient, she could ride one.

She looked into the first stall. The bay Saddle-bred turned clumsily under his tail-set and

red blanket. He stared at the girl and wiggled his rubbery lips, just like the mare when she nuzzled the girl's pockets for hidden carrots. Oh, she might ride him someday — Bat Master-son, his name was — and he would trot boldly around the ring, and she would sit him proudly in a soft green habit and a stiff, black derby . . . she walked on.

The next stall housed a round-barrelled, roan mare; and the next, a sway-backed, gray gelding. It was somehow strange that these three should be together. The roan mare kicked out angrily at the tail boards that were uselessly high in her stall, and the gray gelding moved as far as possible from her, and uneasily rolled his eyes to glance side-

ways at her. The mare relaxed and drooped her head wearily. The gray was probably an old farm horse or just rescued from a glue-factory truck, like the famous snowman, the girl liked to imagine. But the gray only swished flies now, and in his sorrowful eyes, the girl could find no tales of courage or romance.

A long, shrill cry cracked the heavy quietness. The girl's heart pounded, heavy in her chest. "What if the mare's in trouble? But no, John was with her . . . probably the cry was Star. She always shrieked out madly at the slightest thing — a mouse or a bothersome fly. Surely, there was nothing wrong with the mare."

The girl slipped quietly onto the next row of stalls — the

school-horse row. It was almost empty: most of the horses were out in a class. A black, quarter-type horse shook his head and clattered his reins against an empty water bucket. "About 14.3 hands," the girl thought to herself, as she stood back self-confidently, copying the riding instructor's style, "about 14.3 hands, and a good, broad chest."

The tan-and-white stable cat, transporting a kitten from the busy tack room to an empty stall, walked past the girl. She carried the kitten in her teeth very gingerly by its neck fur, forcing its eyes into tightly closed slits. Letting her thoughts drift back, the girl hoped that the mare would be as careful a mother as the now-skinny mother cat.

There was only one other school

horse not at work — a chestnut gelding that was never a willing mount. He stared down at her haughtily. He would buck and balk and lunge at the fence — and he would not stop until the rider's muscles cried from exhaustion, and he was lathered and blowing — then he was calm and passive. But these tantrums, whippings, and falls — this horse — made good riders. Probably, the girl thought, she would get to ride this powerhouse, Duke, today. Her mouth tasted dry and salty; but, oh well, everybody had to ride him someday.

Suddenly the girl stopped. She had come to the end of the row, and only around the corner was the "maternity ward." The piebald mare was foaling now. The girl thought of the labored breathing and the heaving sides and the incessantly buzzing flies — "O God, let them live," she whispered. The foaling problems, that once seemed only words in a book, vividly spun before her. The foal could be stillborn, or even worse, placed wrong, like in *The Red Pony*. She wanted to forget Steinbeck's story and not think of a horseshoe hammer crushing the mare's flat forehead, but even now a dull, cracking sound rang in her ears. "O, please God," she breathed aloud. The mare was her favorite — the most gentle, the only one that the girl loved completely. Yet, she dared not go around the corner, or even look around!

The girl peered into the nearest stall. The floor was strewn with coarse hay. Several discarded canvas chairs crowded one corner, and from between two empty and bent buckets, the tan-and-white stable cat wiggled her tail. She was quite content now with all of her kittens safe. The girl pulled a few horse-tail hairs from the wire door latch, and twisted them through her fingers. A warm drift of summer air caught the dust from the ring outside and swirled the musty stable odor down the quiet passageway. A faint, far-off, "One, two, one, two — all right, walk. Canter at the gate; wrong lead, Miss Francis . . ." rang persistently through the heat.

It was not long; the veterinarian and the old groom came around the corner. "A perfect foal, a beautiful filly," the doctor said and then he hurried past the girl. The girl looked up to the groom. She wanted to see his smile and laughing eyes — but, they were full of tears.

"Can I go to see the foal, John? Where is she?"

"The ol' mare done kick her, Chile; kick her in de head — dere wasn't nuthin' ol' John could do, Baby."

The girl wanted to run to the mare — to find out why, to scratch the brown ears and rub the lopsided white scar. But she could do that later. Now, she just turned and followed the old groom, and tears stung her face too.

Kipling's Code (Continued)

Continued from Page 3

Right or wrong, his daily work—
And without excuses . . .

Who declared it was best,
Safest, easiest, and best—
Expeditious, wise, and best—
To obey your orders . . .

This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not we learned it.
Only, as the years went by— . . .
Plainer we discerned it. (XIV, xvi-xvii)

The code, however, to stay alive must search out new members and train and test them. Kim, that languid, vibrant story of an orphaned Irish boy in India, is a tale of such a search and testing.⁵ The trainers themselves are some of Kipling's finest. There is Creighton Sahib, head of British intelligence in India; Mahbab Ali, the burly Afgan horse trader; Lurgan Sahib, the healer of the sick pearls; and Huree Mookerjee, the obese babu. These men are bound together both by their jobs and by the code. They do not merely espouse the code; they live it.

Mahbab Ali first spots Kim. He has used him to run errands all over Lahore. Because he knows that Kim could be of value to his department, he speaks to Creighton to prevent Kim from being trained as a soldier.

"They will send him to a school and put heavy boots on his feet and swaddle him in these clothes. Then he will not forget all he knows . . . I say that when a colt is born to be a polo pony, closely following the game as if by divination — Then I say it is a great wrong to break that colt to a heavy cart."

(Creighton agrees) "So say I also, Mahbab. The colt will be entered for polo only." (XIV, 310) Kim's future is now decided. He is suited for the Game. (i.e. spying) The Game needs men. The Game will train him.

First of all, Creighton sends him to a formal school to learn surveying, which will be useful to him in his work. Also, he will learn many of the same things there that Stalky learned at his school. Kim, though, must learn

more than can be taught in a school. He must know how to memorize faces and conversations at a moment's notice. He must know how to change his face and appearance. For those things Creighton sends him to Lurgan Sahib's house for intensive training.

They were a most mad ten days . . . In the mornings they played the jewel game . . . through the afternoon he and the Hindu boy would mount guard in the shop . . . watching Mr. Lurgan's many and very curious visitors . . . At the end of the day Kim and the Hindu boy . . . were expected to give an account of all they had seen or heard — their view of each man's character, as shown in his face, talk, and manner, and their notions of his real errand. After dinner, Lurgan Sahib's fancy turned more to what might be called dressing up, in which game he took a most informing interest . . . A demon woke up in Kim and sang for joy. (XVI, 369-70)

The twofold training takes effect on Kim. He is no longer the flippant beggar that ran unbridled around Lahore. He is no longer haughty about what he knows. He is now somewhat like a yearling wolf in the Seeonee pack. He does not have the strength to fight with the pack; but neither will he stay in the cave to await the outcome of the battle. As Mahbab Ali says, "There is no holding the young pony from the game." (XVI, 379)

Although the men cannot hold him from the Game, they cannot yet afford to admit him to it as an equal. First they must prove him. Creighton sends him north to the hills with Huree Babu to steal some papers from foreign diplomats. Huree gets the papers and gives them to Kim to take back to safety. It is no easy trip. Kim must carry food and a sick lama in addition to the papers. Finally, he arrives at a friendly house and locks up the papers.

Kim thought of the oilskin packet and the books in the food-bag. If someone duly authorized would only take delivery of them the Great Game

might play itself for aught he then cared. He was hot and tired in the head, and a cough that came from the stomach worried him. (XVI, 503)

Huree arrives and relieves him of the papers, praising him for his very fine work. Kim then falls into a stupor from the strain. When he wakes, he is a man of the code, tried and proven.

The code is here in Kim as it is in all the other books, saying that a man must obey his orders, fit himself well for his work, and never leave a job without finishing it. It is not an easy way of life. It demands more than men are sometimes willing to give; but it makes men able to work well. This code is not one for relaxing after a good dinner. This code produces workers, the mainstay of a nation, the "Sons of Martha."

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part;

But the Sons of Martha favour their mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart.

And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord her guest,
Her Sons must wait on Mary's Sons, world without end, re-
prieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.

It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock.

It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,

Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main . . .

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose.

They do not teach that his pity allows them to drop their job when they dam'-well choose.

As in the thronged and lighted ways, so in the dark and the desert they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days that their bretheren's days may be long in the land.

Raise ye the stone or cleave the

wood to make a path more fair or flat—

Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of Martha spilled for that!

Not as a ladder from earth to heaven, not as a witness to any creed,

But simple service simply given to his own kin in their common need . . .⁶

The Son of Martha is the man Kipling admires; the code is what they live by.

FOOTNOTES

¹C. S. Lewis, "Kipling's World," in E. L. Gilbert, *Kipling and the Critics* (New York, 1965), p. 99.

²Rudyard Kipling, *The Jungle Book, The Complete Works in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling*, Burwash edition (New York, 1941), XI, xii. (Hereafter cited as *Works*.) (All parenthetical references until the next footnote are from this book.)

³Rudyard Kipling, *Captains Courageous, Works*, XVI, xii. (All parenthetical references until the next footnote are from this book.)

⁴Rudyard Kipling, *Stalky & Co., Works*, XIV, xx. (All parenthetical references until the next footnote are from this book.)

⁵Rudyard Kipling, *Kim, Works*, XVI, 180. (All parenthetical references until the next footnote are from this book.)

⁶Rudyard Kipling, *The Years Between, Works*, XXVI, 372-74.

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Snow and Cold Day Shadow

Janne Goldbeck

I

In Waking

By the window,
Hearing the soft snow whisper,
Lilah sits.
The words half-born drop from
her mind in almost spoken silences,
Like snow outside.
There is no place and all the
pieces must be picked up now
God why are there so many
pieces
But no one listens there is no one
to listen words will always go
on forming falling
Until the vacuum-sweeper ant-
eater flicks out his long black
tongue and they are gone all
tears are gone.
In the afternoon,
Snow on the window,
Lilah sits.

II

In Dreaming

When the silence of snow falls,
Covers waiting in tense no-sound,
Light comes half dark.
Melted at last the window pane—
Snow quiet on guitar strings
When breaks the melody of wait-
ing.
A figure moving in the still time
Glides out of shadow, catches
snowflakes.
And seven birds
Rise from the shattered music
Leaving only brown to nestle,
tame,
And blue to fly,
Taking the last note
Back to the silence of snowfall.

Raindrop Song

Chris Willerton

On a nighttime walk not long ago,
I felt a raindrop dampen me,
Then heard it whisper in spat-
tery glee:
"A hit! Most palpable! Oho!
It's onto your basehorn scalp I've
hurled
After nebulous days of my va-
por youth;
Now swept by the wind in a
thunder-stream
From the roiling mountain
clouds of night
That soak the stars in celestial
stream;
I've plummeted miles to your
darkened world
Toward lacework-city, the shim-
mering lights,
To you, deep darkened storm un-
furled
Above your head where I alight."

I felt the sky increase its drip
So I brought him down on a fin-
gertip
And held him near and heard him
vow:
"Men and water drops, say I,
Have each their day, and then
they die.
So ask not why
I sing my song, but tell me, now:
Wasn't it splendid?"
And serenely into the grass des-
cended.

Freshman Essay

Bonnie and Clyde vs. the F. B. I.

Linda Newman

When television began to assume a national character, the Hollywood film industry was taken aback. Studios feared that the opportunities for free entertainment that television offered would lower box office receipts and hence severely threaten their economic stability. In an attempt to counter this threat, movies of the fifties tried to attract the financial support of dissatisfied TV-viewers by offering a more sophisticated content than that possessed by television. However, Hollywood failed to realize that television was not only a threat to the financial security of the cinema but also an encroachment upon the very nature of the film media itself. In *Understanding Media*, Marshall McLuhan wrote of the effect of new media upon old: "A new medium is never an addition to an old one, nor does it leave the old one in peace. It never ceases to oppress the older media until it finds new shapes and positions for them."

What filmmakers did not understand was that the important differences between television and film did not lie in the nature of their content or in commercial implications but in the nature of their forms. Although both movies and television are visual in nature, television is a "cool" medium while film is a "hot" medium. McLuhan defines these terms: "A hot medium is one that extends one single sense in 'high definition.' High definition is the state of being well filled with data . . . hot media do not leave so much to be filled in or completed by the audience." The cool medium of television with its mosaic of small dots requires a high level of audience involvement. Instead of a passive observer, the viewer becomes an active participant in creation of the images. He involves not just his visual sense but his total consciousness in deriving meanings from the limited amount of data conveyed by the constantly changing dots of the screen.

In contrast to this "cool" medium, the movie is a very "hot" medium that demands little from its audience except superficial visual attention. The film viewer is not so completely involved because much more information is conveyed from the movie screen than from the television tube. Perception of movie images is not the interpretation of a mosaic of tiny glowing dots on a phosphorescent screen but instead the reception of clearly defined images produced by the projection of light through translucent celluloid and mirrored to the viewer via the silvered screen. As a result, little participation is required for the viewer to receive the visual message of the film medium.

To validate the differences in viewer involvement between the two media of movies and television, it is sufficient to examine the sexual activity of the audience during the viewing process. When a couple watches a movie at either a drive-in or theater, the

darkness and low-involvement nature of the film permit them to divert a portion of their attention to some sort of sexual activity ranging from hand-holding to more distracting forms of necking. What is astonishing about this phenomenon is that even with their senses diverted by such highly distracting activities, viewers still manage to perceive the basic content of the film. However, when a couple watches television, not only does the sexual activity cease but social dialogue also decreases. The high degree of involvement of all the senses required by television does not allow any activity which could distract the viewer from his role of creator of images. The wives who frequently complain about husbands who return home only to collapse speechless before their finely-cabineted cathode ray tubes have not necessarily lost their feminine charms but have merely been outpaced by a far more powerful attraction than sex.

Because the cool television medium does have such power to create audience involvement, movies cannot hope to compete with them by merely changing their content to adult themes not available on TV. Only when producers and directors begin to understand the differences between the hotness of film and the coolness of television can they make the changes in the film necessary to attract the new "cool," "with-

it," and intensely involved television generation. A major factor in cooling down the film is the use of Technicolor. McLuhan says of its use: "Technicolor greatly lowers photographic intensity and creates, in part, the visual conditions for participant viewing." American directors have also borrowed other cinematographic techniques from such European directors as Antonioni and Fellini who convey their messages through symbolic visual images rather than through dramatic content. This film approach requires the viewer to be constantly aware of the color, form, structure, and time-space relationships of the visual images in addition to merely understanding the much less demanding story line. In fact, whatever plot continuity the film has is that created by the viewer from this melange of images. As a result of this emphasis upon the visual images, dialogue loses the position of importance it held when the film was still a mechanization of the play medium.

Related to this change in focus, the film stars of today have lost the "hot" identities held by those of the 1940's and 1950's. The physically perfect and hence highly defined Rock Hudsons and Marilyn Monroes have been replaced by less physically defined personalities such as Julie Christie, Anouk Aimee, Michael Caine

and Paul Newman. Because the actor's appearance does not "come on as strong," the viewer is forced to involve himself more deeply in the role created by the actor.

As a result of this cooling down of the film medium, some young adults raised on "cool" television have switched their allegiance to films because the film's newly developed coolness is almost comparable to that of television while its content often surpasses the adolescent sentimentalities offered by deodorant peddlers. One example of a "cool" film that has succeeded in appealing to this generation is Claud Lelouch's simple love story, *A Man and a Woman*. Audiences who usually complain about subtitles hardly notice them in this film because the dialogue is not essential to an understanding of the film. The low key photography and the startling combination of black and white with color involve the audience to a high degree. The viewer further participates in the film by identifying himself with the "cool" characters portrayed by Anouk Aimee and Jean-Louis Trintignant. If other filmmakers begin to use such methods as these borrowed from cool television, they will transform the film into a valuable medium that can coexist with television instead of being replaced by it.

Southwest Literature

Death in the Afternoon Revisited . . . Robert G. Largen

"Horse manure! That's what Ethel said they rolled them in down here. She said Marge told her when she called from Atlanta this week. Can you imagine? Horse manure! And then she had the nerve to ask me if I'd smoked any! I informed Miss Smarty-Pants that I'd brought along several packs from the States . . . I know I didn't, damn it, but you don't think I'd let her know, do you? . . . George, you don't think they'll hurt me, do you? I mean it's not as if I smoked unfiltered. God, I'm glad I don't chew tobacco. You can't tell what you'll get from these peons . . ."

"How many fights are left? I don't think I can set on this lumpy, greasy pillow much longer. Feels like it's stuffed with walnuts . . . This the last one? Thank God! Maybe we'll see somebody get it this time. We need at least one good picture to show back home . . ."

"I thought you got tickets on the shady side . . . Like hell you did! I've been sitting in this tamale-choking heat for two hours and the shade isn't here yet. And all these damned flies! That's what comes from sitting in the middle of all these dirty, unwashed spics. They just buzz and buzz and pretty soon they can't tell brown from white. Depend on

you to get me in a run-down, second-rate arena like this! Order me another *cerveza* and try to make it a little below the boiling point this time! Jesus, will it be good to get back to the States!

"I'll be damned! Look down there. A nigger dressed in a business suit. I didn't even know they had them down here. I guess they're getting just as uppity here as at home . . ."

"Don't worry, they can't understand English. They're uneducated, they're unwashed. And unclean. And stupid . . . No, I will not shut up! Don't you tell me to shut up . . . I don't care . . . Now see what you made me do. I kicked over my beer. I'm sorry, senora. I didn't get much on you. See it's nearly all gone, hardly wet . . . I can't understand you, don't speak Spanish. (Fat bitch.)"

"Get me another beer, George . . . I have not had too much! I just want to kill this dusty taste. These bulls stamp around and stir up clouds of the stuff. And everytime one of those greasers moves around I swear I can see piles of the stuff come out of his clothes. Like when the help used to beat the carpets for my mama. Goddam, don't they ever bathe?"

"George, grab that little boy! Go ahead, stop him . . ."

"He's just perfect, George."

Show everyone how poor they are down here. He doesn't even have any shoes! Get the picture with his hand out like he's begging. That's all they ever do. Beg, beg, beg! . . . Give him a Kennedy half. They really eat up those pictures of Saint John. Look at him run! He probably thinks we want the change! . . ."

"There goes that off-key band again. Do people actually like that kind of music? Listen, George, get a picture of that funny little man when he sticks the bull. I promised Ethel. Get ready . . . Now! Did you get it? I hope you got some of the blood. What good's a bullfight picture without blood? . . . You what? Do you mean to tell me you left the cover on the lens through this whole roll? Of all the stupid things to do! Come a thousand miles to Mexico and not even get a picture of the bullfight. Let's go back to the room. I'm tired of seeing bulls stuck anyway and I'm tired of looking at you! Come to think of it, you look a little like a butchered cow yourself . . . George! George! Now you wait for me, you hear!"

Miguel placed the half dollar in his *pantolones* and scampered down the arena stairs so as to

Continued on Page 6

'Death in the Afternoon' Revisited (Continued)

Continued from Page 5

not let either foot remain too long on the hot surface. To run to protect the feet was a good reason, he thought. To move constantly for no reason like the *norteamericans* was bad. To talk loud, to push, to shove. It made one smell, thought Miguel. *Norteamericanos* always smelled.

Miguel halted his efforts long enough to buy himself a Coke from the *vendedor* with the fat-smearing apron. When times were good, Miguel bought a Coke. Times were not usually good. The rest of the money he would give to his *madre*. But for now the Coke tasted cool and of sweet richness beyond his means.

The change from the silver coin clenched in one hand, the cup full of ice in the other, Miguel continued his descent. He slowed a few steps from the bottom and joined the press people already crowding behind the barrier which separated the audience from the sand below. Miguel jostled his way into the bodies, shoving aside those boys smaller than he, waiting respectfully behind the bigger. His view of the field was composed of cracks between sleeves, elbows and shoulders.

The *porteros* were just finishing raking the sand. Blood was covered hurriedly. Miguel felt a quiver of excitement as he spotted momentarily beneath a larger boy's armpit a spot of only partially covered red on the sand. He knew that a bull behaved unpredictably at best when catching scent of a brother's spoor. Once, several years past, Miguel remembered seeing a matador held fast to the sides of the arena by the horns of just such an enraged bull. His father had held him high to see the sight. Perhaps today again he would see. If not, *no importa*. The last fight was always exciting.

Miguel heard the brass announce the beginning of the fight. He bobbed his head this way and that but could only see an orange sequined leg here and a black embroidered back there. Occasionally, he would get a clear view of the bull, but then someone would scratch and the bull would be covered by a cloth shroud.

It did not matter to Miguel that he could not see. These summer fights were never good, he thought. Only the butchers fought in the heat. Besides, all fights ended the same. The dancing meant nothing, only the lunge.

Miguel prepared himself. Soon the fight would be over and his

time would come. Wait for me, *Toro Negro*, I'll be there. He returned the sweating brown coins to the pocket which had held the silver half and jiggled it once again to make sure they were secure. The crowd was becoming impatient and began to yell for the kill. Some of the boys in front of Miguel were already mounting the barrier. Miguel cracked a piece of ice between his teeth, rolled the two parts over his tongue, sucked down the cool saliva and waited.

Luis the Great! Luis the Magnificent! (Louis the matador with the split pants!)

A great matador I am, thought Luis. I fight the first bull today and come to no harm. Then I go into the *lavatorio* and rip my pants. *Por Dios!*

Luis was working his way through school by bullfighting. On twenty dollars a fight he could not afford an extra pair for expensive fighting pants. Hence, the pins holding the cloth over his posterior.

He examined his cape and *muleta*. Both were dirty but usable. Only a few more performances and then school would be starting. How good it would be to peel off the constricting garments for the last time. He heard the music and realized he must hurry. The crowd was waiting.

Luis stifled a yawn as he emerged into the arena for the second time that afternoon. The crowd was the same as always. Not the crowds one saw in Mexico City during the season which appreciated the fine passes and capework. Only the summer crowds out to relieve the long hot tedium of another day like the one just past and the one certain to follow. Hats and faces and mouths. It is always bad to fight a bull before a crowd such as this, thought Luis. All they want is blood, not skill.

He surveyed the ring, noting meticulously the treacherous wet spots. The sand tended to become moist, clinging and clotty toward the end of the afternoon. Over to his left stood the huge box with the picture of a pack of Raleigh cigarettes on the front behind which the *cuadrillas* crouched. Beside the box, raking it wildly with his horns, was the bull.

The bull was rather large for a summer *corrida*. Usually only the runts were selected during the off season. Luis watched closely as the *banderillos* ran the bull from one to the other. The bull charged clean, without hooking. Perhaps, after all, he would

have one good fight this summer.

The trumpets sounded and Luis began his preliminary capework. The bull was unexpectedly magnificent! Here was an animal which could be worked into a swirl and dance of death worthy of the historical kings of Spain!

The trumpets sounded again. The *picadores* rode into the arena, slouching in their saddles. Luis saw the bull charge the horse to the left, striking its underpadding and lifting it off its forefeet. The *picador* struck down with his pike and leaned all his weight into driving it into the corded muscle. Again and again the bull struck. *Que magnifico!*

Now a *banderillo* drew the beast's attention. He quickly moved from its path as it thundered past while the *picadores* quietly retreated from the ring.

Two *banderillos* took their turns in the pageantry by planting their darts over the horns and into the back. An arch of the back, an inhalation of the stomach, a flick of the wrists and their job was done.

Luis took a deep breath. He advanced to the bull. "*Toro! Toro aqui!*"

Black muscle and heavy breath. Three times Luis passed him. Such a magnificent beast, he thought. Perhaps this once I will give a fight to be written about. But even as he thought, scattered cries of "*Mate!*" could be heard from the crowd. Luis passed the bull twice more employing a grade of *derechazos* of which he had thought himself incapable. The cries had rallied into an array of sound. "*Mate! Mate!*" Luis hesitated for a moment in the heat and the dust.

He, *toro*, both motionless. "*Lo siento mucho,*" he whispered. "We would have risen above the world. But you are the last bull on a summer day. And the crowd pays my way. *Adios, Brave One!*"

Luis went to the side of the ring, picked up his *muleta*, and returned to the center of the ring.

Darkness. Darkness and noise. Where was the belly-filling greenness? Where was the sunlight? Where was the room in which to run? Where was the heifers waiting to be mounted?

Light. Down a way. Run for it. Leave the dark. Leave the closeness. Leave the . . . pain? Pain in the shoulders. Sharp pain. And a weight. Something there. Something in my side. Tear it out. Shake. Movement to the side? Charge it. Hit. Smash it. Nothing? Where did it go? To the left. Charge again. Gone?

Only one two-leg now. In the middle. And the movement. Charge the movement. Trample it. Where? Noise. A four-legs. Charge it. Kill it. Gore it. Contact. Recoil. Gore up. Go for the underside. No blood. Why? Pain-back. Hard pain. Gore again. Stop! Pain. Gore-kill. Pain. Pain. Pain.

Two-leg again. Charge movement. Where-how? Stand still. Wait. Two-leg without movement. Move. Gore up and miss and more pain. Noise and two-leg stopped. Try-gore-miss-pain.

Run. Stop pain. Noise. Loud noise. Two-leg in center. Sun-sand. Charge. Movement. Hook it. Nothing? Turn. Blood. My blood? Movement. Charge-slip-charge. Where? Charge and miss and charge and nothing and charge and gone. Pain and dripping. Front legs weak. No. Must charge. Must fight. Must stop pain. Noise and two-leg stopped and making soft music. Nice noise. Must lie down on warm sand. No. It leaves. Only noise. It's back. Two-leg. Must trample and gore. Stop pain. Bright flash from two-leg. What? Charge two-leg. No. Charge movement. No. Charge two-leg, movement, two-leg, movement, two-leg . . .

"They sure are getting loud, George. So help me, if one of the matadors got it and you made me miss it you'll never hear the end of it! What's that they're throwing? Look, you can see them rising above the wall. They look like flying saucers . . . It'd be just like those people to throw empty pie plates. I just don't understand them . . . Let's hurry and find the car. We can stop at the drug store and buy some more film and then go to the hotel restaurant. They serve delicious fried chicken. What in the hell could they be making such a racket about? . . . Maybe they're glad it's over . . ."

The cry was infectious. "*Mate! Mate!*" Miguel rejoiced in the waves of sound which washed over and submerged him. No longer was he Miguel the *chicle* boy. Now he was Miguel a part of the mass. A small part, true, but a part. And in the mass was power. "*Mate!*" he screamed.

He looked and saw the matador face the bull. For a moment complete stillness and then a flurry of motion. The matador rose over the horns, plunged and side-stepped. The end of the sword emerged from the bull's side, a bad stroke.

Miguel glanced up and saw the

shapes overhead. Already people were throwing their pillows into the ring. Grab one by the corner, snap the wrist and off it soared. Dipping and curving . . .

The bull was hit by several pillows in the first volley. Miguel watched as it charged the pillows lying on the ground. He nearly stood on his head while seemingly trying to push the soft surface through the sand. Ah *Toro*, soon you will be mine, thought Miguel.

A *banderillo* grabbed the sword and jerked it from the bull. The matador plunged the sword once more. Blood poured from *toro's* back, shoulders, stomach, mouth, but still he stood.

The crowd would be denied no longer. First one, then several, than a flood poured over the barrier among a shower of pillows. Miguel was among the first to reach *toro*. Several of the bigger boys leapt upon the bull's back, others grabbed him by the tail. Miguel grabbed a blood-slippery horn. Pull-push-pull-push and then *toro* toppled to his knees. *Toro* bellowed as someone began biting through his tail. Miguel pushed-jumped onto the bull's sides and thrust his hands among the countless others tearing at *toro's* wounds. He felt the blood throbbing up and strove to bury his face in it.

Smear myself with blood. The hair, the feet, the arms, the mouth with the sweet warm blood of *toro*. The blood is the life. Give me your life! Tear his flesh, rip his limbs. Rend his guts. I am rich, I am powerful, the *presidente* kneels before me! Die, *toro*, die! I am king! I am a man! *Madre*, I have killed *toro*! I must have his heart while it still beats.

But Miguel was denied by boys older and stronger. As always before, he was pushed away with nothing but a handful of blood and hair. Nonetheless, savoring the sticky coating on his skin, he felt a man. Next Saturday, he thought, next Saturday I will carry away a portion of the beast!

The matador walked from the ring. He saw the hordes of people carrying parts and pieces of the animal so magnificent. To die such a death. Only because his skill had not been great enough. If only the first thrust had been perfect, or even the second, he thought. Now you must be a living sacrifice to the blood-want of the people. School loomed like a refuge from insanity in his mind.

The last thing he heard as he left the arena was the bellow-gurgling of *toro* above the shrieking of the crowd.

Pain. Pain. Why? Pain. Pain. PAIN! PAIN! WHY? PAIN! PAIN! PAIN!!!

Freshman Poetry

To Beth and Jo . . . Janice Hocker

Play she would in shadows if she could,
Timid Beth. The blush rush of her face
When Laurie did her tease, it always would
Make roses in her cheeks and

would erase
The whitish scare that people round her brought.
But that was Beth—sweet ghost who worked alone
About her home, and through her being taught

The spell of Christly goodness to her own.
Yet gentle Beth loved best her rowdy Jo—
Rodrigo Jo was as the hero seen
On stage with boots and beard;

she dashed the foe
With glee. Yet 'neath the Joe lay Josephine—
This bit of Beth and bit of twelvish me
Intrigues me so that mine she'll ever be.

Freshman Research Paper . . . Linda Newman

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS, HOLLYWOOD IS STILL IN THE RUNNING

Marshall McLuhan's tenet concerning the effect of new media upon old:

A new media is never an addition to an old one, nor does it leave the old one in peace. It never ceases to oppress the older media until it finds new shapes and positions for them . . .¹

was dramatically demonstrated by the changes effected in motion pictures by the advent of television. Although it at first seemed that television's major effect would be to destroy Hollywood financially, television also exerted other more beneficial influences.

During the early 1950's when television began to assume a national character, film executives were shocked out of the security of steadily rising box office receipts by a sudden drop in movie attendance.² A comparison of attendance figures over a period of years showed the seriousness of the threat of free private entertainment offered by TV:

Motion Picture Theaters Since 1935³

Selected Yrs.	Average Weekly Att. (millions)
1935	75
1940	80
1945	98
1950	60
1951	54
1952	45
1953	50

However, this sudden slump in attendance was only an overt sign of a problem that had long been plaguing the film industry. For years, Hollywood had been steadily losing a large percentage of its audience without attempting to re-attract the viewers to the cinema. Gilbert Seldes commented on this nonchalance:

Except for the makers of baby food, no industry in the United States has been so indifferent to the steady falling away of its customers . . . During the past five years, statistical research . . . has provided exact figures proving that in one generation the movies have lost two thirds of their customers and have survived only because a satisfactory birth rate provides new patrons for the seats left empty when people arrive at the years of discretion and stop going to the movies.⁴

Allured by the attraction of national TV, the under-twenty-one age group that had composed the majority of the film audience before joined the adult deserters and created a financial crisis for Hollywood.

Nevertheless, undaunted by these setbacks, the filmmakers began to make certain changes that they hoped would offset the popularity of television. Their confidence was based on their beliefs that TV's effects upon attendance were overrated, that TV was only a novelty that would lose its appeal, and that Hollywood would eventually absorb television.⁵ Because they at first failed to see any threat in television other than its novelty and inexpensiveness, the changes they

made were only gimmicks that did not really affect the form or content of the film. To attract the adult audience it had lost, Hollywood attempted to make it less expensive for families to attend movies by building over three thousand drive-in movie theaters that eliminated baby-sitting and parking costs.⁶ To combat the novelty of television, moviemakers tried to make film-going more exciting through the innovations of "3-D," and Cinerama.⁷ These new film methods were supposed to give the film viewer a greater sense of reality by making the images three dimensional. However, the 3-D system which used colored glasses was "fundamentally impracticable,"⁸ and the major mechanical defect of Cinerama was "the difficulty of blending the three pictures without betraying the fact that they were, indeed, three different pictures."⁹ In addition to these visual gimmicks, the studios also mounted huge publicity campaigns to show the public that "Movies are here to stay—and the best of them can be seen right now at your local theater."¹⁰

In spite of these efforts to increase attendance and other attempts to reduce production costs, Hollywood studios still could not restore their profits to their pre-television levels. They gradually realized that they could not compete with television on either an economic or novelty basis and thus began to change the content of their product. Still hoping to appeal to the increasingly large alienated adult audience, filmmakers attempted to make films with more mature content that would compete with the increasingly juvenile fare being offered by television. Unfortunately, these producers had varying concepts of what mature film contents meant. A certain segment "tried to achieve shock value with material that was too grotesque, socially daring, or close to obscenity for the home TV screen."¹¹ These film producers were misled into believing that maturity consisted of explicit sex and sadistic violence. However, valid criteria for a mature film had little to do with shock value. Gilbert Seldes defined maturity as:

The single mark of maturity . . . is this: the story develops in humanly acceptable terms; even in farcical situations the actions are credible although we could never have predicted them; and the threads of the serious stories are woven logically into their complete pattern. Moreover, the characters are men and women, individuals not types; their motives are understandable, and the fictions in which they appear are stories not myths.¹²

According to these criteria, a film's maturity was not necessarily related to the controversy inherent in the subject but more directly connected with the treatment of the subject, whatever it was. However, when a mature approach was used, controversial subjects could be artistically presented as in *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *Anatomy of a*

Murder which portrayed the social problems of narcotics and rape. Related to this new maturity and responsibility "was a breakdown in the self-imposed censorship code by which the producers policed themselves."¹³ These new freedoms gave wider latitudes to the Hollywood film that are still evident in today's product.

While Hollywood was busy making all the technical and content changes it felt necessary to combat television, it ignored the differences in the natures of the film and television media. Before film could make any valid attempt at winning back television audiences, it had to understand what it was, beyond TV's economy and convenience, that made television so appealing to viewers. Marshall McLuhan has differentiated between the viewer participation natures of the media by using the terms "hot" and "cool":

A hot medium is one that extends one single sense in "high definition." High definition is the state of being well filled with data . . . Hot media do not have so much to be filled in or completed by the audience. Hot media, therefore (are) low in participation, and cool media are high in participation or completion by the audience.¹⁴

Because television is a basically cool medium, it involves its viewers in a high degree of participation and involvement. Comparatively, film is a much hotter medium which requires much less attention from its audiences. This contrast in involvement is due to the different ways in which information is transmitted from the screen to the eye. Film images are comparable to the images received by the eye in that the camera lens is used to focus light rays onto a light-sensitive surface, film, just as the lens of the eye focuses light rays onto light-sensitive nerves, which compose the retina.¹⁵ When light is projected through the developed film, images identical to those originally received are reproduced on the screen and reflected to the eye. Contrastingly, the images formed on the television screen are much different. Rudolph Arnheim describes these images:

The particular problem of television is, of course, that pictures are two-dimensional. If analysed, they decompose into a large number of brightness and color values, only one of which can be transmitted by one transmitter at a given moment.¹⁶

From this mosaic of one-dimensional dots, the viewer himself is required to construct the visual image. Although this task is involving, the viewer is not conscious of it, says Arnheim, because:

Our eyes retain a given impression for a definite, though small span of time so that if all the stimuli that make up the picture are shown within a fraction of a second they will seem to appear all at once . . . The motion picture has taught us that a minimum of sixteen to twenty-four images per second

is needed to produce smooth motion. Therefore the cathode ray must scan any one image fast enough to deal with a sufficient number of them every second. The scanning device must take care of the first, the second, and the fourth dimensions practically all at once.¹⁷

It is this process of creating two-dimensional images moving in time from the lattice on tiny dots that involves the television viewer to such a high degree of concentration that he becomes oblivious to his surrounding.

The current generation of young people who have grown up on a steady diet of such visual exercise have a viewing maturity that is often underestimated by filmmakers. This maturity is shown by the fact that the films most popular with high school and college crowds are those which are the most visually complex. *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Dr. Zhivago*, and *The Graduate* consistently turn people away on weekend nights while traditional westerns suffer in attendance. It should be noted that this maturity is not a simple result of the educational level of these groups. The fact that this maturity is peculiar to this television generation is evidenced by comparing this group's reaction to the reaction of the public twenty years ago when *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* was released. Although nominated for an Academy Award, the movie was not a financial success then because of its complexity, but today it is probably the most popular of all the Bogart films now a fad on campuses throughout the country.¹⁸ Unfortunately this maturity has gone mostly unnoticed by filmmakers; they have not realized the capacity of the audience to participate in the creative process.¹⁸ In many cases, instead of challenging the viewer to become involved, films have become more and more explicit, leaving him an even smaller role. A. R. Fulton compares the high definition of the film with the low definition nature of television:

Although in its immediacy, television is more real than the motion pictures, the motion pictures are more real than television in several other ways. In the first place, the motion pictures are more real in the size of the image on the screen. By comparison, the television screen is reminiscent of the slot through which one peered to see the pictures in the kinescope. In fact, in all ways the motion pictures are more real than they used to be. For example, images on the motion picture screen are consistently clearer than those of television. They are more real as to sound and color. Furthermore, whereas the motion pictures can effect three dimensions, television is limited to two. On the whole, then, the motion pictures are, at present, more real than television.¹⁹

Fortunately, some film directors have realized the effect that television has had on the film audience and have adopted techniques that cool the film rather

than raising it to an even higher level of definition. These changes range from new approaches to photography to shifts in plot and character. Because the new audience is visually mature, there has been an increased use of visual imagery and symbolism that carries the content of the film beyond the traditional dramatic content. John H. Lawson discusses this characteristic of the film:

The essence and design of a film, as a story or action or event or whatever we choose to call it, cannot be defined as an expression of traditional "dramatic laws." The image on the screen may be called "dramatic," and the term is superficially accurate, but the emotional impact of the cinematic action involves a new relationship to reality, a new mode of seeing and feeling.²⁰

One of the great film pioneers, D. W. Griffith, described the visual purpose of film as he saw it: "I am trying above all to teach you to see."²¹ Low-key photography, montage, and recurrent visual symbols are only a few of the techniques employed to cool down recent films such as *Cool-Hand Luke*, *The Graduate*, and *A Man and a Woman*.

Related to the increase in the visual involvement of the viewer is the reduction of dialogue. Rudolph Arnheim explains the relationship of intense visual involvement to lack of dialogue:

The silent film has created a union of silent men and silent things as well as of the (audible) person close-by and the (inaudible) one at a far distance. In the universal silence of the image, the fragments of a broken vase could "talk" exactly the way a character talked to his neighbor, and a person approaching on a road and visible on the horizon as a mere dot "talked" as someone acting in a close-up. This homogeneity, which is completely foreign to the theater, but familiar to painting, is destroyed by the talking film: it endows the actor with speech, and since only he can have it, all other things are pushed into the background.²²

Because today's audiences are so accustomed to pictures accompanied by sound, whether it be canned laughter, mood music, or sparkling dialogue, sound cannot be altogether omitted from the film. However, an increased use of music can substitute for dialogue and at the same time create moods to aid the involvement of the viewer. Simon and Garfunkel's folk songs set the moods in *The Graduate*, and Francis Lai's cool bossa nova sounds aid *A Man and a Woman*.

Accompanying this reduction of dialogue is the disappearance of the traditional story line. McLuhan wrote of this change in a recent article:

One of the paradoxical effects of the change-over from typography and wheel to the world of the electric circuit is manifested by the disappearance of the "story line" in the arts and

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Freshman Narrative . . . Jack Christenson

A Graduation and A Transformation

A gust of wind blew across the bedroom window, rustling the heavy curtains and allowing penetrating rays of sunlight to knife into the darkened room. As the rays reached my eyelids, I awakened from a short and satisfying sleep. I realized that the dialogue which had filled my dreams for the last hour was actually coming from the television in the den. The soap opera droned its way through another episode as I rose to greet the first day of June, 1967. The day would be an important one I knew. This was the one day in my life when I would graduate from high school.

My new watch registered eight o'clock as I headed for the shower. An hour would be plenty of time to get to the auditorium for pictures. The warm water eased some of the soreness which I felt in my back and arms. I had no trouble guessing the source of my pain. Sitting in a straight-backed wooden chair while typing a speech from ten the night before until four in the morning had

been quite a shock to my body. I erased the unpleasant thoughts from my mind as I dressed and entered the den.

Tammy, my eight-year old sister, was sprawled in front of the television set, and Steve, the middle child at fourteen, was playing basketball at the backyard goal. My mother was cooking eggs for the others, and I anticipated her first words.

"Good morning! What would you like for breakfast?"

We went through the same routine every morning. My answer was almost mechanical. "The same thing I always have — A glass of milk and two cupcakes."

Graduation day was no occasion to change I thought. After donning my snack and glancing at the morning paper, I retired to my room to analyze the product of my effort the night before. The speech had not even been proof-read. I was ashamed because I had known of the address for more than a month and had succumbed to my usual weakness and waited until the night before the commencement to begin work.

After reading the pages several times, however, I began to feel a sense of accomplishment. All along I had known what I wanted to say. The night before, those thoughts had mysteriously crystallized into the speech which I wanted to make. The words stated the things which I valued most in life; my philosophy, my emotions, my hopes filled every line. I suddenly felt taller, filled with that satisfaction that only the fulfillment of personal pride can bring.

A new spring was apparent in my step as I said my good-byes and marched into the morning air. The smell of a neighbor's freshly-cut grass met me outside the door. As usual I could not resist one shot as I passed the basketball goal. Steve grudgingly relinquished the ball, and my twenty-foot jump shot dropped clearly through the bottom of the net.

"It's going to be a good day," I said while turning to go.

"Lucky!" was Steve's only reply.

The driveway brought another

sight to which I was not yet accustomed. The new red Mustang had been a graduation gift from my parents two days before. As I drove off, I was struck with the thought that I was really a very lucky boy.

The streets in Lufkin are never crowded, and this morning was no exception. I was the first person to arrive at the auditorium, and I took advantage of the time to begin learning my speech. A few people began to arrive and stopped to talk and admire my car. I considered every one of these people a personal friend, and I was saddened by the thought that I might never see some of them again.

The picture-taking session was a typical one—a drawn-out affair with little apparent organization. I was proud, however, that I was present because only the twenty-one honor graduates were being photographed. I knew that my grades were high, but none of us knew who would finish at the top of the list. Many of my best friends were included in the twenty-one, and we all wished

each other luck.

About noon I drove to Panther Stadium for a practice session for the night's ceremony. Since I was to give the address, I watched from below as the class was seated in the bleachers. I received a lot of good-natured kidding from friends about being "too good" to sit with them. I could feel my body becoming tired from its lack of rest. I closed my eyes and was startled when a raindrop struck my nose. A massive groan came up from the bleachers. The possibility of rain had entered no one's mind—until now. The huge black clouds had blown in quickly and now stopped, hanging over the area like a layer of soot. If rains came, the commencement exercises would be held in the cramped quarters of the auditorium. Everyone prayed for clear skies.

Miss Cook, the spinster and bookkeeping teacher who served as senior class sponsor, was everywhere at once, motioning like the conductor of a great symphony and chattering continuously. I had been able to control my nervousness until then, but Miss Cook's frenetic actions brought back that familiar squeamish feeling in my stomach. I wished for a chance to go home and rest, and just at that moment Miss Cook excused us with a prayer for clear skies, a wish of good luck, and a reminder that anyone who failed to come back that night would be ostracized.

* * *

With my heart inching upwards, I drove to the auditorium. The parking spaces were already filling up. I entered the hall and found my close friends "admiring" one another in their silver-grey caps and gowns. I donned mine quickly and returned. Even the humor was restrained. Spivey and Patrick, the liveliest of all, seemed to recognize the seriousness of the event. Any conversation was forced, and everyone was glad when we were asked to find our seats. A half-hour remained before the scheduled start of the exercises.

The seniors sat in the front rows of the auditorium. Four of us did not sit there, however. We who would give the benediction, the invocation, the commencement address, and the commencement music retired to a little room in back of the stage. We met the members of the school board who would take part in the program and then exchanged complaints of nervousness. I sat and stared at the crumpled paper which was the commencement address. I began to have some doubts about the quality of the words. How was I to express adequately the feelings of an entire graduating class? Just when I had conceded the futility of my effort, the cue came for us to enter the stage.

* * *

The diplomas were handed out in alphabetical order. I waited breathlessly then heard those impossible, unbelievable words: "The valedictorian of the Class of 1967, Jack Christenson."

Freshman Research (Continued)

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in other areas as well . . . The story line has disappeared from the recent forms of the movie . . . Oddly enough, the disappearance of the story line creates a much higher degree of involvement for the viewer.¹

Because the essentials of the story are not explicit, the viewer must order the events or incidents presented to him to create his own narrative. By subordinating plot in this way, the film involves the viewer intensely in the images upon the screen as he attempts to structure a plot from a variety of incidents and symbols.

With this new freedom from the strictures of dramatic dialogue and plot development, it has become possible for films to adapt long-ago clichéd topics into exciting new films. Through the use of natural setting and non-professional performers, Pier Paolo Pasolini's *The Gospel According to Saint Matthews* recreated a moving interpretation of the Christ story that turned all the million-dollar Biblical epics made previously into emotional vacuums. In *The Graduate*, a film illustrating the problems a young man faces as he reaches maturity, Mike Nichols parodies the hundreds of other movies that have had similar subjects. Nowhere is the irony so rich as when Ben's ridiculous conversation with Mr. Robinson is compared with the typical conversation between Andy Hardy and the Judge in any of the Andy Hardy movies. Even that most stereotyped product of Hollywood, the western, has taken on new twists recently. In the typical western, all missionaries, Indian agents, and women are portrayed as paradigms of virtue, and all half-breeds, Indians, and gunslingers are villains. However, these stereotypes are completely reversed in *Hombre* where the half-breed is portrayed as a tragic hero

whose antagonists are an Indian agent and his wife who have not only been cheating his tribe for many years but who also eventually cause his death by demanding his help in escaping a band of thieves.

Although stereotyped characters have been reversed to some extent in *Hombre* and others, even more dramatic character shifts have occurred in women's roles. In the late 1950's and early 1960's, American movie actresses all fit into a stereotyped mold. In *The Popular Arts*, this image is described:

The American sex comedies are "bedroom farces" based on the joke about the professional virgin. The heroines of the British films are curvaceous continental girls. The heroines of the American comedies are healthy little homebodies . . . The heroes are now wealthy executives or millionaire playboys and the comedy provides the occasion for the ritual display of plush penthouse apartments or swanky holiday resorts.²⁴

These romantic stereotypes that have so long inhabited Hollywood screens are completely divorced from reality. These characters are never shown working, having babies, having a believable relationship with their children, or doing anything real people do.²⁵ Because television exposes hundreds of real people to its viewing audience every day, film viewers have come to expect to see the same kind of believable characters on the screen.²⁶ As a result of this, the traditional romantic stereotypes are no longer acceptable. The wholesomeness of Doris Day, the knowing innocence of Marilyn Monroe, and the curves of Sophia Loren have become overadequate because the natural hotness of the film requires "cool" characters to tone it down. Today's female stars are less highly defined physically than earlier screen goddesses; because they do not

"come on as strong," they involve the audience more intensely in the roles they have assumed. This change lessens the emphasis upon "sexiness" and increases the emphasis upon the identity of the character.

Gilbert Seldes emphasizes these contrasts: The word commonly used in describing movies and movie actresses is 'sexy'; the word commonly used to describe living people of strong sexual enterprises is 'passionate' . . . 'Sexy' refers to the superficial and immature men and women, to the apparatus of seduction and not to the pain or pleasures if seduction succeeds, to provocation not to satisfaction.²⁷

Thus the modern film actress expresses her sensuality not through the obvious display of physical attributes but through her actions and facial expressions. Julie Christie's portrayal of Lara in *Dr. Zhivago*, Anouk Aimee's performance in *A Man and a Woman*, and Faye Dunaway's interpretation of Bonnie in *Bonnie and Clyde* were all characterizations of women with very passionate natures, but neither of the three actresses can be described as sexy in the traditional sense.

Although television has effected some changes in the American film both through financial pressure and through the influence of its media, the film still needs several improvements before it can successfully compete with television. First, filmmakers must obtain a grasp of the differences in the two media. Next an understanding of the mature character of the potential film audience must be obtained. Then, and only then, will film realize its dual potential as a modern mass medium and as an art form.

¹ Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man* (New York, 1965), p. 174.

² Robert Coughlan, "Now It Is Trouble That Is Supercolossal in Hollywood," *Life*, XXXI (August 13, 1951), p. 102.

³ Sydney W. Head, "Some Inter-Media Relationship," in *Mass Media and Communication*, ed. Charles S. Steinberg (New York, 1966), p. 283.

⁴ Gilbert Seldes, *The Great Audience* (New York, 1950), p. 9.

⁵ Coughlan, p. 110.

⁶ "Hollywood Learns How to Live with TV," *Business Week* (August 9, 1952), 48.

⁷ "New Dimensions Perk up Hollywood," *Business Week* (Mar. 14, 1953), 122.

⁸ Head, p. 284.

⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰ "Quality and Service: An Answer to the Movie Slump?" *Business Week* (September 15, 1951), 123.

¹¹ Edwin Emery and others, *Introduction to Mass Communications* (New York, 1966), p. 125.

¹² Seldes, p. 37.

¹³ Emery, p. 125.

¹⁴ McLuhan, pp. 22-23.

¹⁵ Rudolph Arnheim, *Film as Art*, (London, 1958), p. 18.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 159.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁸ Seldes, p. 35.

¹⁹ A. R. Fulton, *Motion Pictures: The Development of an Art From Silent Films to the Age of Television* (Norman, 1960), p. 268.

²⁰ John Howard Lawson, *Film: The Creative Process* (New York, 1964), p. xvii.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. xix.

²² Arnheim, p. 186.

²³ Marshall McLuhan, "Great Change-overs for You," *Vogue*, CXLVIII (July, 1966), 114.

²⁴ Stuart Hall and Paddy Whannel, *The Popular Arts* (New York, 1965), p. 199.

²⁵ Seldes, p. 75.

²⁶ Hall, pp. 227-228.

²⁷ Seldes, p. 75.

J-Awards Presented at Banquet

Outstanding male and female journalism graduates were named, and a host of other awards was presented Thursday evening at the annual Journalism Awards banquet at Western Hills.

Banqueteers were to hear an address by Willie Morris, editor of Harper's Magazine, who was scheduled to arrive by air a bare hour or so before the function.

Robert G. Liming, Due West, S.C., and Judy Gay Buchholz, Whitney, Tex., received the coveted standout plaques as top graduates of the department.

Four substantial, but undisclosed stipends went to four awardees of the Press Club of Dallas Foundation. They are Whit Canning, Mike Adams, John F. Jadrosich, and Charles H. Cole.

Paula Watson and Allana Taliaferro were recipients of the Theta Sigma Phi scholarships for next year's study.

A first for the department this year is a \$400 scholarship endowed by the Minneapolis Star, an outgrowth of the department's accession to national accreditation last year. It was awarded to J. D. Fuller III on the basis of standout academic and journalistic participation.

Ridings Award

Charles H. Cole received the annual Ridings scholarship, presented by Paul O. Ridings, son of the department's founder, Willard Ridings. The award bears the stipulation that the recipient

return to the campus the following fall semester.

Fuller and Patricia A. Horne received the Fort Worth Press annual awards as top male and female Skiff reporters over the academic year.

Citations of excellence, with undisclosed stipends, were awarded by the Advertising Club of Fort Worth to James H. Carter III, and Raymond E. Dryden.

Robert G. Largen and Allana Taliaferro shared in receiving the Thomas L. Yates Memorial Advertising scholarship.

Dryden and Carter also were awarded Alpha Delta Sigma distinguished service keys.

Best of Skiff awards, judged by Fort Worth Star-Telegram and Fort Worth Press working newspapermen, were well scattered among much of both the fall and spring Skiff staffs.

Robert G. Liming took first and third in general news writing; Mike Adams won a second place in this category.

Feature story awardees were Ronald E. George, first place; Charles H. Cole, second, and J. D. Fuller III, third.

Editorial first and third places were captured by Bernie Whit Canning, with second place award going to Eileen O'Donohoe.

Column Placers

Paula Watson claimed a first in the general-column category, with Judy Gay Buchholz taking second and third places.

Sports judges selected a story by Paul O. Ridings Jr. for top position, with two by Bernie Whit Canning in second and third spots.

Peter T. Kendall was top and

third place awardee in the general photography category, including sports photography; James T. Keefer won a second-place award.

In general advertising, James H. Carter III won first and second places, Robert T. Largen third.

All awardees have been active with publications work throughout the school year. Canning and Jadrosich have served both as sports editor and as editor-in-chief of The Skiff. Adams is current editor of the Horned Frog, and will become news editor of The Skiff in the fall.

Miss Watson, managing editor and chief copyreader for The Skiff, will become editor-in-chief in the fall.

Fuller, reporter and copyread-

er for the paper, will become its managing editor and copy chief in September. Mrs. Buccholz was managing editor during the first semester 1967-68.

Carter, this semester's Skiff advertising manager, and Largen, a former manager, have served the paper in many ways, including editorial and circulation duties.

Kendall has been sports editor and photographer during the spring semester.

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Skiff Advertisers

Broadcasters Recognized

Ten students have recently been recognized for "outstanding contributions to educational broadcasting at Texas Christian University."

Representatives of the broadcast industry and University administrative officials were guests at the annual event, held at Cross Keys Restaurant and attended by 90 persons.

Dr. R.C. Norris, chairman of the TCU division of radio-TV-films, presented the awards. He was assisted by Instructor Larry D. Lauer.

Honored as both outstanding senior man in the division and as outstanding announcer was Ronald L. Harris, Fort Worth senior. The radio/TV major has served as the campus station's news director and production director during 1967-68.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Harris of 7128 Meadowbrook, he was cited for originality in the television program he produced and directed titled "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown."

Michael A. Wallman, junior from Hot Springs, Ark., was recognized for his outstanding contributions to KTCU-FM.

The award for film production was presented to Robert Lee Caudle, Fort Worth junior who is majoring in physics.

The award for best sports

broadcasting was presented to Richard A. Carlson, senior from Morris, Ill.

Mrs. Jacqueline Rogers Denning of San Antonio was recognized as "outstanding senior woman" and as tape traffic director.

For visualization of subject matter in their production, "Love Is . . ." Sandra Clapp and Gary Langhammer of Fort Worth received awards.

Ron Garay of Lamesa and Kerby Stewart of Fort Worth, both juniors, were presented awards for research in the production of "The Exodus."

Laura Linda Greene, Fort Worth graduate student, was cited for the television adaption for the program, "Whisper in the Heart," produced and directed by her.



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Exotic Cultures Highlight Fair

By BOB BUCKMAN

Looking for a fun way to blow a weekend? If you aren't one of the several hundred thousand who have already done so, you might try HemisFair '68.

The first "gen-yew-ine" world's fair in Texas, HemisFair was built in San Antonio at a cost of \$107 million to celebrate the city's 250th anniversary.

Situated on a 92.5-acre site just a block south of the Alamo, HemisFair combines the excitement, glamor, culture, cuisine and native garb from over 20 countries on four continents. And it's less than five hours by car from the TCU campus.

The fair opened April 6 and runs through Oct. 6. In that time, 8,000,000 visitors are expected to pass through the turnstiles. Consequently, reservations for any needed accommodations should be made weeks in advance.

The amount of money to take depends entirely on how much one intends to spend. HemisFair itself is not as exorbitant as some world's fairs have been and prices in San Antonio, while inflated a little, are still reasonable.

There is a \$2 admission fee to the fairgrounds, plus \$1.50 for all-day parking. (Trams shuttle fairgoers around the enormous parking lot free of charge.)

All of the pavilions at HemisFair are free, as are many other attractions, such as live entertainment in one of the amphitheatres.

Rides, such as the Mini-Monorail and the Swiss Sky Ride, are only 25 or 50 cents. A trip up the fair's impressive centerpiece, the 622-foot Tower of the Americas, costs \$1.

Dotted Grounds

The grounds are dotted with restaurants, some serving full-course meals and others offering unique dishes from far corners of the world. Next to an American hot dog stand might be a booth selling delicious rice cake from the Philippines or tasty Canadian hamburgers.

Restaurants feature American, European, Mexican, Polynesian or Chinese food. One place not

to miss is the German beer garden, complete with continental suds and a live band blaring "Roll Out the Barrel" and other polkas.

An excursion through HemisFair is an all-day affair, that is, if the visitor expects to see all that's worth seeing.

Clustered around the Plazas del Mundo are the pavilions of the U.S., 18 foreign nations, Central America, the Organization of American States and the state of Arkansas.

The pavilions are all pretty much alike, but each has something interesting and some are more spectacular than others. Among the most popular with fairgoers are those of the U.S., Canada and Mexico.

In general, the European pavilions specifically demonstrate the influence those nations have wielded in the New World.

Seven nations of the continent are represented at HemisFair: Italy, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Germany and Berlin, France and Switzerland.

Besides Mexico, Latin America is represented by Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, Central America and Panama.

The Latin nations exhibit their Indian cultures of the past as well as the advances they are making in this century.

Panama's pavilion features a huge relief map of the Canal Zone, complete with lights pinpointing landmarks. A tape explains the canal's history and current operation.

The OAS pavilion demonstrates its contributions to Pan-American peace and unity.

Eastern Pavilions

The Far Eastern nations which have pavilions at the fair—Japan, the Republic of Korea, the Republic of China and Thailand—have exerted their main efforts at pointing out the economic development they have brought about.

Canada and the U.S. blend history with the scientific wonders of tomorrow's horizon.

The U.S. pavilion explains this country and its people in a 20-minute, three-part film.

The Mexican pavilion has three

buildings for the past, present and future and is bordered on two sides by water to symbolize its shoreline.

The Institute of Texas Cultures, at the other end of the park, is a must for visitors.

Housed in an elaborate stone building surrounded by a grassy incline, the Texas pavilion shows the confluence of various national and ethnic groups in the Lone Star State and the contributions and outstanding members of each. Around its dome are flashed color projections in a three-part presentation.

Nineteen major American business corporations have pavilions at HemisFair to give glimpses of what consumers will be able to buy in a few more years, such as General Motors' impact-sled automobile.

Other corporations include Humble Oil, Southwestern Bell, General Electric, Ford, Kodak, IBM, Coca-Cola, RCA and the Pearl and Lone Star breweries, both based in San Antonio.

Interestingly enough, the Southern Baptists have a pavilion as does the Mormon Church. And for the first time at any world's fair, there is a pavilion exclusively about women.

Some Pavilions Cost

While the pavilions are free, some of the more fascinating attractions aren't. Two Czechoslovakian cinematic wonders, both enormous hits at Expo '67 last year, have been brought to HemisFair.

Laterna Magika, which seats 1000 people, combines live action with color movies projected on a wide screen. Kino Automat features a movie which stops and lets the audience vote on three possible outcomes; the majority opinion rules and the ending is shown.

Both shows are shown 10 times daily. Laterna Magika is \$1.50; Kino Automat is \$2.

Another audience attraction, for \$2, is an adults-only puppet show, Les Poupes of Paris. But the adults-only label is a little misleading; don't go expecting to see "The Fox."

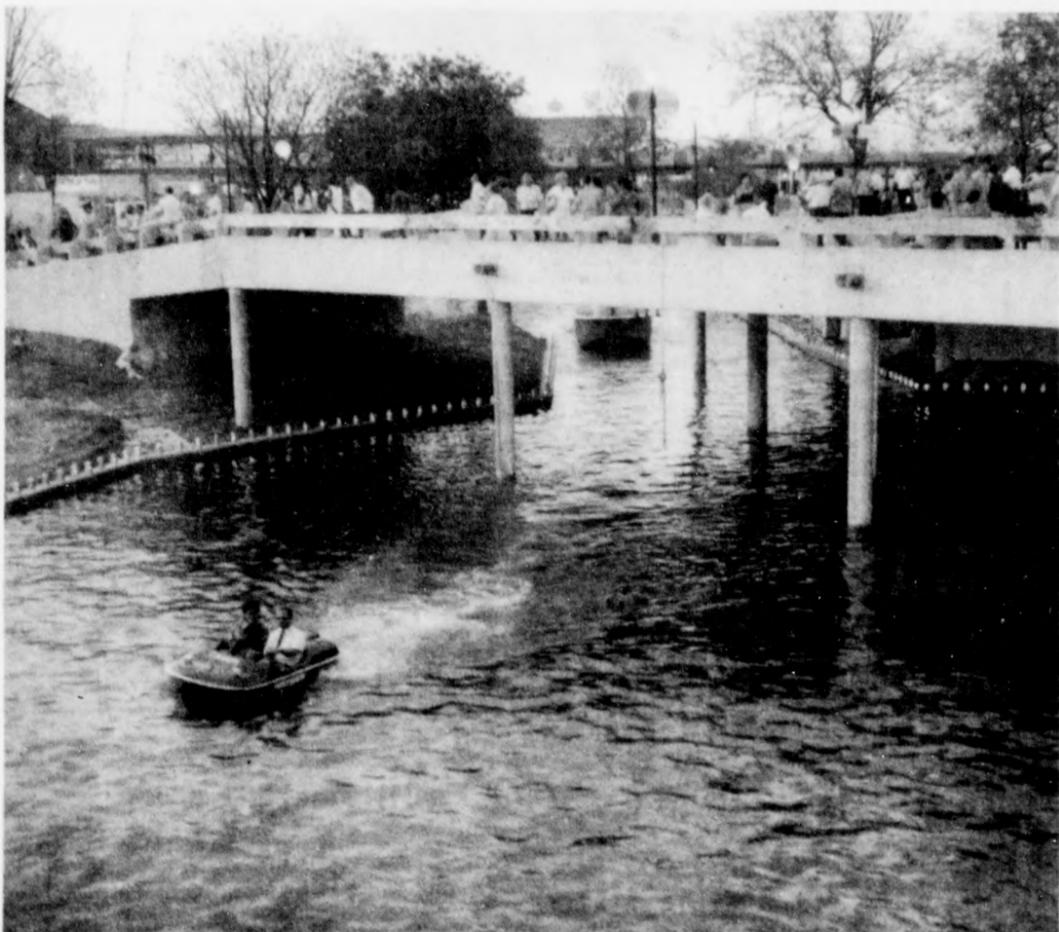
(Continued on Page 7)



SOME OF FAIRGROUNDS' INHABITANTS ARE A BIT STRANGE
Most of them are friendly, though



PLAZA DEL MUNDO ONE OF HEMISFAIR'S MAIN ATTRACTIONS
"Tower of the Americas," 622-ft. high, looms in background



THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER RUNS THROUGH HEMISFAIR GROUNDS

Diversion channel creates new entertainment opportunities

—Skiff Photos by Bob Buckman



OVER 20 NATIONS ARE REPRESENTED AT HEMISFAIR
Flags are mute testimonial to cooperation and friendship



FORD DEALER DUB SHAW presents check to football coach **Fred Taylor** after buying out stadium for Spring Purple-White game. Shaw also handled production of Purple-White football programs.

View Hikes '68 Fair's Popularity

(Continued from Page 6)

A heart-stopping spectacle can be viewed for free at the Frito-Lay-Pepsi-Cola exhibit. Los Valodores, to the rhythm of haunting music, demonstrate the ancient religious ceremony of the Totomac Indians of Mexico by banging from their heels from a tall pole and spinning ever faster in a circle. The night performances are enhanced by fireworks.

For those who appreciate culture, a number of famous art collections will be displayed during the six-month run of HemisFair. Several nationally known bands and orchestras are also slated.

For children under the age of 90, HemisFair offers a wide variety of rides, such as the Lagoon Cruise and the Gulf Touride.

Naturally, there are also the old American favorites, the merry-go-round and the ferris wheel, which was the hit of the Chicago World's Fair in the Gay Nineties.

Tower Attracts

In the hub of the fair's activity stands the Tower of the Americas, 57 feet taller than the Washington Monument.

Made of homogenous concrete and visible from almost any part of the city, the Tower was built at a cost to San Antonio of \$5.5 million. It is far and away the most popular single attraction at the fair, as may be evidenced by the long lines waiting to go up.

The three-story tophouse revolves once an hour. Inside is a restaurant which seats over 300 persons, and outside there is an observation deck which circles the tophouse.

The view stretches for over a hundred miles, and at night the city is a kaleidoscope of colors. The elevators make each trip in 45 seconds and are fronted with picture windows to give the passengers an extra thrill.

The Tower will remain as a permanent fixture on the San Antonio skyline when HemisFair is only a memory. Many of the other buildings will also remain.

Six months and the thrill and excitement of HemisFair will be gone. It should be enjoyed while it's here.

More important than the rides and entertainment and good food is the sense of understanding which HemisFair gives to its visitors; an understanding of the histories, customs, problems and thoughts of the people of many races and nations who share this planet.

This alone makes HemisFair worthwhile.

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Four Professors Added To University Faculty

TCU will soon have four new faculty members who have been appointed to the Foreign Language, Psychology and Biology Departments, and the Evening College.

Dr. Judith D. Suther, member of the University of Missouri faculty since 1964, has been named assistant professor of French.

Her appointment, effective in September, was announced by Dr. James Newcomer, vice chancellor for academic affairs at TCU.

The Lawton, Okla., native was graduated "magna cum laude" with honors in French from the University of Missouri, where she was named to Phi Beta Kappa and later earned her doctoral degree.

Rotary Fellow

Dr. Suther holds an M.A. degree from the University of Michigan and a Diplome de Hautes Etudes from the University of Grenoble, France, where she studied in 1961-62 as a Rotary International Fellow and a Fulbright Fellow. In 1960-61 she was holder of a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship while doing graduate work.

Donald F. Dansereau, who won the NCAA's Scholar-Athlete Award in 1964, will join the psychology faculty in September.

While at New York State University in Buffalo, Dansereau in 1963 won both the New York state discus championship and the industrial engineering "Student of the Year" award. The NCAA honor came in 1964, when he received his B.S. degree.

Since then he has had a fellowship for advanced study in psychology at Carnegie-Mellon University, where he is working with computer simulation of human thinking. He expects to receive his Ph.D. degree this summer.

At TCU, he will be an assistant professor in the Department of Psychology and a research scientist in the Institute for the Study of Cognitive Systems.

Fort Worth Native

Donald E. Keith, a Fort Worth native and TCU graduate will return this summer as an assistant professor of biology.

He was awarded an Allan Hancock Fellowship for advanced study in marine ecology at the University of Southern California and has completed work toward a Ph.D. degree there.

Alvin S. Marsden, former chief of urban planning for a Seattle, Wash., firm, has been appointed to the faculty of TCU's Evening College.

Holder of a Bachelor of Architecture and a Master of Urban Planning degree from the University of Washington, Marsden will teach a course in "Elements of Urban Design" during the 1968 fall semester.

Marsden, who has been assistant planning director of the Fort Worth Planning Department since early this year, has participated in numerous projects that have received national recognition and awards. These have included Seattle's rapid transit urban design study and a comprehensive recreation plan for a winter-summer resort for 10,000 persons at White Pans, Wash.

Active in the American Institute of Planners and the American Institute of Architects, Marsden is the author of "An Urban Planning Study Measuring the Community Consequences of Freeway Development."

AC Chairmen Designated

In a two-day interview session, members and advisors of the Activities Council have selected new chairmen for the 1968-69 school year.

Those selected are: Truett Burke, treasurer; Tom Ellis, entertainment; Tom Ellison, games and outing; James Gordon, films, and Barbara Heckendorn, special events.

Also: Jeremy Main, executive assistant; Bill Meerbott, dance; Janice Peterson, CESCO; Rick Philpott, forums; Dick Rhea, committee on religion in the university; Charles Varner, public relations; Barbara Wilson, hospitality, and Beverly Wood, exhibits.

An orientation session has been scheduled for the new committee chairmen at the home of Mrs. Richard P. Douthit, AC advisor, Saturday, from 9:30-12.

Old and new chairmen will discuss ideas, aims and mechanics that will be used in their respective programs next year.

Invitations to the orientation session are being sent to various faculty members.

Alpha Phi Omega, campus service organization, was unofficially designated a seat "ex officio" in order to promote better communication with the two groups.

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FRANK WINDEGGER SURVEYS TEAM FROM DUGOUT
Windegger has tied for two straight SWC championships

'Horn Loss Necessary To Frog Title Hopes

Texas and Texas A&M clash in Austin today and tomorrow in what will decide whether the Longhorns or the Horned Frogs will go to the College Baseball World Series at Omaha.

The Aggies must win at least one of the games for TCU to go to Omaha. One A&M victory would make Texas and TCU co-champs; two Aggie triumphs would give TCU a clear title; and two Longhorn victories would make Texas the outright champion.

Both today and tomorrow's games will be broadcast on radio by KXOL-FM. Rusty Reynolds will be doing the play-by-play. This afternoon's game will start at 3 p.m. while tomorrow's contest will start at 2:30.

Currently the conference records for the three teams are Texas 12-4, TCU 13-5, and Texas A&M 10-5.

Aggies Hold Edge

A&M will be playing "just for the fun of it" this weekend. The Aggies were eliminated from title contention last week when TCU won three straight games against Texas Tech here. Even if the Aggies win both games, they will

finish with one game less than TCU due to an early rainout.

Neither of the two title contenders has beaten Texas A&M yet this year. Texas fell to the Aggies in College Station earlier this spring. All three times TCU played the Farmers the Frogs lost.

Frog baseball coach Frank Windegger believes there is a good chance the Southwest Conference representative in Omaha will be TCU.

"I think A&M can beat Texas at least once," said Windegger. "Texas doesn't have any good lefthanded pitchers and the Aggies can hit righthanders pretty well."

TCU's three experiences with the Aggies back up Windegger. The first two times the Frogs and Farmers met, TCU used righthanded pitchers. The Aggies collected a total of 26 hits. The third game, Windegger used lefthander Mickey McCarty. A&M got only three hits.

Three Top Pitchers

"A&M also has top pitching," said Windegger. "Rick Schwartz looked great the two times we played the Aggies. We couldn't buy a hit off him." Schwartz beat

the Frogs twice this year, allowing them only six hits in 17 innings.

Other top A&M pitchers are Dave Benesh and Rocky Thompson. Benesh defeated TCU in the pair's third meeting this year.

Football spring training at A&M, however, could spoil Frog dreams of Aggie victory this weekend.

"Dave Elmendorf and Bob Long may stay in College Station for football practice and miss the series," said Windegger. "If they did, it would sure hurt the Aggies."

Elmendorf, only a freshman this year, is A&M's starting centerfielder and one of the Cadets' top hitters. In three games against TCU he got five hits in 12 trips to the plate. Long is A&M's starting shortstop. He went four for 12 against TCU this year.

Although Texas A&M is no longer in the running for the conference title, the Aggies still hold the best season record in the conference. The Cadets have won 21 of their 28 contests so far this year.

Texas has compiled a 20-8 season record so far.

Peel, Ferguson Head List

Hitting Key to Purple Success

By PAUL RIDINGS

Powerful hitting was the key to the TCU baseballers' success this year.

The Horned Frogs compiled a .278 team batting average this season. If Texas A&M defeats Texas in Austin today or tomorrow, the Christians will represent the Southwest Conference at the College World Series in Omaha, Neb., in June.

TCU finished the regular season last weekend by defeating Texas Tech three times. TCU ended with a 20-9 season record and a 13-5 conference mark.

"Hitting definitely pulled us through," said TCU baseball coach Frank Windegger. "Our fielding average this season was one of the poorest we've had since I've been here. But this is the best hitting team I've ever coached."

The Frogs, who two years ago led the nation in fielding, managed only a .950 fielding average this season and a .947 mark in conference play.

Pitching Big Factor

"Our pitching, though not as strong as in the past, was also a big factor," said Windegger. "It was probably strongest in the stretch."

"To win a championship, you have to have three good pitchers and we did. Chuck Machemehl and Mickey McCarty both had fine years and Jeff Newman did a good job as our third pitcher."

Machemehl, who saw only limited relief duty as a sophomore and junior, came on this year to be TCU's "winning-est" pitcher. Chuck won seven games while losing only one. He led Frog pitchers with a 1.69 season earned-run-average and 62 strikeouts.

In conference play, Machemehl was undefeated, winning four games. He was tops for the Frogs in strikeouts with 30 and had the

second best conference ERA, 2.30.

McCarty, despite a late start due to basketball, compiled a 4-1 record this season and compiled the team's best conference ERA, 2.03. Twice this year McCarty hurled near no-hitters as he held Texas A&M and Texas Tech to only three hits each.

Newman, who started all but one game at third base this season, also turned out to be a top relief pitcher. He finished conference play with a 2-0 record, defeating both Texas and Texas Tech. In the last five games he appeared in, he allowed only one earned run.

Catcher and team captain Bill

Ferguson, first baseman Larry Peel, and Newman were the Frogs' top hitters this year.

"All three were tremendous," said Windegger. "Peel was a pleasant surprise. I knew he was supposed to be a good hitter but I didn't think he'd have this good a year."

Ferguson was the leading TCU hitter in conference play. He had 26 hits in 70 times at bat for a .371 average. Bill hit .340 for the season.

Peel was the leading TCU hitter for the season. He had 40 hits in 114 times at bat for a .351 average. Larry hit .366 in conference play.

Right behind Peel this season hitting was Newman. The sophomore had 42 hits, the most for any Frog this year, in 120 times at bat for a .350 mean.

Ferguson and Newman tied for home-run honors this year with seven each. Second baseman Dick Turner led the homer department in conference play with five.

Four Pitchers Return

"We have a bunch of good pitching prospects returning," said Windegger. "Newman, Jim Chase, Jerome Hall and Jeryl Whitworth are all returning."

All but Whitworth will be jun-

iors next year. Whitworth will be a senior. Chase and Hall had 1-1 and 0-2 records, respectively, this season. Whitworth played in only one game.

"Hitting should be our strong point again next year," said Windegger. "Of the six players who hit over .300 this year, four return."

Those four are Peel, Newman, Ferguson and left fielder Rick Rickard.

"We'll have good experience in both the infield and outfield next year," said Windegger. "Our whole starting infield returns and we lose only one outfielder."



LARRY PEEL CONTRIBUTED CLASS JOB AT FIRST
Peel led team in hitting for season in first year



BILL FERGUSON ENDED CONFERENCE GAMES AS TOP HITTER
Ferguson batted .371, was also top league catcher