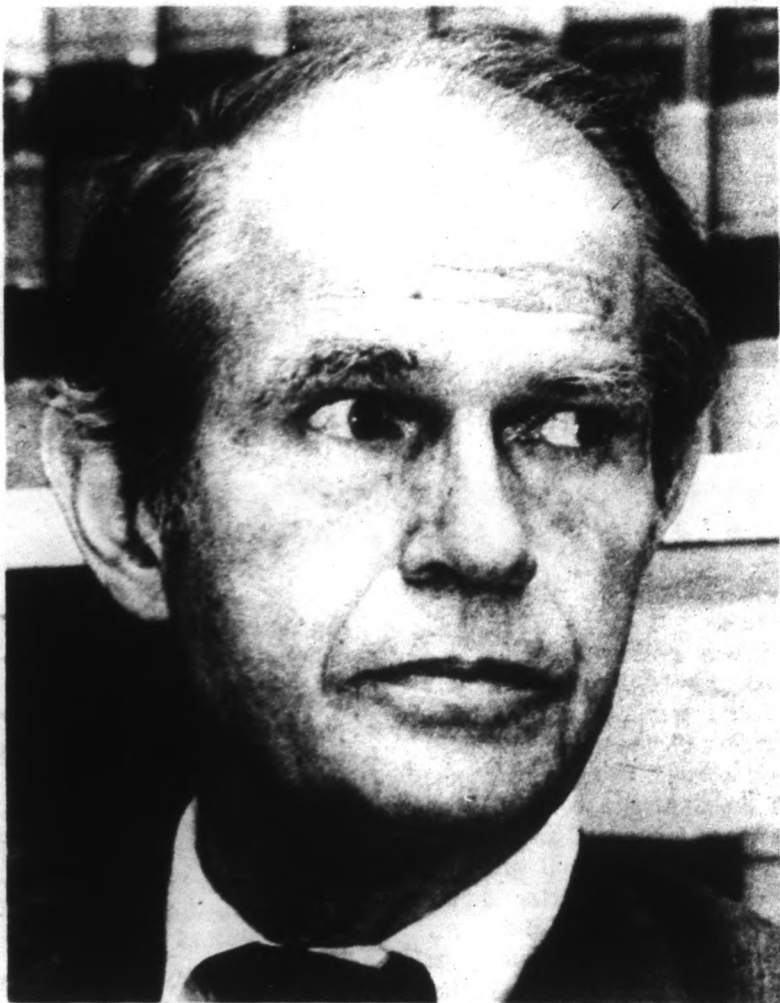


THE DAILY SKIFF

Volume 75, Number 65 Texas Christian University Fort Worth, Texas 76129 Friday, February 18, 1977



ALGER HISS

Hiss marks history

By Ed Timms

Shortly after World War II a shooting star known as the Committee on Un-American Activities left its mark on American history.

Political careers were made and destroyed during the committee's brief life. Its leader, Sen. "Tail gunner Joe" McCarthy, secured his political career and his seat in Congress because of his work on the committee.

And a relatively unknown representative from California, a Richard M. Nixon, attained national recognition, recognition which would win him the nomination as Dwight D. Eisenhower's vice president in 1952 and the Republican presidential nomination in 1960.

But the targets of the Un-American Activities committee did not fare so well. Alger Hiss, a former official of the State Department was one of those targets.

A graduate of Harvard Law school, Hiss showed promise as a statesman early in life. He was a law clerk for Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendall Holmes after leaving law school for a year. In 1933, he became the Assistant General Counsel of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, a New Deal agency created to help resolve the plight of the farmers during the depression. He served as the

counsel for the Senate Committee to Investigate the Munitions Industry and in 1935 became a member of the Office of the solicitor General to supervise the drafting of a brief presented to the Supreme Court defending the constitutionality of the AAA.

It was shortly after this he entered the State Department, working primarily in the Far East throughout most of World War II.

As the war neared its end, Hiss was asked to take part in developing the United Nations. He accompanied President Roosevelt to the Yalta Conference, where the big three—Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill—discussed the future of the post-war world.

At the San Francisco Conference on the United Nations, in 1945, Hiss acted as the Secretary General. He was the principal advisor to the U.S. Delegation to the first session of the UN in London in 1946.

Hiss resigned from the State Department in 1947 to become the third President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, created by Andrew Carnegie in 1919.

He was serving in this capacity when in 1948 he was subpoenaed by the Committee on Un-American Activities for allegedly passing top secret documents to

a Communist spy ring in the United States.

Whittaker Chambers, was the main witness against Hiss. A writer who had joined the Communist ranks at Columbia University in 1925, Chambers testified he had been a courier for a Communist spy ring and had received several secret documents from Hiss as late as 1948. Hiss maintained he had never given Chambers secrets, and that he had not even seen Chambers after Jan. 1, 1937.

The senior Time Magazine editor entered microfilm copies of state documents allegedly from Hiss which he had kept in a hollow pumpkin on his Maryland farm to back his charges.

Hiss faced two charges of perjury in federal court as a result of chambers testimony. The first jury was dismissed in 1949 because it could not reach a verdict. The second jury reached its verdict just twenty minutes short of twenty-four hours after receiving the case.

Hiss was given the maximum penalty on the two counts of perjury indictment, five years for each. However, presiding Judge Henry W. Goddard ordered the sentences run concurrently. Hiss was released after serving three and one half years of his sentence on parole.

After his release, Hiss began a campaign to clear his name, and

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Energy squeeze won't pinch TCU

By Frank Badder

You may remove your nervous fingers from the thermostats, folks—the energy squeeze won't be felt in Fort Worth.

Jack Cunningham, representative of Lone Star Gas Company, said, "We don't have a shortage in Fort Worth. Lone Star has committed reserves contracted for at least 12 years. That's kind of significant. Twelve years is a comfortable position to be in."

Cunningham said there is "a lot of interest by President Carter, the Federal Power Commission and the Federal Energy Commission to start helping people conserve by making people aware that conservation is the answer to higher fuel bills."

Closer to home, Cunningham said, "If TCU makes the same mistake we all make and continues to grow and use more fuel... the price break will bring attention to the problem. If scarcities occur, we'll have to cut back somewhere and TCU may be the place."

Dr. Howard Wible, Jr., Vice Chancellor and Chief of Support Services, says cutbacks will not affect the University.

TCU suspended classes one day this semester due to severe weather. Cunningham said, "That was a voluntary effort on our part. They (the gas company) were getting short in terms of a peak load. If we didn't shut down there would be a possibility that homes would be cut off."

An Energy Conservation Committee is being formed at TCU to study methods of conservation and to recommend possible gas-saving regulations. The 10-member committee will include three students.

Cunningham said the committee should report soon and, "we should encourage further suggestions."

"Right now we have a rating that puts us in the same category as a residential home. The reason for this is the large number of students living on campus. This means paying a higher price but if cutbacks occur we will be last on the list to be cut."

Hiss highlights workshop

Alger Hiss, former State Department official, and Dr. George Quester of Cornell University will be the highlights of the Political Awareness Workshop today and tomorrow.

The workshop, on "Individual Rights and State Power," began yesterday with registration and a reception in the Student Center.

Two informal sessions with Hiss will be held in rooms 205-206 of the student Center today from 9 to 10 a.m. and 3 to 4 p.m.

Following the first session will be a panel discussion on "National Security and Individual Liberty." This session, which included questions and answers on international relations, will be chaired by Dr. Charles Lockhart of TCU's political science department.

Participants will be Dr. Quester, an authority on international politics, and Michael Catt and Flynt Leverett of the TCU Political Science Association.

A luncheon in the Woodson Room will follow the panel at noon. Quester will speak on "Problems of Nuclear Proliferation." Tickets may be purchased

for \$2.75 in the political science department office or at the door.

A second panel discussion will be at 1:30 between Dr. Paul Peretz, Dr. Robert Bradley and Mr. Craig Miley of the University of Texas at Dallas. The topic will be "Toward the Post-Industrial State?"

"Freedom and the Growth of Governmental Power" will be the topic of Panel III at 4:00. Participants will be Dr. C. Neal Tate of North Texas State University, Mr. Richard Coffman of Southern Methodist University and Mr. Eric Rishel of TCU. The chairperson will be Dr. Ruth Morgan of SMU.

The biggest event of the workshop will be Alger Hiss's address at 8 p.m. tonight. His topic will be "The Role and Influence of the Press During the McCarthy Era and Watergate."

A reception will follow at 9:30 p.m. at the Student Center.

Hiss will again speak on Panel IV Saturday at 9:30 on "The McCarthy Era" in rooms 207-208 of the Student Center.

The workshop, sponsored by the Political Science Association, is open to all interested persons.

Skiff supports liquor bill

The House of Representatives made its first major decision of the semester Tuesday. It passes a proposed amendment to the Student Bill of Rights 16-14 that would legalize alcohol on campus.

The amendment states that the right of any student to possess alcohol on campus should not be restricted in any way by the administration. Chancellor Moudy has to give his final approval before it becomes a part of the Student Bill of Rights.

The editors of The Daily Skiff support the decision of the House to allow alcohol on campus. We feel that the students at TCU should have the right to have alcohol on campus.

It has been argued that it would be hypocritical for the school to approve this amendment. Supposedly, we go to a very "Christian" school and if alcohol were allowed on campus, then it would no longer be "Christian."

We believe otherwise. The University can still support the "Christian" idea with liquor on campus. Just because it would be allowed doesn't mean university students will become alcoholics.

It is very hypocritical for students to drink on campus now since alcohol is not legal. There is no way that this can be enforced unless each student's room was searched each week to find out if they have any liquor.

If students really want alcohol, they will find it one way or another.

The amendment isn't a last minute proposal. It has been through several House committees and has weathered through them all.

We strongly urge the University to approve the amendment and make it a part of the Student Bill of Rights. The students have shown great support for the bill proving it's what they want.

Academic freedom must be upheld

V-necked blouses have got to go . . . not to mention short shorts, bikini swim suits, tank tops, bathrooms, mono-sex dorms . . . and suggestive paintings such as "Mrs. Wilson's Tot Pose."

The administration has made it clear that anything "suggestive" on campus will not be tolerated.

Perhaps a private university is not the place for suggestive art to be displayed. But this topic can be left to frustrated philosophers to mull over as they grimace down their gruel in the cafeteria.

More important, the ad-

ministration's not so subtle censorship is an indication of the status of academic freedom at TCU.

Twice this semester, the administration has tried to censor free expression without actually making a stand. With the movie, the censorship attempt was made by issuing an ambiguous statement to the films committee . . . it didn't come right out and say they could not run the movie, but it left little doubt in the minds of the committee how the administration felt about it.

The films committee stood up and refused to play the ad-

ministration's game . . . and because they did, the movie will be shown on campus.

But another art exhibit has already replaced the faculty art show in the gallery, and "Mrs. Wilson's Tot Pose" will not be visiting TCU again.

That the work of a faculty member was censored is a slap in the face to every faculty member.

And it is also a slap in the face of students . . . for if the faculty does not enjoy academic freedom, it is non-existent for the students also.

Reader feedback

Dear Editors:

With all due respect, I must disagree with Penny Clark's assumption that a campus which allows the consumption of alcohol left as a matter of conscience cannot be truly "Christian". The time has come to separate historic Christianity from provincial cultural mores.

If such a mentality is carried to its logical conclusion, then Christ's first miracle, turning water into wine, was in effect a fall from grace. Or didn't Miss Clark know Christ himself drank, thus causing concern among the Pharisees (Matt. 11:19)? And if

my Bible is correct, then both Miss Clark and myself can look forward to drinking wine together in heaven (Matt. 26:29). Nevertheless, if her assumption holds true, than neither Christ or myself can truly be Christian, and Christ has no place in a T U dorm.

Ken Doble
Sophomore

Editor:

I was greatly saddened and disappointed by Friday's Skiff article concerning the new Student House Administration. I find it tragic that the front page of the Skiff can be used by a private individual in such a biased and personal manner, with the Skiff reporter simply providing transitions. I find my concern exemplified, but by no means limited to the following irregularities on the part of the Skiff.

1. The story is critical of my ability to hold office, yet no attempt was made by Miss Baumann, the story's alleged author, or any other staff member to contact me so that I might explain my position. In fact, neither Miss Baumann nor Mr. Yarmchuk, the article's de-facto author, have ever even met me. It appears as though the Skiff doesn't want the facts to distort a "good" story.

2. No attempt was made whatsoever to qualify or clarify Mr. Yarmchuk's remarks. He is quoted as saying, "qualified house members . . . should have priority (to house positions)", yet no attempt was made to draw from him what advantage prior house experience has. Again the Skiff protects the readers by not allowing the facts to clutter up their minds.

3. The reporter is allowed to assert her own unqualified remarks. She notes twice that I had "no prior house experience," but never states what constitutes "prior experience." This deliberately misleading statement belongs on page two with the rest of the editorials. The truth is, while I have never been a member of the House, I have followed closely several major bills and have attended meetings of both the house and a house committee.

4. The reporter prints quotes from Mr. Yarmchuk which are outside his area of expertise. It is fine to quote him as saying Cowles and Green would have

made excellent presidential assistants, and I agree.

However, Mr. Yarmchuk is in no position to state, "at least two people in the house were more qualified." Since the gentleman has never met me, it is an abuse to the trust that the student body has in the paper to quote him on this point. The reader should be allowed to assume when reading an article that only those people qualified to speak on subjects are quoted, Miss Baumann ignores this principle of reader trust.

I find it degrading to journalism in general that the Staff allows the "letter to the editor column" justify such abuse of fair and honest journalism. Not only does this policy sanction the production of biased stories, but it punishes those individuals who cannot reply to such articles.

Since I do not know a reporter whom I can manipulate to place my stories on the front page with their name, and since my defense is unfairly limited to the space provided in this column, I cannot correct all of the distortions in last Friday's story. I wish to warn all your readers against taking seriously those remarks made about me, Skip Hollandsworth, Rick Walden, Mike Veitenheimer or the house in general.

It is sad to see the credibility of the Skiff destroyed in such a haphazard manner.

Davis McCown
Freshman

Editor's Note: We appreciate Mr. McCown's letter, however, we should note that Gwen Baumann authored the story not Jim Yarmchuk as was stated in the letter. Secondly we feel Baumann did an excellent job covering the story.

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An All-American college newspaper

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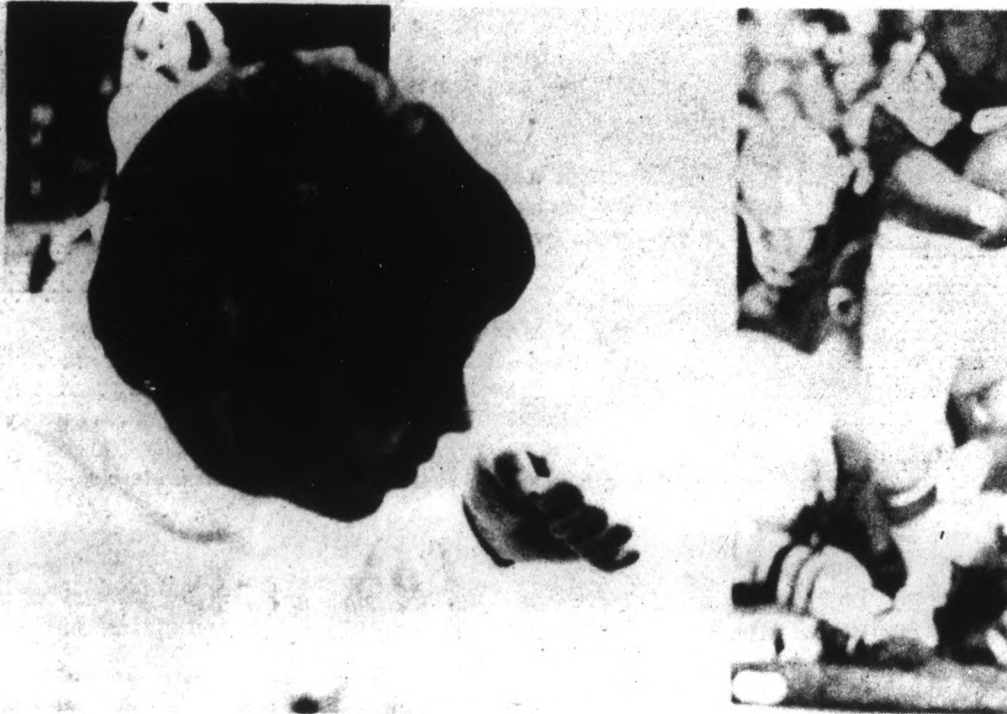
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WEEKENDER

the weekly entertainment guide of the daily skiff february 18, 1977 texas christian university



MIKE MCGOVERN

Novice boxer looks for win

When Howard Cosell spoke on campus last fall, a young man stood up in the audience and yelled out:

"Howard, I appreciate what you said about the Olympic Boxing team, and I hope you're at the 1980 Olympics, because I'm going to be there and I'm going to win a gold medal. I'm going to be champ."

After a few frantic minutes of screaming, he was forced into his seat. Cosell just shook his head and replied, "Kid, what you need is a cage."

That kid was Mike McGovern, TCU's 22-year-old intramural director, and instead of a cage, he found a boxing ring. Quietly and confidently, he also says he will fulfill his boast.

"I knew that if I did that in front of Cosell, I had committed myself to boxing and couldn't back down. I want to be an Olympic boxing champ. I know I can do it."

Because of that faith, McGovern runs 4 miles, jumps rope for 30 minutes, does 300-400 sit-ups, plays basketball and works at the Fort Worth Golden Gloves Gym for a couple of hours—all in one day.

He started the painful workouts on Sept. 1, one week after the 1976 Olympics ended. He is simply determined to stand on the victory platform in 1980.

There was just one problem—McGovern had never put on a pair of boxing gloves in his life.

Here was sudden inspiration to grasp fame and glory with the power of one left hook. Yet he had never thrown a punch; never knocked an opponent out; never sat on a stool at the end of the third round, gasping for breath and praying for strength.

Why did he unexpectedly crave to pound his way into Olympic history?

"I saw those guys bend down and get that gold medal, and it gave me a funny feeling. Everytime I hear the National Anthem, I know that's what I want to do. I am sure I can make it."

On a wall in his apartment is a poster—"Being best doesn't just happen, you have to make it happen."

McGovern studies the slogan everyday. "It keeps me going, for this is a tough, tough chore."

No other sport demands more physical and mental exercise than boxing.

"When you're tired and your muscles are sore, and you know you have to run four miles, that's when boxing is totally a mental thing, and it's hard to overcome something like that."

This weekend, the wide-eyed, boyish-faced rookie competes in his first tournament, the Fort Worth Golden Gloves. "Win, lose or tie in the Golden Gloves," he says, "I will see what I've learned and what I'm deficient in. If I lose, well, I'm going to lose again."

But this is the beginning for him, and he is nervous, excited and "barely able to hold myself back."

At 174 pounds, he will box in the light-heavyweight division. If he keeps to his schedule, in August, 1980, he will proudly be fighting before thousands in Moscow.

"In a sense, I'm glad I waited this long to start. I'm more mature, I won't be burned out... Remember," he warns, "I'll only be 26, and Bruce Jenner was 27 when he won the Decathlon."

McGovern has to use that psychology on himself. He's only been training for half a year, and without the experience of a single fight, words like success, triumph and victory are only ardent hopes.

The dream versus the reality—it is a dilemma he must face. "Everyone assumes I'll have no problem winning the Fort Worth title, because I talk about such big goals like the Olympics."

It seems wild to believe a "kid" can start boxing at 22 just because he wants to be Olympic champ.

McGovern's coach says he is extremely quick. "And when I tell people I've never had any fights," McGovern says, "they can't believe it."

Maybe he will pull it off. Who knows? His confidence is not overbearing, not cocky, but simple and quiet. And the way he works out, punishing himself for hours, shows an unending devotion to his goal.

He's got the talent, he has the brains, he has the confidence and he has his first test this weekend.

Who knows?

S.H.

Skateboarding

Is he lying,
or can he do it?

Never ask a person why he skateboards. He'll kick the ground, scratch his nose and say it's a stupid question.

For after all, happiness on a skateboard cannot be defined. If you don't know how it feels, you can't understand it.

Perhaps this is the reason skateboarding is coming, uh, rolling back to prominence—because you can have a whole bunch of fun on a piece of wood nailed to roller skate wheels.

Skateboarding is certainly taking off again. Over \$300 million skateboards were sold last year. It is healthy, nonviolent and nonsexy. It is also for kids who are not under 10 years of age.

So hear the story of one Steve Hennessey, a straight-A, pre-med sophomore, who claims he is the school's best skateboarder.

A 19-year-old hurtling down a hill on a shaky sled with wheels looks rather silly, but Hennessey doesn't mind.

"This is a toy with potential. It gets me around campus, to the library or to work at the chemistry lab."

Doesn't he feel just a bit foolish?

"Only when I skate by girls."

One time, Hennessey was cruising on a sidewalk and saw "a beautiful blonde riding on her skateboard."

He decided to wheelie his board, ha, ha, to show the girl he was good. She zipped right by him, hee, hee, calmly performing a headstand. He hit a rut in the sidewalk and fell.

"Ah, but it was a metaphysical experience," he says with a serious face. "When I'm a grandfather, I'll tell the little kids about my celebrated spills as a skateboarder."

At this point, the narrative should be halted so a word may be said about the scientific genius who skateboards.

Hennessey never says he is telling a lie; he just states, "Believe it if you wish."

He wears dark sunglasses when he talks. And after he offers a particularly dubious remark, he leans forward and stares at his listener to see if he's believing it.

If so, Hennessey tells another story.

"The first time in my life I did a 360 degree tail wheelie was behind the Milton-Daniel dorm on the driveway. I flipped the thing around, and landed completely erect and still moving forward."

He leans forward again. "You know, it's a shame, but there was no one there to believe me." His face looks like he's holding back a giggle.

Then he lights up a cigarette. "One night I drank too much beer, and tried to go down the stairs of the Tom Brown dorm, from the third floor to the first."

He pauses, adjusts his sunglasses and leans forward. "How far do you think I went down?"

Hennessey uses skateboard terminology, which might be legitimate or might be made up—road rash, street pizza, massive header, space walk, endo, bongo.

Does he understand all the words? The inevitable lean forward.... "What do you think?"

Finally, the ultimate test comes. Hennessey nonchalantly drags out his board, kisses the wheels, sets it down on a concrete hill, oh yes, and leans forward.

"You ain't gonna believe it."

Then he slung his left foot out like a ballerina, placed his right foot on the board and soared down the hill with grace.

By the time he reached bottom, he had wheelied, turned around, squatted, jumped and, of course, adjusted his sunglasses.

When he stopped, there wasn't much for him to say. But he had another story.

"I was skating right down the middle of University Drive once when this diesel truck came at me at 90 miles per hour..."

You know he had to be leaning forward.

Skip Hollandsworth

The duffer is alive

in us all

Now is the time for all good men to praise the duffer.

The male who is simply unable to run down the street without tripping on a crack, or the girl who must hold her nose when she jumps off the diving board—these are the people to whom this issue is dedicated.

You can count the number of championship athletes at this campus on one hand. They live by themselves in one dormitory, they eat in the same cafeteria, they get full scholarships and they lose a lot of games.

Perhaps they are the champions, but the real athletes are the duffers.

Most of us are just plain normal folks, brothers and sisters in the great family of duffers. We:

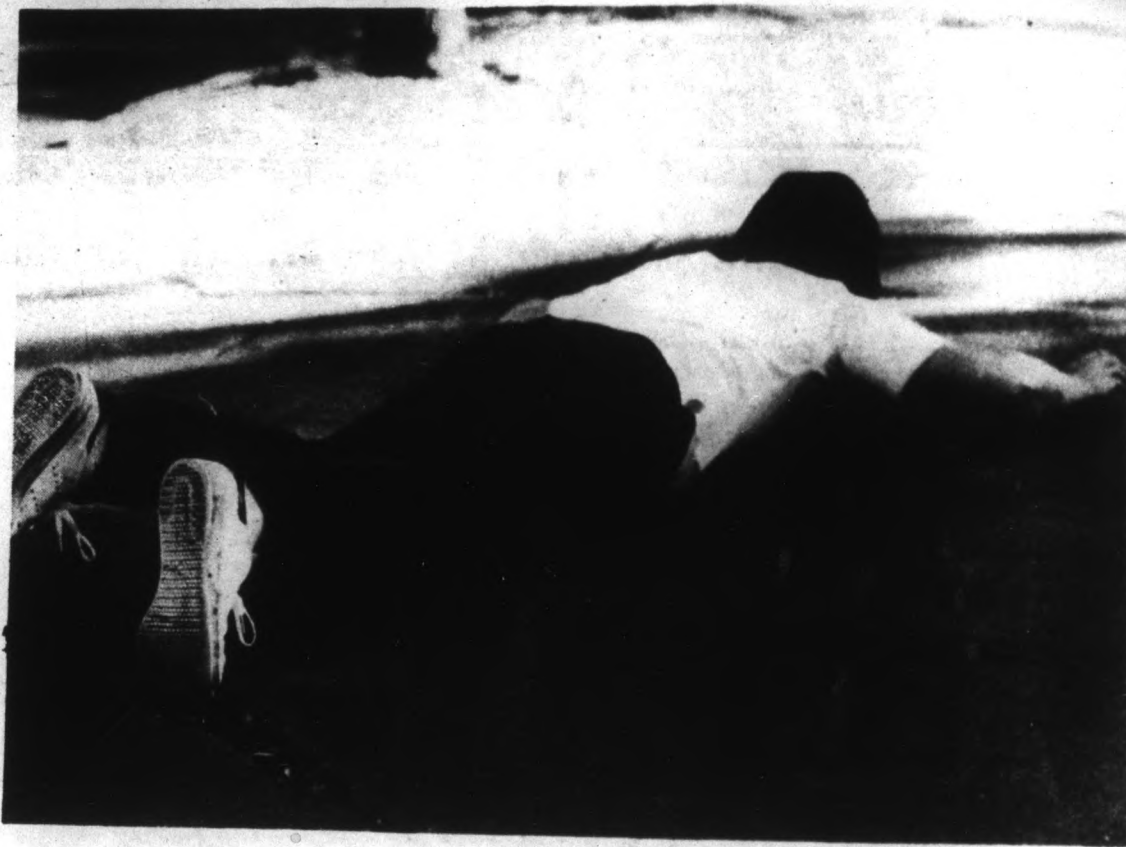
double-fault, double-dribble and double-dare other people to swim under water.

We spend 15 minutes trying to knock a ball out of the sand trap. We fritter away 20 minutes learning how to hold a football with one hand. And we waste hours hitting a tennis ball at the bottom of a net.

When we flop, we mutter "oh heck." When the champions flop, they have a textbook of profound explanations like wind factor, faulty equipment, referees or the chocolate cake they ate the night before.

For us duffers, the whole athletic experience never came easily. But we never quit, because the mastery of sports was too important.

The library shelves of this



nation are overrun with learned books on how to become a champion by improving your form. Golf and tennis pros are making millions on clumsy people who want to be in top shape and top form.

We bought every book and took every lesson, but nothing helped. The real duffer has no form and couldn't improve even if he did.

How can you learn to swim when you are afraid of water? How can keep from topping a drive when you can't even see the dang golf ball?

The duffer (his other names are dork, sissy, nerd, dink, turkey, weenie) is a physical impossibility when it comes to sports. It's been that way with him all his life; it will remain

with him until he trips into the grave.

Growing up as an uncoordinated, knock-kneed bumbler, who hated sports and especially sports-lovers, is probably the most miserable time of anyone's life.

The duffer never knew how to fight. When someone flicked his ear with a pencil, he squealed, and then slapped. Not a punch. A slap.

At Little League practice, he played far back in right field, and when a ball finally came his way, it hit him on the head. He would run off the field crying.

The duffer never cared about Hank Aaron's home run record. He liked model planes, Tinkertoys, pocketknives, keys, slide rules and lots of notebooks.

Girls winked, sat in his lap, called him "sport." The boys stole his books and stuck needles in his seat.

During gym class, he could

never do a sit-up, had to use his knees to complete a push-up and didn't even try to grab the bar and lift his chin.

The duffer was an outcast because he was not athletic. He was the symbol of human denunciation. He rode home on the bus every day alone. He talked to himself because there was no one else. He sat isolated on the first row at the movie theatre.

It's odd the duffer even thinks about athletics anymore. The horror of gym class and Little League baseball is a nightmare beyond belief.

And yet, after everyone grows up and doesn't care if you're athletic or not, the duffer remains, clumsily running laps or falling over a basketball.

He'll never learn. Athletic grace is beyond his grasp, but he'll never quit trying. And that's why he's a real athlete.

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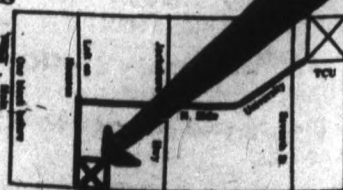
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Do jocks live in great palaces?

Living in a jock dorm at TCU, for a non-jock, is an opportunity to experience an entirely different lifestyle that most civilized people never encounter.

In most dorms, I always find someone built a little worse than me to stand next to for encouragement. But the simple act of showering in Milton Daniel can be a demoralizing and humiliating experience.

In the first place, it is impossible to find anyone who has arms smaller than my waist. Most of the other residents in the dorm have muscles in places that I didn't know I had.

This depressing situation can generally be avoided, however, by showering before noon. In the jock dorm, no one gets up before noon. In fact, the jocks choose their majors by the number of late afternoon classes offered.

The reason for such late awakenings can be seen in another unique aspect of jock-dom: social life.

In most dorm settings, residents, in a good year, will have two or three dates. However, a jock is having an off

week if he has less than four dates and gets in before dawn.

Around noon, on a typical day, the dorm comes alive. At 12:01, 112 stereos are switched on and begin playing eighteen hours of non-stop "Disco Duck."

At 12:02, doors blast open, and

... a jock is having an off week if he has less than four dates.

hordes of jocks pour into the halls, tackling one another, drop-kicking each other into the walls and stiff-arming anyone who gets in the way.

The dialogue which accompanies this comradery is equally amazing, consisting of virtually all monosyllabic words. The subject matter of these conversations center around two topics: girls and courses most of us gave up after the second grade.

A typical conversation resembles the following: "uh, hamstring, uh, girls, uh, thud,

uh, injuries, uh, win, uh, Monte Carlo, uh, get tough." Even the bathrooms reflect this style of communication—instead of normal graffiti, the walls are covered with easy to follow pictures.

Contrary to popular belief, jocks do take solid courses. A representative schedule might include remedial shoe-tying, football, fundamentals of college football, modern readings in football and introductory colors.

More studious jocks will often spend an entire hour every night poring over their Big Chief tablets, crayon in hand, trying to grasp the intricacies of The Alphabet and You.

The jock's room is a study in simplicity. Two walls are totally covered with pictures of himself. The other walls and ceiling are covered with mirrors.

The only objects resembling

furniture are various barbells and weights. The only other article in the room is the all-important stereo, which is inevitably arranged so that both speakers are facing out the window, allowing tennis players and passersby the pleasures of disco music.

Before leaving his room, the jock will put on the civilian uniform of the athlete: a skin-tight flowered shirt, and jeans

Two walls are totally covered with pictures of himself.

with creases starched in them.

Footwear proves a bit more complicated. To solve this problem, many coaches have volunteered to paint an "R" and

an "L" on the appropriate foot of the jock and the corresponding shoe.

Finally, the jock will reach into his closet and remove a pair of hedgeclippers or a chainsaw for his morning shave. He is now ready to leave.

Unlike most dorms, the rooms in Milton Daniel are equipped with swinging doors. These doors were not original equipment in the dorm, but were added when a substantial number of residents complained that the normal door-knobbed doors had too many moving parts for athletes to master in only four years.

The jock now leaves for his classes. Most athletes will try to make it to each course at least once during the semester.

After classes and practice, the cycle starts over again, and the athletes begin still another day in a jock dorm.

Rick Walden

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Before you ask why that picture has any relevance to the story, remember this— Lassie has all the attributes of a good cheerleader. She has beautiful eyes, lovely hair and is a simple creature of homespun virtue. Maybe we have the wrong idea electing people as cheerleaders. Maybe the dog is a symbol of cheerleading excellence. Maybe we should have found another picture.



Cheerleaders peg male fantacizing

If there is one sports fantasy that has obsessed the male since the creation of competitive athletics, it is scoring a winning touchdown in the last minute of the game.

A quick pitch-out, a 67 yard run, and suddenly you're in the headlines as the country's most exciting halfback.

The stadium rocks with frenzy as you cross the goal line. The football team dashes madly out to the field, lifting you on their shoulders. Parents beam proudly as the coach shakes your hand.

And who are you looking at all this time? The photographer from Sports Illustrated? The pro scout from Dallas? The television cameraman motioning for your attention?

Ha, who are you trying to kid?

It's the cheerleaders who make that touchdown run unforgettable. They are the lifeblood of male desire—the subjects of every man's fantasy.

The rest of the people—sportswriters, parents, photographers—can all go home. Just leave the cheerleaders, for that is all the glory a hero needs.

This dream lives in everyone's head, and it's silly not to admit it. You're tackled right in front of the cheerleaders, and as you lay writhing, the girls come up, bash their eyes and ask if you're okay.

You're scrambling after a loose basketball, fall over the scorer's table and land on top of a cheerleader. She smiles and whispers "wow" into your ear.

You're rounding third base after smashing the game winning home run. You look to the right and see a cheerleader. She winks.

Is there anything in this world closer to heaven? If there were no cheerleaders, then there probably wouldn't be such a thing as inspiration on an athletic field. All the cheerleader has to do is flirt with every football player, and you will see a passion on the field that no Bear Bryant or Johnny Majors could imitate.

What is the cause of this national love affair with the cheerleader?

Well, they have good personalities, good reputations and good looks. They are the glamour girls of the school; the ones who receive the most stares; the ones who always smile.

They are smart enough to learn cheers, know how to cry when the football team loses for the tenth straight time, and understand the waterboy needs love too.

They date the quarterback, the president of the best fraternity, maybe the student body president, but never a journalist.

Yet why do we adore these girls, when there are just as many attractive and outgoing coeds who don't stand on the sidelines and yell "Two bits?"

Ultimately, it all comes down to power. A cheerleader can wear her uniform to school on Fridays. She can take an "O-K, I guess" guy and make him a sex symbol.

She can be assured of receiving an invitation from every sorority. She can be taken to lunch by her English professor.

But the most important job she will have is to be the dreamboat girl of every male's fantasy when he scores the winning touchdown.

Is there anything closer to heaven?

Skip Hollandsworth

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

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Sporting on the weekend

The Weekender today is dedicated to that athletic spirit in just about everyone. Hopefully, these will not be the stories that are usually seen on the sports pages.

The editors felt that the average duffer has been neglected on this campus, so this issue is for him. The editor is Skip Hollandsworth; photography editor, Dave Hamilton.

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Weightlifter presses into prominence

By Gwen Baumann

The average weightlifter lifts barbells to look masculine and impress the girls, right?

Well, according to Tom Kelchner, captain of TCU's powerlifting team, there is no such thing as an average weightlifter.

"People view weightlifters as unintelligent, muscle-bound, overweight people who just move dead weight around," Kelchner said. "That's just not true. It involves a tremendous amount more than that."

Kelchner's schedule is so busy, he hardly finds time to lift.

Aside from working out with the team three times a week, he teaches two classes, is a resident assistant at Milton Daniel, a member of the Campus Alumni Board, coaches the Barbell Club and carries 20 hours of classes weekly.

The powerlifting team competes against other schools, and participates in meets every two to three months.

Three types of competition are entered. The bench press, where the lifter lays on his back, pressing the weight upward, is the hardest.

The squat requires the lifter to stand with his back to the weights, place them on his shoulders, squat to a prescribed level and return to standing position.

In the dead lift, the weight is picked up from the ground to waist level. Kelchner presses 310 lbs., squats 400 lbs., and can dead weight 475 lbs.

Competition is divided into ten weight classes. Kelchner, in the 198.4 class, is allowed to weigh no more than the amount included in the category.

Olympic weightlifting involves two entirely different lifts—the clean and jerk, where the weights are brought to shoulder height and then jerked above the head; and the snatch, where no stopping at the shoulders is allowed.

A physical education major, Kelchner plans to do graduate work in biomechanics of exercise. Strength training or coaching interests him, as does general physical education teaching.

"You can use weight training in order to improve any sport you can think of," Kelchner said.

"There's very much pride involved," Kelchner added. "A lot of discipline and hard work is required to train. Doing your best doesn't mean you have to win."

But Kelchner is a winner. Last semester, he took first place in a dual meet against UTA. At Louisiana Tech he won third as he did against Oklahoma University and Oklahoma State.

Hiss works to clear name

Continued from page 1.

has just recently made progress.

He was readmitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1975.

He also gained access to the microfilm of the "pumpkin papers" in 1975 under the Freedom of Information Act. Of the original five rolls of film turned up by Chambers, two were in good condition. They contained documents about U.S.-German relations before World War II and cables from U.S. observers in China. One roll of film was light-fogged and the other two in poor condition.

The two rolls in poor condition contained 31 pages and 19 pages which could be read. These rolls contained what appeared to be unclassified Navy technical manuals.

Additional information about the typewriter Hiss allegedly used to type messages to Chambers was released in 1976, indicating that Hiss' typewriter may not have been the one used.

Hiss, now in his seventies, is still working to find conclusive evidence proving his innocence, trying to recover from the scars left by a shooting star which has long since faded away.

'Network' nets praise

By Harry Parker

"Network" is the story of Howard Beale, a journalist who worked his way up from the early days of television until he attained the hallowed position as anchorman of the UBS Evening News.

Then one day his ratings went down: his show got cancelled. So, that night Howard Beale paused in the middle of his news broadcast to announce to his viewing public that in exactly one week, he would commit suicide on the air.

From that point on, Paddy Chayefsky's "Network" becomes a ferocious satire on television hierarchy and corporate structures in general. Chayefsky's fictional television network, UBS, is at first appalled by their anchorman's outburst and immediately yanks him off the air.

However, when they discover that Beale's madness has become a ratings bonanza, they convert their evening news program into a slick, studio-audience production, "The Howard Beale Show." Their once stuffy journalist becomes the "mad prophet of the airways," and UBS has a hit show.

"Network" is probably unlike any film you've ever seen. And that's just what MGM is promoting, a "totally outrageous motion picture."

Evidently, they've promoted it well because "Network" is

playing to packed houses across the country and recently picked up ten Academy Award nominations including one for best picture.

Certainly one thing "Network" has going for it is a whole handful of top-notch performances from an outstanding cast. The late Peter Finch (he died in late December of a heart attack) turns in a tour-de-force as the aging, boozing Beale who transforms a moment of madness into a new career.

William Holden has his best role in years as Max Schumacher, the news department head who resists the proposition of turning his best friend from an anchorman to a cult figure.

Robert Duvall is equally effective as the corporation hatchet man whose only mission is to improve UBS' ratings, whatever the price.

But perhaps the best performance in the film comes from Faye Dunaway as the crazed, self-destructive executive who first sees the commercial possibilities in Howard Beale's mad outbursts and eventually works Holden out of his job.

Despite all this quality acting, "Network" is a flawed gem. As

long as Chayefsky concentrates the action on the rise and fall of Howard Beale's television fortunes, he's got his audience right where he wants them. But he too often deviates from his farce-like fable into a real-world love affair between Dunaway and Holden.

The premise of a middle-aged man having an affair with the young woman who took away his job is a little hard to swallow to begin with, but in "Network" it's just a distracting subplot. Taken out of context, the Holden-Dunaway relationship is somewhat interesting and quite well-acted, but the simple fact it exists is distracting.

Yet many of the film's individual moments are classically executed. Ned Beatty as the fanatical chairman of the board and Beatrice Straight as Holden's outraged wife make the most of their smaller roles and Rinch's wild monologues are incredibly well-staged and performed.

But director Sidney Lumet and Chayefsky have badly blended the bizarre satire of the Beale storyline and the stark realism of the love affair, leaving their audience fascinated, but somehow unfulfilled.

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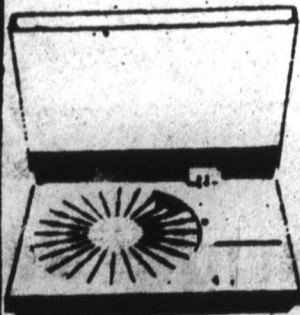
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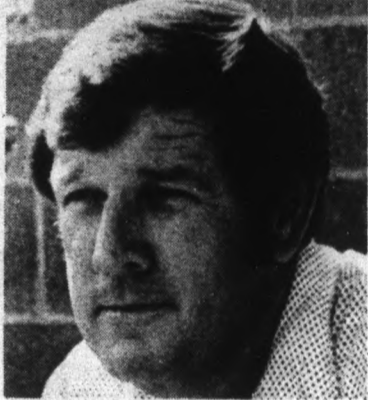
Horned Frog nine to toss out first ball Saturday

A new coach and a host of new players will be in the spotlight when TCU opens its 1977 baseball season Saturday with a doubleheader against crosstown rivals Texas Wesleyan at the Rams' Adams field.

Willie Maxwell, a former successful mentor in the Fort Worth schoolboy ranks, will be making his debut at the Purple helm and in his starting lineup will be four newcomers to Frogland.

Catcher Danny Rosellini, first baseman Biff LeFevre, third baseman Chuck LeMar and centerfielder Terry Bellows are all junior college transfers who have worked their way into the starting lineup. Rosellini comes from Panola, LeMar from San Jacinto and LeFevre and Bellow, both from Bee County.

Joining them in the starting lineup will be co-captains Jim Lassister at shortstop and Steve Houk in left field, plus letterman



Willie Maxwell

John Shelley at second and David Murphy in right. Squadman Bobby Floyd will be the designated hitter.

Of the returnees, Houk batted .282 for the season, Shelley .244,

Lassister and Murphy both .200.

Chris Kies and Reuben Tomlin, a pair of righthanders, will get the pitching nods. Kies, who posted a 4-3 record last spring, will work the opener and Tomlin, 2-5 after having won 10 games as a freshman, will go in the nightcap.

Maxwell admits he's "pretty well satisfied with our progress", but adds, "We need to establish a set batting order as quickly as possible, to find out who can do it under competition."

The TWC doubleheader opens a 47-game slate for the Horned Frogs. The home opener will be Tuesday, Feb. 22 with a two-game set against Sam Houston State. Then it's right into Southwest Conference play and a three-game series in Waco against Baylor.

Dry adds nine

Fred Mosley	LB	6-3	215	Jefferson
Jon Moses	LB	6-0	205	Donora, Pa. (Ringold)
Kelvin Newton	RB	6-1	205	Beaumont
John Prater	TE	6-3	215	Canyon
Bobby Richardson	OL	6-5	230	Pittsburg
Terry Smith	WR	6-1	185	Jefferson
Charles Vickers	DB	6-2	185	Dalhart
Willie Williams	T	6-6	235	Waco (Richfield)
Don Woodard	DT	6-4	260	Hooks
Plus two junior college transfers already enrolled				
Robert Kemp	OL	6-4	235	Blinn JC
Duncan Still	RB	6-0	210	Mesa, Ariz. JC

Tennis team blanks NTSU

The Horned Frog men's tennis team appears to be invincible after blanking North Texas State 9-0 Wednesday at the Mary Potishman Lard Tennis Center.

In singles competition, Randy Crawford beat Gary Olsen 6-0, 7-5; Tut Bartzen, Jr. clobbered Rick Frantz 6-2, 6-2; Rick Meyers stomped Brad Richison 6-1, 6-2; Tom Mott beat Bill Cannon 6-2, 6-1; David Kelly edged Curtis Murphy 6-1, 6-1; Jim Allin beat David Cody 6-0, 6-2.

In doubles play, Crawford-Bartzen beat Frantz-Cannon 6-2, 6-0; Mott-Meyers beat Olsen-Richison 6-2, 6-4; Allin-Tom Buerger beat Murphy-Jim Wright 6-0, 6-2.

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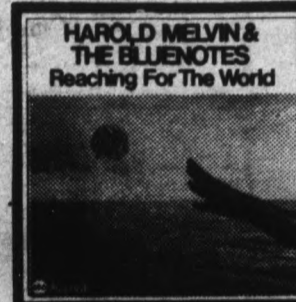
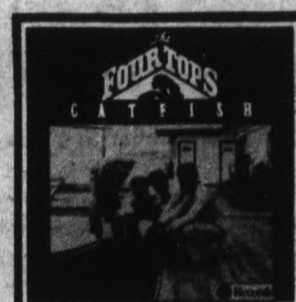
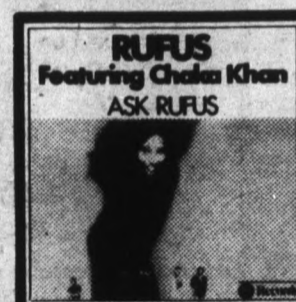
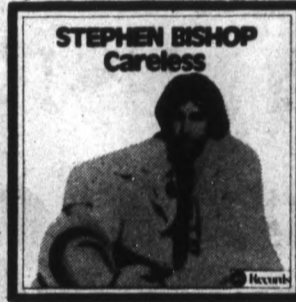
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