

Must understand past for future

By ED TIMMS

"If a nation can't understand its past, it can't understand the present or the future," said Ross Ralston yesterday in a press conference.

Ralston presented a lecture and presentation last night on "The Conspiracy that Murdered John F. Kennedy."

Ralston believes the Warren Commission never really tried to find the truth about the assassination. "Gerald Ford (a member on the commission) had the second best attendance record on the commission . . . he saw one in five witnesses," Ralston pointed out. The names and credentials of the people who served on the commission made its report more acceptable to the

public, "People felt they didn't have to read the report for its credibility," he said.

And the commission had to rely on the FBI for its evidence, the same government agency which "lost" a letter allegedly sent to the Dallas FBI Office by Oswald a week before the assassination took place.

"The Warren Commission only saw information which certain agencies let them . . . it made a decision without full knowledge of the fact," Ralston said.

The most suspicious thing about the whole investigation after the assassination was the suppression of evidence, said Ralston. Many documents which could have helped find the truth

were locked away in the National Archives for 75 years by executive order, shortly after Kennedy was shot. Ralston sued the government under the Freedom of Information Act, and has since had access to some of those documents.

Ralston says there is a good possibility that Oswald was not guilty at all . . . but since he was not brought to trial, he has been condemned for all history . . .

"It's only when the physical impossibilities are ignored does Oswald become suspect," Ralston said.

"The question is . . . was it an investigation or a coverup," he said. "If the government won't tell the people the truth when a

President is shot, when will it tell the truth?"

By actively investigating the assassination now—with the power of Congress behind the investigation, he said, Ralston believes some of the answers of the mystery can be found.

Five groups had the ability and reason to assassinate President Kennedy, according to Ralston.

Oilmen were almost immune from scrutiny at the time of the assassination, he said, and Kennedy did not make friends cut off oil depletion allowances and was advocating amending oil tariffs. Big business also suffered in Kennedy's administration.

Anti-civil rights groups were upset with Kennedy's support of liberal legislation and his use of federal troops to support civil rights legislation.

Organized crime "did not see eye to eye with the Kennedy's," Ralston said. The Kennedys' were on a vendetta against organized crime. "Robert Kennedy had several indictments going in Las Vegas,

and it was generally known that Jersey City was next."

Certain parts of government, particularly the CIA and the military, also had grievances against Kennedy, he said.

Ralston explained that the CIA's Bay of Pigs affair had actually been planned under President Eisenhower's administration. . . it had advanced too far to be stopped, but Kennedy refused to provide U.S. air support or send in American troops.

Kennedy considered the situation in Southeast Asia a political rather than a military concern.

Ralston became involved in investigating the Kennedy case at the age of 15 in 1966, and has devoted his life to investigating the assassination. He has a degree in law from the University of Minnesota. He has served as the Director of the Commission to Investigate Assassinations and was on the legal team which defended James Earl Ray, convicted murderer of Dr. Martin Luther King.

THE DAILY SKIFF

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Chapter rooms

Some Greeks crying "unfair" to high rates

By Frank Badder

What price is privacy?

For Greek organizations wanting on-campus housing facilities, the answer to that question is \$2,000 per year, and this figure has several fraternity members crying "unfair".

The \$2,000 per fraternity per year fee is an assessment for the "chapter room" found in all fraternity houses on "Greek Hill." Some fraternity members contend the "chapter room" is no more than a lounge which residents of independent dorms are provided at no expense. Also, the Greeks must furnish their chapter room at their own expense—which can cost as much as \$34,000.

"We really have no recourse," said Millard Jumper, Inter-Fraternity Council on paying the fee. "We said we wouldn't sign the contract. They (the administration) said they would lock the doors if we didn't."

"They want us to say 'ah hell, I quit,'" said Sigma Chi Dick Johnson.

The Greeks maintain that other dormitories are furnished with study lounges, libraries and ice machines. . . while the fraternity dorms are not. Also, the maids charge extra to clean up after a fraternity party.

Bob Neeb, director of Residential Living and Housing, said only two dorms have libraries, which are open to all students. And, he pointed out, "An additional advantage the fraternities have that regular dorms don't have is a full kitchen."

Ice machines are put where they will get the most use according to Neeb. Independent dorms are much larger than the fraternity houses, which can hold a maximum of 34 people.

The \$2,000 fee assessment for a chapter room has actually decreased over the years, Neeb said. In

1975 the fee for a chapter room was \$2,250 and in 1974 was \$2,500. "I don't think it will go any lower than it is," he said.

Fraternity and sororities are also required to have a 75 per cent occupancy in their dormitories or stand a chance of forfeiting their housing agreement with the University.

Fraternities falling short of the resident requirement can, however bring "social affiliates" into their dorms, usually upper-classmen.

According to Mike Ryan, hall director for Sigma Chi, these social affiliates are picked mainly for their personality or their athletic prowess. "They pay \$15 per month in dues instead of the usual \$45 and they participate in sports and parties but they aren't members."

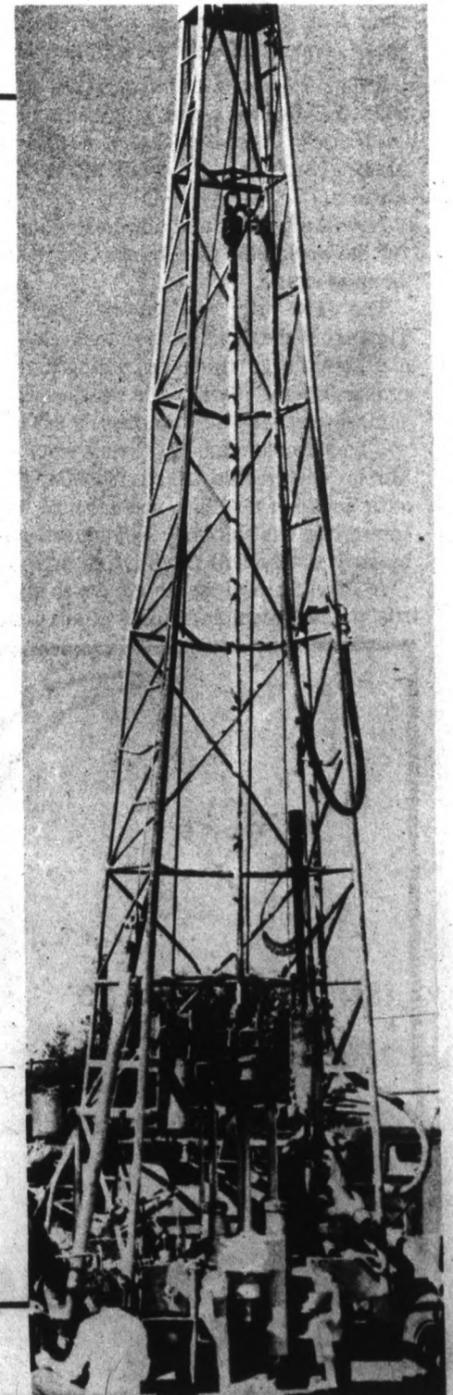
However no fraternities or sororities are having problems filling their dorms at this time, according to Neeb. And even if a fraternity or sorority does Neeb said, it is allowed to remain in operation at sub-regulation levels for one year.

According to Ken Blume, a Sigma Chi, there is a misconception as to Greek Hill's lifestyle. He said it seemed to be a common opinion among independent students that fraternities do nothing more than indulge in wild parties. . . and that their major endeavor at college is to drink alcoholic beverages. "They aren't aware of what we do," he said.

Another Sigma Chi, Paul Lucas, said fraternities are active in helping charities, including an Easter egg hunt for St. Theresa's orphanage, a car wash to send retarded children to camp, contributions to Big Brothers of Tarrant County, contributions to Campus Chest. Fraternities also participate in the TCU phone-a-thon, he noted.

Drilling for oil?

The University's oil revenues will be declining in the future but it doesn't expect to find any on campus. Southwestern Laboratories were taking five-foot deep core samples behind the new speech and hearing clinic so foundations could be planned for a new building there.



Opinion

Back committees, let 'Lenny' talk

The issue of prior restraint spins like a political gristmill at all levels of government and has at last come to TCU. The University Films Committee chose 'Lenny' to be one of the films shown on campus this semester. Now there is speculation the administration may not allow it to be shown. At the least there will be discussion.

This is not necessarily bad—indeed, it is very good. We are in a testing situation and the main question to consider is one of trust—in the administration, University committees and the student body as a whole.

When discussing if 'Lenny' should come to campus, there are three questions to be considered. First—is 'Lenny' the type of film students want to see. Does it tell a story? Does it have a worthwhile point to convey? These are questions the film committee must ask in selecting all movies to be shown on campus and it claims it has done so.

The committee was asked by Vice Chancellor Wilsey to reconsider if it wanted 'Lenny' which it did, and voted once again to show it. If the university committees are to function, they must make decisions such as this and many others. When their decisions are challenged, it brings up our second major question.

What is the power of the University committees? As students, we are all urged to either join one or be aware of what they are doing. They are important we are told. We are now in a situation to test that power. If the University allows the film to be shown, it will tell students, "Yes we do respect your right and power to make committee decisions"—decisions they are supposed to make according to the guidelines of their jobs. Furthermore, if their decision is allowed to stand, it will signify once and for all the administration trusts the students.

This is the third major question we have. Does the administration trust the decisions and judgments of students? The administration continually urges students to become involved in whatever decision making positions are available to them on campus—mainly committees.

Now the faculty and administration have a sterling opportunity to tell the world they trust their students—by letting the film committee's decision stand.

The Skiff fully realizes the administration has not yet censored Lenny, but they will have to make that decision soon. We ask them to consider several things in coming to that decision. One, if they should censor 'Lenny' it will set a dangerous precedent of interference with committees once they've already made their decisions. No committee will be safe from having their wishes overturned. Second, even if the film is questionable, the student body must be trusted. Nothing—words or actions—in that film are unheard of to someone our age. The film committee has said they will advertise it as R rated. Anyone offended by such things will not have to attend.

We strongly urge the University to take this opportunity to show they trust the judgment and moral values of the TCU community.

News Digest

By the Associated Press

WASHINGTON—A National Academy of Sciences committee recommended yesterday that the Postal Service offer an electronic message system as a test to see if it could rescue the mail system from its financial problems.

Under an electronic mail system, a message would be transmitted electronically with a copy of the message delivered to the receiver. No letter would be carried between the sender and receiver.

Continuing to limit the Postal Service to physical handling of mail "will lead to greater costs and poorer service — conditions that are unacceptable to the nation," the committee report said.

BAYTOWN, Tex.—A series of explosions rumbled through an 800-foot tanker early today as it took on a load of gasoline and other fuels, leaving at least 17 persons injured and three missing, the U.S. Coast Guard said.

A witness said many crewmen leaped into the Houston Ship Channel or were hurled overboard by the blasts which sank a nearby tugboat and touched off a spectacular fire.

A Coast Guard spokesman said there were at least three explosions aboard the tanker Exxon San Francisco as it was being loaded at the giant Exxon refinery here.

WASHINGTON—Three large insurance companies are asking the Supreme Court to block an attempt by the National Organization for Women — NOW — to obtain government documents that outline hiring and job-classification practices of the three firms.

The requests eventually could lead to a major test of what information may be released under the Freedom of Information Act, passed by Congress to combat secrecy in government.

The insurance firms, Prudential, Metropolitan Life

and John Hancock, won a temporary victory Thursday when Chief Justice Warren E. Burger ruled that the documents may remain confidential until he weighs the legal arguments.

WASHINGTON—The National Weather Service says the harshest winter in at least five years shows no signs of releasing its frigid grip on the eastern and midwestern sections of the United States during the next two weeks.

Unusually sustained wind distortions in the earth's upper atmosphere are continuing to push freezing air south from the frozen Arctic and to move warm southern air into normally frozen areas such as Alaska and Siberia.

PARIS—Unless Western industrial nations curb energy-gobbling trends, they risk outstripping oil supplies by 1985 and causing higher prices or shortages or both, an economic study said Friday.

Campus Digest

Green Chairs Prof.—Dr. Frank A. Geldard, authority on Human sensory functioning and director of the Princeton Cutaneous

Laboratory, will spend the spring semester at the University as holder of the Cecil H. and Ida Green Honors Chair.

Midnight Movie—The Films Committee will be presenting "Three Stooges Follies" on Saturday, 10 & 12 p.m. Admission is 50 cents.

KTCU-FM—Auditions will be held on January 29th and 30th, from 12-2 p.m. in Ed Landreth Hall, Room B-11 for all interested in being radio announcers. All

interested must have a 3rd class FCC license or planning to get one soon. KTCU-FM resumes broadcasting on Monday, January 31 at 12 noon.

Violonist—Sin-Tung Chiu, concertmaster of the Texas Chamber Orchestra and his wife, pianist Nancy Zipay, will give a free recital in the Symphony Orchestra Hall, 4401 Trail Lake Drive, on Feb. 2 at 8:15 p.m.

Brown Bag Series Tony Jones, chairman of the Art Department, will give a speech and slide presentation entitled

"Hieronymus Bosch- The New Maps of Hell" in the Student Center Art Gallery Monday 12-1 p.m. The series is open to the public; bring your own lunch. Food and refreshments are available in the gallery for \$1.00. A Brown Bag Series is scheduled for every Monday.

THE DAILY SKIFF

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The Cowboy . . .



Photo by Dave Hamilton

Prelude to the Stock Show

Rodeo kicks spirit of the old West

"They say it's like sex, but it ain't. It's better."

— A 57-year-old rodeo performer

The season begins in January, and it never ends. From small towns to prairie villages to Madison Square Garden, the undescrivable atmosphere of the rodeo fills the air—the dust, the screams, the pounding feet of a frightened calf, the guttural oaths of the bullrider.

The actors of the rodeo never stop. They travel in beat-up campers or squeaky pick-up trucks, sauntering across the country in a cowboy caravan. They are obsessed by this sport, and regardless of the kicks, the broken bones, the endless defeats, they will unfailingly head for the next backward town and the thrill of an eight second bareback bronc ride.

Tonight, the rodeo is in Ft. Worth, and they are all here. The stock show is not just another simple arena; it is a rodeo giving

symbols of the old Wild West. The rodeo riders are described as modern day renegades, brawling their way into one rodeo arena after another.

Their sport is rigidly male, and it maintains masculine codes of toughness and strength of winning. They are all descendents of Wild Bill Cody, firing six-shooters through circus tents and chasing married women into the cow stalls.

But all that is changing, the folklore is disappearing, and a new breed of cowboy is emerging as the triumphant victor of the West.

The rowdy range spectacle is gone; now the rodeo is an efficient, disciplined business. Tom Ferguson, the all-around world champion of rodeo, did not learn his skills in a fenced-off scrubble pasture behind the ranchhouse, but in college.

Fully one-third of the national Rodeo Cowboys Association have attended college, and only half have ever worked on a ranch.

The new training grounds start

talents, they must keep moving. It is really a transient sport. The rock-hard cowboys must travel to at least 100 rodeos each year to make a living.

The prize money is spread around 600 rodeos on the professional circuit, and that means even the giants of the Western arena must make constant stops from Mineral Wells to Deadwood, South Dakota.

They call it "going down the road"—their phrase for traveling to the next competition—and the nonstellar cowboys endure an endless string of sleepless nights on the crisscross highways.

Why do they do it? They could easily make as much money working on a ranch. What is in

this sport that drags them all over the country.

Maybe it is the thrill of wrestling an 800-pound steer by their horns. Maybe it is the jerk of the ropes after a smooth lasso around a frantic cow's neck.

The answer could certainly lie in the lifestyle, the culture, of these men. The West was won by a cowboy, not a politician or even a railroad baron. Now the land is fenced in, and the only challenge becomes the weary struggle of getting enough cows to market.

Rodeo is an escape to the Billy the Kidd days, a step back to the wrangling, flinty life. It is amazing to note the number of old cowboys that don the Nocona boots and Stetson hats to come watch the rodeo.

These men are living examples of true grit. They stare down charging Brahma bulls; they are toppled by angry broncs; gored by steer horns.

They live in a frenzied world where the true test of a man is his ability to withstand the onslaught of a ferocious animal.

They might be college educated, they might never have worked on a ranch. But they are the last of the old cowboy spirit.

It is a single-minded devotion, and it is eloquently expressed by the champion Ferguson: "I just know that if my rear ain't spinning around off some bronc's back, I just ain't happy or content."

—Skip Hollandsworth

Wednesday, September 3, 1975

THE NORTH TEXAS DAILY—PAGE 1

"You never can understand

the glory of rodeo until you're sitting on a bull. . . it's a slice of heaven."

World-champion Larry Mahon.

away \$144,337 in prize money. That means everyone appears.

Stock show General Manager, W. R. Watt, said the number of cowboys entered for this year's events number 567, which smashes the old record by 50.

Entries include 82 bareback bronc riders, 78 saddle bronc riders, 91 bull riders, 185 calf ropers, 158 steer wrestlers and 37 wild horse racers. Many cowboys compete in more than one event.

Young kids will mingle with world champions as they face off in a sport where a split second decides the outcome of a \$17,000 first place prize.

It can be argued that these people are the last remaining

with "Little Britches," the rodeo counterpart to Little League in baseball.

The cowboys practice for hours each day in hopes of winning big money. The total purse last year on the rodeo circuit was \$5 million, up 30 percent from a decade ago.

They never sit back and drink whiskey to build their courage; the attitude around the arena is all business, as they carefully resin their gloves and scrutinize other riders for pointers.

Even the girls are in the thick of it, with all-female rodeos and several female events on the male's terrain.

But in order to make the money, to capitalize on their

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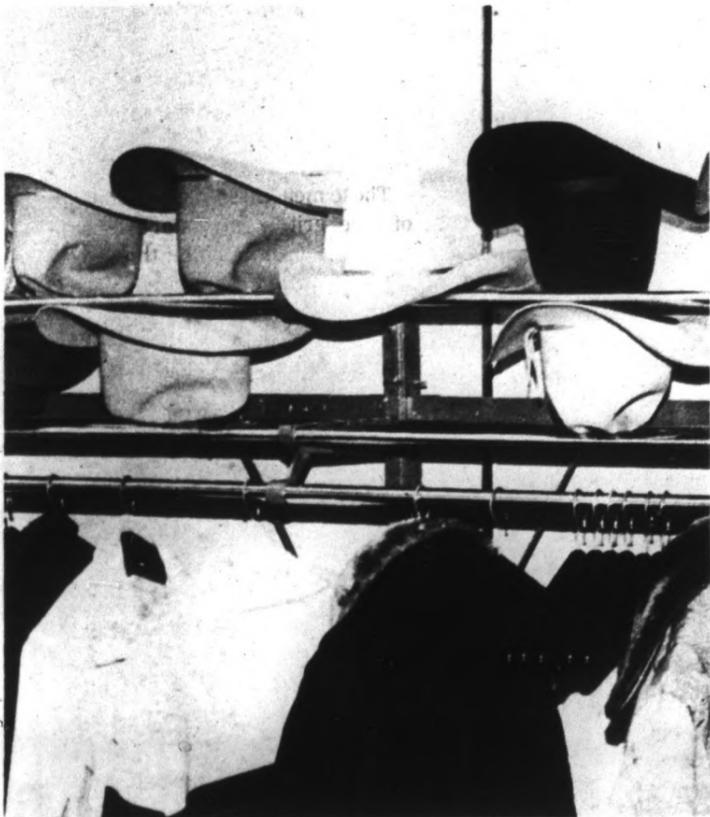
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The row of hats on the coat rack is no longer a symbol of cowboys gathered at the coffee shop. That is the apparel of the Ranch Management students, who devotedly work for their tough but loving director, John Merrill.

Cowboys in the classroom. . . a new home on the range

"Ma, do cowboys eat grass?"
"No, dear, they're part human."

At the Ft. Worth Stock Show, every decent human being wears a wide-brimmed hat and pointed, calf-skin boots.

The whole crowd acts like a cowboy, whether they came out of a suburb or nursing home.

The tobacco flows freely and talk of beef feed drones through the earthy smell of the cattle stalls, but the real cowboy can rarely be found.

For those people, who must endure a lifetime of hardships on the range, are probably sitting in a classroom discussing sheep physiology, breeding diseases and parasite control.

They are TCU's ranch management students, and while

the festivities of the Stock Show lure every goatroper and drugstore cowboy to town, they cannot rest.

The city-slicker thinks anyone who lives on the ranch is uneducated, ornery and poor, who every now and then pokes a cattle or two toward the market.

Cowboys drink lots of beer, attend a few rodeos, play with rattlesnakes and ride their horses into the sunset.

Therefore, it is incredible for the city mind to discover that TCU Ranch Management students spend at least 6 hours daily in a classroom, nine months a year, and that does not include 5 full-week field trips and numerous weekend journeys.

If a student misses just one day, or slightly lags behind in

class, he is dismissed, and has no chance to get back in.

The work requires unlimited dedication, and the director of the Ranch Management Program, John Merrill, only smiles when he is asked why the course is so tough.

"No one says ranching is easy. There is a lot to be taught, and the only way to receive maximum return from this program is to stay with it the whole way."

Merril's eyes gleam when he talks about his creation. He came to the University in 1961, when the infant Ranch Management program was only 5 years old.

Today, it is an unequalled operation. There is no other university in the nation that teaches a concentrated program concerned purely with ranching.

"I had been ranching near Midlothian, Texas, for a while," he said, "and felt there were no management skills being taught. So we applied some professional teaching principles, in hopes to make more scientific ranchers."

Merril sits relaxed in his office, crammed under a massive set of horns. His walls are decorated with sculptures and paintings of cowboys.

He speaks with bubbling enthusiasm, rubbing his hands vigorously and chopping his hands to emphasize points. The smile comes often, the generosity is warm, but underneath he exhibits an unswerving toughness that demands all or nothing from his students.

This year, he accepted 31

participants, two of them females. Already, he has dismissed four students for faltering work.

His two-semester program crams 12 courses into nine months. If all the work required of the students was accumulated according to college standards, Merrill says, the whole program would translate out to 54 hours.

But first, it takes considerable experience just to get into the program, and Merrill demands uncompromisingly strict standards.

"We teach the cowboy to become a decision-maker, so he has to already know the basic skills of ranching, like working with cattle, driving a pick-up, and so on."

Merril and his staff of three other professors conduct a two-hour-long interview with an applicant, to determine capabilities and devotion to ranching.

Several times, the teachers have checked into a student's hometown, contacting ranchers and farmers that knew the young hopeful.

Once a student is accepted, he immediately wades into a variety of subjects—from geology to animal husbandry. Business law as applied to the livestock producer is taught; soil and water conservation is emphasized; range records and finances are explored; the student even learns to bid at a cattle auction.

The primary stress, of course,

is on beef cattle, and when the student is through the program, he is an expert on breeding, feeding, marking, corralling and doctoring a cow.

These are not simple tasks. As Merrill says, "The process of ranching is critical from a management standpoint. You can't learn that on a ranch for the rest of your life."

Merril's theology of the ranch receives a hearty response and a list of former students readily testifies to his success, including Winn Rockefeller, the only rancher from the famous family.

He never has trouble placing a graduate on a ranch, "for there is more of a future than ever before since grazing land is always available."

Successful ranchers are always coming to TCU to find young partners, Merrill says, "and there is practically no possibility of a cutback in the number of ranchers needed."

It is inevitable that the old traditions of the Wild West will change. The Ranch Management program is another part of that process.

The days are over when the young kids ride out with their fathers to learn the ropes of the ranch. Now they go to school, to a tough cowboy who teaches science.

It's no longer just riding the range; it is ranch management. For Merrill, "that's the only way it should be."

Skip Hollandsworth

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a TCU star

New country singer wanders back to Nashville

The haunting whine of the steel guitars and the mesh of nasal harmonies are no longer the sole stomping ground for Nashville hillbillies and small-town radio stations.

Now everyone is stomping, in a frenzied two-step or awkward Tennessee waltz, to the music that speaks in simple but moving language—country and western.

The boots are pulled on, the Lone Star is pulled out, and away everyone goes to downright hee-haw lyrics of trains, trucks, mothers and getting drunk.

Not the least interested in this heart-throbbing Porter Wagner and Charley Pride sound is Keith Larson, a 21-year-old TCU junior.

Just two weeks ago, his second country and western single was released by a Nashville recording studio. And there's a chance he might receive a fat contract from RCA.

The first breakthrough, the glory of success, the chance of star billing—all this for a guy who never sang a bit of country music until two weeks before he made his first recording.

His ultimate love "has been, and will always be", ahem, classical music. Larson studies opera, learns to conduct high school choirs, resonates with a deep, penetrating baritone, holds his own in the University Chorale, and now is suddenly considering a career where he holds his nose to sing.

But regardless of his quest to pierce the air with some Puccini arias, this story is about a soft-spoken, bearded, Kris Kristofferson lookalike who for three days was a country music star.

It began in Nov., 1975, when Larson met Tom Watson, a Fort Worth based country music promoter.

Watson has spent 15 years searching for talent, and he has never discovered country talent in a voice major, reared in Brahms and Mozart. So, after his first talk with the college student his optimism faded like a country fiddle.

But he dragged Larson into a recording studio, hurriedly prepared a demonstration tape, and then

"My favorite is
*'True Love Travels
a Gravel Road'.*"

mailed it (4th class) to the Eagle International Recording Company in Nashville.

The producers, whose ears had quickly learned to spot new talent, listened a few minutes, then dashed off a letter saying, "Ya'll come."

Larson and Watson piled into a car, zoomed out of town, and on Dec. 5, came face to face with the Nashville skyline.

Larson spent the entire trip struggling to sing with a Southern drawl, yet when he saw the city limit sign, "my throat got so clogged up I couldn't even begin to sing." He really panicked when they could not find the Eagle studio.

Blatant rumors of record companies luring thousands of dollars away from excited young singers, and then disappearing with the cash after an invitation to the innocent musician for a talk came to mind.

Watson had already put up \$3,700 and they can both remember the growing sense of doom when neither the office nor a telephone number was found. "I just knew we were robbed," Larson said.

Finally, after a multitude of stops at gas stations for directions, the nervous singer and his tense promoter walked into the Eagle studios.

"I was ushered into an office, and that's when I first saw Derwood Haddick," Larson recalls. Few people have

heard of Eagle's president, but he discovered Hank Williams, that immortal country star, and also maneuvered Loretta Lynn into the spotlight.

"The next thing I knew," Larson said, "he had stuffed this hat on my head and proudly said it was ol Hank's. I felt sort of honored."

In the movies, the new kid is patted on the back by the old veteran with the words, "Kid, we're gonna make you a star." Well, it happens in real life.

"Haddick came up to me, with a cigar stuck out the side of his mouth, just like the stereotype, and then he asked me if I wanted to be a star."

The Eagle producers gave him four songs to learn, but there was no sheet music or even words. So, for two days, Larson practiced, and memorized trying to transform a

"Ol' Derwood
asked me if I
wanted to be a star."

throat trained in the classics into a twangy smooth, cotton-gin accent.

On Dec. 7, he was ready, and after draining three beers "to calm down," the recording began.

Larson timidly sneaked into a small room, sat on a stool surrounded by 25 microphones, three guitars and drums, then bled out "I'm Wandering Back to You." The other three songs went smoothly, including a tune with the unbelievable title, "True Love Travels on a Gravel Road."

Then, as unexpectedly as it had happened, the country music fantasy was over for Keith Larson, and he returned to TCU and the college choir.

For months, he impatiently waited for news from Eagle studios, but Haddick and his boy seemed to have vanished.

In June, 1976, six months after the Nashville journey, a large box came to Larson's apartment (4th class). The first single had arrived. Eagle notified 2000 radio stations about the record, including Ft. Worth's KFJZ and KXOL. Stations in North Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee and Texas picked it up and put it on the air.

There was the usual meek-and-mild reception to the first release of an unknown. But the chances for the second single's success are above average, according to Eagle. Now Larson must wait to see if this two-week-old record (released Jan., 15) will sell.

If, so then a major studio, like RCA (which has already shown some interest), will put the disc on the national market, and Larson could earn \$17,000 for every 100,000 records sold.

But Larson is quite aware of the probable result: "If the second record is no-go, and it just can't be considered an instant seller at this point, then it will be all over."

He will not regret the failure though. "Sure, it'll be a letdown, but I barely understood country music when I started singing it."

Perhaps it was all a momentary flash, a fleeting glimpse at stardom. After all, his Nashville fling was a remarkable combination of chance, coincidence, and a sensational amount of luck.

Yet... the producers liked his quiet but charming style, adored his voice and respected his professional performance in the recording studio.

Larson is back at school now, living amid music of the great classical composer. But when the radio weaves out a lonely, soulful country song, Keith Larson cannot help but hum a few lines of "I'm Wandering Back to You."

The music is in his blood now, and though the glory of Brahms fills his ear today, he can still fondly believe that "one day I'd like to go back and try again."

—Skip Hollandsworth



Keith Larson

Weekender is back

The Weekender is back for another semester and once again will be presenting a major theme for each issue.

Today, the feature is on the Ft. Worth Stock Show, which begins tonight with the 1977 World's Original Indoor Rodeo at Will Rogers Coliseum.

Throughout next week, cattle, sheep, pigs, goats, horses and every brand of cowboys can be seen at the 81st Annual Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show.

So grab your boots, do-se-do with your partner, and go experience a lifestyle that is rarely seen on the campus of a private university.

Let the aroma of cattle fill your nostrils, watch a fearless cowboy grapple with an untamed bull, observe the old codgers lounging in the auction barn. This is a unique piece of American culture, and it is a shame to miss it.

The Weekender will be bringing you coverage of this and other events throughout the semester.

The editor is Skip Hollandsworth; photography editor, David Hamilton; layout editor, Carol Holowinski; and copy editor, Gwen Baumann.

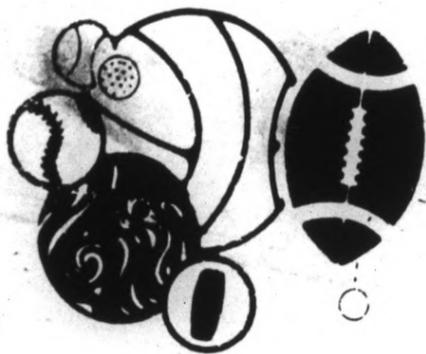
We hope you enjoy our entertainment guide to the festivities of TCU and Ft. Worth.

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Lemon squeezins

'We're not ready for TCU'

By David Bennett

If it weren't for three men, the entire state of Oklahoma would be worthless. Will Rogers, A.E. (Abe) Lemons and F.A. Dry are the only hope for the former Indian Nation.

There's a rumor going around that people in Oklahoma during the Depression were so poor they couldn't afford to give their children a first name. Enter A.E. and F.A. Later A.E. saved a little money and bought a 'b', so he is now Abe. He is also head basketball coach at the University of Texas.

Abe is also very, very funny. Many people in the press are beginning to over emphasize this aspect, which I am also about to do. But let me emphasize, his languid Longhorns may not show it yet, but Abe is also one of the best basketball coaches in the nation.

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'It's like the Andrews Sisters without Patty, we just can't make the same music anymore.'
.....

A call to his Austin office Wednesday revealed that Abe was depressed about his 'Horns, but he just can't lose his sense of humor.

'We're not ready for TCU,' Lemons moaned, contemplating the Horned Frogs' visit tomorrow night. 'We're not ready for anybody. We're averaging only 71 points a game, but the crowds keep coming. In fact, they're turning them away at the door. I don't know why. We can't score.'

Abe knows a lot about laughing, but he must have learned something from Athletic Director Darrell Royal about crying. Deep inside he fears the Frogs about as much as the United States fears an invasion by Bolivia.

'We've lost so many games by just a few points that we've really gotten down on ourselves. It's like the Andrews sisters without Patty—we just can't make the same music anymore.'

That's what is becoming known as a Lemonism. There's more to come. But let's take a look at his coaching career.

Abe has been coaching for the last 26 years. He started out at Oklahoma City University and compiled a 263-147 win-loss record. One year, when things weren't going too well, several angry alumni stormed into his office and offered to put up his contract. 'I didn't have change for a twenty so they let me stay,' Abe says.

While at OCU, Abe found that if you promise recruits, let's say, a trip to Hawaii, they're bound to come play for you. So every year his schedule had one far away game—one year to the Virgin Islands. 'When I got there I was really glad to find out that the mascot wasn't what I thought it was.'

Another year his team played several games on the West coast and then took a rough flight to Alaska—only to be confronted with sub-sub-freezing temperatures.

As they deplaned, Abe conferred with the student manager. 'Take a vote among the players to see if they want to practice,' he requested. 'If the vote is close, I vote no.'

In a now world famous game

played by his OCU Chiefs in Madison Square Garden, OCU trailed Duke by 20 at the half.

'I knew it would be worthless to talk to them. I talked to them

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'I'd really rather be a football coach. That way you can only lose 11 games a year.'
.....

before the game and I could see what that accomplished.' So what did his team do? Scrimmage. Yep, that's right. Right there in front of 10,000 dazed New Yorkers. 'We got in some good practice.' He says he thinks the other side won, 3-2.

In 1973, Lemons moved to Edinburg, Texas, to take over the reins of Pan American University's struggling basketball program. When he left last spring he had compiled a 55-16 record.

Leon Black left the head coaching position at UT after charging that two star players at Aggieland, Karl Godine and Jarvis Williams, were illegally recruited. The players were eventually ruled ineligible for the 1976-77 season. Resulting pressure forced Black to step down, Black later said.

Darrell Royal says Lemons was his first choice and Lemons says that the University of Texas is the only place that he would have moved to. 'I'd really rather be a football coach,' Lemons smiles. 'That way you can only lose 11 games a year.'

Lemons sympathizes with the problem that confronted Black after exposing the A&M scandal. And he has found a sure fire way

to solve recruiting problems. 'Just give every coach the same amount of money and tell him he can keep whatever is left over.'

Lemons is in high demand as an after dinner speaker, but he has not let his popularity go to his head. 'You talk about the 'Who's Who' listing, hell, I was in 'Who's He' four years running.'

A.E. and F.A. are old buddies. Dry was in Tulsa while Abe was at Oklahoma City. 'I'm a real fan of his,' Abe says of F.A. 'Of course, I never have played for him and I understand he can be pretty tough on the practice field. But I think that the players need to understand that anything that he would do would be to the advantage of the students. He may be harsh sometimes, but those kids will thank him for it later.'

When Pan American played TCU two years ago, I was firmly seated in my heckling position. When Abe strolled out on to the

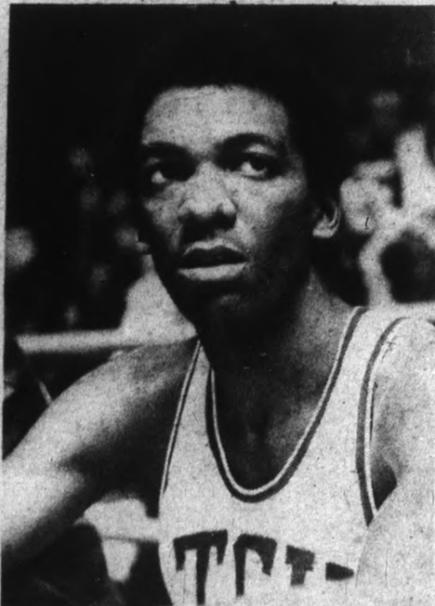
floor, my buddies and I began humiliating him. He walked over to where I was sitting with a big smile on his face. 'Any of you guys want to come down to Pan

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'One of my players this year, his sweat is so rare, it'll cure cancer.'
.....

Am on a heckling scholarship?' We rolled in the floor. It was hard to say anything bad about him the rest of the night.

Earlier this season, Abe was having some problems with his players—basically apathy and laziness. 'One of my players this year, his sweat is so rare, it'll cure cancer.'

Abe may not be a doctor, but his sense of humor could cure anything.



Basketball standouts Rick Ashley (left) and Daryl Braden contemplate the meaning of life while taking a breather during a recent game. The

Horned Frogs take on UT in Austin tomorrow at 7:30 and the game will be broadcast in Ft. Worth on KRXXV-1500.

Advertisement for &bf shoes. Text: 'sport & casual bonanza! only \$6.97 each originally \$15 to \$25'. Includes an illustration of a high-heeled shoe and the &bf shoes logo with the tagline 'BETTER FOOTWEAR FOR LESS'.

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