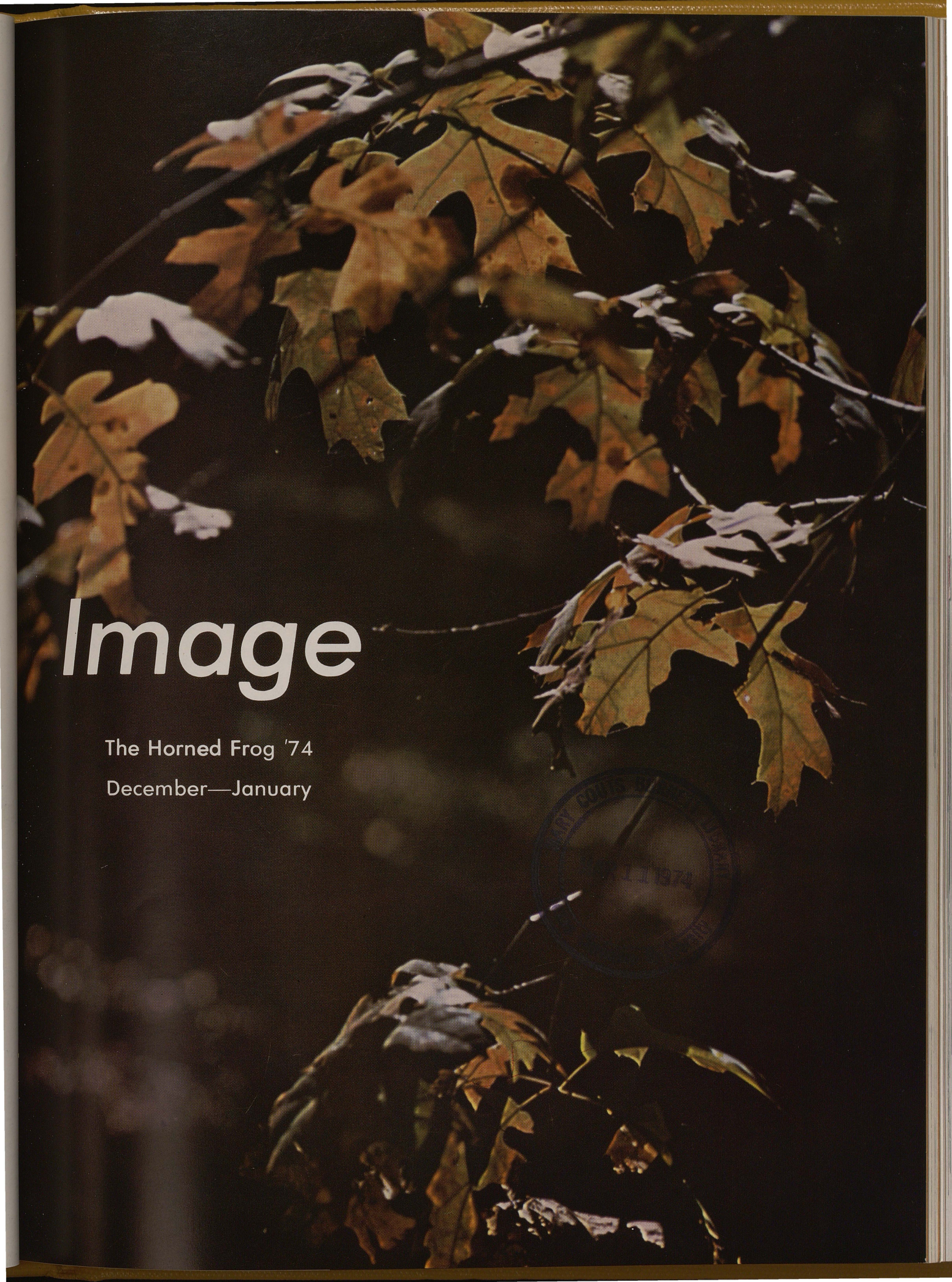

Image

The Horned Frog '74

December—January

The official name of this publication is **The Horned Frog. Image** is published twice a semester. The editors welcome the submission of any type of writing.

Type is set on the computerized facilities of the TCU **Daily Skiff.** Printer is Charlie Eubanks. **Image** is reproduced by Evans Press, Fort Worth. Paper is 60 pound glossy enamel. Type is News Gothic.

The names used in this publication are real. We won't protect anyone.

Image

Volume 1, Number 2

(The Horned Frog, Volume 70)

December-January, 1973-74

Texas Christian University

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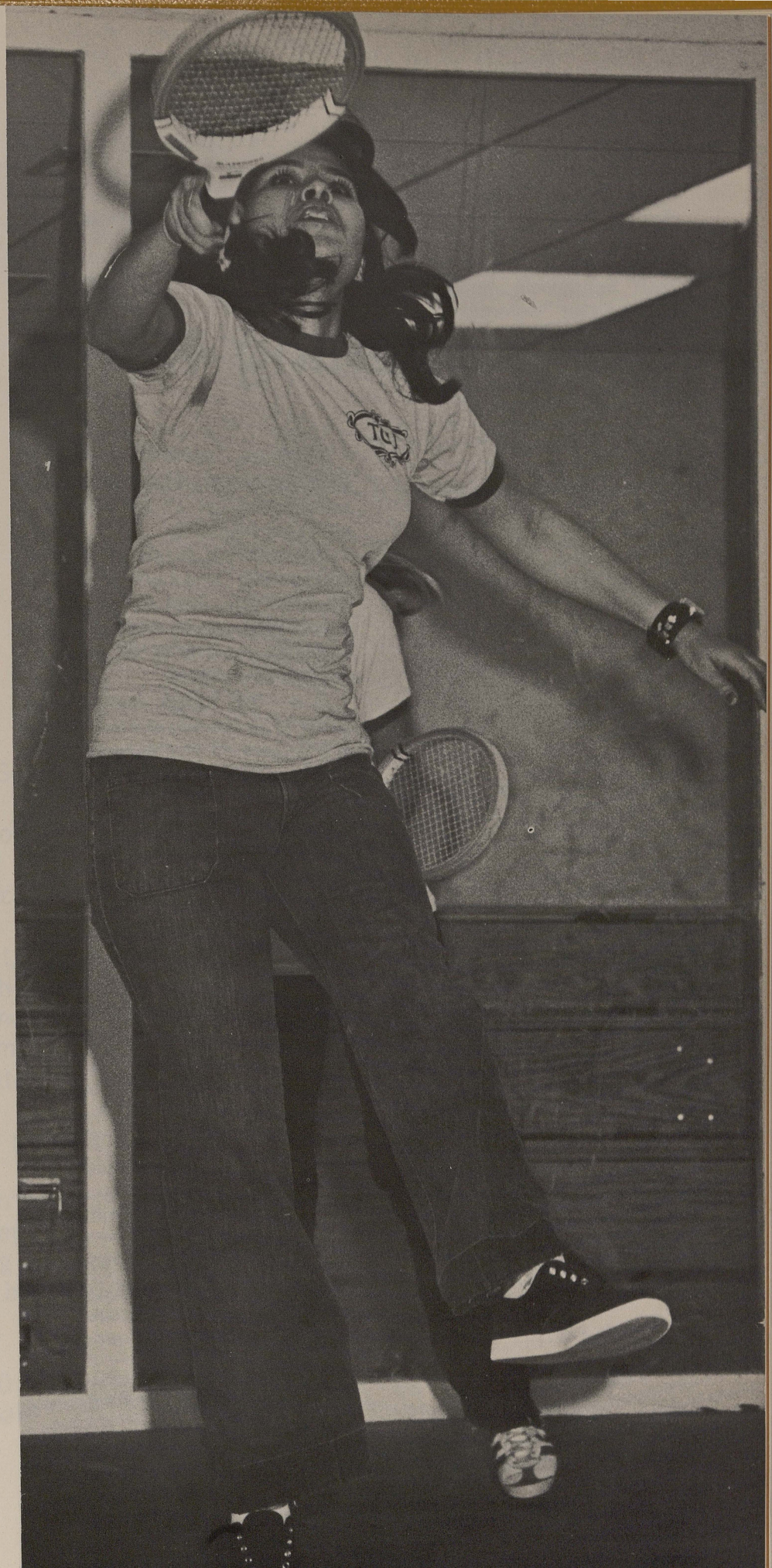
Tom Siegfried, Editor
Larry Bouchard, Associate Editor
Mary Dudley, Associate Editor
Randy Grothe, Photography
Rich Doty, Art Director
Don Dowdey, Columnist
Barry Johnson, Columnist

And a bunch of other contributors, whose work is very much appreciated.

On the cover: Hopefully, the pressures of school and studies didn't occupy all of your time this semester. You might have stopped a moment to enjoy summer's greens fading into fall's yellows and browns during the October and November months. Staff photographer Randy Grothe captured this autumnal image while temporarily blissed out on Nature's Way. (Technical data: Canon Ftb 100mm lens, Kodachrome II.)



Some opening words

Deadlines, deadlines, deadlines. They sometimes make things a little inconvenient, but it's the only way to put out a magazine.

Unfortunately, the deadline for our second issue came much sooner than we would have liked. In fact, we had to finish the second issue before the first issue was distributed, creating a number of problems.

First, the **Image** contests will continue for the rest of the semester, and winners will be announced in the first magazine of spring instead of this issue.

Second, we have no letters to the editor concerning material in the first issue.

Third, although we appear at football season's end, we are unable to comment on the Frogs' finish or to recognize individual award winners.

The most lamentable of these problems is the second one. We very much desire to hear suggestions from readers concerning what they would like to see in the magazine. We want to know what features you like, which you don't care for, or what ideas you have for features that could be incorporated.

In spite of these difficulties, the first semester of magazine production has passed with less trouble than might have been expected. At least two issues have appeared, and that was our goal.

Tom Siegfried, Editor

In this issue . . .

In the 10 years since the assassination of John Kennedy, many questions have been raised. Dr. Bill Emery of TCU's Sociology Department notes that few of those questions have been answered. See p. 14.

The new core curriculum has finally been approved. But there are a few tricky clauses in the fine print that students should be aware of. See p. 58.

Steve Miller, Centennial Homecoming "Honoree," tells what it's like to run for Homecoming Queen in a hostile environment. See p. 84.

Also:

4 Image presents the Four Socratic Laws.
6 The Fool's Corner.
17 Secretaries are the real power in the University—just ask one.
28 Communication is the topic of this issue's special section.
38 Though he is without sight, Harry McClintock has not limited his scope of activities.
45 Residents of Pete Wright and Milton Daniel comment on the conditions of their homes.
50 Hypnosis has been automated, but palm reading hasn't changed very much.
54 Whether the polls agree or not, Charlie Davis is an All-American.
74 The basketball outlook isn't exactly bright, but some junior college transfers may help.
81 TCU's women are still trying to get equal pay.
86 Barry Johnson discusses blackouts and other power failures.

In addition: photo essay, p. 20; calendar and news briefs, p.9; cartoon, p.13; editorials, p.77.

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE

FOUR SOCRATIC LAWS?

1 LAW ONE

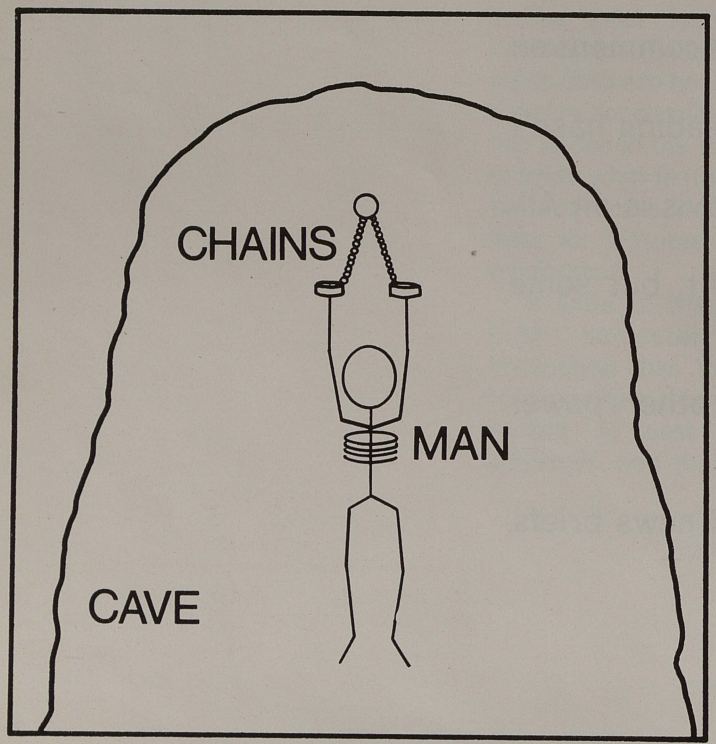
SOCRATES LOVES YOU, AND HAS A WONDERFUL PLAN FOR YOUR LIFE.

SOCRATES' LOVE: God sent me to attack the city, just like it was a great and noble horse.

SOCRATES' PLAN: It might seem like the entire populace of Athens refines the young people, except for me; all alone, I demoralize them.

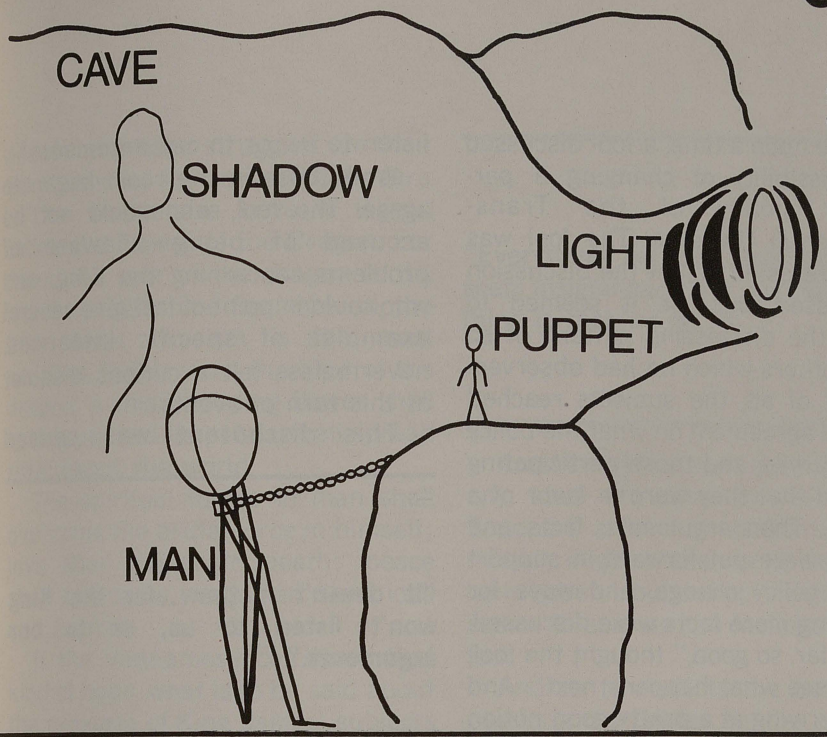
Why is it that most people are not experiencing the examined life?

2 LAW TWO MAN DWELLS IN A CAVE, AND BY HIS OWN ACTION CANNOT GET OUT



And lo! Men abiding in a cave having a mouth openin for the light. They have lived here from childhood an are chained so that they cannot move or turn their head to the light.

3 LAW THREE MAN IS BLIND TO THE LIGHT OF THE TRUE FORMS,



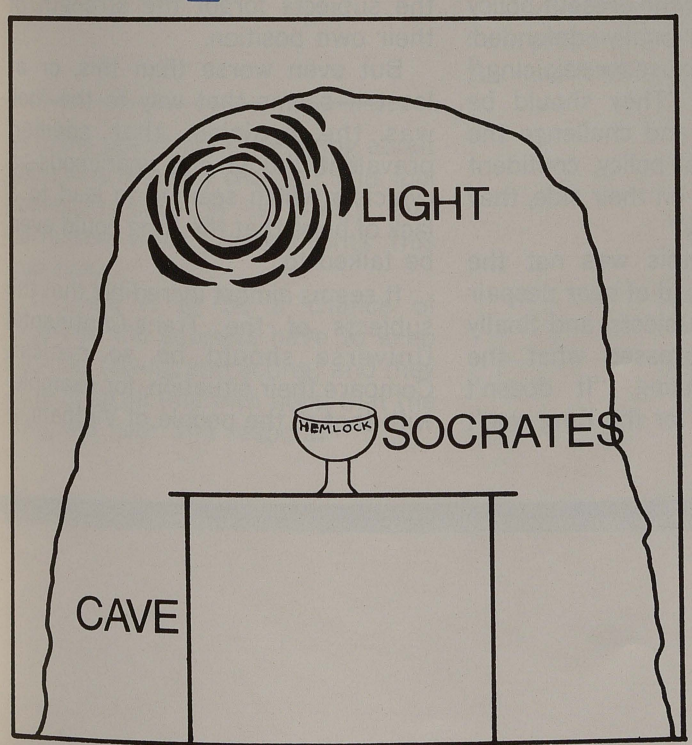
AND CAN ONLY SEE THEIR SHADOWS FLICKERING ON THE WALLS.

Between the light and the bound people is a raised stone floor, and on it are puppets, casting their shadows.

Never seeing the puppets behind them, how could they see anything but the dancing shadows?

To them, the truth would be on the puppet's shadows, not the puppets themselves.

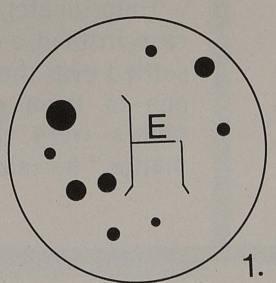
4 LAW FOUR SOCRATES ESCAPED FROM THE CAVE,



SAW THE LIGHT OF THE HIGHEST GOOD, AND CAN COME DOWN INTO YOUR CAVE TODAY, RIGHT NOW, IF YOU INDIVIDUALLY RECEIVE HIM INTO YOUR HEART!

Might he say with Homer, "Better a poor servant of a poor lord" than to live like they do.

SOCRATES IS THE ONLY WAY



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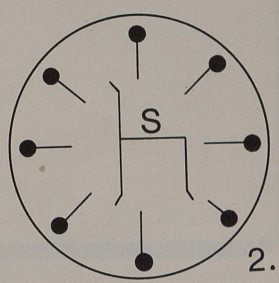


2.

All references in this booklet should be read in whatever context possible. All quotations are translated by L. B. in **The Just Barely Living Bible.**

The Fool's Corner



DON DOWDEY

Once upon a time, a fool discussed the possibility of changing a particular policy of the Trans-Continental Universe. The fool was very interested in how the discussion progressed, because it seemed to follow the distressing pattern of so many others which he had observed.

First of all, the subjects reached general agreement on what the policy actually was, and those participating decided that they were in favor of a change. Then arguments, facts and figures were put forward in support of the policy change, and ways for obtaining more facts were discussed.

"So far, so good," thought the fool, "Let's see what happens next." And after arriving at a pretty good notion of what the arguments in favor of the policy change were, attention was turned to the arguments of the opposition—what they might be, and how they might be countered by the facts at hand.

Upon thoughtful examination, it was concluded that the present policy could not be rationally defended. "This should be a cause for rejoicing," thought the fool. "They should be eager to go forth and challenge the unjust and illogical policy, confident that with the facts on their side, they will be listened to."

Unfortunately, this was not the case. Instead, a mood of near despair settled over the subjects, and finally one of them expressed what the others were thinking. "It doesn't matter," he said, "for the King won't listen to us, or to our arguments."

Well, those in the room began to agree. The fool, who could not be accused of being unaware of problems concerning the King, and who could in point of fact give several examples of specific instances, nevertheless felt a curious disquiet at this turn of events.

This discontent was caused because the fool seemed to feel that despair was canceling out the possibility of affirmative action. In talking about the attitude of the King, an attitude which is certainly serious, the subjects forgot the strength of their own position.

"It doesn't matter... for the King won't listen to us, or to our arguments."

But even worse than this, or at least it seems that way to the fool, was the cynicism that seemed prevalent, though not unanimous—a cynicism which seemed to lead to a lack of hope that the King could even be talked to.

It seems almost incredible that the subjects of the Trans-Continental Universe should be so cynical. Compare their situation, for example, with that of the people of Vietnam, a

people who have struggled for their very survival for some 4000 years.

The Vietnamese have a legend called the Flower of the Dragon. For them, the year of the dragon is the worst possible time for mankind, the time when cynicism is the most justified. In this year, the time of the dragon, a small budding flower shall spring up, and its petals shall spread throughout the world.

The spiritual forces in man shall overcome the brutal force in himself; love shall overcome death; peace shall overcome war; man shall love and be free.

If the Vietnamese can have that kind of hope, what is to be said about the cynicism of King James' subjects as to the possibility of bringing about some kind of policy change? This fool confesses that he is pretty embarrassed when he confronts this question.

If there is to be a chance of progress, the subjects have to keep pushing, talking, and acting....

If there is to be a chance of progress, the subjects have to keep pushing, talking, and acting; and they have to do all this with hope that the King will hear and respond.

"Everything we do... will probably seem insignificant. But the important thing is that we do it."

And having this hope doesn't imply any kind of naive optimism. Ira Sandperl, a pacifist confronting the military might of the world, says that he is hopeful, but not optimistic. That seems to sum up the feelings of this fool.

And so, to come to the end of an overlong discussion on the relation between subjects and their King, the fool would like to pass on the words of a man much wiser than himself, a man who often faced cynicism, a man who was often urged to refrain from acting because it appeared that his acts could have no effect.

"Everything we do," said Gandhi, "will probably seem insignificant. But the important thing is that we do it."

Netting criminals sometimes a dra

It was 5 p.m. We were working the night watch out of the drug division. The boss was Captain Mac. Sometimes people in Cowtown get pushy. They have to be stopped. That's where we come in. We carry badges.

The first call was pretty routine. A 640. Wife beating. My partner Granite and I hopped into our patrol car after taking some dramamine. We'd just had our car cleaned. We sped to the scene. Swartz was beating his missus again.

We had been here before, but this time there was a difference. For one thing Swartz's wife Edna was missing an ear. It was lying on the floor between them. He held a knife.

"Hands up. This is the police," we said, settling the matter quickly. Edna said Swartz had been popping pills. We asked her if he was dealing. She said no; he used them as soon as he got them and never had a chance to sell.

Some of the pills were on the floor. Red, blue and white. Good colors. Swartz said he was sorry. We said we couldn't do anything about the pills because Capt. Mac had told us to be on the lookout for big pushers.

Swartz was just a small-time loser.

Granite picked up the pills and the ear and handed them to Edna for safekeeping on our way out.

Just before we got in the car, Granite took three of his diet pills. They help him stay alert.

7:30 p.m. We checked in with dispatch. There was nothing for us so we went to dinner. We always went to the same place with the same old greasy hamburgers. Us cops are like that.

8:30 p.m. I took two pills for acid indigestion and distress in the lower tract. Seeing my relief, Granite had some, too.

A call came in. There was a four-alarm fire with the arsonist in the vicinity of the 7-Eleven on Blue Bonnet Circle. We made our way hurriedly through traffic, having some problem with a Mack truck.

We didn't use the siren. Granite and I had spent some time in the Shady Lady last night and he was still a little hung over. Sirens made his head ring. Just another hazard of police duty.

We couldn't locate our man. Then we got a tip. There was a man perched on top of the Jack-in-the Box revolving slowly, slowly in the wind.

We arrived on the scene. He had a shotgun. Each of us took some pills dispensed by the police doctor that would help us deal rationally and calmly with the situation. No need to fly off the handle.

We went inside the Jack-in-the-Box center. The manager helped us cut off the current to Jack. Jack stopped revolving, but the guy on top kept going around.

There was no way we could get to the top of the pole. He would shoot us. Thinking calmly we called for reserve units while we got the bazooka out of the trunk of our car. He was yelling something about love and peace. Commie crap. We nailed him before the other car arrived on the scene.

Now a report would be in order. The Jack manager was visibly upset but we did what we had to do.

Granite was really hyper. We drove to Ben's. Ben set up a great buffet— ham, salami, pretzels. All that ham made us thirsty. We washed it down with a few pitchers.

We came out of Ben's. The time was 9:45 p.m. I let Granite drive. It usually settled his nerves. I dozed off.

Next think I knew, we were knee-deep in trouble. Granite had relaxed too much and we had careened into the lake. This was our third car this year.

We sent a call back to base. While we waited for help we puffed contentedly on our pipes, and listened to the radio. We didn't need any hippie drugs to have a good time.

11:40 p.m. We had been picked up by the mobile unit. They dropped us off near Rosy's Bar and Grill. We stopped in for a short one before we hit the streets again.

Midnight. Out on the street. We cornered a hippie, his girlfriend and their dealer. We collared them and sent them downtown with their dirty loot. They'd be sent up river for quite a while.

Just before we went off duty we stopped at a drugstore. I got my usual order of Romilar CF. I was a bottle-a-day man. This cough just seemed to hang on. I got it when we had a stakeout on some hippies in the rain. But that's our job. Sometimes it's tough and tiring, but we do it. We carry badges.

—Margaret Downing

Image

Special Section

In this section:

Image provides a calendar of events and news briefs of general interest. If your group or organization is sponsoring or knows of an event worthy of mention, please send us the information via interoffice mail. If you know of any interesting news items that might be appropriate to this section, write us a note or call extension 281.

Ghosts, ghosts, and even some military ghosts

The **Image** Investigating Task Force of Weird Psychic Affairs scoured TCU land searching for another tale of human preoccupation with ghostly occupation.

A prime candidate for the second issue's eerie special was unearthed during the lecture of Ed and Lorraine Warren, psychic investigators, last September.

John Kaminski, sophomore transfer student from West Point, responded to the Warren's story of their ghost investigation at the academy.

At the time, West Point was plagued by three ghosts. Two were known to roam the superintendent's house. The Warrens successfully exorcised one of the ghosts.

The third ghost proved to be a hoax, cleverly initiated by some bored cadets.

It seems one of the West Point spirits scared the brass out of one of Kaminski's academy friends, in late October of 1972 ('72 was a biggie for ghosts, see **Image** no. 1, p. 9). Though Kaminski did not actually see the apparition, the figure was amply described for him. The "ghost" was wearing the uniform of a cavalry officer, carrying a musket, and sporting a mustache—at West Point?

"In my opinion, if any of the ghosts were a hoax, it was the one my friend saw—his story was the hardest to believe," said Kaminski.

Also accompanying the spirit was the phenomenon known as "psychic cold." The air where the ghost appeared was extremely cold despite the fact that the windows were closed and the heat was on.

Referred to as the Company G-4 ghost by the 47th Division cadets, it appeared in the oldest barrack section of the academy. Other cadets in the division experienced lights and faucets turned on or off and other unexplained nuisances.

Kaminski said the psychiatric testing session his friend was subjected to proved the cadet was mentally stable.

"The West Point ghost had nothing to do with my transfer to TCU," said Kaminski.

the power of positive thinking

It occurred to me that the worst thing which could happen in the light of all the resignations, firings and indictments would be for the American people to be discouraged or disheartened. There are positive signs that people are escaping from excessive worry, however.

One popular method is escapist worry. People are finding other things to worry about that are less traumatic than a president and his constitutional predicament. A number of people are getting worried about UFOs (unidentified flying objects). This is not working out as well as expected for a number of reasons, however. For one, Orson Welles has already done "The War of The Worlds" on radio, as if anyone would believe a newscaster who looked like Henry the Eighth. The other reason is that there are some non-participants spoiling it for the rest of the escapist worriers. Smart alecks who go around dressed in aluminum foil and coat hanger antennas are creating a credibility gap in the UFO game.

The answer is not in escapist worrying. The obvious answer, thanks to Norman Peale, is the power of positive thinking. This is easily accomplished. First, don't worry that the president is in trouble or that his plea to leave him alone to run the country went unheeded. Look at the positive side. Consider all the things that are going right with America now that Dick Nixon doesn't have the time to run them.

There are several items which come to my mind. The first should appeal to the sports buff, especially a sports buff in Washington. The Washington Redskins have taken first place in their division. The reason? A president who is tied up with Watergate has no time to be thinking of plays to send George Allen. Also a president who found himself too busy to attend games pushed to have the blackout lifted.

If you are a worrier on planes that happen to be flying in the direction of Miami Beach, be happy. There has been such an interest in the breaking story of Watergate and other assorted scandals that few people are leaving the country. The effect is that the skyjackers in the last two months have been home watching TV.

Finally, one can be happy for the people in the Internal Revenue Service, the General Accounting Office and the Justice Department. There was a time when the young college student was lured away from government by professions with excitement and action. Now the departments listed have all the applicants they can handle. The typical recruiting poster for the Justice Department reads, "Join the Department of Justice, See the White House," or "I'm GAO, (General Accounting Office), Fly me to San Clemente." Barbara Streisand is singing "What's it all about, Tricky" for the IRS.

With all these things to be happy about, I would hope that he worrier is now able to see the light at the end of the tunnel.

—Rich Doty



THE VIEWS IN THIS CARTOON ARE WHOLLY THOSE OF A CERTAIN MALADJUSTED ARTIST AND IN NO WAY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF THIS FINE AND UPSTANDING UNIVERSITY. RTC

'A fantastic bullet'

It has been 10 years since the assassination of John Kennedy. And, as TCU's Bill Emery notes, some intriguing questions have remained unanswered.

By Larry Bouchard

Last June a freshman sociology class crowded into a room in the student center to view a shadowy 8mm home movie of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

Dozens of times Dr. Bill Emery, assistant professor of sociology, ran the short film back and forth as the class crowded in front of the screen. At first it was all but impossible to make out action as it flickered by. But with repeated showings, the assassination site in Dallas, the motorcade, and finally John Kennedy himself became easily recognizable, almost familiar.

At a certain point Dr. Emery stopped the film at a frame which focused in on the President. A bright pink cloud seemed to be exploding from Kennedy's head, even as Mrs. Kennedy cradled his neck and shoulders. This frame, claims Dr. Emery and many others who have studied the film, indicates that the entire Warren Commission Report may be in error.

The film was made by Dallasite Abraham Zapruder. **Life** magazine bought the film from Zapruder for $1 million but printed only a few blurred, isolated frames. The frame which shows the shot to the head was never printed in **Life.**

"The real significance of the film," says Dr. Emery, "is what happened to the head when it was hit by the bullet that blew the head to pieces. Now there is no way that Oswald was looking anywhere but down the back of Kennedy's head from his position in the School Book Depository. I see in the film Kennedy's head blown completely out of Jackie's hands and just slamming into the back of the seat of the car. This suggests to me that the head shot came from the front."

The reasoning behind this theory is that if Kennedy was struck from the rear, as the Warren Report says he was, then the head would be thrown forward and the explosion of blood and brain tissue would issue from the front of the skull, since entrance wounds are neat and small while exit wounds of this type are explosively large. Indeed, that is how the Warren Report describes what the Zapruder film shows.

...the entire Warren Commission Report may be in error.

However, the film, as Dr. Emery has viewed it, clearly shows the tissue exiting from the back of Kennedy's head and in an upward direction, and the head is immediately thrown backwards. This would indicate that the shot came from the front, which would indicate a second assassin besides Oswald.

Dr. Emery doesn't claim that, in and of itself, the film proves anything, and he doesn't jump to conclusions, as others have, about "what really happened." But for the past 10 years he and a friend from Midlothian, Texas have been investigating various clues which would throw the Warren story of one assassin into doubt.

Dr. Emery, a specialist in demography and criminology, began to study the assassination in 1963 while he was a graduate student at TCU teaching an introductory sociology class. "I had two young men in my class," he says, "and they were very interested in the Kennedy assassination (they were from Dallas), and we had a semester project in introductory sociology. They wanted to know if they could get involved in the Kennedy assassination as their project, and I told them yes.

"What they did was to go over and date some of Jack Ruby's broads and get them talking. They found out some things about the connection between Oswald and Jack Ruby from the girls while they were tight and saying 'please don't quote me on this.' They got me horribly unbelieving of what was being said in the press."

His interest was also stimulated by an old friend, Penn Jones Jr., the editor of a small town newspaper, **The Midlothian Mirror.** Jones had done detailed investigation of the assassination; his work is partially documented in three privately published volumes called **Forgive My Grief**, titled after famous lines from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." He

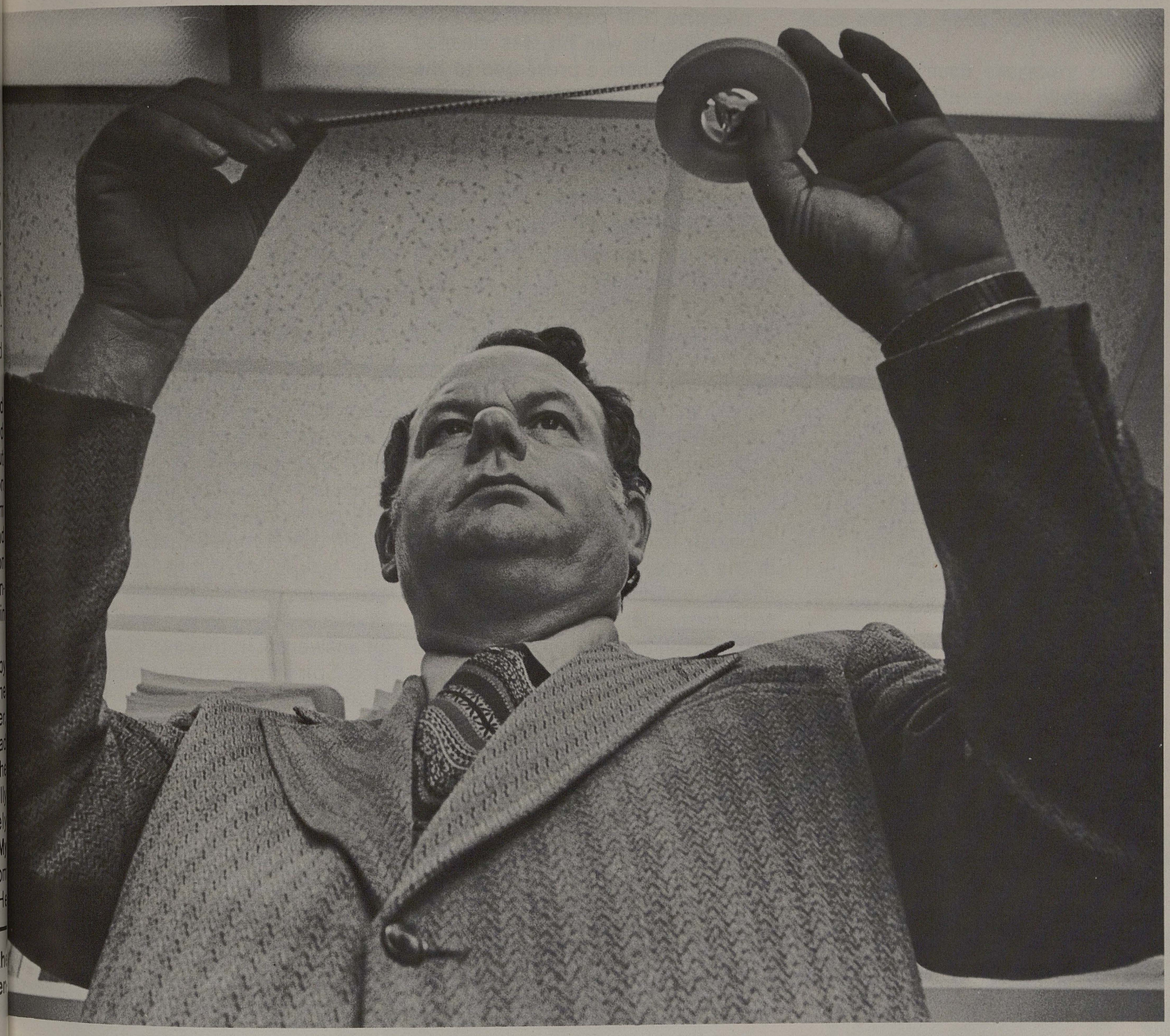
RIGHT: Dr. Bill Emery examines the "Zapruder film" of President Kennedy's assassination.

began by studying the 26 volumes of the Warren Commission testimony and documenting passages which indicated an attempt by the commission to cover up evidence of a conspiracy. He also interviewed scores of police officers, friends of Oswald and Ruby, and eyewitnesses of various aspects of the assassination.

The most disconcerting evidence of conspiracy Jones presents is documented accounts of the deaths of 68 persons who were somehow connected to the shooting. The deaths, Jones claims, usually appear to be suicides or accidents, but they all occurred at times which coincided with their gaining direct knowledge or evidence of a conspiracy. As an example, Jones cites journalist Dorothy Kilgallen, who, eight days after an exclusive private interview with Ruby, was found dead from what was ruled to be an overdose of barbituates and alcohol. He asks "What did she know and was she silenced?"

Unfortunately, Jones' books are heavily editorial, and written in an amateurishly sensational style. His conclusions, which often implicate the CIA, FBI, Secret Service, and high government officials, are not as well founded as his premises about the Warren Report's errors.

Dr. Emery is critical of this. "If he would stick more to one topic, looking at the evidence we can demonstrate is true, and not make these editorial jumps, he would have a lot stronger presentation. Seven or eight years ago, only the 'nuts' doubted the Warren Commission report. People like Lyndon Johnson didn't believe it was all correct, and even Governor Connally didn't. There's so much doubt now that it's more un-



...the car that Kennedy was shot in was flown to Detroit under Presidential order and was destroyed as evidence by being immediately rebuilt.

fashionable to accept it than not to accept it. So it doesn't make a man a nut not to accept the report; it makes him a nut when he starts jumping to conclusions rather than looking at specific pieces of evidence and asking specific questions."

The facts Dr. Emery questions include these: the car that Kennedy was shot in was flown to Detroit under Presidential order and was destroyed as evidence by being immediately rebuilt. The windshield, he found out later, was taken to the FBI in Washington where to this day it sits in a room marked "Top Secret." Dr. Emery simply asks "why?" What might the windshield and the crack in it reveal?

Likewise, the coat that Connally wore when he was hit was cleaned and pressed before presented to the Warren Commission. Critics like Dr. Emery and Penn Jones maintain that the bullet holes in the coat might have given clues to the trajectory of the bullet. Before it was turned over to the Commission, the coat found its way by a strange series of events into the clothes closet of U. S. Congressman Henry Gonzalez in his Washington office. Gonzalez firmly believes Johnson was behind the laundering. But Dr. Emery, unlike Jones, warns that conclusions can't properly be drawn from that.

Dr. Emery finds the "three bullet theory" of the shooting very intriguing. He explains that one bullet obviously hit Kennedy's head, shown in the Zapruder film. Another bullet missed and hit a curb splattering some bystanders. (This portion of the curb was later dug up and carried off.) "That only leaves one bullet," Dr. Emery concludes. "Now that one bullet had to go into Kennedy at the base of his neck, pop up and come out about his tie, through his voice box, had to go through Connally's chest, knocking out his rib, then through his wrist, then land in his thigh; and this is the bullet that ended up pristine whole on the stretcher. There have been three books written on just that one bullet because that was quite a bullet. That was a fantastic bullet! Particularly to do all that damage and leave lead fragments all the way and come out in the pristine condition that it did."

If Connally's coat hadn't been cleaned, Dr. Emery believes, it might have shown that Connally was hit more than once, thus debunking the idea that one "fantastic" bullet did all that damage.

Dr. Emery's most interesting story concerns a former Secret Service agent who enrolled in one of his courses. After discovering that the man knew something of the assassination, Dr. Emery persuaded him to tell what he knew.

"What he discussed with me was the idea that he was involved in recruiting Oswald into working for the Secret Service. Now it's my opinion that the Secret Service will use anyone that can do them any good. If they want someone to infiltrate the anti-Castro group to know exactly what's going on, then they can pick out someone to do it. I'm aware of one young man whom the FBI hired to be a spy, more or less, on his own college campus.

"Now I'm delighted to know the FBI's on its toes. If there's a communist around who's a threat to my security or my family, then the fact that we've got an FBI man under his doorstep is very comforting to me. However, I'd go a step further and say that they may be on some people's doorsteps who don't deserve to have FBI people on their doorsteps."

Dr. Emery may not be drawing conclusions yet, but he certainly feels ten years is long enough for these and countless other questions to go unanswered. In this age of Watergate and Spiro-taxes, the mystery of the Kennedy Assassination has the potential to further erode public confidence in government. Eventually, all the truth will come out, Dr. Emery believes, perhaps in a Congressional hearing "Watergate style."

In the meantime Abraham Zapruder's shadowy pictures should nag at recorded history, as will the whimsical paths of some "fantastic" bullets.

Don't make your secretary mad

If you want to know what's going on, ask a secretary. They're the only ones who know.

By Tom Siegfried

"One thing I've learned is that you should never make a departmental secretary mad."

Those are the words of Vice Chancellor Tom Brewer.

Why?

Because, as many have suspected all along, it is becoming clear that this University is run by the secretaries.

They are usually the only people who know what's going on. And they're always the only people who know how to get something done.

If one of them gets mad at you, you're in trouble.

Fortunately, most secretaries around TCU are friendly and helpful. Some of them are even human, despite the superhuman effort they must exert to keep TCU from falling apart.

A typical such secretary is Sally Bohon of Physics, well-known throughout various University circles for her crazy-quilt exploits. Energetic, loquacious, and much younger-looking than her undisclosed age,



Sally Bohon takes a rare break from her work to demonstrate her guitar-playing ability.

Ms. Bohon possesses all the qualities that make secretaries some of TCU's most interesting people.

Ms. Bohon came to Fort Worth eight years ago with her husband, John, associate professor of history here and winner of the 1971 Honors Professor award.

She began working as a secretary in the Physics Department five years ago.

Is it really true that secretaries run the University?

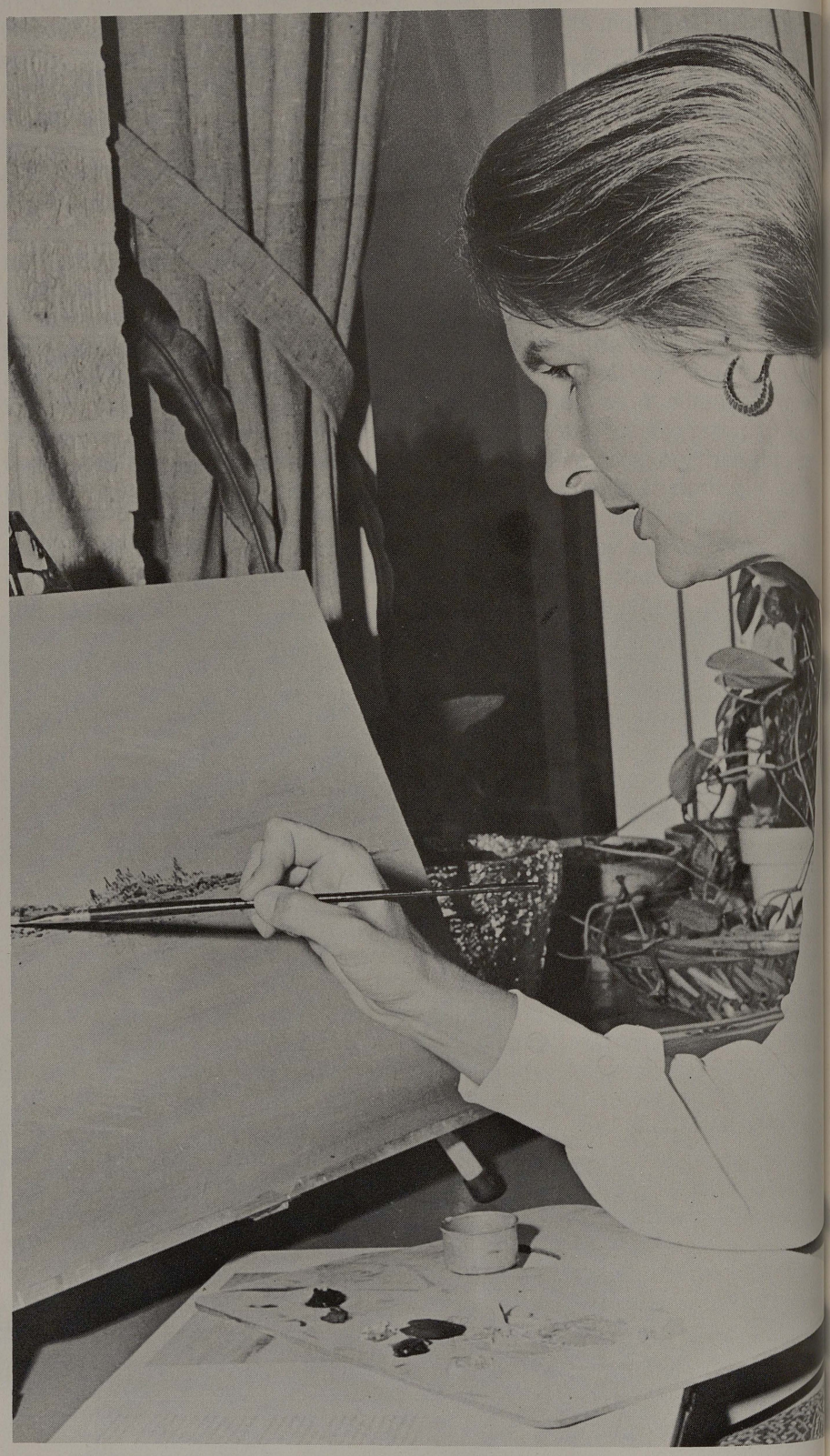
"Oh, absolutely," Ms. Bohon says. "I don't think there's any question about it. They don't make the decisions, but they're the instruments through which everything is achieved."

And are they really the only ones who know what goes on?

"Yes," she says. "And we protect our bosses," she adds with her tongue in her cheek. "If you call any campus department at 8 o'clock in the morning and the chairman is not there, you'll find a secretary who can think of a very good reason why he isn't. And," she adds, "It's a rare chairman who isn't fiercely protective of his secretary."

What does she like about being a secretary?

"The relationships with the students are the best," she says. "When you get to know one as a freshman, by the time she or he is a



Ms. Bohon maneuvers her brush across the canvas.

senior you can watch him mature and take wings and take off, and it's really great.

"The best part is to see them come back after they've gotten into the outside world. And they do. Some graduate students come back here year after year and look me up."

One of Ms. Bohon's hobbies resulted from a student friendship.

"The way I learned how to play the guitar was from a graduate student here. Grad student stipends make it tough to pay for a typist, so I'd come up here at night and type on his Ph.D. dissertation, and he'd come up on his lunch hour and teach me how to play the guitar."

Being a secretary does have its limitations. Virtually no opportunity for advancement exists.

Guitar playing is only one of Ms. Bohon's many hobbies. She's a racquet-ball fanatic, plays tennis occasionally and dabbles in painting. Some of her masterpieces decorate the walls of the Physics and Chemistry Department offices. "I take art lessons once a week down at the history and science museum," she points out.

Concerning her more vigorous activities, she notes that "I was no good at tennis at all, because the net kept getting in the way. So I switched to racquetball because I wouldn't have to worry about a net."

Does she have more success at the new game?

"Yes, I'm pretty good at it," she laughs, "but I've never beaten a man. I play racquetball about once a week, sometimes twice a week. My biggest problem is I have a tennis swing— it slows me down."

Just as students and faculty have gripes about the University, secretaries also point to areas that need improvement.

"I think the priorities are put on the wrong places sometimes," says Ms. Bohon. "The first priority should be making the institution function, and there are certain aspects of this University that simply don't function. I cannot get an outside line, morning or afternoon, half of the time. We just don't have an adequate telephone system. We spend money on making the University 'look' good when there are parts of the University that don't work."

Ms. Bohon puts new carpet for offices in the category of things that make the University "look good."

"I think TCU spends a lot of money trying to make itself 'look' good, when it should be using its money in a better way. First, in making the physical plant function; and second, meeting the educational needs of the students.

"Some of the finest universities in the world look really bad. I have walked into deans' offices where you walk on 200-year-old floors. But in the classroom, the equipment is there to give a first-class education."

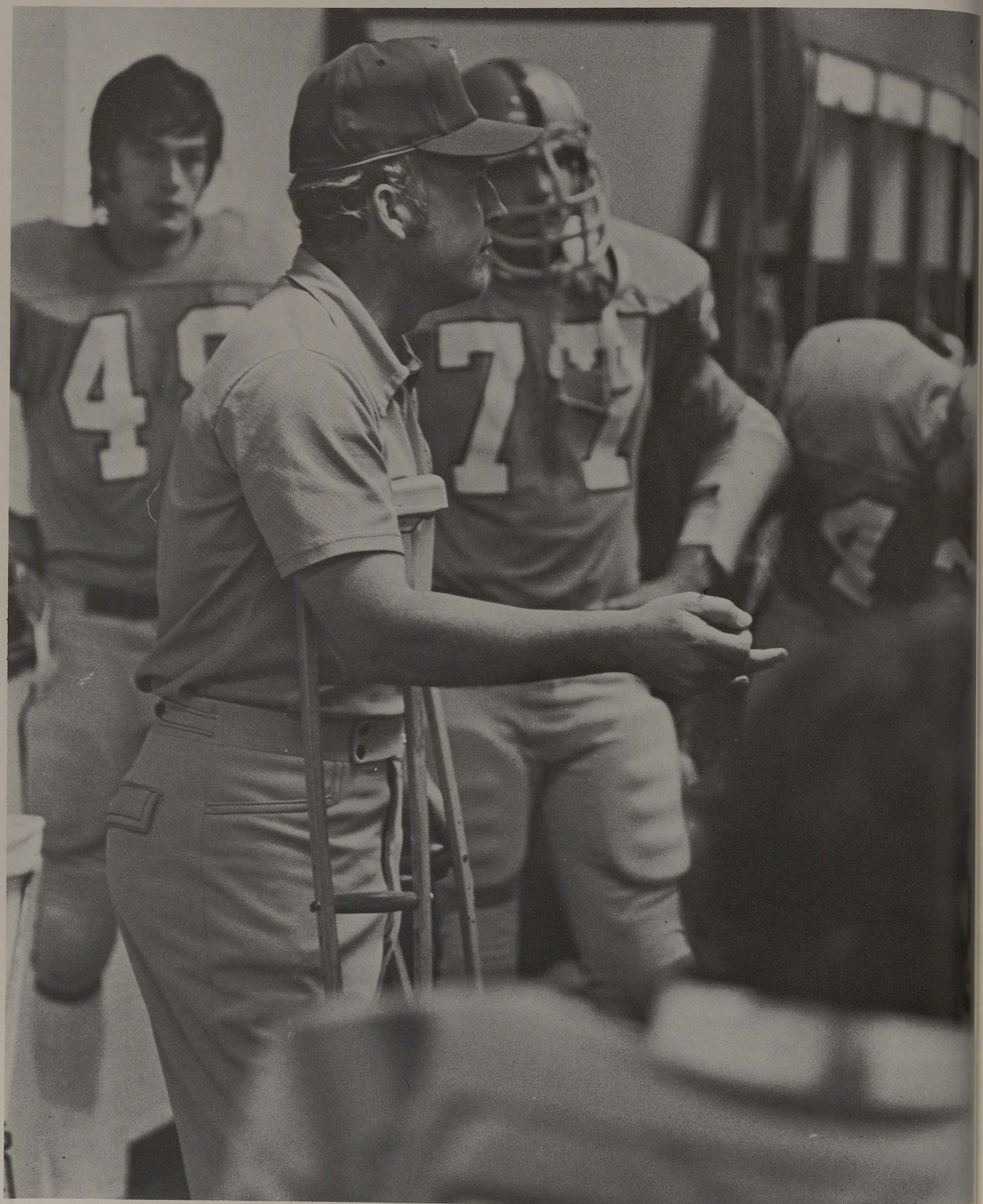
Being a secretary does have its limitations. Virtually no opportunity for advancement exists.

"Being a secretary at this institution is usually a dead-end job," says Ms. Bohon, "without significant channels for advancement. At other universities they have administrative assistants, where secretaries after a number of years can move up. Maybe TCU's too small for than. Personally it's very frustrating."

Currently, only secretaries to top-level administrators might be made administrative assistants.

Perhaps the creation of more such positions should be considered. Many secretaries are eminently qualified to assume positions of more responsibility and prestige.

After all, they do keep the place from falling apart.

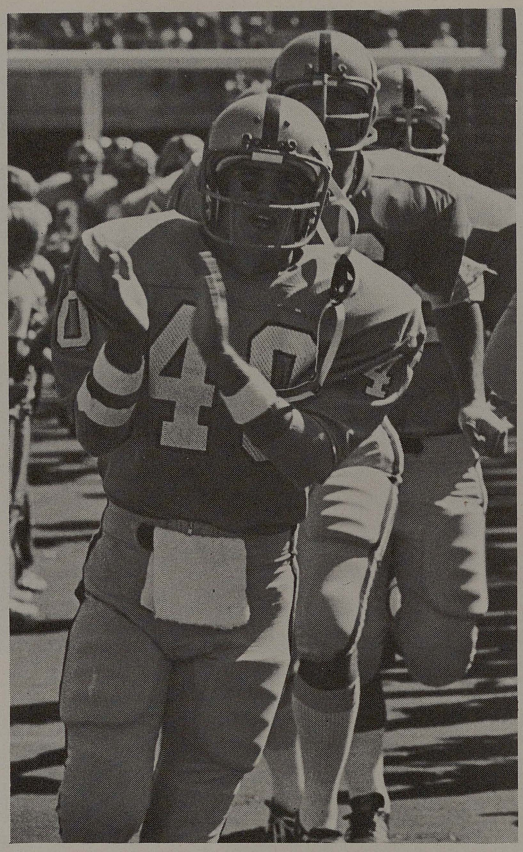


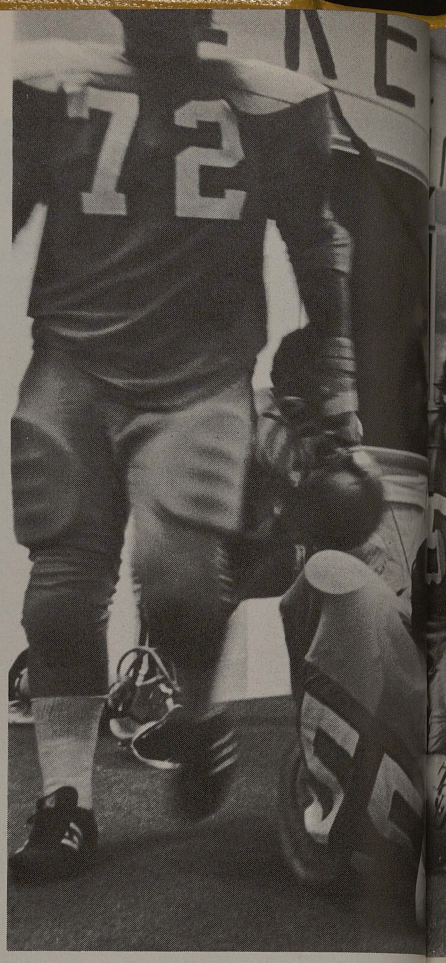




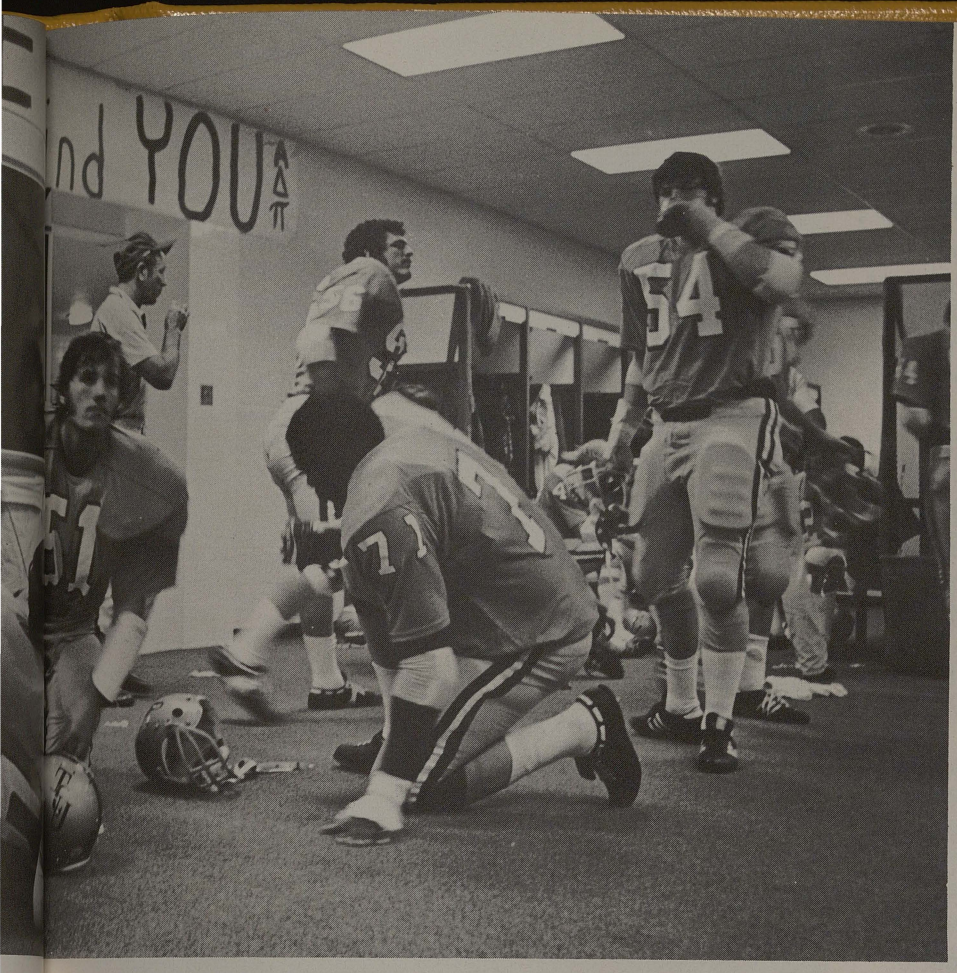
A Foto Feature of Frog Football

Football season came again this fall, as it always has, and this year was no less colorful than any other. Here are some of this season's scenes, as photographed by Randy Grothe.





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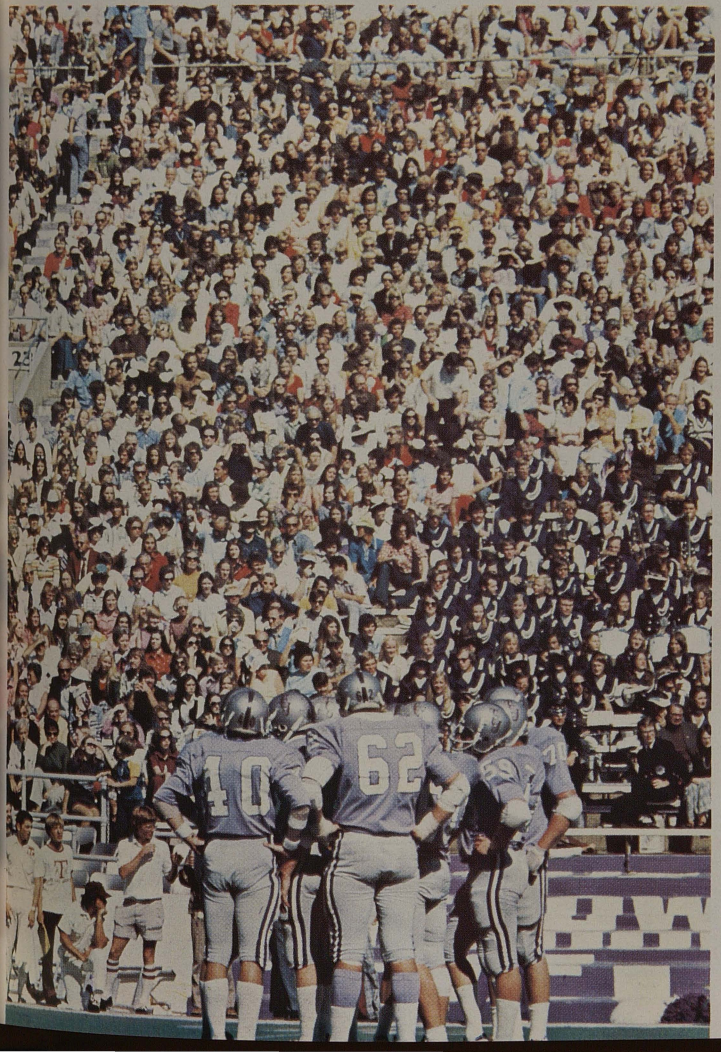


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Chinstraps, anyone?

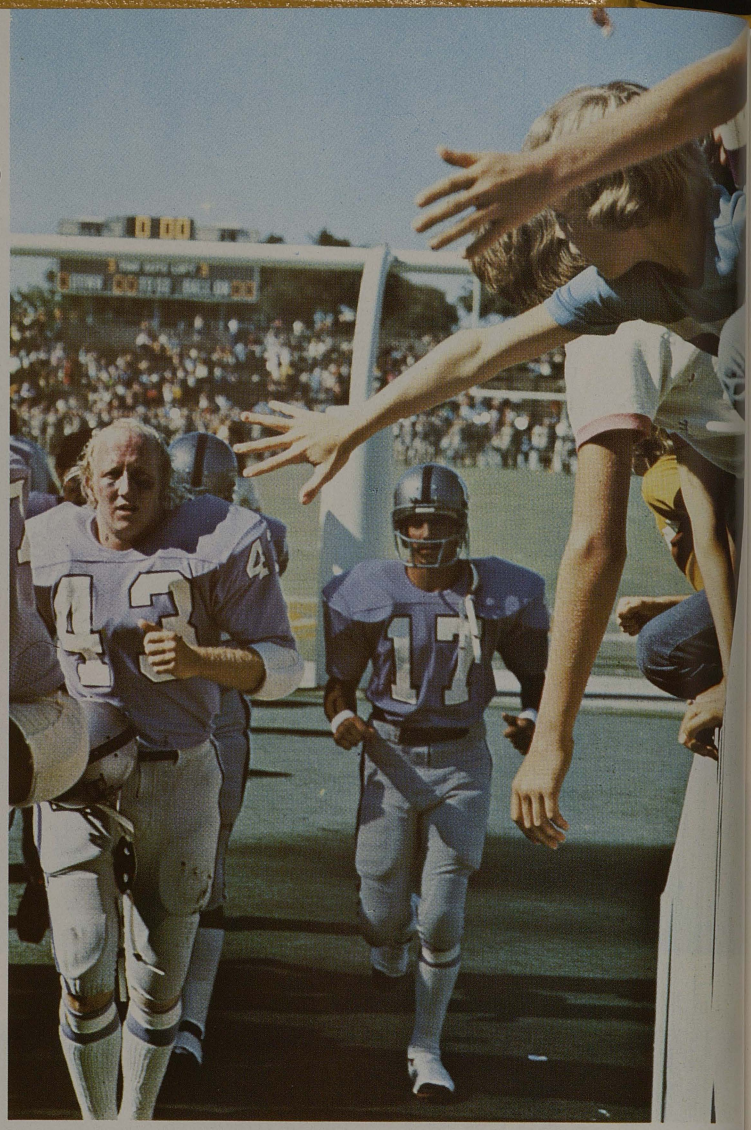
The chinstrap-swiping racket primarily involves elementary and junior high kids obsessed with collecting chinstraps.

Tray McCann belongs to that hard-core breed of dedicated strap-swipers. "Sometimes I ask, sometimes I just jerk them off," he said. "Some guys have pushed me down before, but that won't stop me."

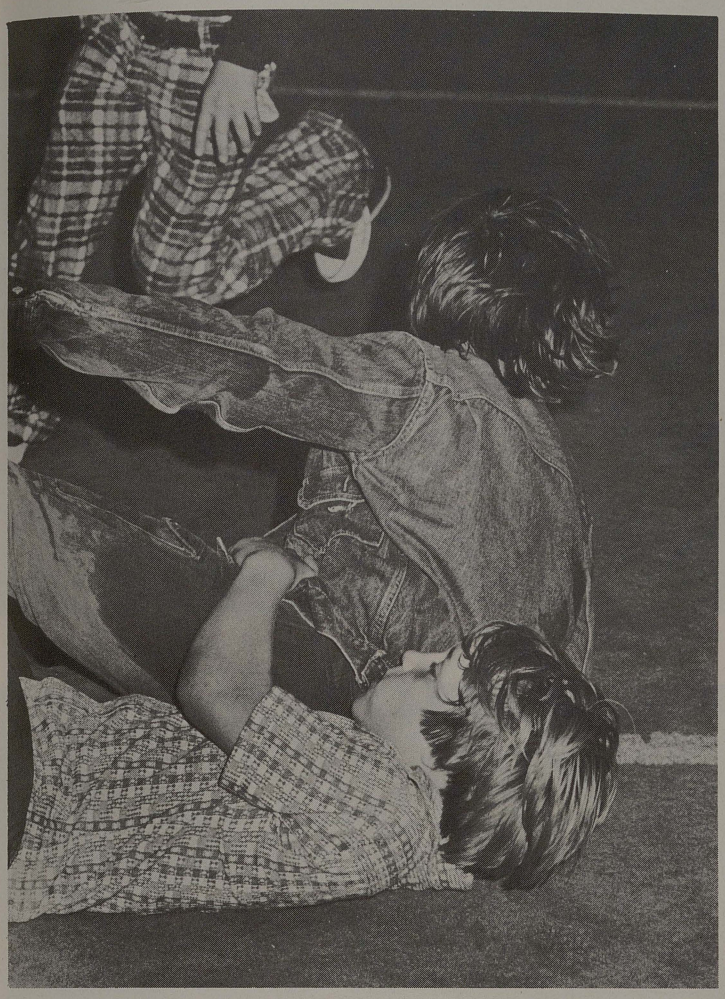
One kid claimed to own a scrapbook of chinstraps. "I got 12 so far. I collect them because I want to be able to show them to my kids when I look back on these days."

The players in the backfield positions usually wear the most sought-after straps. "Kent Marshall's is pretty valuable now," said David Meyer, 13, nephew of the former TCU coach Dutch Meyer. "To make sure I get what I want, I jump out of the stands with five seconds left in the game. I don't get sweatbands because they stink so bad."

Other kids diversify, collecting hand pads, elbow pads, tape, and







even the smelly sweatbands. One kid admitted to infiltrating the SMU dressing room during last year's TCU game and making off with some thigh pads cleverly concealed in a towel.

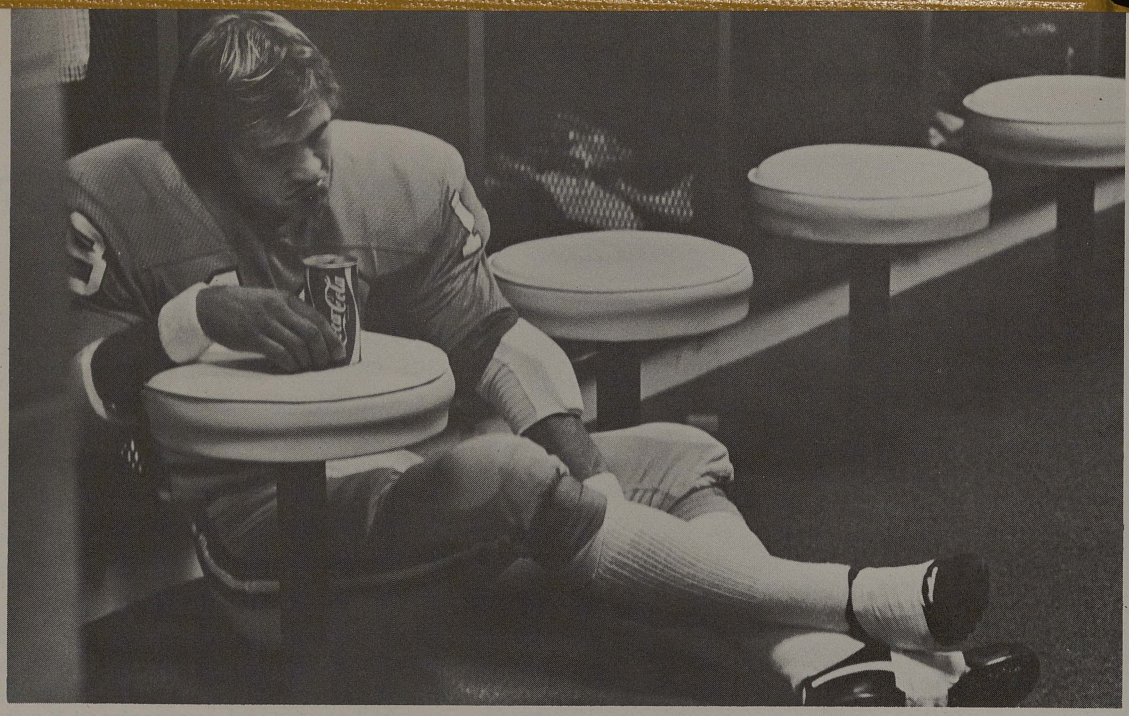
Chin straps do cost money, however, and the team has been cautioned about passing them out indiscriminately. "But if that was the only problem we had, we'd be in good shape," said assistant coach Marvin Kristynik.

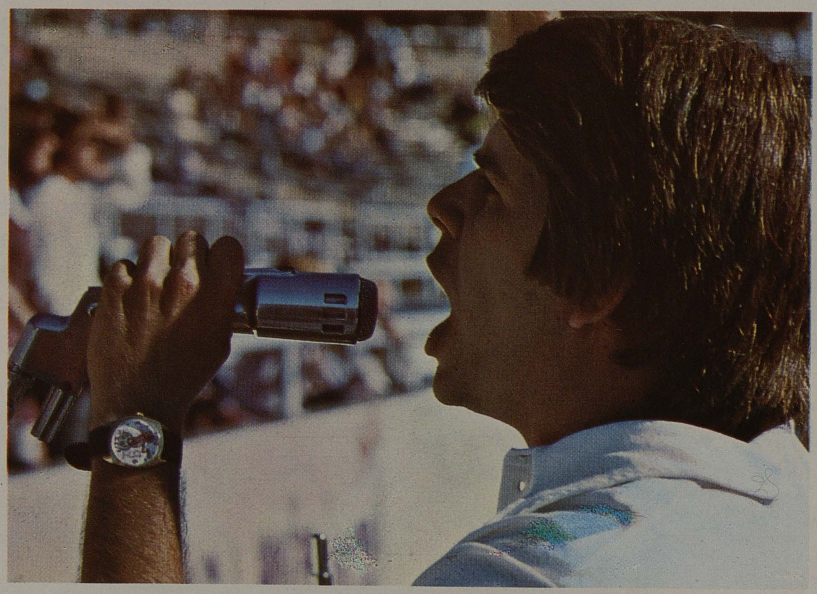
Most football players seem to get a kick out of the chinstrap mania. "It makes me feel great, I used to do it myself," confessed quarterback Kent Marshall.

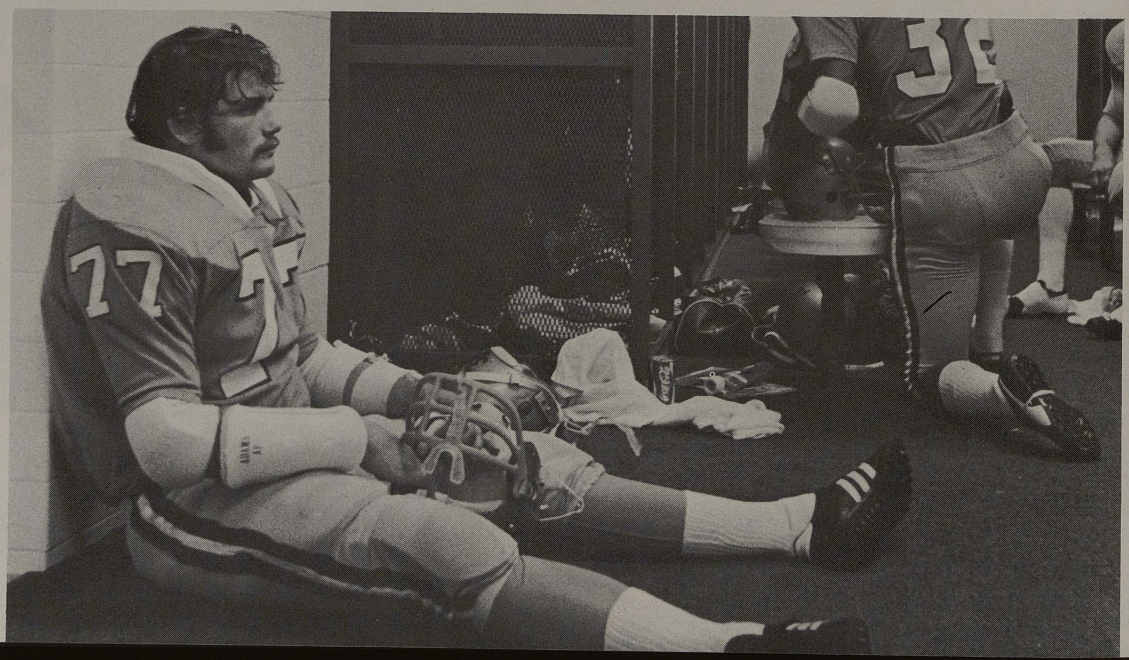
But sometimes an ill-timed swipe can really set a player off.

"It happened with a friend of mine," said halfback Danny Scott. "A kid jerked off his strap. He yelled a few words at him, but the kid got away. He remembered the kid's face, and when the kid appeared in a cub scout uniform at the next game, my friend stole his yellow-scarf clasp."





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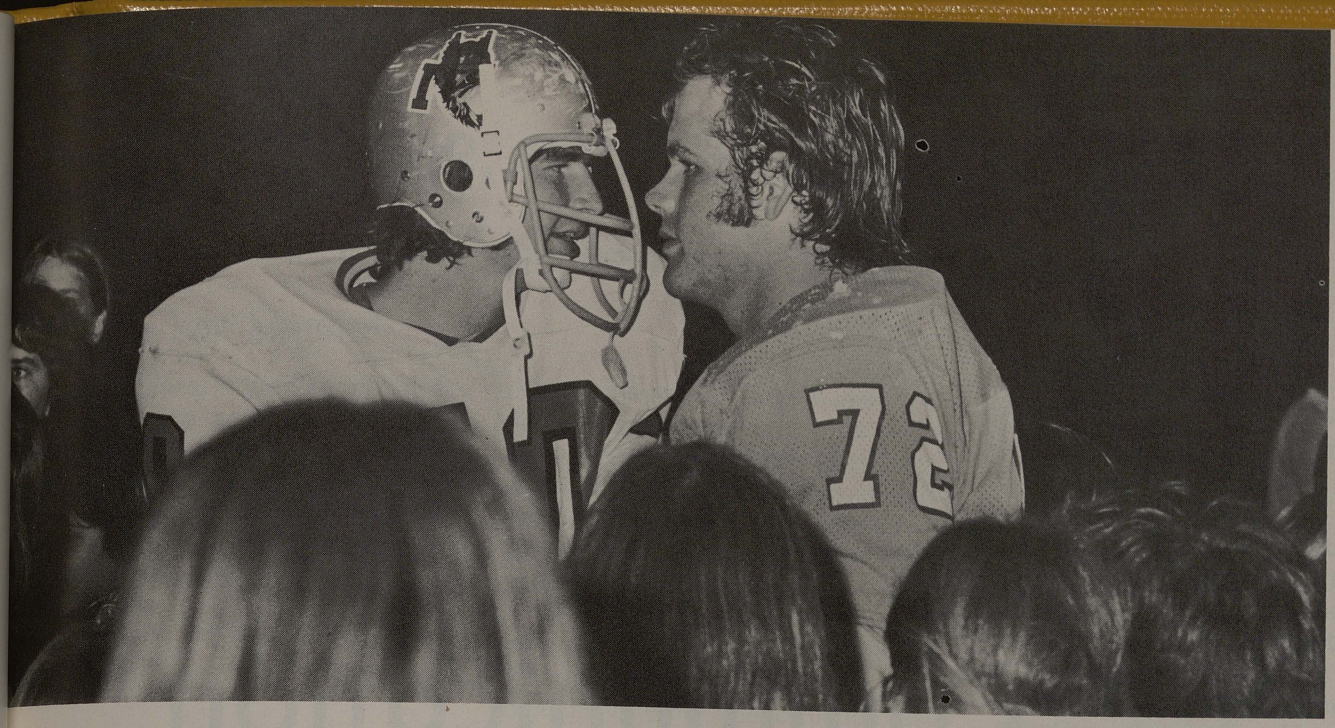
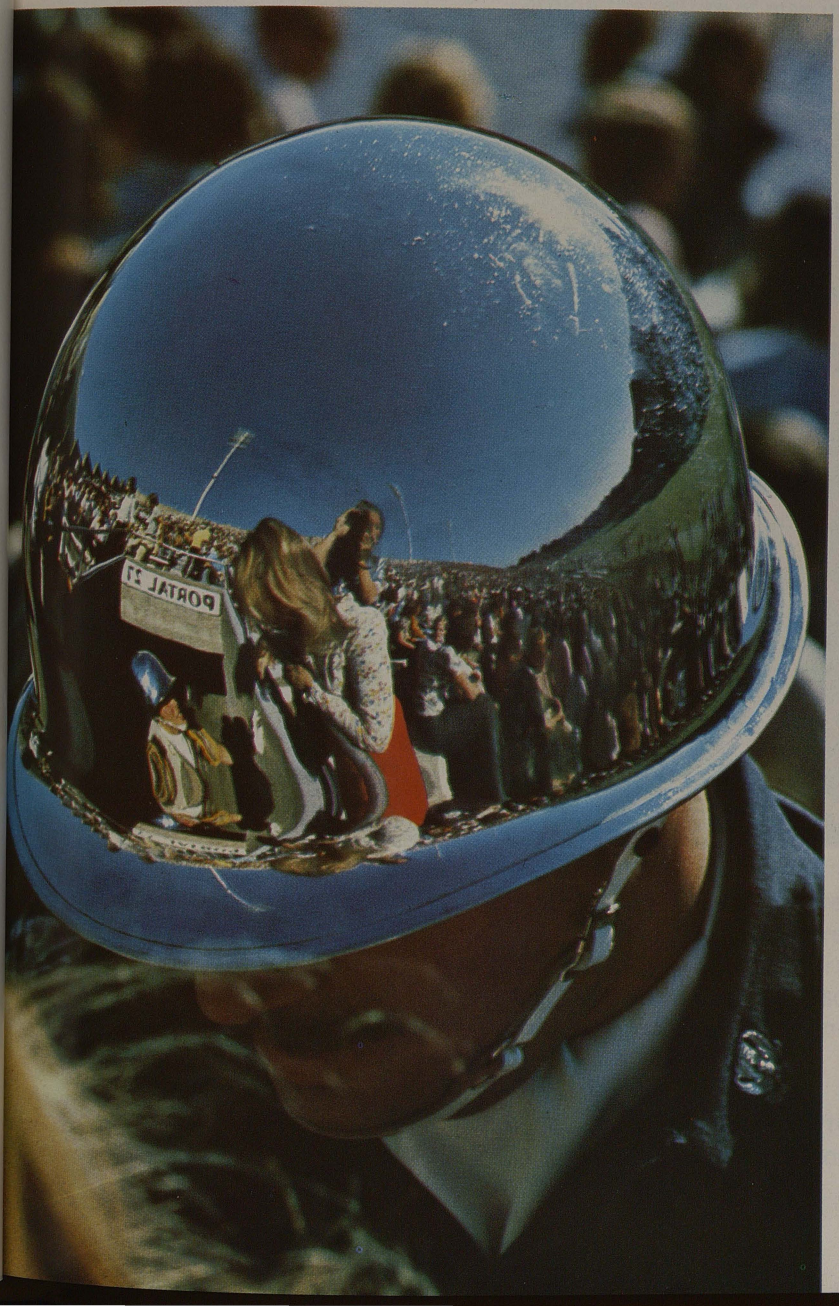



PORTAL 27

. . . Communication



Language, emotion and intelligence

in the science fiction of Isaac Asimov

By Tom Siegfried

"Sometimes, in the dark of night, I lie awake and wonder if different intelligences can communicate at all; or, if I've had a particularly bad day, whether the phrase 'different intelligences' has meaning at all."

—from **The Gods Themselves** by Isaac Asimov

Is the science of understanding humans within the realm of human understanding?

Perhaps not—not in real life, anyway. But in science fiction, anything is possible, even a precise science of human behavior.

In fact, a possible model for such a science is provided in the science fiction of Isaac Asimov, especially in the three novels known as the **Foundation Trilogy.** In these books (**Foundation, Foundation and Empire, Second Foundation**), Asimov writes of the science of psychohistory, which is defined in **Foundation:**

"PSYCHOHISTORY— . . . Gaal Dornick, using nonmathematical concepts, has defined psychohistory to be that branch of mathematics which deals with the reactions of human conglomerates to fixed social and economic stimuli . . . ." — ENCYCLOPEDIA GALACTICA

Hari Seldon, introduced by Asimov in **Foundation**, perfected the science of psychohistory by succeeding in the representation of human personality characteristics by mathematical symbols. A skilled psychohistorian could mathematically analyze the situation in a society and predict the future of that culture, just as physicists can predict the future state of a collection of molecules.

Just as a physicist can make predictions only for large numbers of molecules, predictions can be made with Asimov's psychohistory only when billions of individuals are involved. Predictions concerning a given individual can only be of a probabilistic nature.

The predictions of psychohistory which make up the story of the **Foundation Trilogy**, along with some of Asimov's other science fiction, lead to some interesting insights concerning the nature of man in terms of intelligence, emotion and communication.

Through the techniques of psychohistory, Hari Seldon predicted the collapse of the decaying galactic empire, which for 12 millennia had preserved order and nurtured economic prosperity. To shorten the period of barbarism that would follow Seldon established two "foundations" around which the remains of the empire would coalesce into a second empire, greater and more benevolent than the first.

The first of these foundations, established on the planet Terminus on the outer fringes of the galaxy, consisted of a society of physical scientists. Terminus became the last refuge of advanced scientific knowledge as the rest of the galaxy decayed.

The second foundation, shrouded in secrecy, was comprised of mathematical psychologists.

Seldon created conditions in the first foundation which would result, according to his mathematical analysis, in the eventual creation of the second empire. The course of the future had been calculated so that as a crisis approached, only one line of action would be possible for the rulers of the Foundation. Dangers would inevitably be averted, and history would proceed according to Seldon's plan.

At one point, Seldon was asked to express his motives for planning the future of the galaxy.

". . . Why, then, should we concern ourselves with events of five centuries distance?" "I shall not be alive half a decade hence," said Seldon, "and yet it is of overpowering concern to me. Call it idealism. Call it an identification of myself with that mystical generalization to which we refer by the term, 'man'."

The history which Seldon mathematically forecast, and which was followed unswervingly by the Foundation, reveals a great deal about that "mystical generalization" called man.

Of course, since the history of the Foundation had been pre-determined to follow the laws of mass behavior, that history offers insight only into men in groups, not as individuals. A look into the nature of individuals becomes possible only after the birth of a mutant (in **Foundation and Empire**) who upset Seldon's prognostications and threatened to ruin the plans for a second empire.

This curious creature, called the Mule, possessed the power to read and control people's emotions. Thus, by destroying the emotional will to resist, he could swiftly conquer the most powerful planets in the galaxy.

The danger posed by the Mule forced the Second Foundation for the first time to take part actively in the events of the galaxy, in order to save Seldon's plan. With the unveiling of the Second Foundation we get the only clear view into what Seldon, and probably Asimov, saw as the characteristic of man which most contributed to human behavior—the inability to achieve mutual understanding, or in other words, deficiency in the ability to communicate.

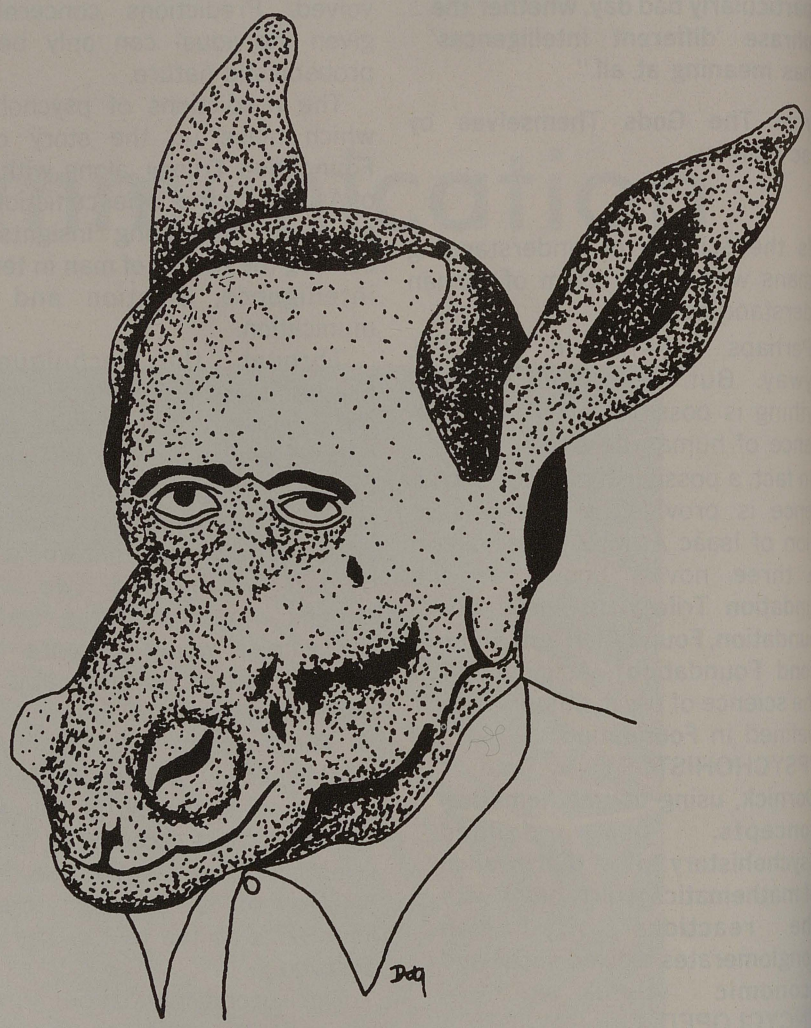
Speech, originally, was the device whereby Man learned, imperfectly, to transmit the thoughts and emotions of his mind .... He developed a method of communication—but one which in its clumsiness and thick-thumbed inadequacy degenerated all the delicacy of the mind into gross and guttural signaling.

And the results of this inadequate method of communication?

Down—down—the results can be followed; and all the suffering that humanity ever knew can be traced to the one fact that no man in the history of the Galaxy, until Hari Seldon, and very few men thereafter, could really understand one another. Every human being lived behind an impenetrable wall of choking mist within which no other but he existed .... Yet because they did not know one another, and could not understand one another, and dared not trust one another, and felt from infancy the terrors and insecurity of that ultimate isolation—there was the hunted fear of man for man, the savage rapacity of man toward man.

Man becomes what he becomes because of what is communicated to him. Since man's language is imperfect, communication can only be partial and misleading, hence understanding one another is impossible. Misunderstanding breeds distrust, fear, and eventually violence. The heroes of Asimov's trilogy—the Second Foundationers—are those who have overcome the barrier of language to attain the ability to communicate with complete understanding.

But with this accomplishment, they perhaps should forfeit their right to the designation "human."



Now the exact mechanism by which the beings of the Second Foundation communicate is not completely described. But it is clear from the way they handle the Mule that they can convey emotion from one to the other. This communication of emotion seems to be the central point of their exceptional abilities.

And the question of emotion and communication is closely tied to the question of intelligence. It appears that the better the ability to communicate, the higher the intelligence.

This point is illustrated in **The Gods Themselves**, Asimov's latest novel. As one of the intelligent heroes, Peter Lamont, said of one of the novel's chief idiots:

"It means that fool-hero, Dr. Frederick Hallam and me. We're different intelligences because when I talk to him he doesn't understand. His idiot face gets redder and his eyes bulge and his ears block. I'd say his mind stops functioning, but I lack the proof of any other state from which it might stop."

Ironically, one of Lamont's chief tasks in the book is to communicate with a different intelligence—the beings of another universe.

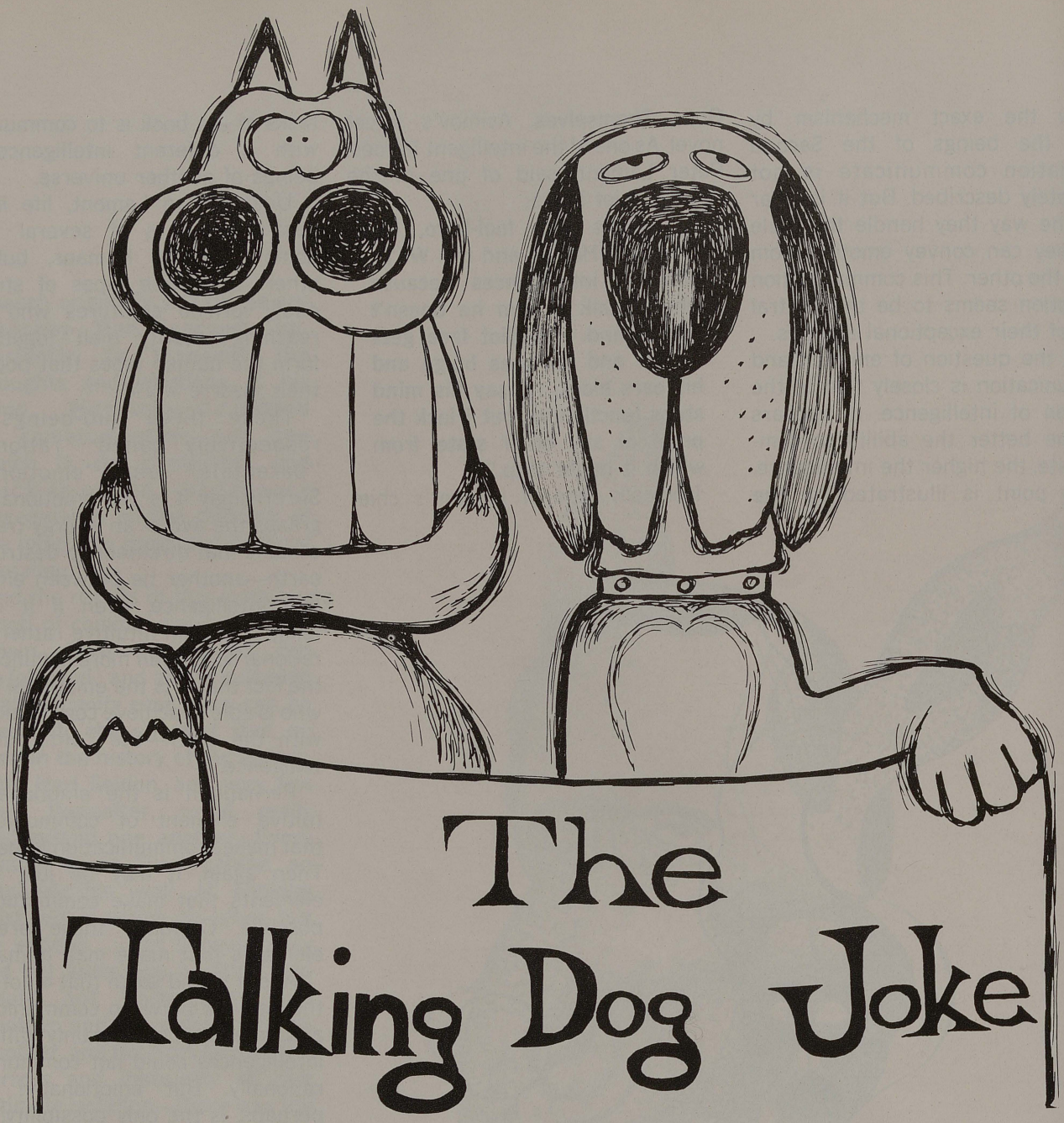
Unknown to Lamont, life in the para-universe is of several types. Some resemble humans, but the others are three types of strange, oddly formed creatures who upon reaching maturity "melt" together to form the human types that populate their bizarre world.

These three sub-beings are respectively called "rationals," "parentals," and "emotionals." Surprisingly it is the emotional who grasps the evil of an energy-transfer scheme that threatens to destroy the earth—another tie between emotion and intelligence, even if it is intelligence of an intuitive rather than rational sort. Even more significant is the fact that it is the emotional being who is able to achieve communication with the earth—the "different" intelligence.

Perhaps it is the emotional, intuitive element of communication that makes communication imperfect. Then again, it may be just those elements that make communication possible. Certainly those are the elements that make man human.

And it would seem that emotion is the key link between communication and intelligence. Certainly different intelligences could not communicate rationally. But emotionally? That perhaps, is the only possibility.





The Talking Dog Joke

Interpreted from the oral tradition

By Larry Bouchard

Hear the story of the talking dog:

Once on a farm in the bluegrass of Kentucky there abided two horses, Fred Horse and Charlie Horse. Now Fred Horse was a virile three year old thoroughbred primed for the Kentucky Derby and, O dream of dreams, the Triple Crown.

In the stall next to Fred's lived Charlie Horse, once a swift terror of Kentucky tracks, but now a contented patriarch basking in the senile wisdom of old age. Each day he would spin long yarns from out of his past for Fred Horse. Charlie's entire old age was filled with memories of past Preaknesses, blankets of black-eyed susans, memories intensified by young Fred Horse's racing success.

Occasionally the pair would race around the training track, Fred Horse always winning and Charlie Horse accepting defeat graciously. But secretly, the vain competitions depressed the noble old equine.

One day Dr. Ferdinand, the track vet, appeared with a long face. "Charlie, old boy, I got sad, sad news for you."

"Lay it on me, Doc." (For Charlie loved the jargon of the young at heart.)

"I just got the lab report on your last urine sample," said Doc Fer-

dinand, "and we're in for some difficulties, I'm afraid."

"Difficulties, Doc?"

"Yes, the tests positively indicate you to have **equinartillerocranosis,** stage two."

"What does that mean?"

"It means you'll be very comfortable, until stage three."

"But what does that mean?"

"Oh, we needn't get technical."

"Come on, Doc, lay it on me."

"Well, since you put it that way, it means you have stiff veins in your big hoof and skull."

"So what about stage three?" whimpered Charlie, suspecting woe.

"It means... well, it means... it means that thou wilt trot beyond the horizon to that verdurous place of equine contentment."

"Does that mean what I think it means?"

"I'm afraid so, old Paint." The good doctor bowed with respectful despair and left the now quiet stall.

"Oh Doc," called out Charlie Horse, "how long before I... before stage three?"

Dr. Ferdinand stopped, turned, and said solemnly, "Seven days."

Now with the abysmal threat of nonbeing welling up inside him, Charlie Horse sought his only true friend. "Fred Horse," Charlie said.

"Yes?" said Fred across the stall partition.

"Did you hear all that?"

"I did indeed. You are finally going to die."

"Yes, and it's good to have a friend as honest as you. You know something Fred. Though I've had a good and full life, I still have one regret. I wish just once I had beaten you around the training track."

"It is regretful, in a way, but you'll just have to accept that what can never be will never be."

"But must it never be?" said Charlie searchingly. "Fred, just let me race you one more time tomorrow morning."

"H'm," considered Fred, "no harm in that, I suppose."

So the race was set. Early next morn the two trotted from the paddock area onto the dry, fast track and into the starting gate.

Ring went the bell, slam went the gates; they were off! And of course, Fred Horse won handily.

"O woe is me," moaned the patriarch, "my life is yet unfulfilled."

But taking pity, Fred said, "How about my giving you an eighth-of-a mile lead in the morning?" Charlie nodded in unspoken consent.

The following dawn Charlie bolted from the gate as fast as his arthritic legs could move him. Fred started an eighth of a mile later. Charlie gallantly kept his lead past the quarter pole, but Fred caught and passed him in the back stretch and won the heat. "O woe," wept Charlie. "I have lost again. Oh please, Fred Horse, give me another chance."

"OK, sure Charlie."

Each succeeding morn Fred gave Charlie a greater head start, and deliberately ran a poor race, but to naught. Charlie's victory days were over. Yet Fred was determined not to let Charlie die without fulfillment. So on the week's last day they took to the track again.

"Fred Horse," moaned Charlie, "This is my last chance. I have to win today."

"Don't worry, Charlie, you can do it."

So this time, Fred allowed no head start, but instead ran the slowest race of his life.

Pounding his hooves desperately, Charlie held his lead past the quarter pole, down the back stretch, and still led by a length at the head of the stretch run.

Yet, as fate would have it, a jackrabbit crossed their path, and forgetting his desire to lose, Fred momentarily bolted. He caught himself and strained every muscle to slow himself in time. But too late, alas; the race was over and Fred Horse had won.

Charlie choked, fell, and died on the finish line, unfulfilled.

Somewhat sadly, but realizing that life is what it is, Fred Horse began trotting to the stables. On the path, though, he was met by a dog, a little wire-haired terrier.

The dog said, "You cruel, cruel, horse. You sadistic monster. Don't you realize that you had the power to give Charlie's life fulfillment and meaning? All you needed to do was lose the race. But oh no! You're so vain and weak of will that you bolted at the mere sight of a jackrabbit. Now Charlie Horse is dead and unfulfilled."

Mildly startled, Fred Horse looked down curiously. "H'm," he said. "A talking dog!"

Are we the masters of our words?

By Larry Bouchard

"I don't know what you mean by 'glory,' " Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you.' "

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knockdown argument,' " Alice objected.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."—from **Through the Looking Glass** by Lewis Carroll.

Are we masters of our own words? Or do words have unambiguous, precise meanings which we should ever strive to learn and use?

Words, in fact, are not precise. The word "love," for example, conveys a wide range of meanings spanning the semantic distance between one's love for an apple pie, one's love for a spouse, and one's love of God. Any time we use the word "love," then, its meaning will vary according to three basic situations: the context of the discussion where the word is used; the speaker's acquaintance of "love's" meaning in that particular context (be it about apple pie of God); and the listener's understanding of both the word and the context he finds himself in.

Consider the word "autonomy." This word created much misunderstanding last year during the Tom Brown-Jarvis controversy over visitation. Each time Tom Brown-Jarvis students used "autonomy" they had in mind a carefully thought-out plan in which dormitory residents would be allowed to decide what rules were best suited for each dormitory, particularly visitation rules.

But when some administrators heard the word "autonomy" they acted as if Tom Brown-Jarvis wanted to become independent from TCU altogether, probably with no rules at all.

Both the students and administrators thought they were using their words precisely, without ambiguity. The two sides were so precise, in fact, that neither knew what the other meant. In trying to be precise, they forgot that language is ambiguous, and they barely communicated at all. Because there was little commonality in the way they used their words, there was little clarity in their understanding.

Faced with this failure at communication, a new phrase was found to replace "autonomy," a phrase with more ambiguous connotations: "shared authority." This was a neutral phrase, and when Tom Brown-Jarvis explained what it meant by it, and after the administration explained how it understood it, common understanding was approached. "Shared authority" became a phrase that good communication could grow around because both the students and administrators shared in its meaning.

Some would criticize the ambiguous nature of words because it may inject a lack of clarity into language. What is often misunderstood is that ambiguity manifests itself in both desirable and harmful ways according to different levels of understanding. I suggest three levels of understanding: **shallow ambiguity**; **clarity**; and **deep ambiguity.**

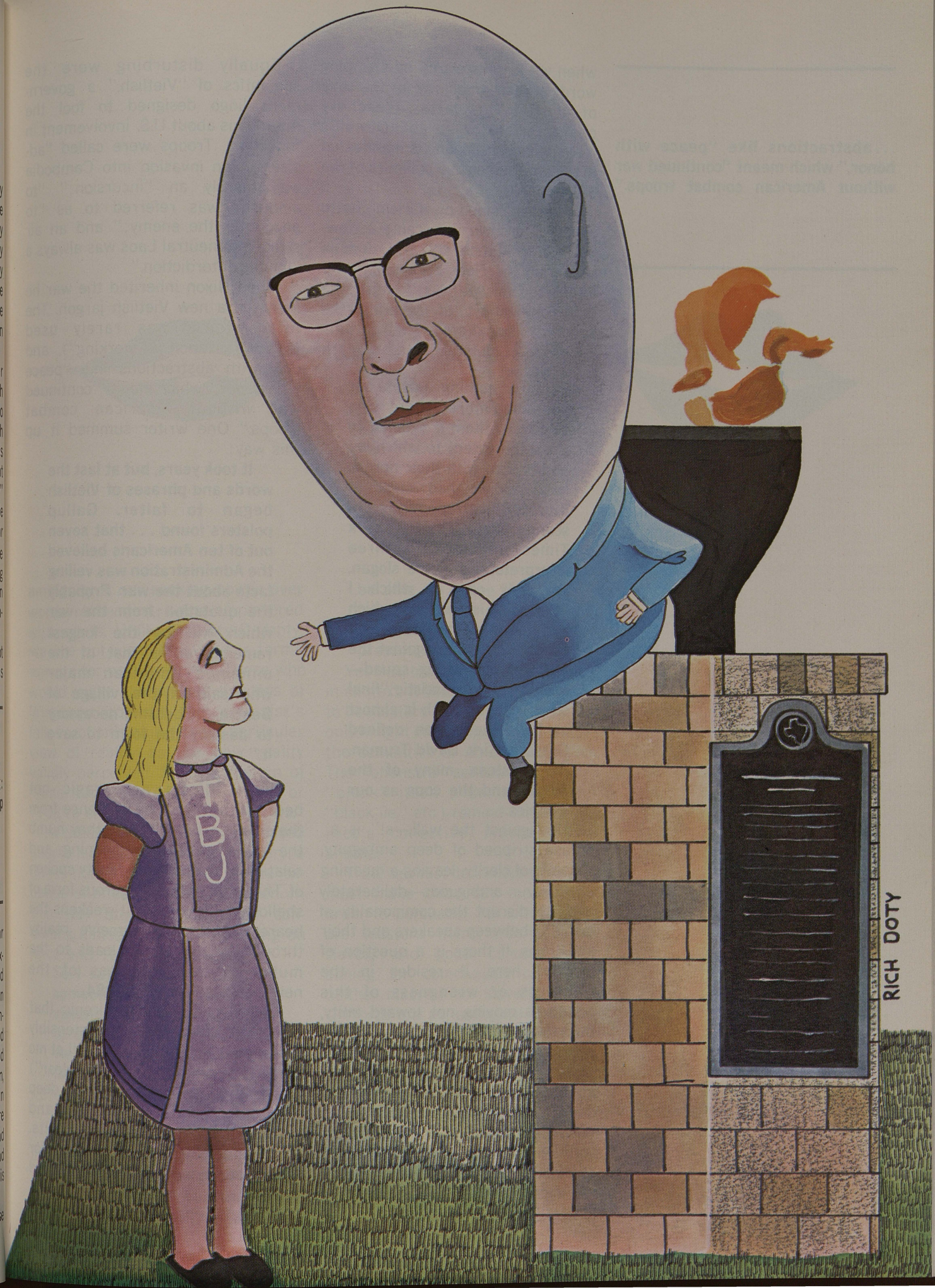
In everyday conversation we use words like "tree," "patriotism," "good," "wrong," etc., in shallowly ambiguous ways. We often give little consideration to distinctions possibly implied in these words and rarely think about exactly what we mean by them. This may lead to severe misunderstanding on one extreme and passive noncommunication on the other.

When we use care in choosing our words, asking ourselves and each other the annoying question "what do you mean by that?" we can approach a degree of clarity. Tom Brown-Jarvis and the administration defined what they meant by "shared authority" and achieved clarity in a workable sense. However, in searching for clear distinction and precise meanings, we finally reach a point in understanding when the distinctions break down and meaning again becomes ambiguous.

This deeper ambiguity is not simply a lack of clarity; it confronts us only after moving through the clear distinctions of our ideas and experiences until they merge and become unified with each other. In the mysterious realms of deep ambiguity we find paradoxes and resolutions to paradoxes. Values and morality become difficult to discern, as arguments about abortion illustrate. In deep ambiguity we are puzzled by creation: chickens and eggs, oaks and acorns, actual and potential. Here man's very nature is discovered to be ambiguous.

...three levels of understanding: shallow ambiguity; clarity; deep ambiguity.

The treacheries of language arise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...abstractions like "peace with honor," which meant "continued war without American combat troops."

when we forsake clarity by stripping words of their ambiguity for the sake of clarity. This latter treachery characterizes George Orwell's Newspeak of **1984**, and is manifested in the anti-persuasive polemics of the 60s and 70s.

A phrase coined by Harlem ghetto dwellers, and which became a New-Left confrontation cry at Columbia University in New York City, "Up against the wall,—s!" had the deliberate effect of severing the student speakers from their audiences. Columbia veteran Mark Rudd writes:

> **Perhaps nothing upset our enemies more than this slogan. To them it seemed to show the extent to which we had broken with their norms, how far we had sunk to brutality, hatred, and obscenity. Great! The New York Times put forward three interpretations of the slogan, the only one of which I remember is the one which had to do with putting the administration up against the wall before a firing squad—apparantly our fascistic "final solution." The truth is almost as bad; the slogan defined Grayson, Kirk, David Truman, the trustees, many of the faculty, and the cops as our enemies.**

"Up against the wall,—s!" is a phrase stripped of deep ambiguity, stripped of clarity, leaving a meaning shallowly ambiguous—deliberately used to disrupt the commonality of meaning between speakers and their audiences. If there is a question of morality here, it resides in the rightness or wrongness of this discourse moving not toward unity, but toward chaos, setting people apart, defining some as "the enemy."

Our government has created a still greater linguistic treachery. The deeply ambiguous meanings of Watergate reveal that "playing according to the game plan" is a Nixon administration concept stripped of any moral imperative, or even the imperative to obey the law.

Equally disturbing were the semantics of "Vietlish," a government lingo designed to fool the Americans about U.S. involvement in Indochina. Troops were called "advisers;" an invasion into Cambodia was merely an "incursion;" "to ambush" was referred to as "to encounter the enemy;" and an air strike into neutral Laos was always a "limited interdiction."

When Nixon inherited the war he invented a new Vietlish jargon. The future tense was rarely used ("Vietnamization is working"), and only with abstractions like "peace with honor," which meant "continued war without American combat troops." One writer summed it up this way:

> **It took years, but at last the words and phrases of Vietlish began to falter. Gallup polsters found . . . that seven out of ten Americans believed the Administration was veiling facts about the war. Probably the quotation from the war which will be the longest remembered is that of the unnamed American major who said of the village of Bentre, "It became necessary to destroy the town to save it."**

These idioms are tragic not because they tear the audience from the speaker, but because they numb the audience to all meaning and relation to the horrible reality spoken of. This is the most dangerous form of shallow ambiguity, for it weakens the hearer's ability to perceive reality through language, and leads to the mute, societal madness of the newspeaking world of **1984**.

And it is sadistically ironic that these utterances were ostensibly intended to clarify positions ("Let me make one thing perfectly clear") rather than to confuse. When deep ambiguity is lost, shallow and meaningless ambiguity results. Clarity is attained only in reaching for the deeper meanings of thoughts and words.

Implied in the treachery of shallow



Milk Toast

ambiguity is our seeking power **over** words, rather than being empowered **with** words. Unlike Humpty Dumpty, we are not masters over our terms, nor are terms our master. Those who would make themselves masters of language commit the solipsist's fallacy of mistaking their particular view of reality as the only reality validly perceived. Such is the sin of "America: Love it or Leave it!" or "You're either for us or against us."

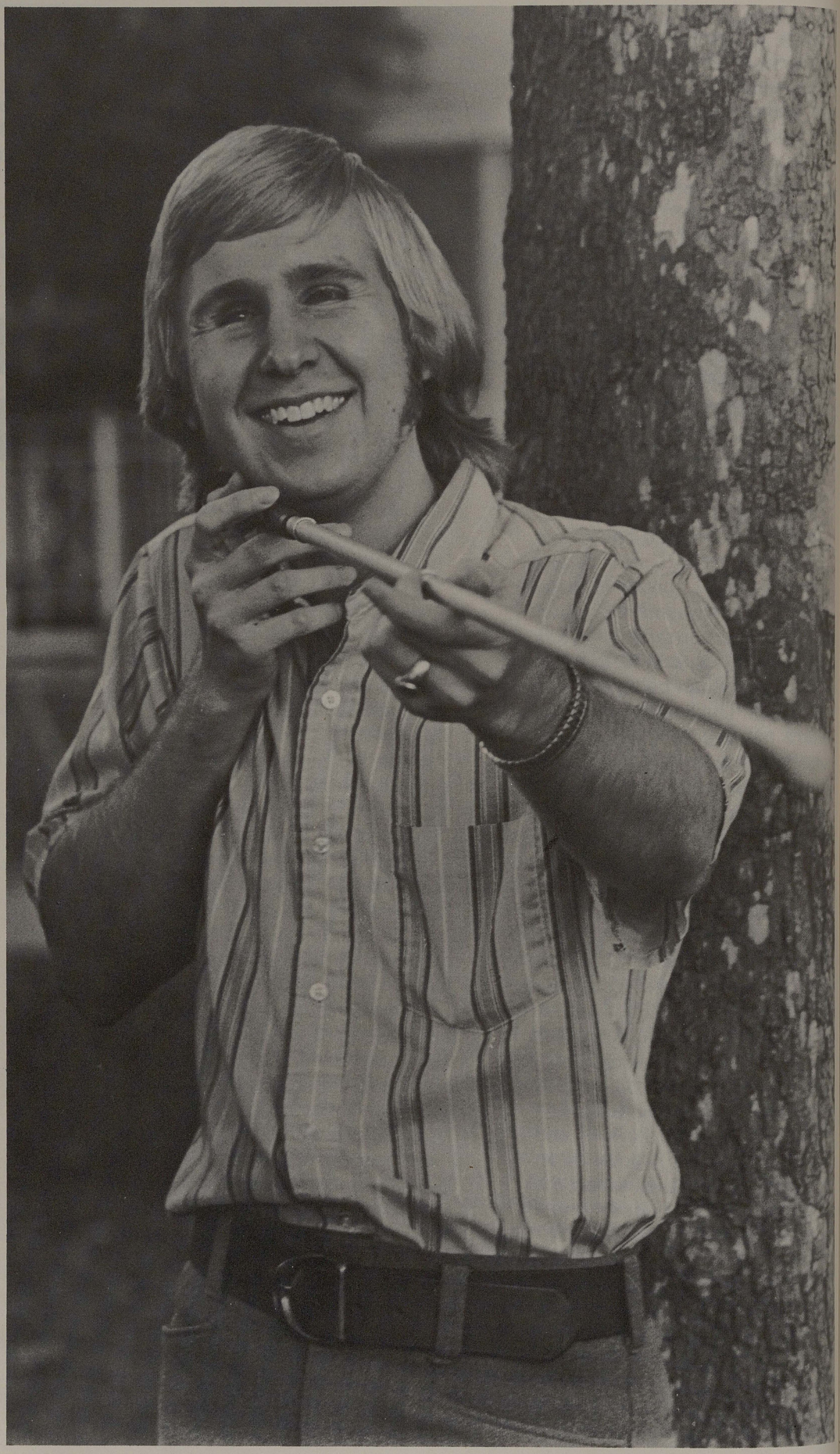
At times, the urgency of oppressed people leads to a quest for mastery, a quest noble in itself, but at the expense of effective communication. In this way Stokely Carmichael condemns himself while commenting on Alice and **The Looking Glass**:

> **So I say "Black Power" and someone says "you mean violence." And they expect me to say "no, no. I don't mean violence, I don't mean that." Later for you; I am master of my own terms. If black power means violence to you, that is your problem . . . I know what it means in my mind. I will stand clear and you must understand that, because the first need of a free people is to be able to define their own terms and have those terms recognized by their oppressors.**

Yet this, too, must find its meaning in context. If Blacks urge themselves to be masters of their own terms, it is only in light of the bigotry that shapes the semantics of American English. The "offensive" senses of the word "black" itself ("devil," "death," "black lie," etc.) remind some of one race's collective mastery over another.

True, we must define our terms, we must make clear our meaning, in order to persuade. Yet where there are masters there are inevitably slaves, and good communication aiming for communion can know neither mastery nor slavery.

Words are as ambiguous, shallow, and deep as are their speakers and their hearers. Identity is ambiguous, and our words tell of our identity. We are individuals already divided, apart and lost to each other at the deepest levels of communication. Yet when we do communicate, we drop our fragile claims of lordship and mastership, and, for one fleeting moment, affirm our unity.



Harry

Harry McClintock can ski, play chess, and do just about anything anyone else can do—except see.

By Sue Ann Sandusky

When Tom MacAdow of Houston entered his room in Clark dorm for the first time in August 1972, he was greeted by his roommate for the coming year, Harry McClintock, who was busily unpacking and putting away his things.

Their conversation for the first ten minutes or so was not much different from that of any other pair of incoming freshmen thrown together and designated as roommates. Then Harry stopped unpacking, plopped down on the edge of his bed and casually said, "By the way, I'm totally blind."

Tom recalls, "I was absolutely astounded." And Harry hasn't stopped astounding Tom, or for that matter anyone else who has seen him traipsing from one end of campus to the other. As Harry puts it, blindness is just a nuisance—a nuisance which hasn't stopped him from learning to ski, playing chess and the guitar, knitting sweaters, taking 12-14 hours per semester, making above average grades and leading a full social life.

"For the first nine and a half years I lived the life of a normal little person, progressing through fourth grade, playing Little League baseball, the whole bit," says the 20-year-old Midland native, a sophomore history major. But July 5, 1963, Harry lost the vision of his left eye when a piece of a plastic flower, ripped apart by a nearby exploding firecracker, penetrated his eye. In October of that year, his left eye was removed. Less than a month after the surgery, his right eye, in sympathetic reaction, developed chronic uveitis, which over the years caused cataracts to form and glaucoma to set in.

For the next eight years of his life, however, Harry was still able to see. "My far vision was very bad, but my near vision with the aid of a magnifying glass was good." Because this vision remained and because the inflammation made the chances of a successful operation slim, no cataract surgery was attempted.

Aided by the magnifying glass, Harry continued to read for school work and pleasure, making good grades his first three years of high school, including straight A's in Latin. But sometimes his vision was better than other times. "The inflammation would flare up. The holes of the cataracts would open or close and my vision would vary with the changes," he explains.

Then in September 1970, a few weeks into his senior year in high school, the cataracts closed completely. "Things became intensely fuzzed out," he said. "One day I was reading **Behind Japan's Surrender**; the next day when I picked it up, I couldn't read it." Harry got through his senior year by doing oral work and stumbling around the familiar halls of Midland's Lee High, which he had attended for two years as a partially sighted student. In June 1971, just after high school graduation, he underwent the first in a series of operations. After one operation, his sight returned temporarily. Ultimately, however, the retina ruptured beyond repair.

Harry spent two weeks in October 1971 in Houston's Methodist Hospital in an effort to restore his sight. But there was to be no more sight for Harry. Small patches of retina remain attached, permitting some light perception which comes and goes with internal phenomena. "But that is the present and permanent state of things," says Harry.

Harry had been accepted at TCU in the spring of 1971, but before he could think about college, at TCU or anywhere, he first had to relearn how to live. And living is taught at Kerrville.

From early February to the end of April, Harry was at the Texas Lions Camp for Crippled Children, which for nine months of the year functions as a rehabilitation center for the blind. Five days a week for those three months, Harry and his 20 classmates, men and women from 16 to 60, attended classes in arts and crafts, home maintenance, techniques of daily living, typing, Braille and mobility. With each new skill came a sense of achievement, and with mobility, especially, self-confidence.

"Learning to use the cane restores a great deal of confidence," he says. "By the end of the time at Kerrville, the center staff could dump us off anywhere in town and say meet us at such and such a point at a certain time, and let us go. When I got home I could walk all around Midland with just the cane. I began to feel that I could do anything I wanted to try to do."

And Harry wanted to try TCU. So in June 1972, he came to Fort Worth for summer school, spending a week

getting oriented, learning basic routes from place to place before classes started. "On a campus this size, I have no need for a seeing-eye dog. Before going totally blind I thought it would be nice to have one, but then I learned the cane technique. Maybe I don't know what I'm missing, but I think a person can learn to be overly dependent on a dog. In a residential area there is just not much need for one if you have a good head on your shoulders."

Harry concedes, "The only real time a dog would come in handy around here is when I have to cross University Drive. But I think all those crazy drivers would scare the mutt as much as me. And any dog dumb enough to try to cross University in all that traffic, isn't smart enough to be a leader for me anyhow.

Harry claims his cane technique has gotten sloppy around campus. "I've become familiar with things. Sometimes I don't even use the cane," he said as he demonstrated several variations of cane twirling. But sloppy or not, he still finds his way around, and even takes popular short-cuts, although problems occasionally arise. "I got to the point where I would take the same short cut across the grass in front of Jarvis everybody takes to get from the Student Center to Ed Landreth. Well, that was fine when I started doing it back in the summer because Ed Landreth has huge air conditioners and I'd just listen for the fans. But then it turned cold and they turned off the fans, and the building disappeared."

He discovered a new aspect of mobility over the New Year's holidays in January 1973. He went to Aspen, Colorado, and like most folks who go there in the winter, he skied. Through the Aspen BOLD (Blind Outdoor Leisure Development) program, a project of the Aspen Lions Club, Harry leaned the joys of cross-country and alpine skiing during a seven-day stay. On the final day of his skiing holiday, he was tackling the intermediate slopes, and made six runs without a fall—an inspiration to the sighted skiers wallowing in the powder like human snow-plows.

Harry, who can't get enough of what Aspen has to offer, returned this past August for some summer fun. He went horseback riding, and "had a blast." He said, "I had the best riding experience of my entire life. I was in complete control of the horse the whole time. And we didn't just walk. We flew."

He stresses the importance of physical activity for blind persons. "I am taking a weight lifting class this semester. I get to do calisthenics, jump rope and all that. I could be excused from P.E. in a minute. But I don't want to be. It's the first time in a long time I've been allowed to work up a sweat in P.E. All through high school it was checkers or horseshoes. It is important for blind people to find ways to get exercise."

Harry couldn't learn to ski on the TCU campus, but he did seek other challenges here. He became obsessed with the idea of running the switchboard in the dorm lobby. "One afternoon I just decided I wanted to do it. I got a copy of the resident list, Brailled it out, memorized the switchboard, and five days later I was working the desk. I get a great deal of



personal satisfaction from accomplishing things like that, things blind people aren't supposed to do."

He is also a tough chess player. Using his special made-for the blind board, complete with raised and lowered squares and pieces with special carved tops to distinguish between black and white, and pegs to keep them stationary, Harry has racked up some 30 wins over other Clark chess buffs. As his opponents call out their moves, Harry keeps mental track of the game.

A real sports-lover, Harry has tried his hand at bowling and figured out a way to play putt-putt. "Bowling is lousy. But, if somebody will aim me, tell me if my club face is straight, I can putt pretty decently." He scored a hole-in-one one time on the links.

Harry enjoys University life. His room in Clark is frequently a gathering place, especially if a sports event is being televised. Harry likes "watching" TV. "Of course, sometimes it's kind of frustrating, especially with crime-suspense shows. A lot of the time the first five minutes is just suspenseful music, footsteps and then, bang a gunshot—what happened?" But Harry's TV habits don't bother his roommate. "If Tom wants to study or sleep or something, I can just put the earphones on, turn the brightness down to black out the picture and watch. Tom can't even tell the TV's on."

If Tom ever does get mad at Harry, however, he has some potent tricks of revenge at his disposal. He could, for example, rearrange Harry's stereo albums, which are kept in alphabetical order. Or, if he feels extraordinarily diabolical, Tom could unmatch all his roommate's socks, which have been paired and specially marked. Harry says the guys in the dorm play tricks on him occasionally—like moving the trash barrel out into the middle of the hallway. Harry, who often doesn't use his cane in the dorm around his room, thumps into the moved can now and then. But Harry accepts the innocent jokes good-naturedly. "I am able to enjoy and appreciate it all as a member of the group. I don't feel left out or picked on. Sometimes the guys in the dorm have no mercy. If we're out walking around they'll block my cane and give me a hard time. I suppose this appears to be cruel and upsetting to some outsiders. But that's not how it's intended or taken."

But at the beginning of his freshman year, Harry admitted suffering some slight depression when he was with his friends. "We'd go to the cafeteria and like all guys, they'd sit around girl-watching, saying things like, 'Wow, look at that one coming in now,' or 'Man, see the one in the green over in the corner.' And I had a little case of the blues for a while because of that. But I got over it. Now I always sit with my back to the door so none of the best viewing seats is wasted."

Not being able to girl-watch, however, hasn't kept Harry from dating. "The self-confidence I developed through mobility has overflowed into other areas. When I was in high school, I was something of a wallflower. I had to switch high schools after my freshman year to be where the special education teacher was. So I was the new kid. I couldn't see well. I ran into things. Plus I was a year younger than everybody else because I started in school a year early. Dating just did not compute for me in my situation. Everything I knew about it had the guy behind the wheel or in the lead. When you're in high school, having the girl come by with the car just doesn't make it. But now, if I find a girl I like, I ask her out, with no more butterflies than anybody would have."

Harry concedes, however, his dating habits have to be a little different. "I have to figure out my own way. I can't compete with a sighted guy on his terms. I can't go pick the girl up in my car and go off to a drive-in. I have to design my own battle plans. And that can be exhausting work," Harry says with a grin.

Harry has become something of a fixture, but hardly a wallflower at many of the women's dorms on campus. He is a popular visitor, coming often on social calls, but also coming to study.

And when it comes to getting down to the business of getting an education, Harry displays the same kind of determined attitude he has toward life.

Lisa Covington, a senior from Midland, who has known Harry all his life, is one of more than a dozen students who reads for Harry. "He has a prodigious memory," Lisa comments. Harry explained he has to rely on his retention capacity. "I work best orally," he said as he described his study habits. "I used to tape lectures, then transcribe the tapes in Braille. That went on for about the first two weeks of summer school the first summer I was here. Then there just got to be too many notes. Now I just listen in class. When there is reading, I have to get someone to read aloud to me. I prefer to hear the readers personally, but sometimes we can't meet, so they'll tape an assignment. To study for a test, I get with somebody who has taken notes and we go over them. Sometimes I'll Braille somebody else's notes of the class."

This arrangement means Harry has to be available to study when his readers are, and sometimes it becomes sort of a shoe-string operation. "There are times when I have to get an assignment but I can't find any of my usual readers. Generally, I end up in one of the dorm lobbies badgering people till I get some help."

Harry has a few Braille books, including the Bible in 18 volumes, but he says, "Braille is very slow. An excellent Braille reader can only get at best one-quarter to one-third the speed of just an average sighted reader, about 70-100 words per minute. And I'm pokey. By the time I get to the end of a Brailled sentence, I have forgotten the beginning." Braille does come in handy for short messages, however, and roommate

LEFT: Harry fiendishly baffles most chess opponents.

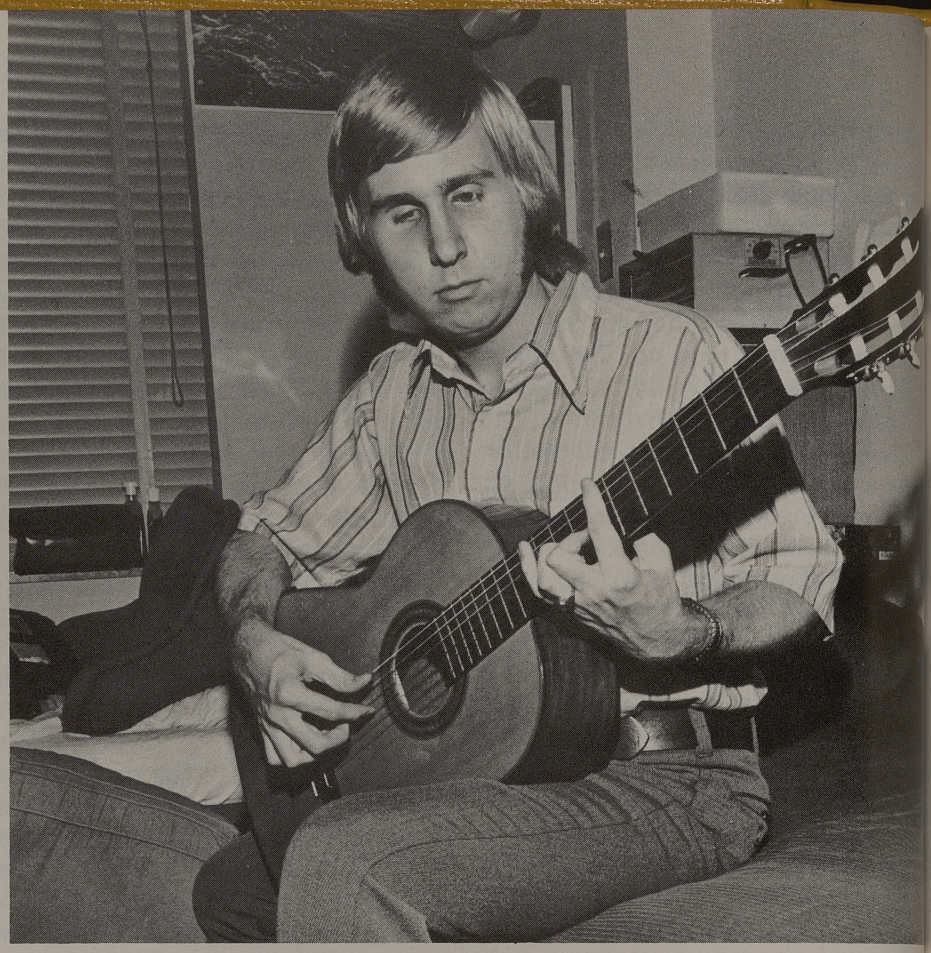
Tom has a Braille key which enables the pair to leave notes for each other.

All of Harry's exams are oral. There are pros and cons to that system, Harry says. "When you are writing it's sort of a hit-and-run operation. You can try to pull a snow job. But when you're standing there face to face with the prof, there's no way out." Some professors will carry on a conversation with Harry during a test. "Some will correct me when I'm wrong, or ask me questions about areas I might skip over. It's really a better way to find out what a person knows. And you can learn a lot more effectively that way, too, if when you miss a question the teacher will take the time right then to tell you the answer."

Term papers and compositions present a different kind of problem. Harry composes at the typewriter, but he needs someone to proof read his papers—and somebody to read back the last sentence he's typed if he loses his place. For a research paper Harry has to have somebody read the references to him and he remembers them—but just in case, the reader makes written notes as well.

Difficulties do arise, like the unfortunate coupling of a soft-speaking lecturer in a room with poor acoustics. Another minor problem is that Harry, unlike the sighted student clock-watcher, who can take a nonchalant glance at his wrist during the course of a painfully uninteresting lecture, can't be so inconspicuous when he wants to check the time. He has special wristwatch with raised numerals he feels to read. "The only problem is," Harry said, "The case makes such a loud pop when you open or close it, the teacher can't help but know, 'There goes Harry checking his watch again'."

The only way to get along as a sightless person in a sighted world, says Harry, is to find new ways of doing old things. In order to keep track of those disappearing buildings, scores of friends he knows only by voice, not to mention the difficult problems of studying, and dating, Harry has to be pretty innovative. He also has a sense of humor. Tom McClelland, president of Clark dorm, recalled that fellow executive-committee member Harry volunteered to make posters for a recent dorm function. "We thanked him, but had to turn him down. Not much of a readership for posters in Braille around here."



Harry's many talents include his guitar-playing ability.

Harry's experience on the dorm committee has led him to consider a future in law. "It's a big decision. I don't really know right now."

But as far as other aspects of the future are concerned Harry says, "I have normal plans. I want to get married, have kids, have a smart wife and smart children."

Becoming blind has changed Harry's life, not only his style of living, but also his philosophy. "It may sound rather strange, but I'm really very happy that I'm blind. I am a much, much better person for it. I have learned a great deal of patience. And, although I'm no Jesus freak, I have found there are times I have to lean back and leave things to God. I prefer to be a sort of quiet witness, but Christianity has been the very foremost factor in giving me the guts and go I've got."

Harry said after he left the Kerrville center and returned to Midland with his new mobility, his whole outlook on the city changed. "I used to think Midland was a very unfriendly place. But when I started walking around with my cane, people would go out of their way to help me. Right at first, it sort of hurt my pride because I had just learned how to move in traffic and I'd be standing at the corner waiting for the light and I'd listen and listen and then I'd think, okay you can go now, and just about that time somebody would say, 'It's green,' or offer to help me across. And I'd be crushed because I wanted to do it myself. But now I feel good when somebody wants to help me. And I think maybe if I let them help me across the street, even if I don't really need it, maybe I've done something for them, too, made them feel good and useful. It's beautiful."



PW

The Pit vs. the Hilton

By Randy Eli Grothe

Cowboy Kim Montgomery picked his words very carefully, as if he were out on the range philosophizing while chewing an ornery piece of Johnson grass:

"This place is a little better than a cow camp because it's got shade, which means it has a little more than a mesquite tree. You know that night here sometimes means ice on the covers and a half an inch of snow?"

Fellow kicker George Richey took a long look down his Levis at his polished, sharp-tipped boots, and drawled out his judgment, "This is really a rag, isn't it. I call it Pete's poverty pile. Look at that desk, it's like a damn antpile."

Later in the afternoon, piped-in rock and roll music filtered through the doorway of a recently-painted room where sophomore Tom Troxel grinned and quipped, "My resident adviser told me that the first time we busted any of this new stuff in Milton Daniel, he would immediately have us shipped over to Pete Wright as punishment."

Walking into the square-shaped lobby of Pete Wright dormitory, you initially question the limits to which the definition of the word lobby can be stretched.

The principal—no, the only—piece of furniture in this eight feet by eight feet cubicle is a bright green, vinyl couch with a seating capacity of three people. A few cluttered bulletin boards cling to the pea green walls, giving the lobby area as much atmosphere as a few bulletin boards can give.

Well, it's nothing like the downtown Sheraton.

"Well, we don't have the conveniences... but once you have lived here for awhile, things get to be pretty routine..."

Looking down deserted hallways in Pete Wright, you feel a cold sterility staring back at you, an icy starkness described by one resident as similar to that of "a mental health ward with ceramic tiles." When the same hall is seething with rowdy Derelicts, the halls remind you of the crowded corridors of World War II submarines when the ooga! ooga! sounds.

"Well, we don't have the conveniences," says smiling Leigh Larson, leaning against the faded door to his single room, "but once you have lived here for awhile, things get to be pretty routine—like walking down the hall to wash your face." There are no sinks in the rooms.

Leigh explained the placement of many posters on his wall as necessary for the cover-up of peeling plaster and chipped paint. "My wall looks like a battlefield," he observes.

After pausing a moment to meditate upon the elaborately stenciled room number of Leigh's residence, the hopeful thought occurs that perhaps the bathrooms are in better shape than the rooms or halls.

A quick trip to see does not substantiate this reasoning. You see five mirrors—four have matching sinks, one has an empty space. A few faucets not only squirt water downward toward your hands, but also sideward in the direction of the other sinks. Some graffiti is etched permanently upon restroom stall doors—"long hair inhibits sexual acitvities" may last through the next century, come painting, sanding, or anything.

"It's such a change from the way a guy lives at home," says Tom Hagen, the president of the Pit. Tom sits in a room almost too small to hold a television, wishing that Pete Wright was place he could really be proud to talk about. Though he speaks with a fondness for the good people he's met through the dorm, he can't contain the bitter words that curse the all-consuming shoddiness of the residence hall that has shaped his college experience:

"The lighting is inadequate, and

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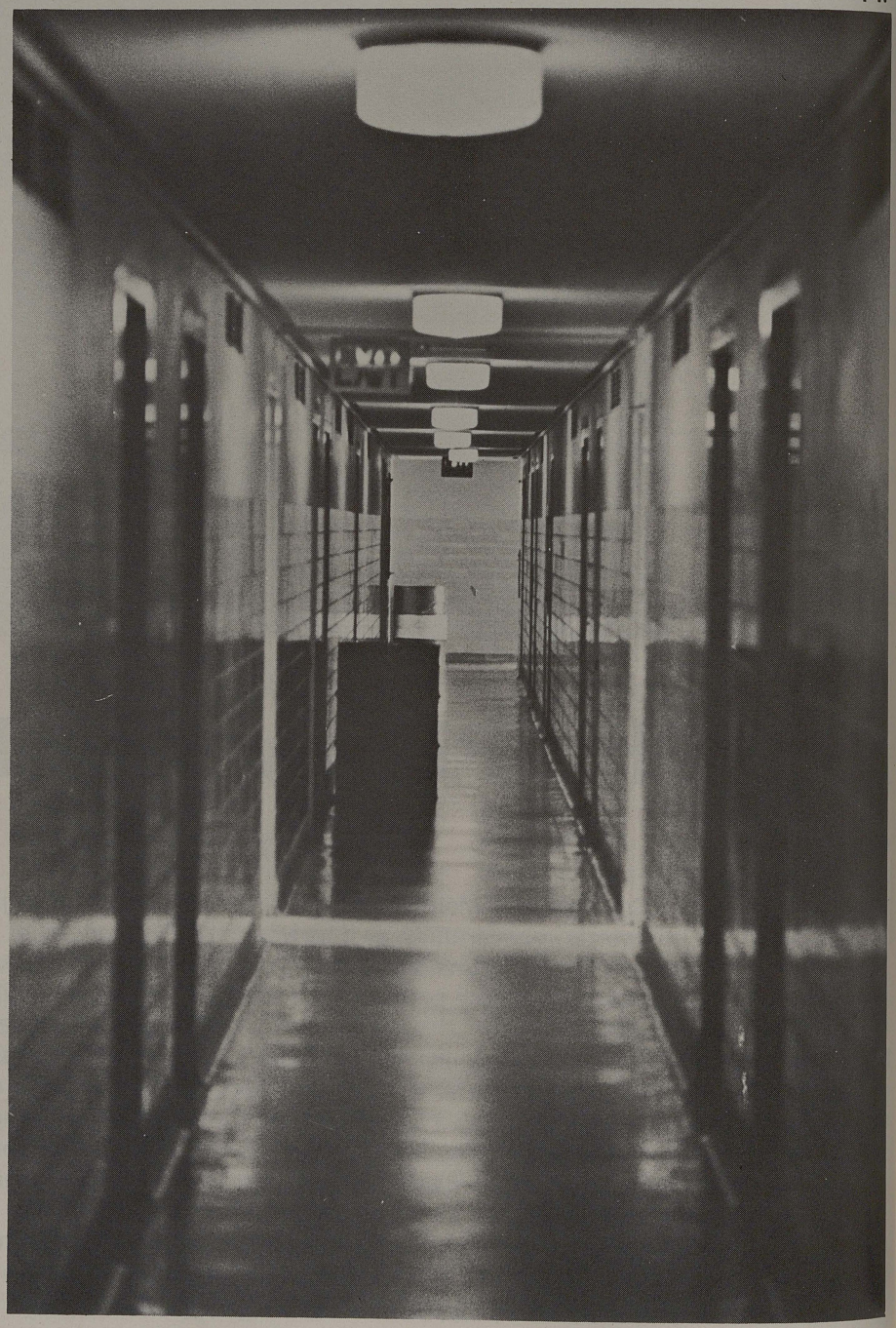


there is no insulation between the walls. Dust and dirt blow out through the ventilation system. The lazy chairs we used to have were junked during the summer, and never replaced. The chairs were so bad that nobody wanted to buy them.

"The light above the desk is recessed too far. If you lean back to study, the light can't reach you. If you lean forward to get more light, you hit your head on the overhanging section of the desk. . . ."

Bob Albrecht, a four-year veteran of the rigors of the Pit, is that highly vocal young man who writes spirited letters to the **Skiff** detailing the squalor of Pete Wright living conditions. Once he starts complaining, his voice rises, jumps, and spitfires with acid acusations:

"For the money we are paying ($200 a semester), the living conditions are sub-par. We are lacking in proper facilities and it's the administration's fault. What we have, we try to preserve, but we can't do everything.

MD



"When I walked into my room this year, its color was something noxious, maybe aquamarine. I couldn't afford to paint it, so I had to live with it," he says.

Bob tells the interesting tale of a fellow student who arrived this semester at Pete's Palace to find his room walls painted but only in an area covering half of the room.

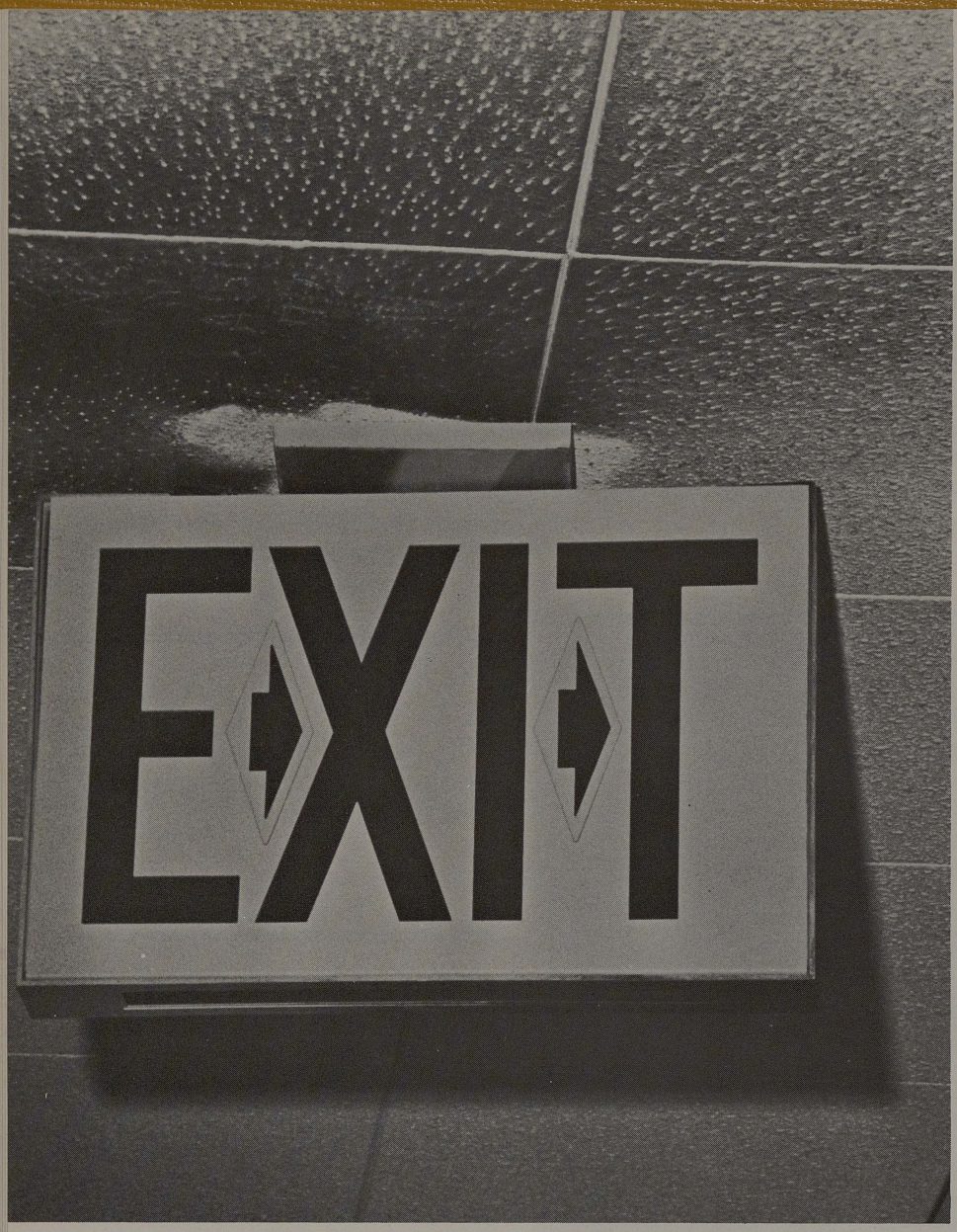
"God, it was blood red," describes Bob, claiming the administration hadn't bothered to repaint the room during the summer. The former occupants, Bob says, had even paid the monetary penalty for painting a university room with a color other than the official administrative selections. Still, the room didn't change from May to September.

"When I walked in to my room this year, its color was something noxious, maybe aquamarine."

As you pass the office, resident adviser Maury Hicks introduces himself beneath the crumbling ceiling tiles. He proceeds to detail other harrowing episodes to this drama of dormitory disintegration and disillusionment:

"The showers haven't been scrubbed good for a long, long time. Last year I put a band aid on the shower floor in August, and it stayed until April. A beef I have is about the lack of kitchen facilities in the dorm; girls who want to cook for their boyfriends have to do it on the sly in the rooms, which is against University policy.

"We have trouble all the time with showers that leak; on the other hand, rust has easily blocked up the flow holes in the shower heads. In rooms, the only storage space is located above the closets, which are unfinished on the inside. Thus, the brick



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inside the storage space tears up your suitcases."

Although the capacity of the dorm is 172 students, "We're down to 118," Maury says. Among these 118 Palace inhabitants, he adds, "a general attitude of recklessness exists," due to the terminal condition of the place.

"I agree that living conditions could be improved greatly for what residents pay to live here," says Hall Director Paxton Jones. "We've got holes in the walls that do not get fixed; last year, in fact, a wall fell down in a room—wait, I take that back, it bulged for a while, then collapsed. I submitted a list of 30 rooms to be repainted last summer—about seven were painted. Some people believe the dorm rests on top of an anthill."

Paxton has his own funny story to tell (everybody in Pete Wright seems to have a pet calamity to relate).

"We have problems with our dryer. Either the pilot light goes out or the dryer catches on fire. It's one extreme or the other. We can't replace the dryer because it can't fit through the door of the room it is in. The dryer was installed, then walled in," he said with a grin. "All we can do is perpetually repair the thing."

Irritated Derelicts have been

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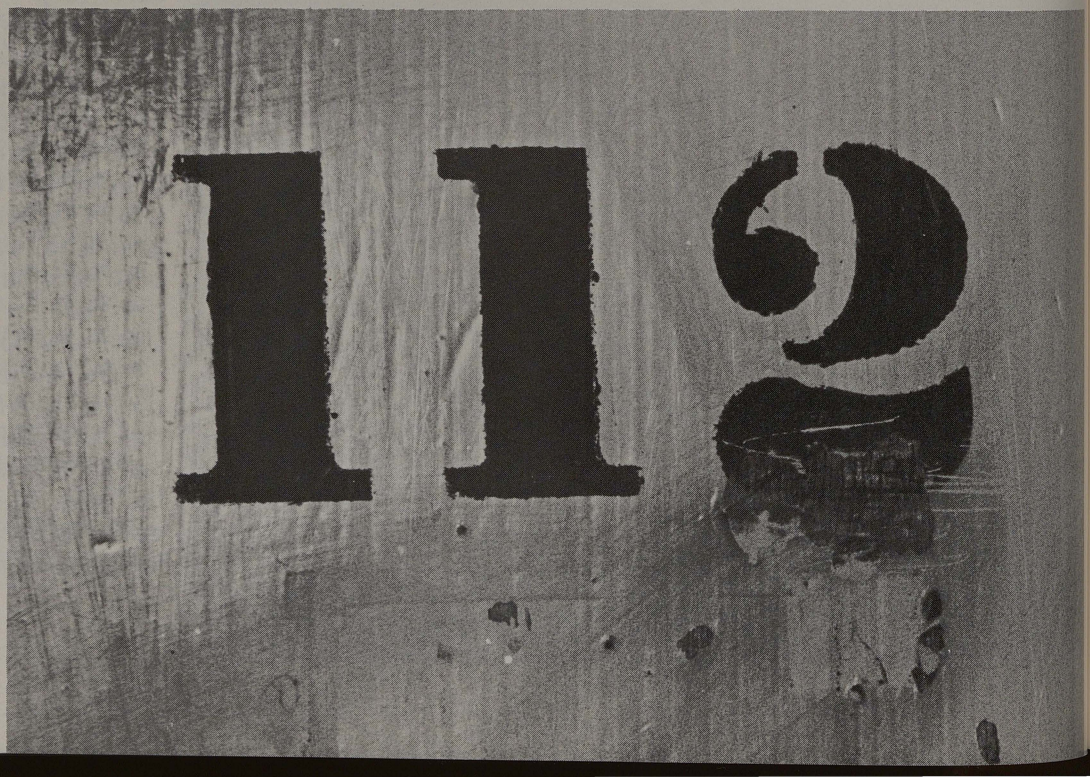


known to bend the dryer door completely round in fits of heated anger when, say, a load was fried rather than dryed.

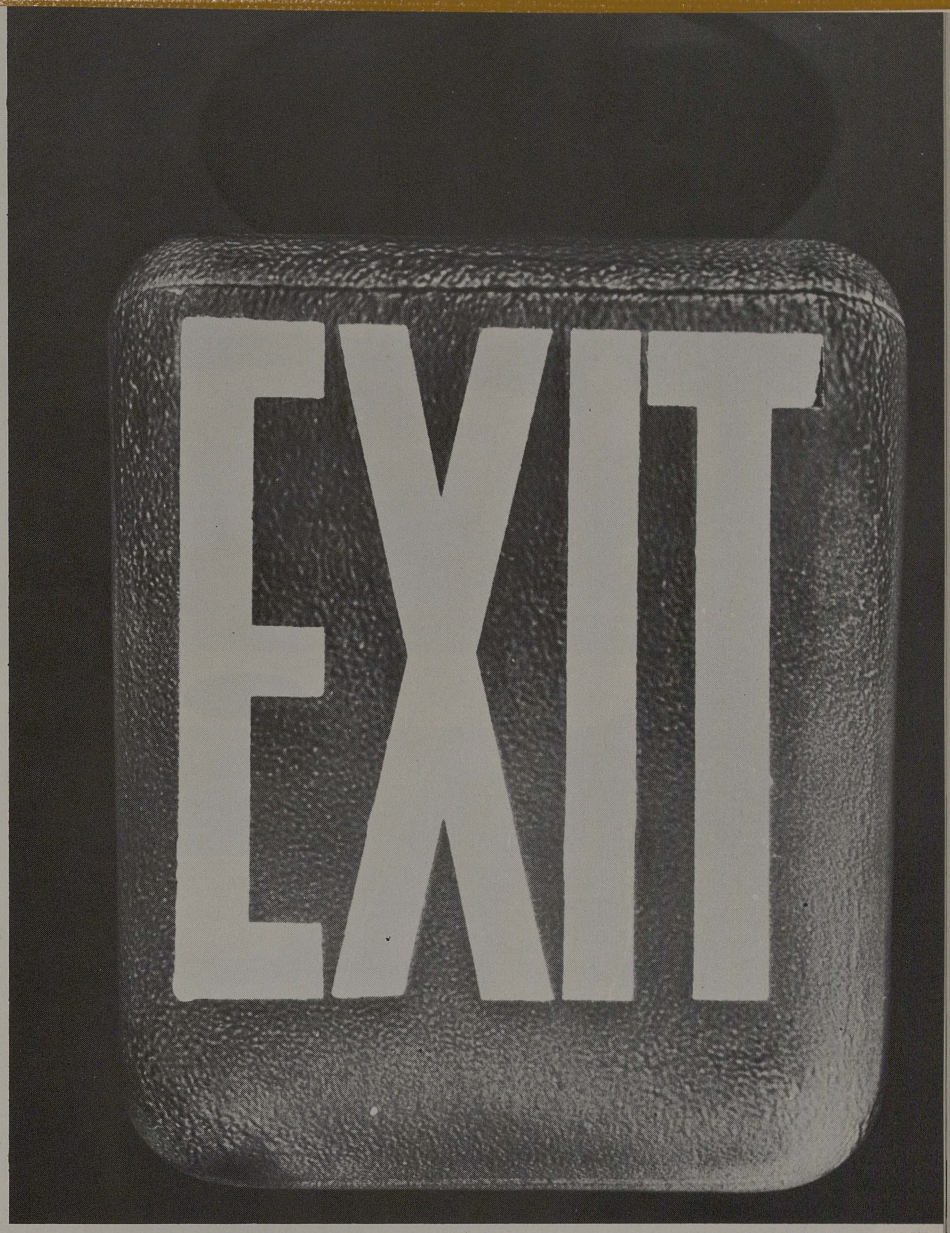
As you sit down outside to ponder what life in the pit of the Pit is actually like, along comes Tom Atkins. He is that rare breed of man, a refugee from Pete Wright who has fled this semester to the lavish confines of Milton Daniel.

"The best people in the world live over there in Pete Wright," Atkins says, "but they just don't have the facilities for all those people with good personalities. Milton Daniel doesn't have half the personality or the same beautiful atmosphere.

"The condition of Pete Wright, though, is just too unbelievable for me. The whole dorm is a bummer because it is so cold. The walls are puke-green, the water fountains have antique porcelain tops. Wow, man, I felt like I was in a zoo or a 1930s movie."

He explains the difference in morality between residents of the Milton Hilton and the Pit. "In Milton Daniel, people are always ripping things off," he says fiercely, "but Pete Wright's a place where you can leave your door unlocked."

Curious about why a dormitory with nearly $350,000 worth of



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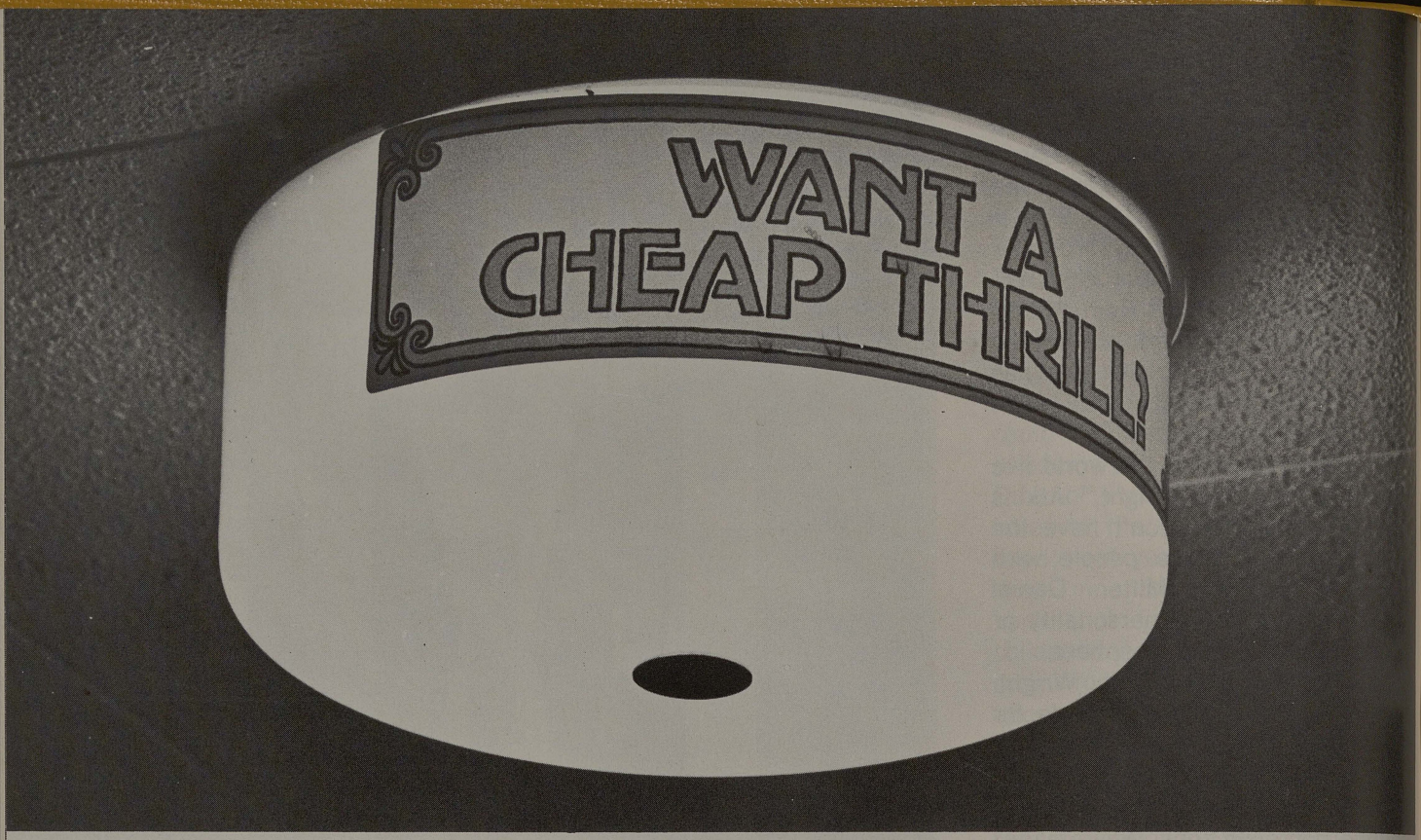

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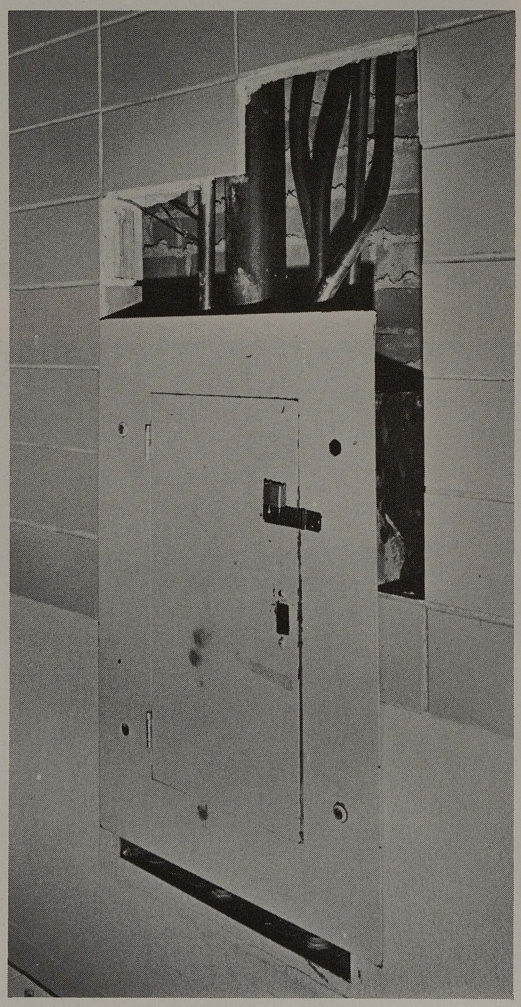
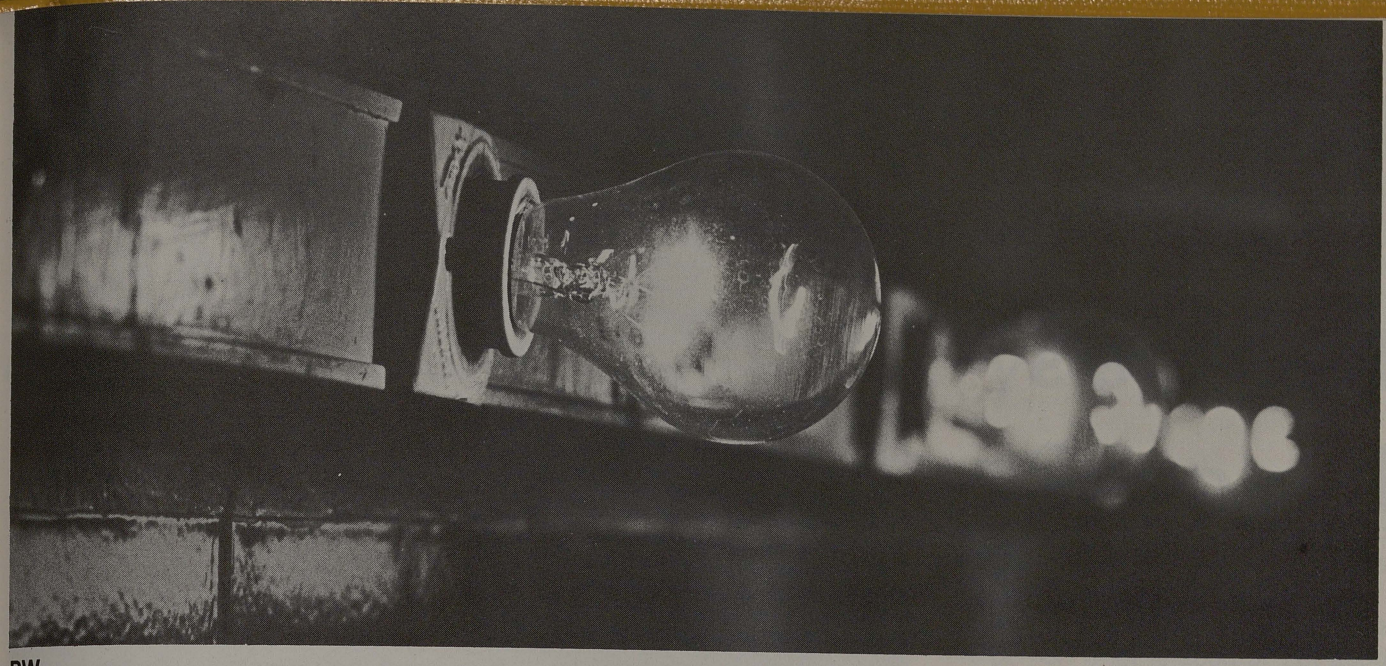


summer renovation and repair could have any troubles, you trek over to Milton Daniel. There, a mini culture shock awaits as you experience another dormitory lobby. The Hilton has a lobby's lobby, full of sleek black sturdy-looking furniture which appears to be custom-fitted for the big, broad athletes who use it. The wall's purple paint is not peeling, rather, it's almost so brightly purple it hurts. The purple carpet in the halls is soft, quiet, and surprisingly clean. You hear the soothing whine of the sound system—it never leaves you. Like good Muzak, the moment you walk out of it, you're in it again.

This place not only has necessities but luxuries too. Almost everything is new: bedframes, mattresses, medicine cabinets, sink units, desk chairs, desks, fluorescent light fixtures, fire-alarm system, television antenna hook-ups (in every room), all-dorm intercom system, washrooms (four), kitchen areas (two), soft drink machine, candy machine, potato chips machine, carpeting in the halls and bedrooms—already it's unbelieveable and the game room hasn't even been touched on yet.



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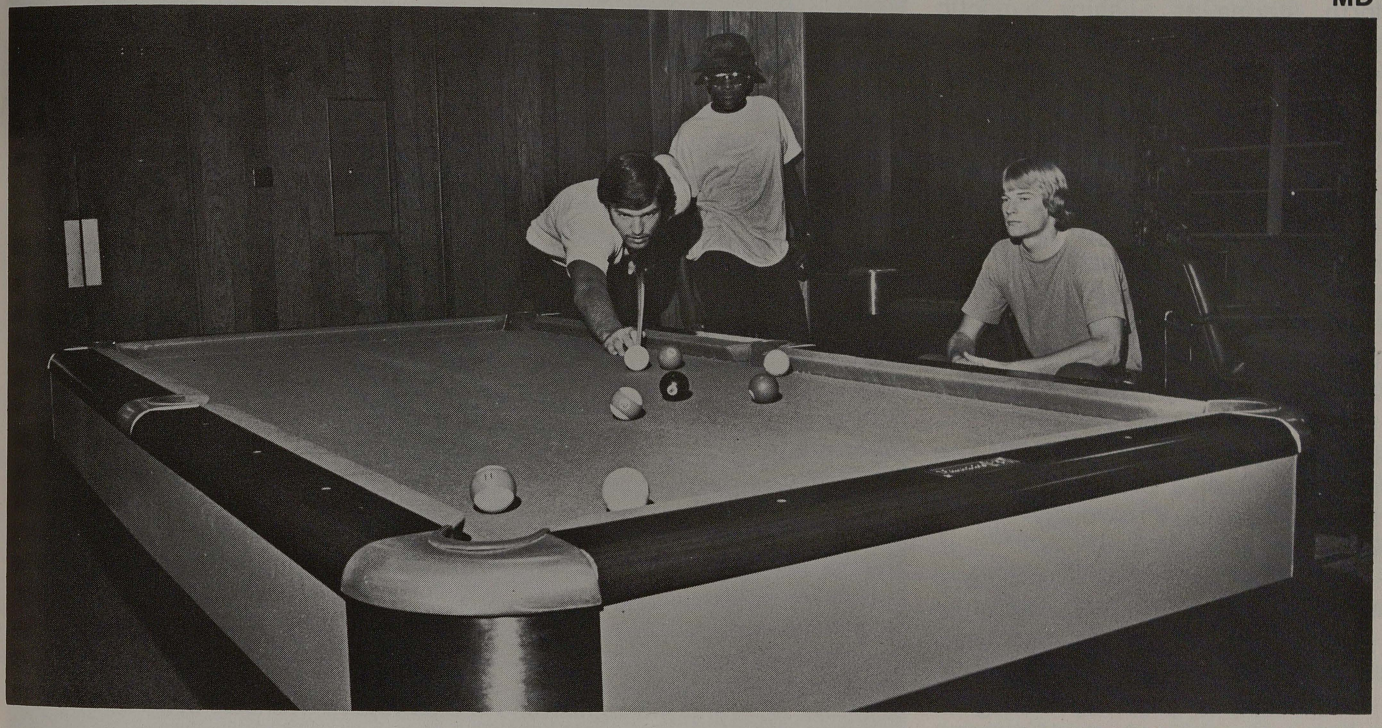


There you find pool, foosball, snooker, and bumper pool tables. Also worthy of mention are two color television sets, and an am-fm stereo system with an eight track tape player—everything a Pete Wright dormitory activist would not even allow to creep into his wildest dreams.

You notice a difference between the types of problems encountered in the two dorms when a Hilton resident gripes, "I was disappointed to hear all the pool tips have been busted."

"There is no place to wipe your feet outside of the bathroom," complained another resident, "It gets the carpet kinda dirty."

Is the constant music the God-send it appears to be, a touch of media following you constantly wherever you stroll in the halls of the dorm?

"Personally, I don't like the piped-in music," said a resident. "I got what I want in my room. Sometimes, when it's quiet in here, the intercom is still playing. If I open my door there is no choice—I get music. I don't think I like that."

Talking with numerous residents of this half-jock, half-non-jock super-dorm, you realize most people are overwhelmingly happy, content to be where the action is in contemporary TCU residential living.

"It's really different than last year," says Ed Hunter, "There are no overturned or burned trash cans, no shaving cream fights in the halls, no water fights. People have really been showing the place off."

"I'd just as soon live here as off-campus," says Tom Riordan. "It's a nice place to come back to."

Hypnosis by tape?

By Mary Dudley

Dazed eyeballs shifting back and forth, staring at a shiny hypnotic pendulum or a burning candle is unnecessary at Frank Monaghan's Hypnosis Institute, 3515 Blue Bonnet Circle.

His procedure of mesmerization is subjecting the person to a comfortable chair, a dimly lit room, and a series of prepared tapes.

Monaghan describes hypnosis as "an exercise in relaxation in which one gains awareness through an altered state of consciousness, it is the key to suggestion."

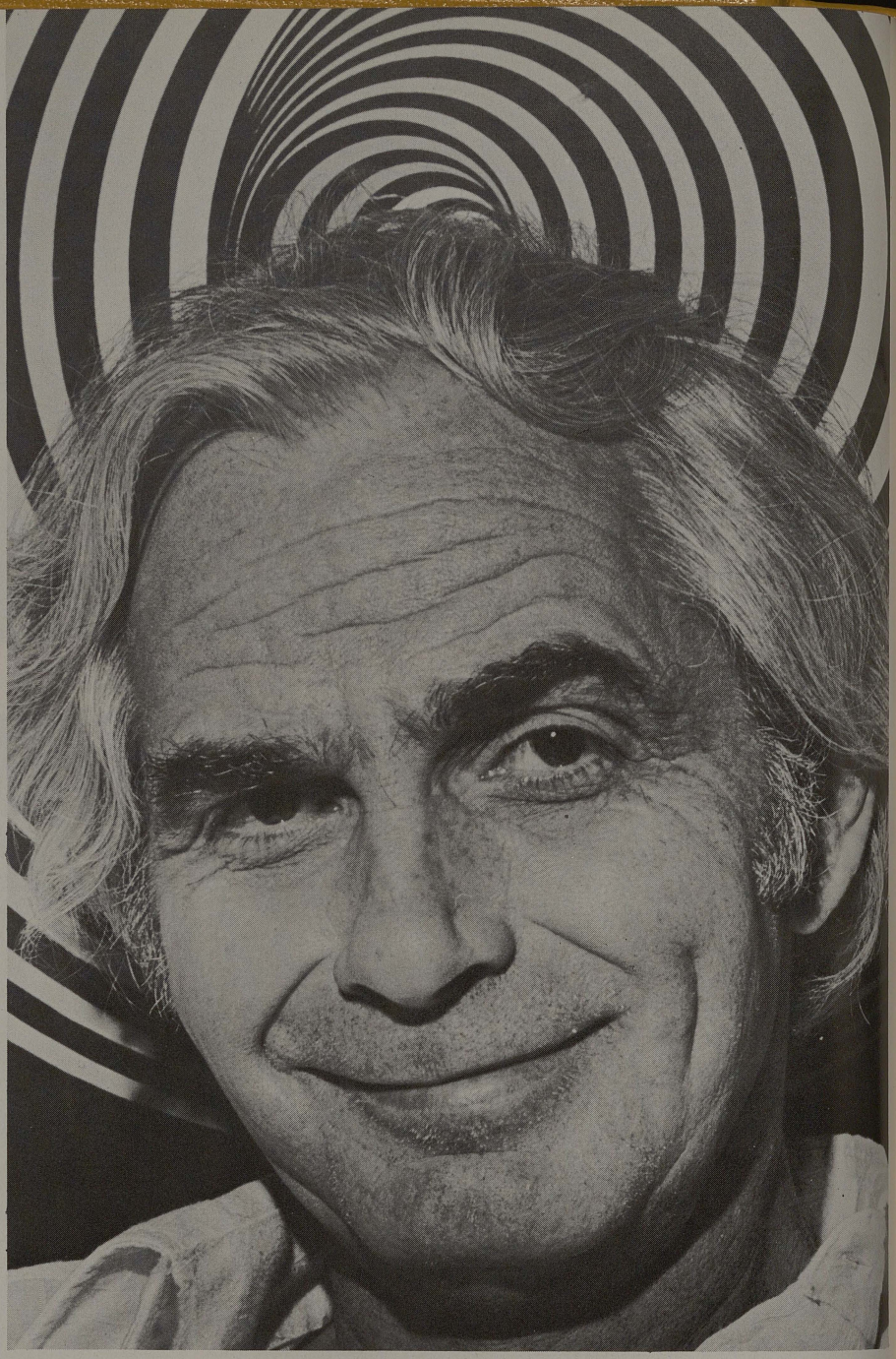
The suggestibility process can alter a person's problem, enabling him to resolve it through a subconscious action.

Most of the student problems Monaghan deals with concern the need to improve concentration levels in order to study more efficiently.

For such a problem, Monaghan selects a hypnotic tape that facilitates concentration and memory through relaxation. The essence of the treatment is to "emphasize learning without fear."

"When learning is coupled with rejection for fear of being wrong, the process of learning is self-defeating. Through hypnosis we attempt to restore faith in the person's own mental capacity," said Monaghan.

Hypnosis can also be used to solve many other human ailments. Allergies, hypertension, chronic pain, obesity, phobias, and sexual problems can by analyzed and alleviated through hypnosis, Monaghan's handbook asserts.



Frank Monaghan and his spiraling, hypnotic eye.

Many people fear hypnosis because they are afraid of "losing control" under the hypnotic state. Monaghan states that "you never surrender your freedom, will power, or choice to the hypnotist."

Adults are more inhibited and are more difficult to hypnotize than children or elderly people are, said Monaghan. He explained that children can be hypnotized in seconds through reference to a fantasy, such as Six Flags.

Elderly people feel they have nothing to fear or lose through hypnotism, according to Monaghan.

Monaghan's Hypnosis Institute is the only school in Texas authorized to teach professional career courses in hypnosis.

If your problems continue, and you don't want to make trip after trip to Blue Bonnet Circle, Monaghan will be happy to sell you a pre-recorded tape on the subject of your problem. The cost? A mere $8.95. Where could you find relaxed concentration for less?

As plain as the palm of your hand

"Sister Diane will see you Friday at 3:30 p.m." Sister Diane? The "sister" immediately registered a mental picture of a nunnery. Perhaps they were reading palms to make money for the church?

Quite the opposite was true. Sister Diane is a palmist, as is her mother, Sister Kathy, and her true blood sister, Sister Sue.

Located at 4115 E. Rosedale, the sisters read palms exclusively, although Diane said she is often able to read minds.

The art of palmistry "cannot be learned from a book; you must be born with it," Diane said. "I see the person's future when I look at the palm of his hand; it is just there for me to see—it would mean nothing to anyone else."

"Palm reading was gifted to us," said Sister Kathy, who can't read English, but speaks and reads Russian.

"When we read a palm we advise the person what is good or not good for them—but it is their choice if they follow us or not," said Diane.

She added that "what was meant to be is meant to be, and we should not try and delay it.

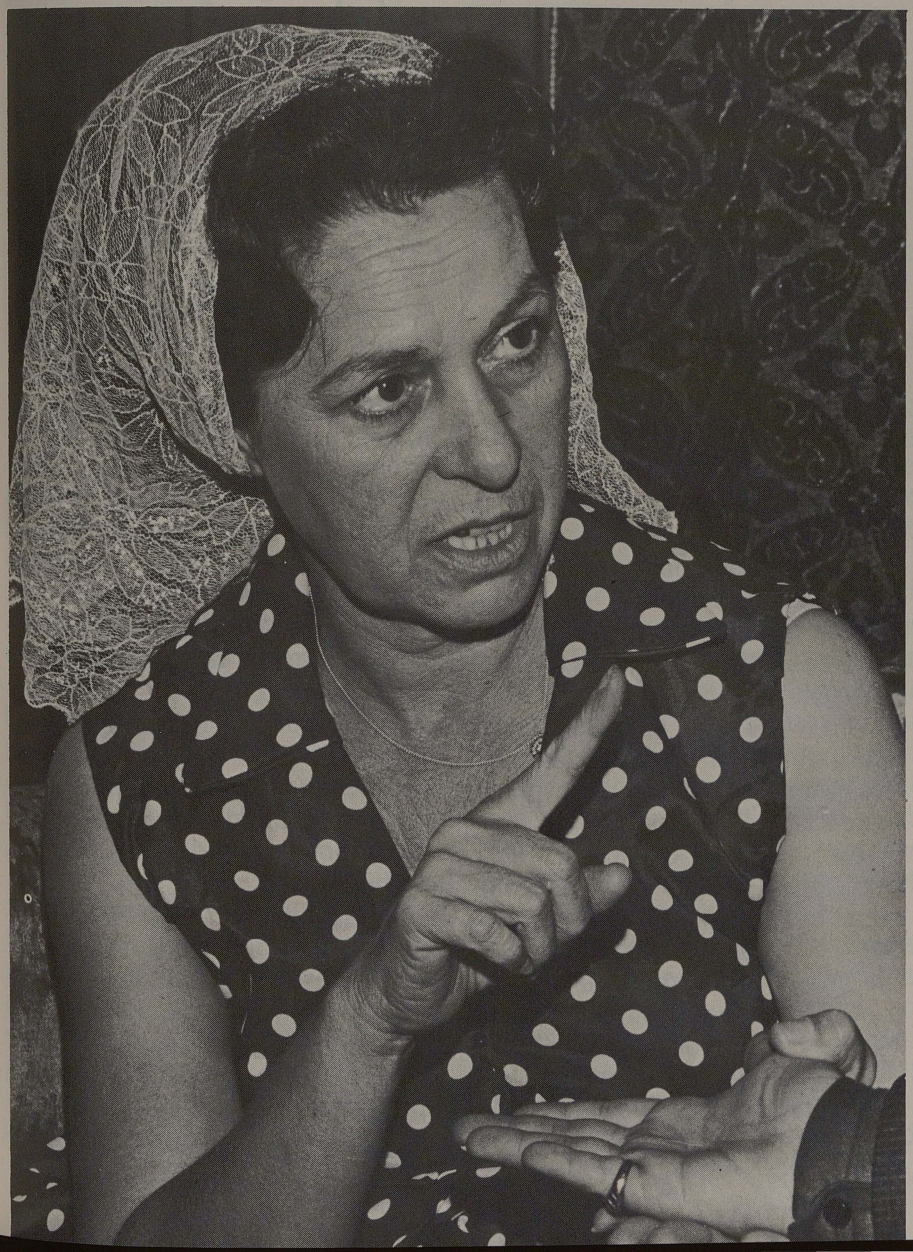
"Often the person will get angry with us for what we tell him we see—he shouldn't, because his fate is not our fault," Diane said.

The sisters cannot explain the inscrutable method by which they foretell futures and fates. The fluent Russian exchanged with the family circle only added to the mystery of their practice.

Even the furnishings overcome the patron when he enters to ascertain his fortune. Tapestry couches, gold-filled glass-covered tables and a crystal chandelier give the impression that palm reading is a serious business.

From the background comes the noise of a color television set, obtained through many five-dollar readings.

"We really do not read too many students. Most of our customers are older, and many have become our close friends who keep returning for advice," said Diane.



"Sister Kathy" reads palms and speaks Russian.

Although true palmistry involves clairvoyance and cannot be "learned from a book" as Sister Diane said, there are certain generalizations regarding palm reading that have been followed for centuries. A few of the notable lines on the palm are:

A. The Life Line—represents vitality and the span of your life (a long line means a long life).

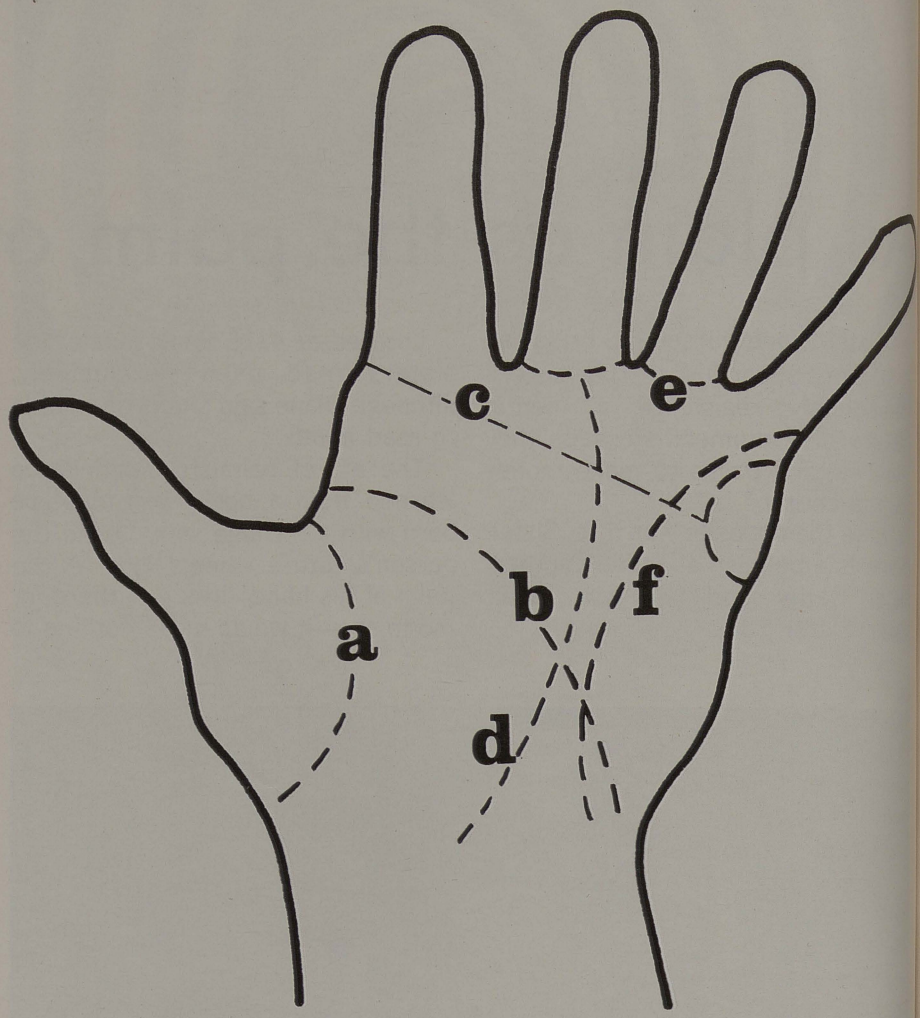
B. The Head Line—a short head line indicates a lack of determination and intelligence.

C. The Heart Line—represents an individual's emotional capacity. If the line begins high you are too possessive; too low, you tend to be anti-social at times.

D. The Fate Line—an interrupted fate line indicates a change in life style will be caused by income, love, or job upheavals.

E. The Sun Line—measures both success and artistic capacities. A long sun line indicates you are a gambler; a short line indicates you are cautious.

F. The Intuition Line—represents your sensitivity, for yourself and others (the longer the line, the greater the sensitivity).



An unforgettable hypnotic experience

Wow, this is the ultimate whammy, I thought. A freakin' space-age hypnosis trip via tape recorder—no more of this shiny, swinging amulet stuff out of variety show acts or Dr. Strange comic books. It's no longer back-and-forth, back-and-forth, back-and-forth ("your eyes are getting very, very sleepy") for now we've got reel-to-reel, reel-to-reel, reel-to-reel, as Dr. Sony (whir! click! squeeeeak!!) soothes into psychic transistorized hibernation.

I had authentic mixed emotions about allowing my mind and body to be put into a hypnotic state for the first time. The doctor was standing there preaching to me about the feel-good benefits of deep hypnotic relaxation. Far out, nice karma, said the hipped-out portion of my brain that grooves on exploring consciousness and new mind-bends. Could be a bummer, countered another inner voice, speaking with the force of 20,000 childhood hours of television shaping, 57 of which involved ghastly murders and pleasurable (but forgotten) obscene acts committed while under hypnotic influence.

What the hell, boomed William Randolph Hearst from the grave, better to lose your hypnotic virginity than return to the office unzapped, but without story material.

As the good doctor made ready for my psychic relaxation by making sure I was physically comfortable in a soft, easy chair, I noticed a few things: no effort was made to induce hypnosis by sticking me with a hypodermic when I wasn't looking, or dropping a Darvon in my water, or slowly filling the room with shammy-gas. I was definitely going **au natural** on this journey into the center of the mind. My conception of hypnosis now and then boils down to a cerebral meeting between the powers of imagination in the mind and the powers of suggestion (emitting from Dr. Sony, in this case).

The good doctor advised against taking any notes during the 15 minute experience. I would retain more than I ever could write down, he predicted, seeing as the subject of the hypnotic tape was "Concentration and Memory."

As the lights dimmed and silence fell, I began to will myself into isolation. For some reason, this brought to mind Robinson Crusoe. Before I had time to pursue this inviting avenue of thought, I heard the tape speak, commanding me to shut my eyes. I closed my lids and stared searchingly into the darkness created behind them. Then came the fantasies.

For some reason, there was lonely ol' Robinson Crusoe again, this time wearing kaleidoscope eyes and throwing frisbees of oversized amulets to Mandrake the Magician who changed them into tape recorders.

Before I freaked, I heard the tape bark again, asking me to relax muscles in my body in a step-by-step order, starting with the head. As I began relaxing these head muscles, I perceived the existence of a headache, undoubtedly the consequence of an Adolph Coors muscle relaxation the night before at the Stables. Instantly, I was irate with this ignorant tape which had failed to mention exactly what a budding hypnotic should do in a case like this. With a burst of insight, I stopped to wonder if hypnotism would come easier for drunks who had lost brain cells, and thus possessed less muscle material to relax.

The darn tape broke my concentration, and urged me to relax the muscles in my waist-stomach region. Evidently, I had missed the all-important relaxation of everything between the top of the head and the waist—eyes, chin, neck, shoulders, arms, hands, chest, the works. God, but I felt deprived. Was it possible to play catch-up in this game?

Forget the upper torso, I snap-decisioned, get that waist-stomach and maybe all that is in between the head and the waist will then come natural. As I set my stomach muscles free, the day-before's homemade lasagna nearly achieved independence, too. I never realized I needed muscles to keep indigestion in its right place as indigestion. Of course, I never knew I had indigestion until I relaxed those stomach muscles, and all Italia nearly broke loose.

Meanwhile, silence had been broken by the ominous gastric rumblings of my digestive system; amazingly, the pounding in my brain provided a bit of needed percussion accompaniment. Cripes! I should be put in a class for slow hypnotic learners, I muttered silently, or at least offer to self-pace myself.

Before I freaked, I heard the tape bark again, asking me to relax muscles in my body in a step-by-step order, starting with the head.

In near-total desperation, I decided to kiss this tape business goodby, and resort to fantasizing the old method. I hastily created a pair of swinging, glittering amulets on the insides of my eyelids. This worked for a few minutes until I sneezed and crashed the amulets together right above my nose, which hampered my breathing, turning it more into a sort of lecherous wheezing.

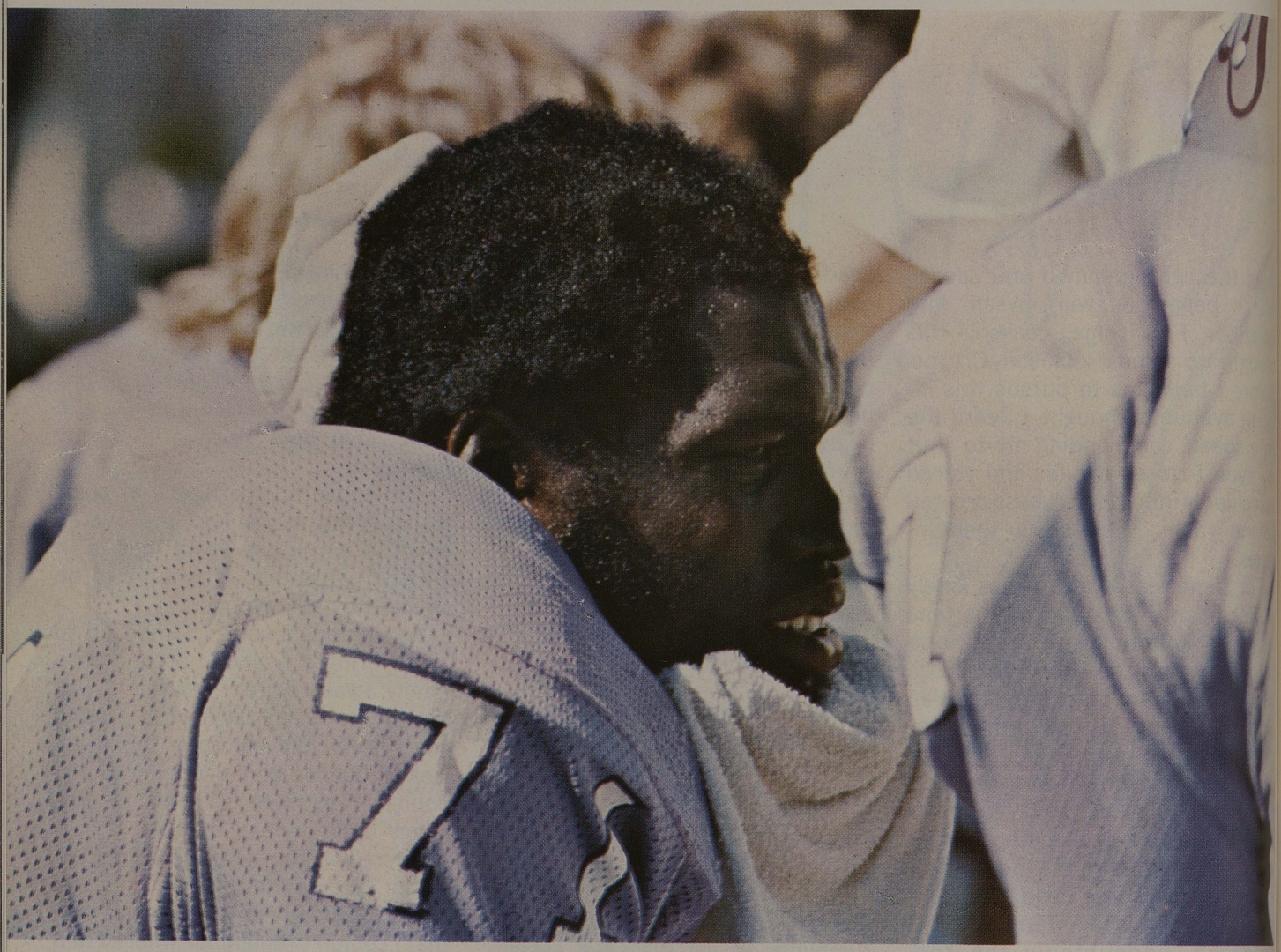
Everything outside of this tape is unimportant, sandwiched in the voice of the tape, between a wheeze and an intestinal gurgle. That statement immediately made me think of Cybill Shepherd, and how anything—tape, human, amulet, or otherwise—could possibly think she was unimportant. Before I knew it, Cybill was swinging very sensuously in perfect amulet-style rhythm on the insides of my eyelids. Oh, Cybill, magnetic Cybill, you mesmerizing Memphis belle you!!! (Eat your heart out, Woody Allen.)

The appearance of Cybill at point blank eyelid range had the overall effect of unrelaxing every muscle in my body which had attempted to be affected by the hypnosis.

As the tape's voice counted up to 10 to bring a hypnotic around to a totally awake state, I realized I was concentrating, actually concentrating like I never had before in this life. I looked deeper and deeper into the bouncing essence of the dancing image upon my eyelids until...

There was the light, open eyes, the doctor, and coarse reality.

Also existing was the irritating fact that I couldn't remember where I had placed any of my pre-hypnosis notes—which, indeed, was unfortunate for I had to ask a fellow reporter for the name of the hypnosis tape I had listened to.



Big Charlie Davis

Charlie is a man with something to say. People don't always bother to listen.

By Mike Branch

The tone in Big Charlie Davis' voice was one of yearning. "C'mon Dede, call a time out—Tommy's hurt." But his voice went unheeded then, as it does now, and probably will in the future. The result at the time was a second Idaho touchdown when the ball was run five yards right over TCU's Tommy Van Wart, who had incurred a hip pointer on the previous play. In the future, who knows what the result may be.

A black with something to say, a man who will work through the system, a guy who will "get goin' when the goin' gets tough," a man who can see the human side of life, a guy with an inside as well as an outside, a man of ambition—all balanced in the huge 6-3, 260 frame of TCU's defensive tackle Charles Mack Davis—Big Charlie. And it's the balance of these qualities in his inner self that shows through.

Charlie Davis was born on November 17, 1951. In him one can see his rancher father's self-sufficiency. "Whatever needed doing, he could pretty well do it," Charlie recalls. For instance, his father, with the help of the entire family (which included 8 brothers and 2 sisters) built and wired the frame house that now stands 6 miles east of Wortham, Texas. His mother was the typical housewife, taking care of his brothers and sisters and Charlie, keeping the household in order, and "spending money, even though there wasn't much to spend."

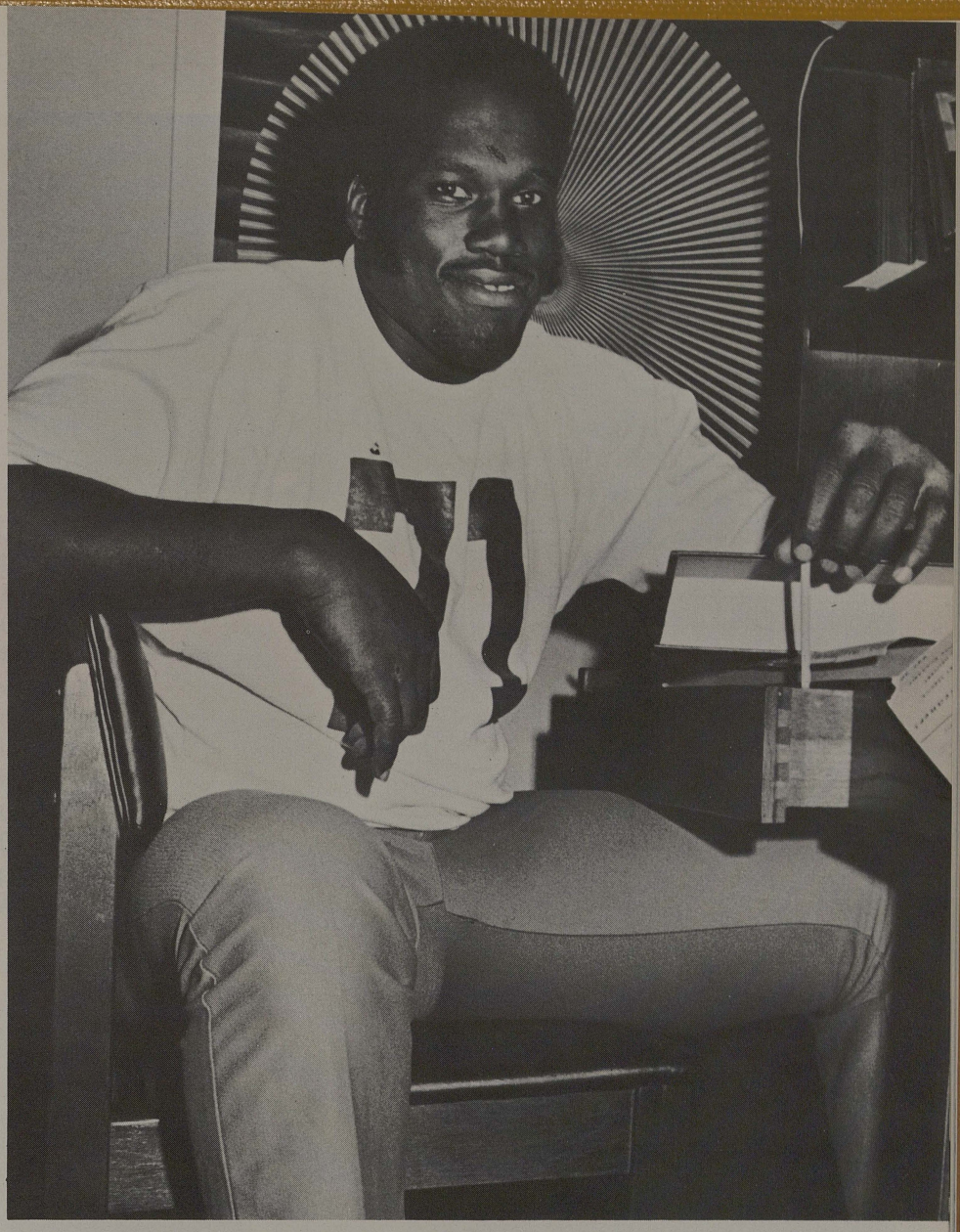
From his mother and his brothers and sisters he learned to balance his self-sufficiency with an inter-dependence and respect for others. As his older brothers and sisters took care of him, so he is taking care of his younger brothers and sister.

"Having lots of brothers and sisters might tend to make you a softer person or a really hard ass," Charlie observed. Within his passive, rambling voice one can sense the balance of hardness and softness within him. He sees the people around him as his little brothers and sisters, and feels again the tone of inter-dependence between them.

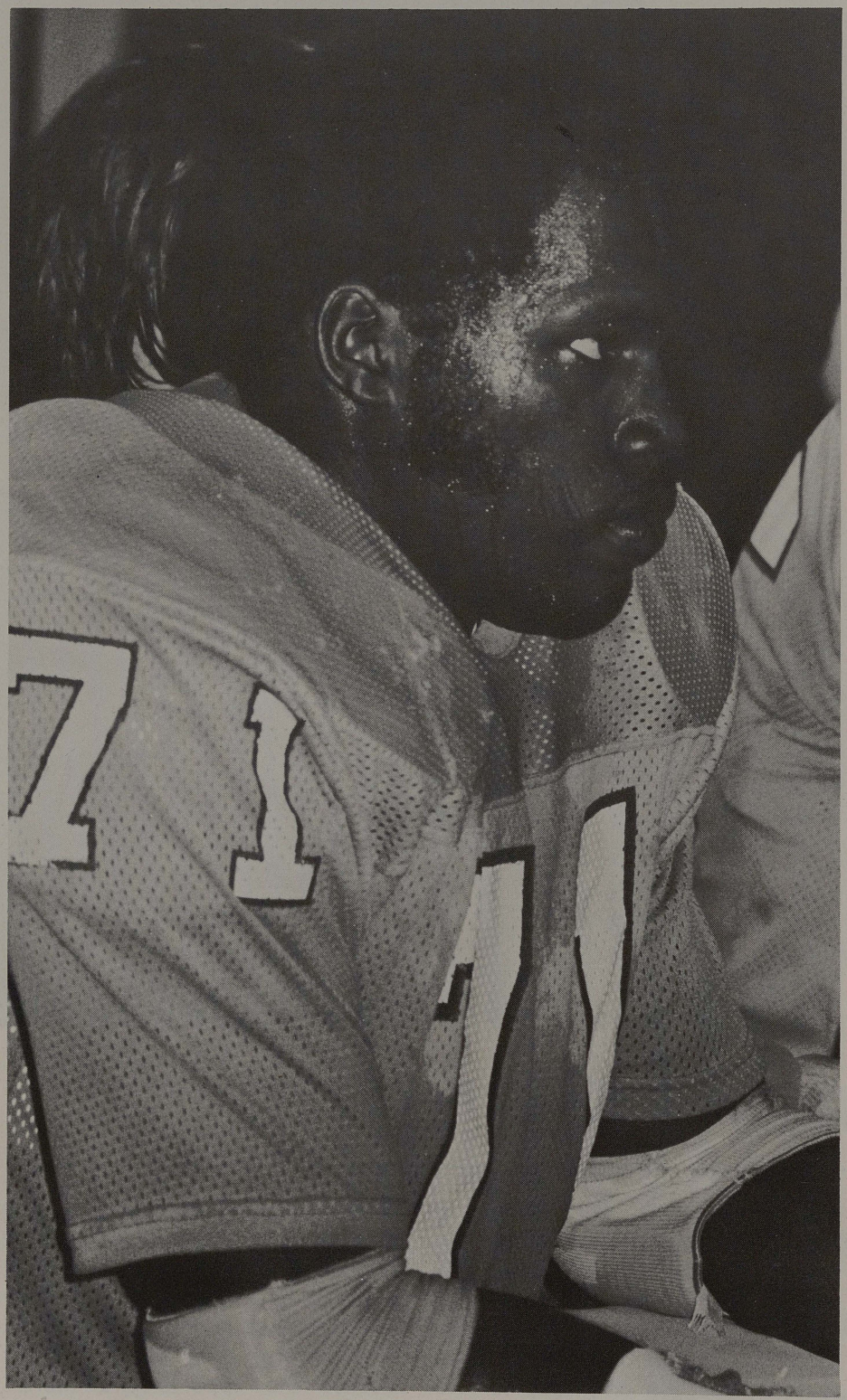
A balance can also be felt in Charlie's goals in the life he is building for himself, and, he hopes, for his brothers and sisters. As a top defensive tackle for the TCU team, he hopes to go high in the pro draft, but he doesn't feel that pro football is his real calling. With only four to five years of pro football under his ample belt, he hopes to invest in some real estate and retire to the uncrowded country and raise quarterhorses. Despite his large family (which he says he didn't think was at all unusual until people started asking him about it) he doesn't like the crowdedness of the city.

At TCU Charlie has found a balance between the academic and the athletic. His reasons for academic participation are two-fold. First, he is taking some business and law courses to further his knowledge of investments, and, second, "just because the opportunity's there." Like the academics, he is using his athletic capabilities only as a stepping stone to later things.

And, of course, his athletic prowess is well known. Charlie was a pre-season All-American pick on five separate lists, and his chances in the pro draft may hinge on his living up to those expectations. Coach Billy Tohill put it this way, "Charlie Davis is the



Charlie Davis is known for the combination of enormous physical might with a friendly personality.



Like many black athletes in southern universities, Charlie's perceptive advice and his observations of the team often go unnoticed.

best defensive tackle I've had in 13 years of college coaching. In fact, I've never been associated with a team that had a tackle as good as Charlie." Paul Hornung said on the Notre Dame TV network, "If Notre Dame had an all-opponent team, Charlie Davis would head the list."

As for his chances as a post-season All-American pick, Charlie says, "I haven't seen anybody better." He's been making consistently good plays all through the season, but the big play just hasn't come along. His huge frame blocks the hole, despite double-teaming and combo-blocking, but he's not the one who gets the credit. It is the balance between true sensationalism and obscurity.

And Charlie can balance life's realities with his own philosophies. "Everybody gets tired, it's just life, y'know. It's something you have to put up with. You can't bail out everytime you get tired of livin'." Charlie hasn't bailed out.

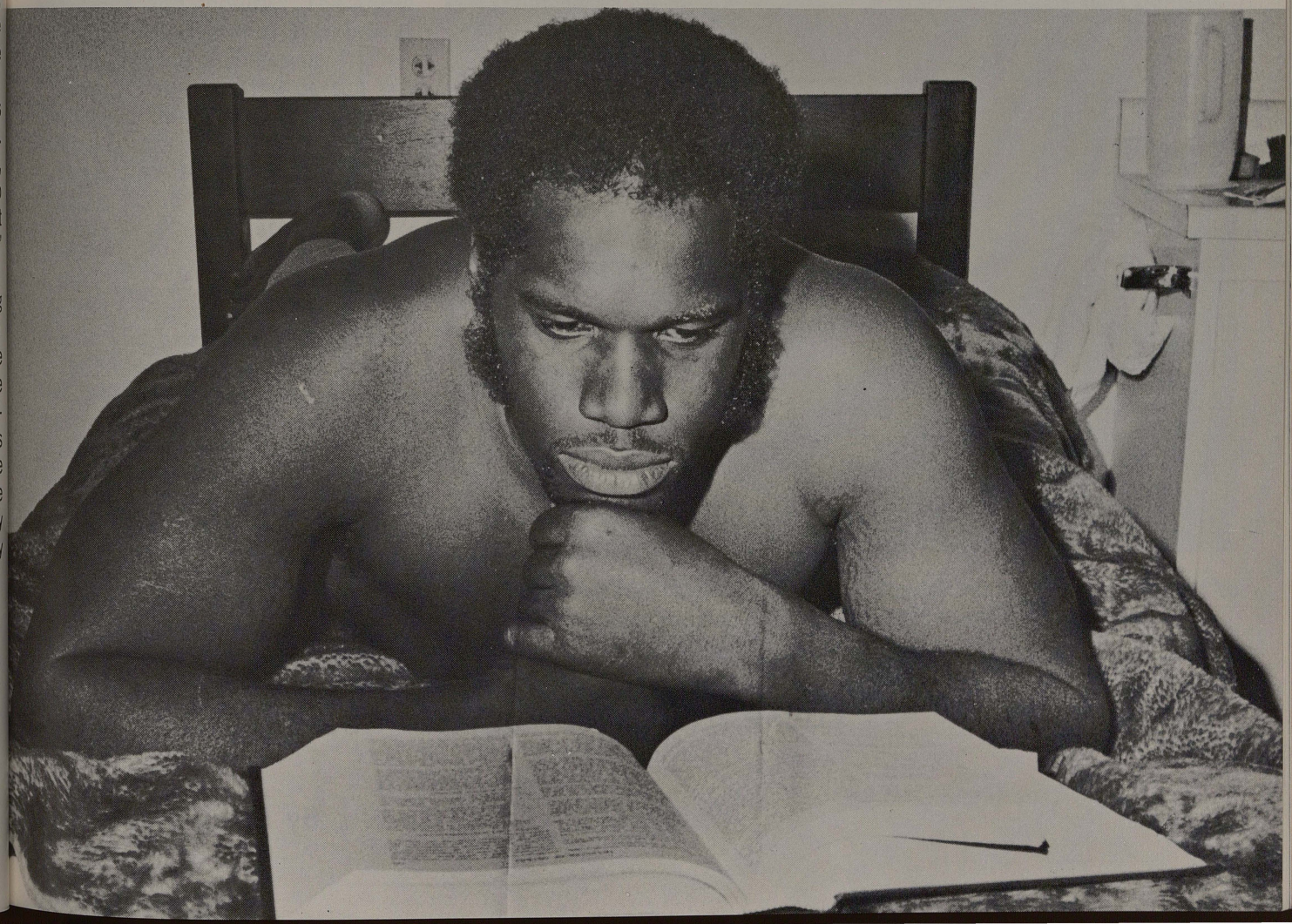
Everybody loves a winner, and Big Charlie has been a winner. But there is one victory that is hard for Charlie to master, one balance that is elusive to achieve. That is the balance between being accepted for what he is and being accepted for what people think he is. In subtle ways, he feels, he is discriminated against merely because he is black. People simply

don't understand him, the coaches especially. Where they see the quiet and retiring Charlie Davis, he himself feels the call to speak out, to offer his point of view for consideration.

But if he speaks out now, the answer is sure to be, "You're not the captain. Shut up!" So what is the result of this suppression? Nothing, in the game of football. Charlie has learned that they won't listen to him anyway, so there's no sense in saying anything. "It's their team," he reasons. "Why let it bother me?"

But in the game of life a different Charlie Davis will emerge, a voice that, if not heard, will be repeated again and again until it is heard—and understood. If he can achieve that final victory, the balance between what he is and what he appears to be, if he can make people see his true inside in balance with the outside, if he can make his voice heard and understood, then the true Charlie Davis will shine through. At that point, Big Charlie will become a true All-American.

Davis sees football as a temporary phase in his life; he studies business and law to prepare for a substantive future.





Pitfalls of the core

The much-needed revision of the University's core requirements has finally been approved. But there are some tricky clauses that might cause trouble for uninformed students.

By Mary Dudley

The establishment of revised University core requirements centered around an ambiguous question: what makes a liberally educated person?

"The University should provide an essential framework through which a student may direct his choice of study. Courses of study should be allowed, not forced; exposure is one thing, necessity is another," said junior Bob Stanley, one of the three student representatives on the Courses of Study Committee.

Four statements were compiled by the Committee justifying the requirements included in the core.

First, "an educated person will acquire at least some experience in the three divisions of human knowledge and inquiry." The three divisions are natural science, social science and the humanities.

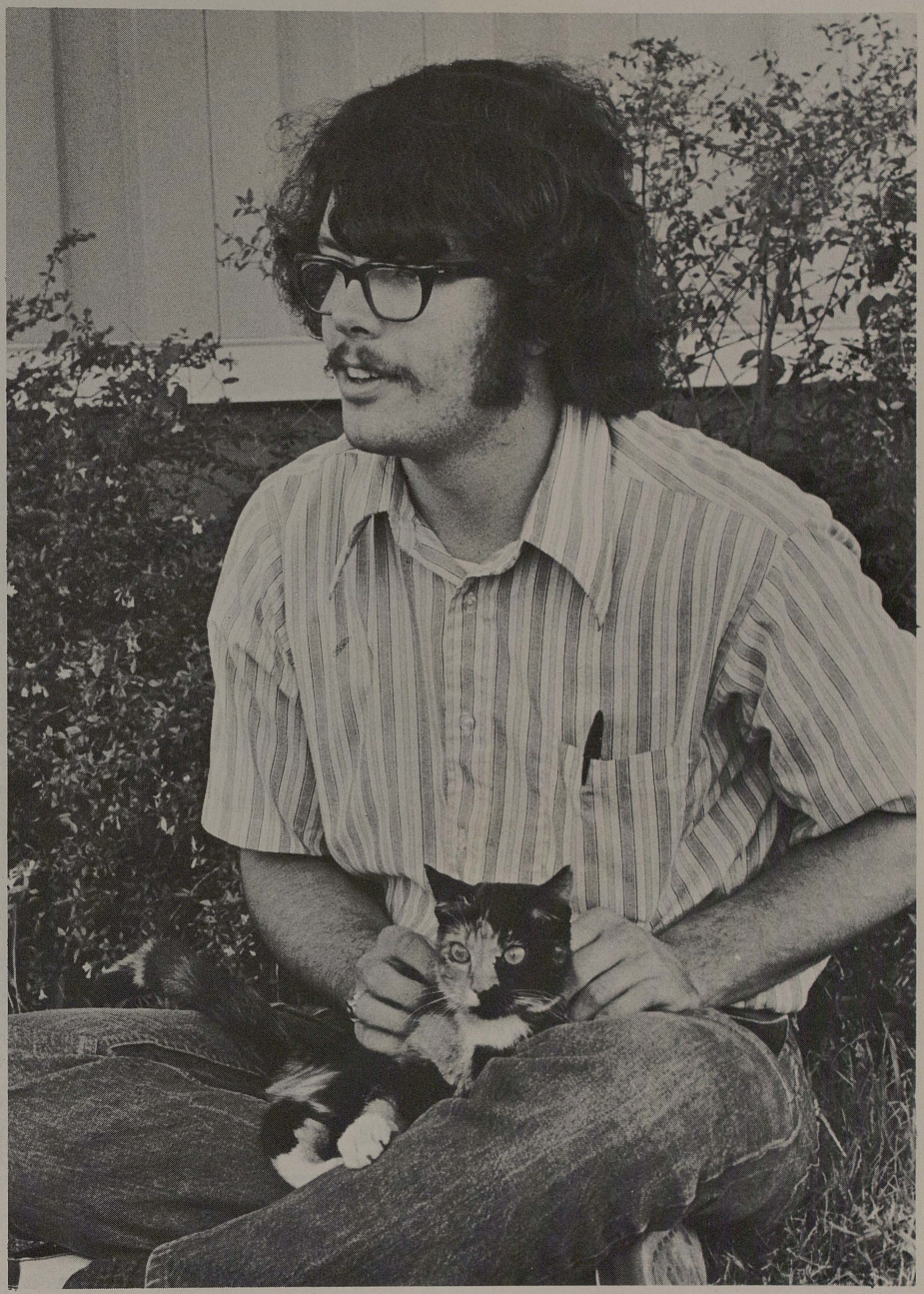
Second, "an educated person will learn to read his native language with ease, accuracy, vigor and precision."

Third, "an educated person will acquire some artistic, historical, philosophical, and spiritual perspective...."

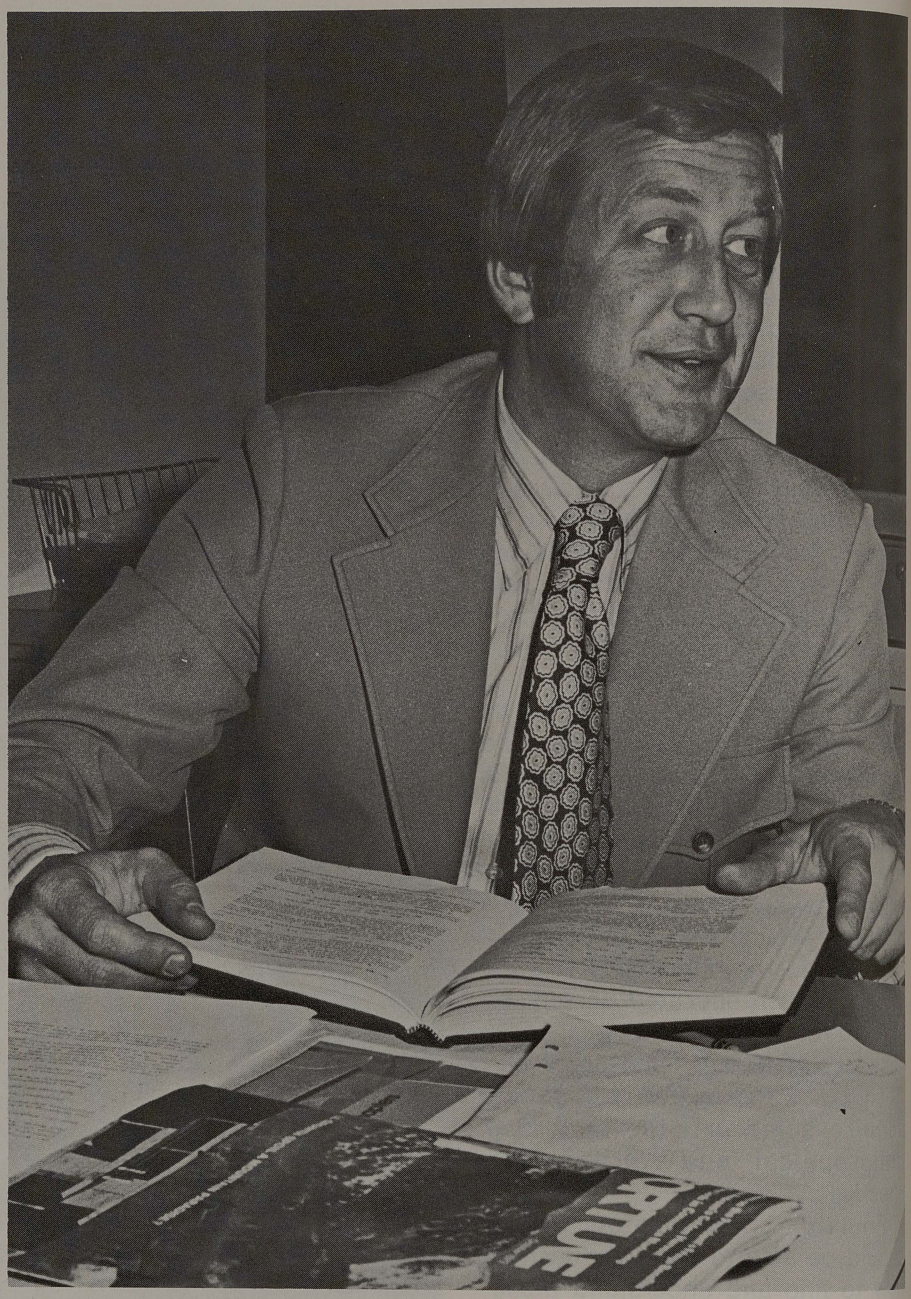
Fourth, "an educated person should be able to know the facts or how to find and understand them."

The formation of the all-University core requirements were based on these four purposes. General core requirements specified for all bachelor's degrees are:

Group A—12 semester hours selected from English, Foreign Language, Philosophy, Religion or Fine Arts (in collaboration with the School of Fine Arts).



Describing TCU as a "marketplace," Bob Stanley intended his metaphor "to portray the University as it is, not to pontificate on how it ought to be."



Dr. William Koehler chaired the Courses of Study Committee last spring, helping to bring the new curriculum to fruition.

Group B—12 semester hours selected from Economics, Geography, Government, History, Journalism or Sociology.

Group C— 12 semester hours selected from Biology, Chemistry, Geology, Mathematics, Physics or Psychology. Six hours must be taken in laboratory courses.

Group D—14 semester hours distributed as follows: six semester hours of writing workshop, three semester hours of Fine Arts, three semester hours of Religion, and two semester hours of Physical Education activity, unless the student is exempt for a specific reason.

Students graduating after August of 1974 may graduate under the new core requirements or the catalogue under which they entered.

Students electing to graduate under the new core requirements should be aware of tricky clauses found in the fine print. Among these are two major stipulations stating "Courses taken to fulfill the core requirements may not be taken in the major department;" and all students, regardless of major, must satisfy the distribution requirements in Group D.

"For example," explained Dr. William Koehler, chairman of the Courses of Study Committee last spring, "A student majoring in history of junior status would have probably taken History 2603 and 2613 as the University history requirements. These courses would not satisfy the Core requirement in Group B because they are in his major. Careful advisement will be necessary to avoid this situation."

Deans of the various colleges were recommended to write their requirements with the possible implementation of the new core in mind. This enabled the Courses of Study Committee to prove to the University Council that existing programs would fit into the core.

Two additional recommendations were also made to the colleges. First, that they not exceed the number of core-suggested degree hours, 124, in the proposed curriculum; and second, they keep specified courses to a bare minimum, except for those courses necessary for accreditation purposes.

None of the colleges follows the exact core requirements. Most of the schools, such as Harris College of Nursing, or M. J. Neeley School of Business, have their own "core" to follow. They have accepted, for example, Group A of the all-University core, but the other requirements are established within the school.

More confusion has resulted from the variation between the AddRan Bachelor of Arts degree and the Bachelor of Science degree.

Essentially the difference is the language requirement. The B.A. requires six hours of a foreign language at the 2000 level or above.

The B.S. degree specifies no language requirements.

The reasons AddRan insisted on the language requirement for the bachelor of arts, said Stanley, "was that a person could not be liberally educated unless they have a knowledge of a foreign language and that a foreign language is often required for entrance into graduate school."

AddRan also diverges from the University core in the Group B segment. The general University core includes journalism as a possible course choice for fulfilling Group B requirements, but both the AddRan B.A. and B.S. refuse to allow Journalism courses to satisfy Group B hours.

Students are urged to thoroughly investigate the core requirements and the effect the change will have on their major or individual school before deciding to use the core requirements to solve their academic problems.

For more pitfalls and some comments, see the editorials on pages 78 and 80.

Life flows easily through most
Not pausing to examine or be examined
Running past us just as fast as we will
    let it.
The wise make life stumble
and trip
and fall
Working it hard
Until they can hold it no more
And it passes on, forever molded by their will.
The tree stands
Uncapturable by my hand
Victorious over wind and drought and me,
Contentedly rubbing its fuzzy peach-face
    against the smooth, paling sky
And laughing to shimmer its branches
    on a cool, summer evening.

—Ernest Beckham

Art and literary

The majority of the contributions for this issue came in the form of photographs. On pages 64 to 67 are images of the Texas State Fair, captured by the cameras of John Moore and Kenny Grierson.





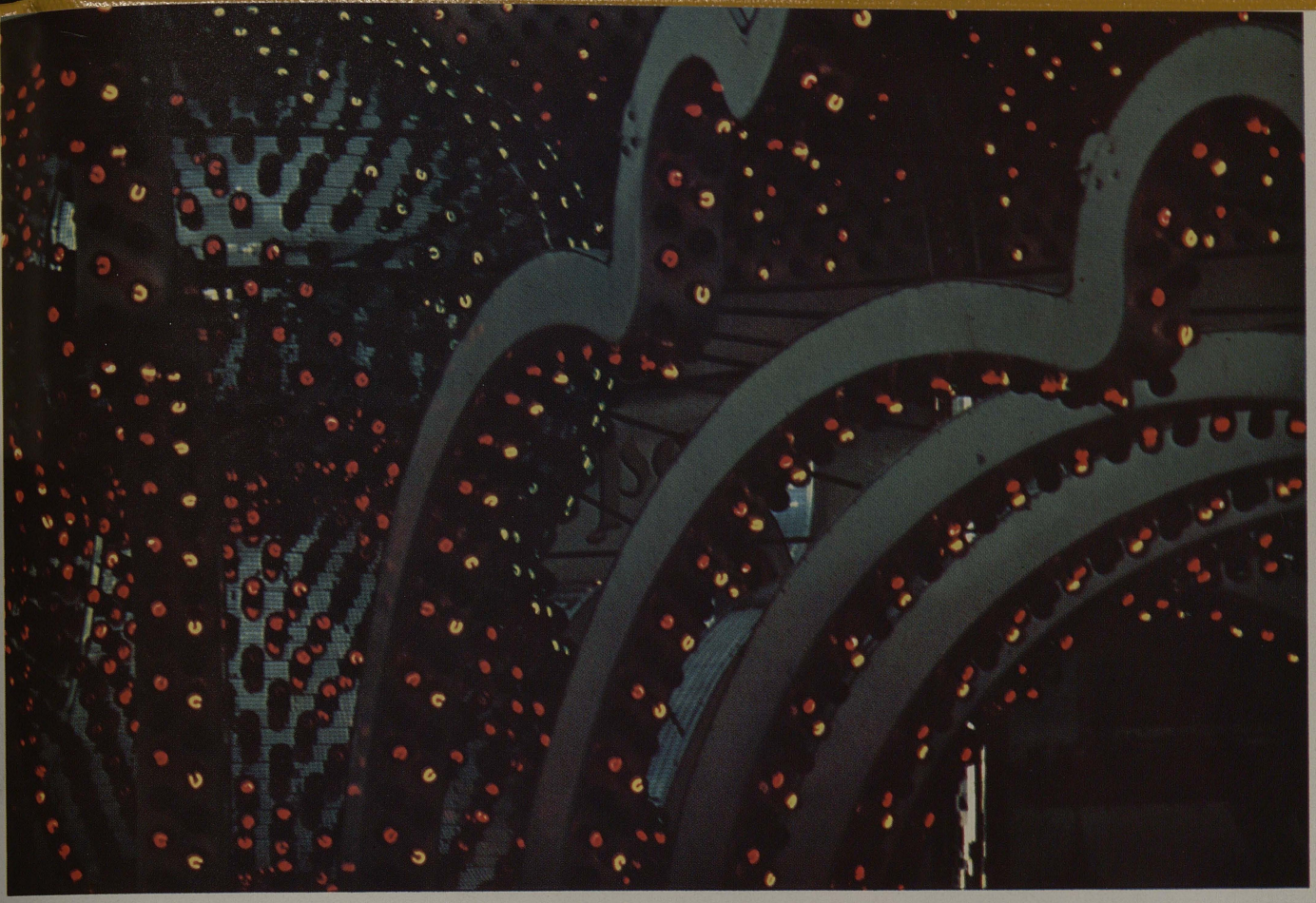




VISIONS OF BIG TEX

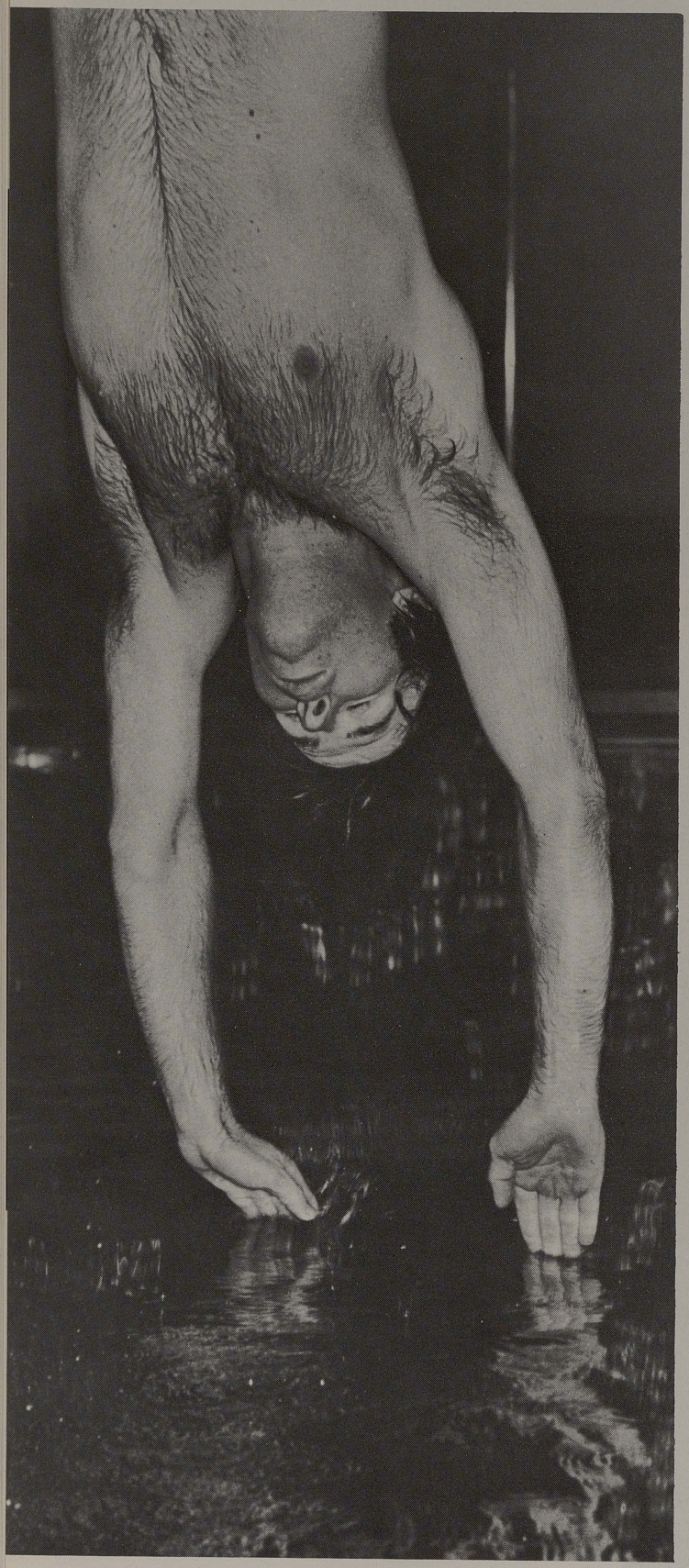
Photos by Kenny Grierson and John Moore

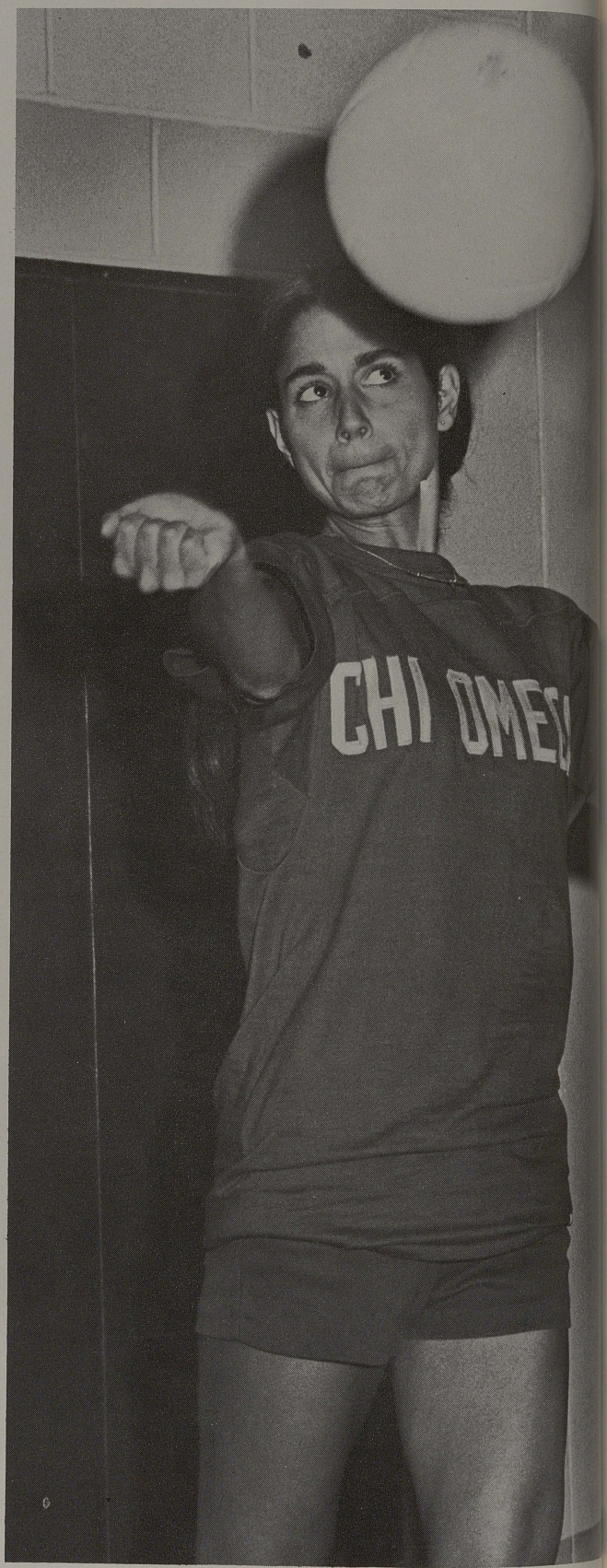




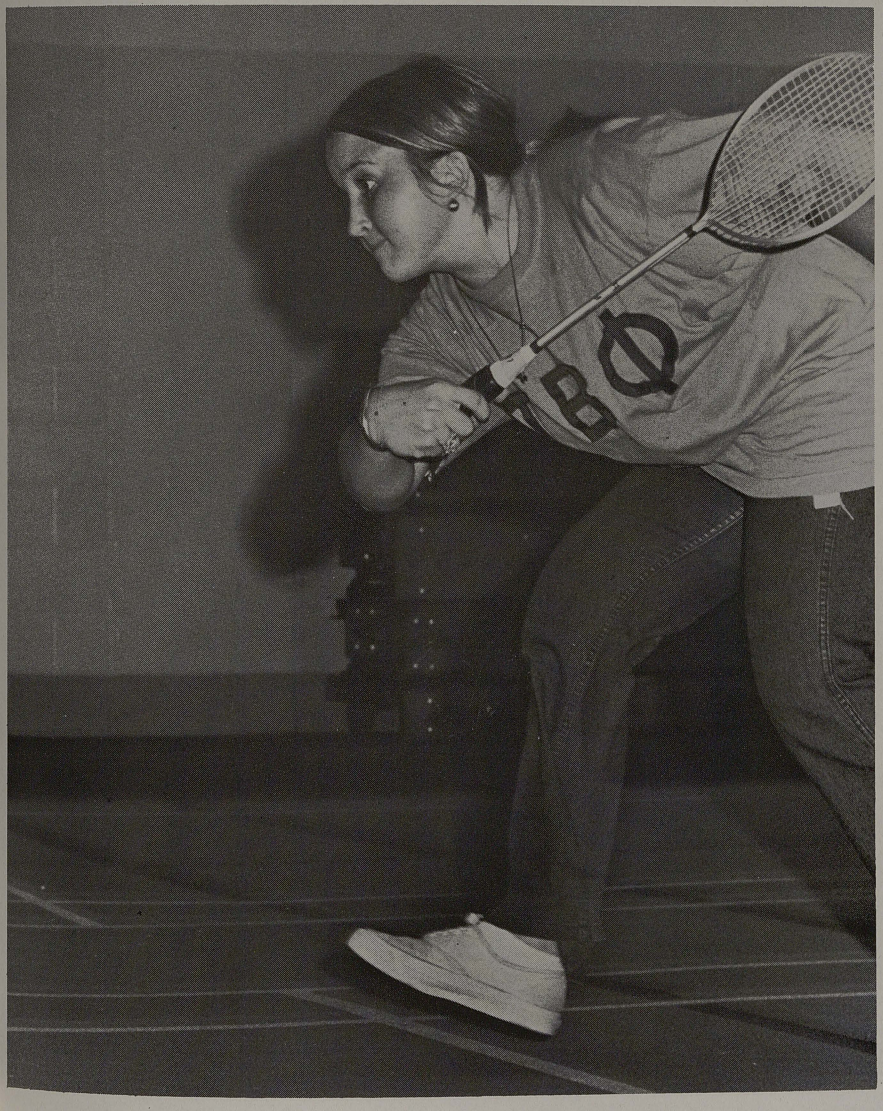


The many faces of the Rickel





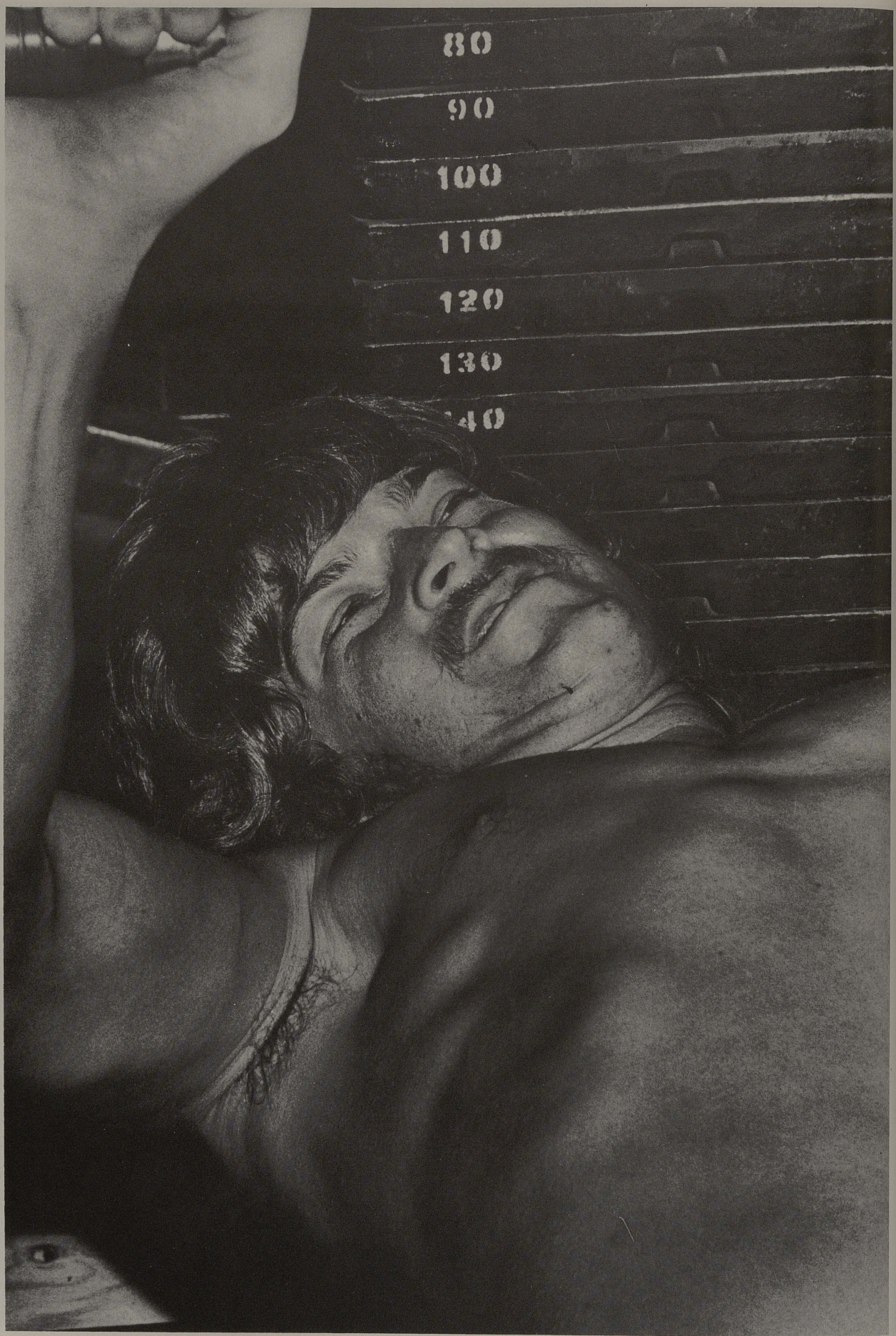




Although big-time athletics have come under some fire lately, individual and group sports are thriving in TCU's Rickel Center, where more and more students are spending their spare hours. On these pages Image offers a photo study of some of the center's numerous activities.

OPPOSITE PAGE, FAR LEFT: This talented diver demonstrates the handstand. OPPOSITE PAGE, RIGHT: Eyeing and serving a volleyball. LEFT: Betsy Andrews displays the classic badminton form and concentration. ABOVE: Betsy Hertel victoriously headlocks Mark Long in Judo class.

Photos by Randy Eli Grothe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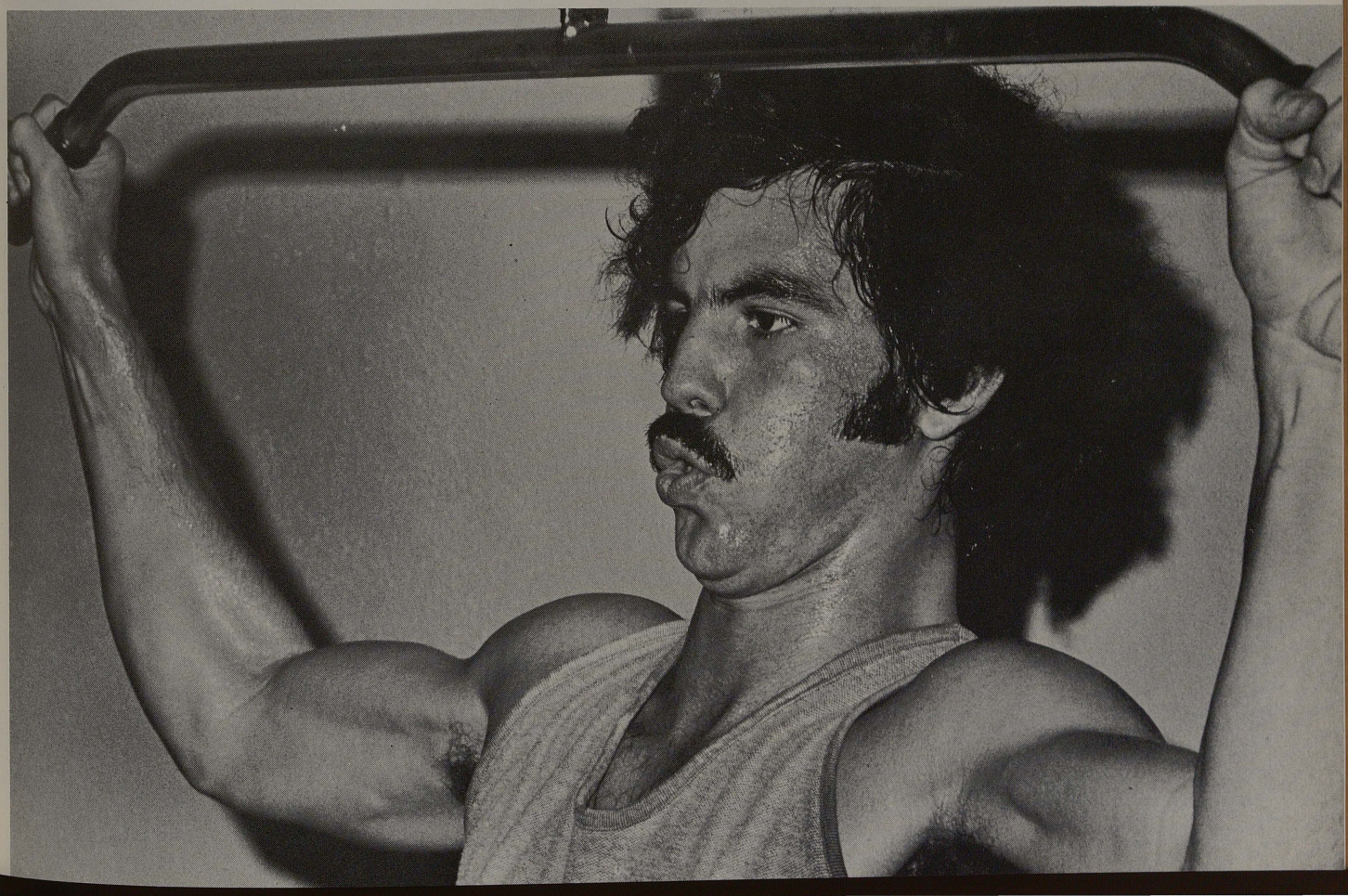
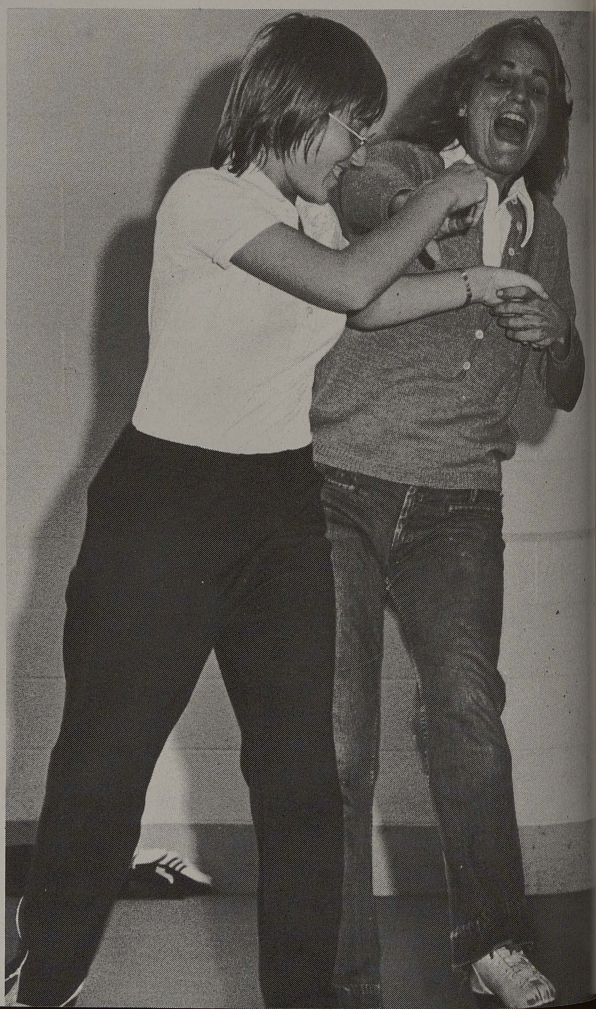
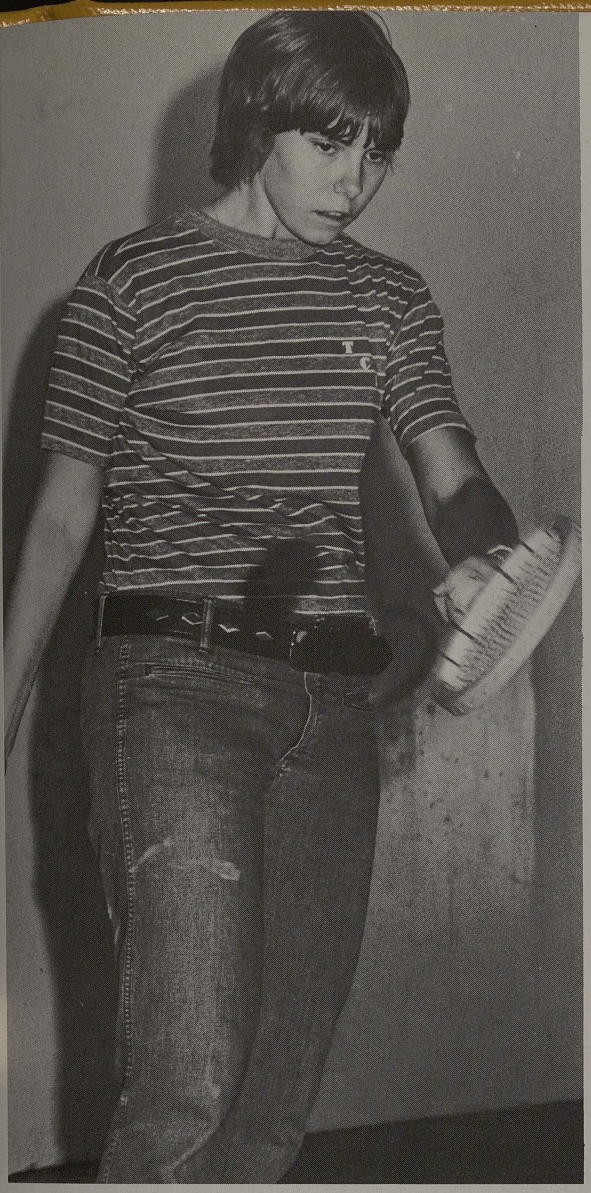
OPPOSITE PAGE: Progressively heavier weights are connected by pulleys to the difficult lifting apparatus. LEFT: Exercising positions are infinite, it seems. BELOW: Terry Wright strains as he operates the weight-lifting machine.

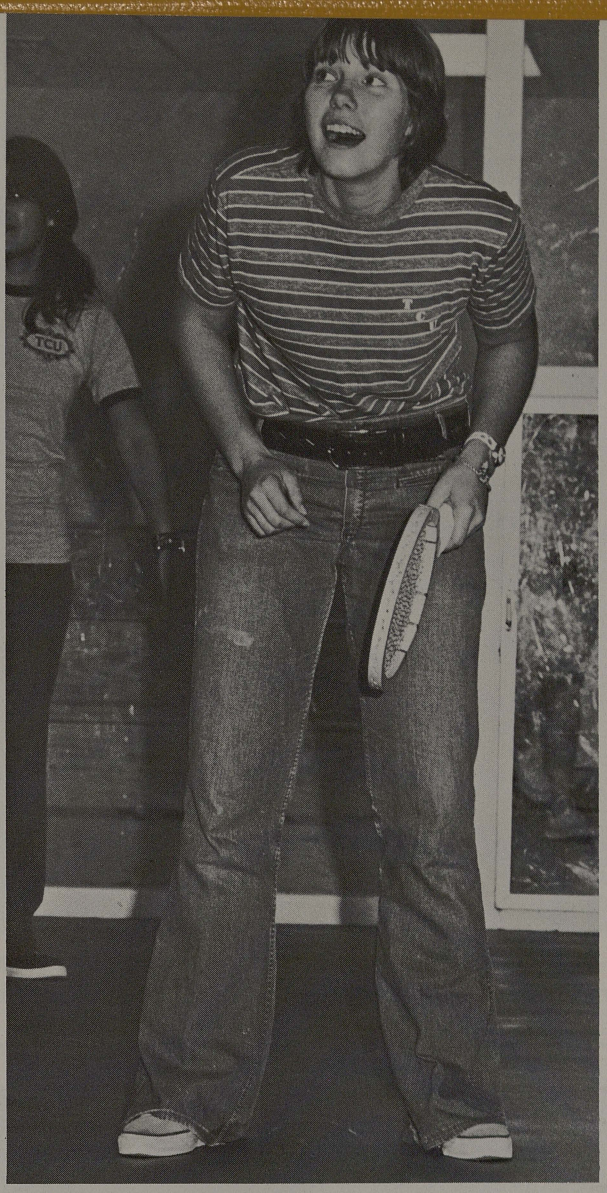


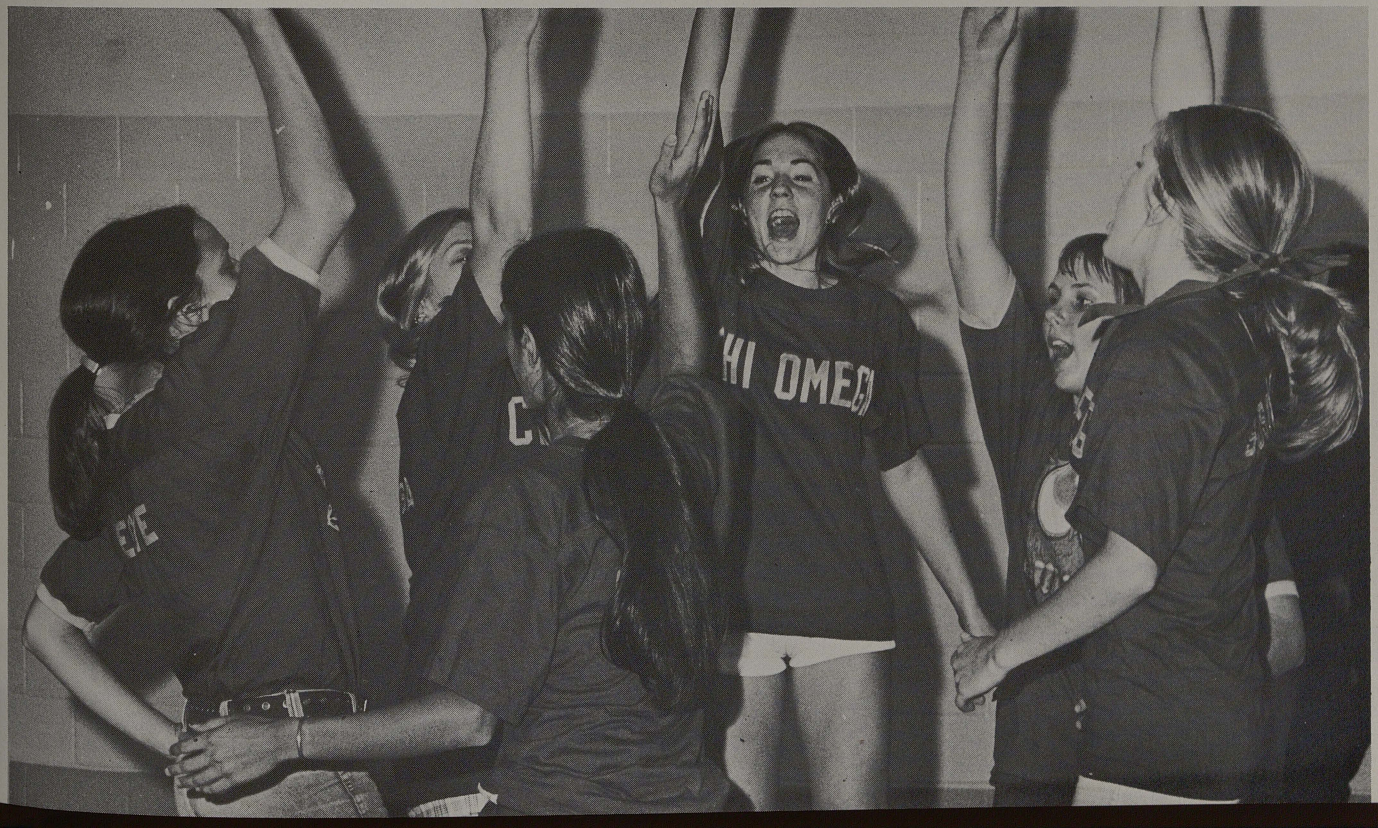


ABOVE: Mary Queller leaps toward a gymnastic sawhorse. RIGHT: Rickel Center roller skating provides training for future Bay Bomber derbyists. OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP: Judy Coleman carefully prepares to forehand a paddleball [left] then eagerly awaits its return [right]. OPPOSITE PAGE, BOTTOM: Chi Omega volleyballers shout in a display of pre-game spirit.









Searching for the road to success

Coach Johnny Swaim has been trying to find the cure for TCU's basketball ills. He hopes that junior college transfers will prove to be the answer.

By John Forsyth



The demand far outdistanced the supply last year, so Johnny Swaim decided the route to success was to import.

The leading basketball coach around Stadium Drive these days saw his youngest team ever droop to a 4-21 record in 1972-73, so he has brought in some new talent—both in the playing and coaching ranks.

The new face in the coaching office is that of Lee Pestana, discovered by Swaim during a trip to Honolulu last spring. The 27-year-old succeeds Mickey McCarty, who decided early this fall that coaching was not for him, bowed politely and found the door.

New faces on the court include Ted Jones, James Hudson and Alonzo Harris, all junior college transfers bucking for a starting role.

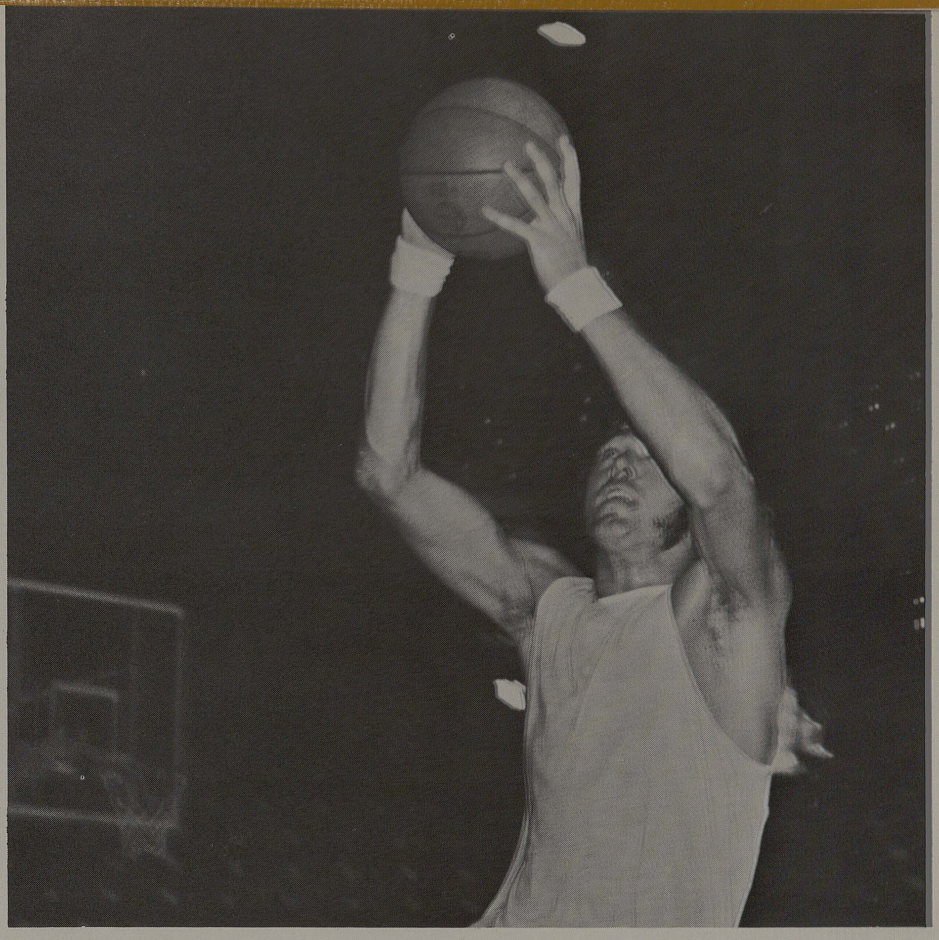
Hudson and Harris will give the Purples good depth at the guard positions. Hudson, 6-4, hails from Murray State Junior College in Tishomingo, Okla. Harris comes from Lon Morris Junior College in Jacksonville, Tex., and is a first-class ball handler.

Forward Jones, also 6-4, was second team All-American in the junior college division last year at Henderson County Junior College in Athens.

Swaim likes what he sees in the new trio. "They've got the talent to be real good players for us," he says, "but as for how they're going to blend in with the team and work into our plans, I don't know. There are too many unanswered questions like that.

"They've got real good attitudes, though. Ask any one of them how he feels and I think he'll tell you he knows he's got a good chance to start. But he'll also tell you he knows he's going to have to work awfully hard to do it."

Reasons why they'll have to work so hard come in the forms of Gary Landers (6-6 forward), Wayne Wayman (6-8 postman), and Eddy Fitzhugh (6-1 guard). Plus Jeff Wright (6-1 guard), Herb Stephens (5-10 guard) and Lawrence Young (6-6 forward).



Wayne Wayman, who saw a good deal of action in last year's not-so-successful season, is working to save his position from the challenge of the junior college transfers.

Take Wayman for instance. He was one of many freshmen who started last season, but was plagued by inconsistency and carelessness. The thinking could be that he is automatically forced to the bench by the new-comers. Not necessarily so.

"Wayne wants to play so bad," Swaim notes. "And he worked hard all summer to prove it. He'll hit the boards and move up and down the court well. His problem could be in his shooting.

"He got away with some shots in high school that he can't get over people his own size in college, and it has forced him to rework his entire game."

Landers is one Swaim thinks "will make all-conference before he gets out of here."

He also has improved himself since his freshman mistakes last season.

"Fitzhugh started last year and has a chance to start this year. I know in most cases he gets the job done," Swaim says of the junior.

And then there's Herb Stephens. If you've ever entered Daniel-Meyer Coliseum late in a game and looked court-ward to see a blur streak down the court for one of the oddest looking layups you ever saw, then you've seen Stephens in action.

"I'm looking at Herb as a pace changer," Swaim says. "When things are dull on the floor, put in Herb. He can get things churned up." And then some.

"Jeff Wright," Swaim continues, "I like his attitude. He feels he can help, I know he can help. He wants to help any way he can."

Ted Jones, who led his conference with a 25 point-per-game average last season, "may be the finest offensive guard we've ever had at TCU. If his defense, team play and rebounding are on par with his offense, we've got one heck of a ball

LEFT: Coach Johnny Swaim diagrams defensive practice patterns during a break in a preseason workout.

player," according to the Toad mentor.

Snake Williams, here during the Frogs championship year of 1970-71, remains in the memories of Frog fans as a hot shooter and all-around good field general. But "Alonzo will make a lot of people forget about Snake," Swaim thinks. "He's a better shooter and feeder than Snake and he's a leader type by example."

And Swaim notes that Hudson can score well outside or inside and should help a lot on the boards. He could possibly play forward if needed.

More returnees include forwards Bill Bozeat, Lawrence "Lou" Young and guard Rick Hensley.

One familiar face that won't be seen but on the sidelines is that of sophomore Lynn Royal, last year's leading scorer and rebounder. Royal had eye trouble last winter and spring and received a new cornea early this fall. He has been working out with the squad but will be red-shirted this season.

"There's no doubt that we'll miss a player of Lynn's ability," Swaim says, "but I feel better about our prospects for this season compared to last year's team.

"It appears we'll have more quickness, more overall savvy, better ball handling and better outside shooting," says Swaim. But rebounding and an inside scoring attack remain questions.

"And the attitude! You wouldn't even believe the difference between this year and last year," Swaim says with a comfortable smile.

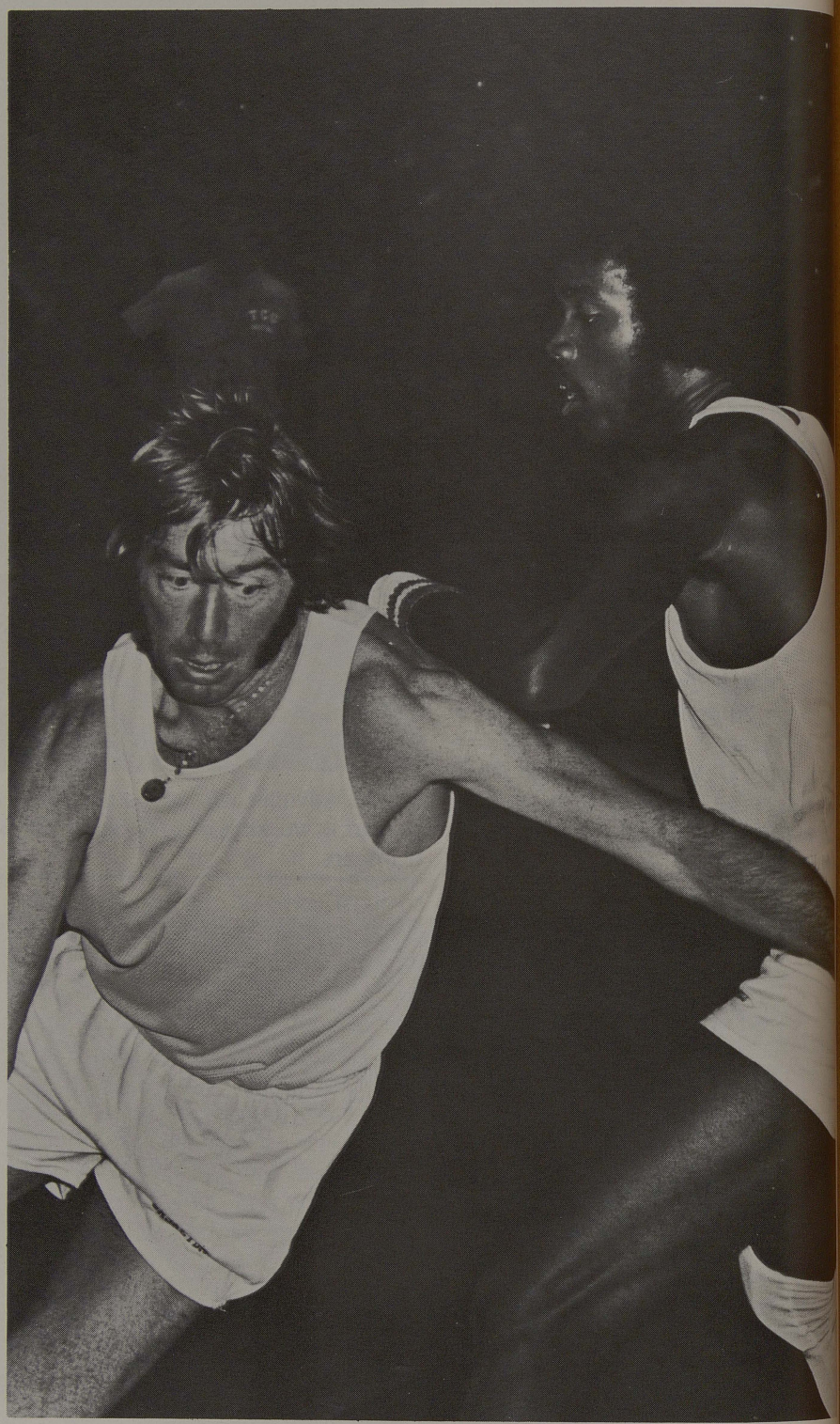
Assistant coach Danny Whitt sees the difference, too. "They had a lot of spirit during practice, but of course they always do at first."

Still, he agrees with his new cohort, Pestana, who became the father of a prospective cage star Oct. 15. "I think we're going to win a lot more games than four this year," Pestana says. "I think the fans will have something to cheer about this time."

Pestana, who had never even been to Texas before coming to TCU, was an assistant and host for the annual Aloha Classic in Honolulu when Swaim dropped by last spring to coach one of the All-Star teams.

Pestana graduated from Boise State in 1969, where he played basketball. He began his coaching career at Waialua High School, where he stayed for three years.

His job here will mostly center around recriuting. But Swaim couldn't wait for this year's draftees to grow up, so he had to import now.



Veteran Frog guard Herb Stephens works on his spectacular if unorthodox form during a practice session.

IMAGE

EDITORIAL OPINION

In this section **Image** presents editorial comment by members of the **Image** staff. The views expressed are those of students and in no way reflect the views of the administration, the department of Journalism, or the faculty adviser.

Letters to the editor regarding the comments in this section are welcome. Send them to the **Horned Frog** in the Journalism Department.

Core: good with the bad

With approval of the new core curriculum (see p. 58) something significant has finally been re-examined and changed at TCU.

The fact that the University was willing to reevaluate something as pertinent to the school as the curriculum is encouraging. Change is vital, and in this case, long overdue.

One of the most significant items of all is the motion requiring mandatory review of the core every two years. This way, at least, further change won't be so difficult and we won't be constrained by an outmoded curriculum for decades.

Not everything about the new core requirements are good, however.

One difficulty is that a student may not fulfill any general group requirements with courses from his major field.

Fortunately triple majors are rare, otherwise it might take longer to fulfill the requirements for a B.A. than to get a Ph. D.

Considering the AddRan requirement stipulating no more than six hours in one subject be used to satisfy the A, B, and C group requirements, it is ridiculous to exclude major courses from meeting requirements.

Another questionable aspect of the core is how AddRan can delete journalism from the social science course selections. Especially when the general University core accepts journalism as a means for fulfilling the social science group.

While these points are left to ponder and hopefully to clear up, we do have a new core and a method for reevaluating the curriculum. The new core represents a step in halting TCU's retrogression.

—Mary Dudley

Investment in war should be halted

Chaparral missile systems, Polaris and Poseidon guidance systems, M 16 weapons, the MK 48 torpedo warhead and exploder design, 81mm projectiles, 155mm self-propelled Howitzers, proximity fuses for Zuni rockets, nose assemblies for M126 bombs, and butyl ester herbicides.

These are among the products of corporations in which TCU holds stocks or bonds.

The Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) 1971 assembly urged that investments in military product-producing corporations be eliminated. Isn't it time that TCU tried to meet the high goals of the Christian Church? The University accepts financial support from the Church; perhaps we should accept some of the goals, also.

TCU can no longer sit by and support the military-industrial complex. TCU had a moral responsibility as a Christian institution not to support in any way the slaughter of the Vietnamese people, the destruction of their land or the disruption and contamination of their culture.

As a Christian institution, TCU should convert its holdings to stocks and bonds which do not support the military-industrial complex. While the war in Indochina is "over" in terms of visible U.S. involvement, the war industries continue to feed off war and death (e.g. sales of war materials to Middle East combatants).

The selling of war is good business. But it is time for policies to be determined more by idealism and less by greed.

The now defunct **Life** recorded many of the scenes of Vietnam. One unforgettable such picture was of a girl named Kim screaming as she ran down a road to escape a napalm raid. The company most noted for its napalm production is Dow Chemical. In 1972, TCU owned stock in Dow worth $25,000.

Can we say, then, that we are acting with the moral consciousness of the Christian institution we claim to be? It is time to get out of the business of war.

—Rich Doty

Between Mars and a comet

As you read this, a brilliant comet is showing itself in the December sky, about to circle the sun and return to a dark, vast space beyond our solar system's edge.

And as this is written, Mars, the war god, is opposite Earth in relation to the sun, the closest that planet shall visit us for 14 more years.

So Earth will shortly lie between Mars and a comet. I'm sure that's astrologically significant; it lends at least poetic credence to the fundamentalist prophets of doom who kindly informed one TCU professor to forget about finals because the world will surely end before dead week. I hope.

Between Mars and a comet Israel and Egypt stare at each other across an imaginary ceasefire line or an empty canal in an empty desert in a holy land. Between Mars and a comet Richard President wills the two most significant Watergate tapes out of existence, democracy is stifled in Chile by a U. S. supported dictatorship, and a war still ravages Vietnam despite the diabolical fact that Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho share the Nobel Peace Prize.

This year Christmas is bound to be beautiful, blessed both by Mars and a comet not unlike the star of Bethlehem, some believe. And the hymns we'll sing about peace on earth and goodwill to men will also be sung by Kissinger, and perhaps Tho will have his song too. And many, like me, will write trite editorials about the hypocrisy of Christmas and its crass commercialization.

Perhaps it is more telling that we sing about peace and goodwill at all. Resident Fool Don Dowdey claims this to be our last best hope, that perhaps singing these words together will provide a common ground from which the meaning of peace can grow.

Of course it won't grow if we sit around awaiting the rapture of the world's end. That denies our own responsibility for both peacelessness and peace. Even if the rapture should come, which it won't, it would be a coward's way out.

So if the positions of Mars and the comet portend either the end of humanity or some second coming, it will be our own hands that will bring either possibility to fruition. The second coming must come out of the divine possibilities for peace in our own selves.

This Christmas Richard Nixon, Le Duc Tho, the armies of Israel and the Arabs, American and Soviet diplomats, and every local demagogue calling for a bigger defense budget mock the song of peace and contribute to the 99 percent possibility of World War III.

Between Mars and a comet, only we can stop that chance and bring peace nearer, and the heavens nearer to earth.

—Larry Bouchard

Football forever more

"We got us a new dormitory, a new field and new dressing room—they're not gonna drop football now."

So says Billy Tohill, as quoted in the Oct. 31 **Daily Skiff.**

Unfortunately, he's probably right. That sort of reasoning appeals to people. It's like saying "we've already invested (i.e., lost) a million dollars, so we can't quit now"; or "all those boys who have died in Vietnam will have died for nothing if we don't send more boys over to die."

Perhaps Mr. Tohill should not be so smug. I'm sure that the intramural teams wouldn't mind using the Fake Grass. They probably would like the new dressing room, too.

Of course, it is rather unthinkable that ordinary non-athletic type students would enjoy living in a luxurious dormitory with piped-in music and pool tables and all that.

Alas, those things will not come to pass. For at TCU, football is more sacred than Tuesday chapel. In fact, if chapel were to be eliminated completely, the outcry would be dwarfed by the vocal indignation expressed at even the thought of curtailing the athletic program.

This is not to say that football, basketball or other sports should be eliminated immediately. Only that we ought to examine the mentality of those who think football is the great ground of being without which we would forever wander in the darkness, unable to find the true meaning of life.

The issue is not whether sports are good or bad. The issue is which comes first—academics or athletics. At a University, there should be no quarrel over the answer to that question.

Nixon should stay down, not out

The New York **Times**, the Denver **Post**, the Atlanta **Journal** and even **Time** magazine have called for the resignation of Richard Nixon. Scores of political figures have indicated that Nixon should be impeached if he refuses to resign.

Many of the cries for resignation or impeachment are motivated from selfishness. Democrats, who hated Nixon anyway, gleefully await his downfall. Republicans, who see that Nixon is destroying the GOP's future, want him out and Gerald Ford in.

Of course, a great many others are motivated by genuine concern for the nation's welfare.

Indeed, all of these groups have put forth excellent reasons for Nixon's removal from office. Their case is incredibly strong. Yet it might actually be better for the country if Nixon were to remain in office for the remainder of his term.

Would Gerald Ford be a better President than Nixon? Perhaps, in the same sense that Ulysses Grant was a better President than Warren Harding. It really wouldn't be much of an improvement.

On the other hand, the entire Watergate affair has had one very positive outcome: the limitation of Presidential power. Before Watergate, Nixon recklessly disregarded Congress, vetoing bills right and left (usually left), impounding funds, and halting the steps begun in the '60s toward social justice.

But on Nov. 7, the Congress finally overrode a Nixon veto, sharply curtailing his war powers. It was the first sign the government of the country was turning back to the hands of those who try to serve, rather than rule, the people who elected them.

As Nixon demonstrated during the Mid-East War crisis, he is still able to act decisively in foreign affairs. Admittedly there is danger here, but the presence of an intelligent Secretary of State will help.

Watergate has ended Nixon's arrogant power-wielding on the domestic front. Leaving him in office will allow Congress to proceed with "the people's business" unobstructed by the White House. Removing him might permit the Presidency to regain uncontrollable strength and power.

The past decade has shown that unlimited Presidential power leads to catastrophic results.

Journalism's exclusion a mistake

Although the new core curriculum (see p. 58) includes some questionable requirements (fine arts, for example), the University core is basically sound and certainly is a step forward. Unfortunately, some of the restrictions placed on the core by AddRan College department chairmen were a little short-sighted.

The chairmen voted to exclude Journalism from those courses that satisfy the Group B requirements (Economics, Geography, Government, History, Journalism, Sociology).

That decision strikes us as extremely foolish.

After all, the purpose of a core curriculum is to insure the acquisition of the essentials of an education. Now unless the AddRan chairmen want to say that education is restricted to the classroom (a totally preposterous proposition), then they must consider education received from other sources.

The most frequent outside source, other than direct experience, is the mass media. The impact of the mass media on society has been pervasive and profound; it is the chief source of information for nearly everyone.

How can a person be educated if he knows nothing of the media through which he obtains most of his knowledge?

It seems that a course in understanding and interpreting the mass media would be imperative for an educated person.

And TCU has such a course. Journalism 1103, "Mass Communication in Modern Society," is open to all students and deals with the operation, influence, and other aspects of media.

But does AddRan encourage students to enroll in such a beneficial course?

No. Instead, it discourages students from taking the course by removing it from the list of requirement-satisfying subjects.

If there's a good reason for Journalism's exclusion, it's a well kept secret.

One of the marks of an educated person is the ability to cope with one's environment. The mass media are not only an important part of the environment, but most of the information about other aspects of a person's physical and social environment come through the media.

Yet one of the courses best suited to help a person cope with his environment has been voted into obscurity.

The AddRan chairmen have made a drastic mistake. Whatever their motives, they ought to re-examine the question. The issue should be brought up for consideration again. Hopefully, the chairmen will vote more sensibly if given another chance.

A question of fair pay

TCU is making progress toward equal rights for women. But inequities continue to exist.

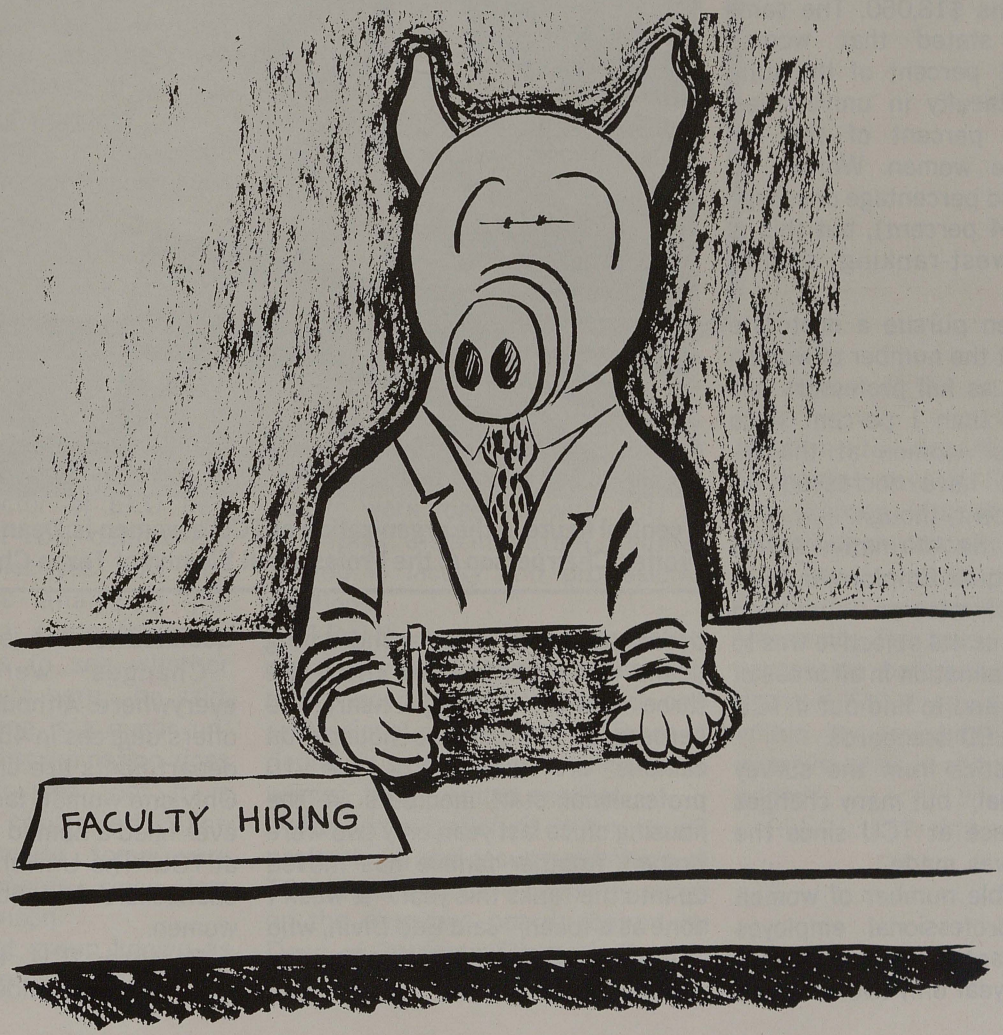
By Mary Mason

It's 1973 and cries for women's rights have lost some of their past fury. Fiery speeches are being replaced by tacit bargaining and positive signs of progress.

Many women, though, say that sex discrimination still exists in most colleges and universities. "I think discrimination exists here (TCU) because we are women," said one woman on the TCU faculty, "but I don't feel it is in any way limited to this particular university."

"We are intellectually as capable as men," commented another woman faculty member. "Is it fair to pay us less for the same job?"

Recently many institutions of higher learning across the United States have become the objects of much women's rights action. Until the passage of the Educational Amendments Act in July 1972, salaries paid to persons employed by a college or



university were not required to meet any set guideline.

The new Amendments act prohibits discrimination on the basis of sex in all institutions of higher learning, regardless of means of support.

At TCU, however, women are still underpaid, in spite of efforts to raise their salary to reasonable levels. "My salary is not equal to what a man would be paid for the same job, although I did receive a substantial raise last year," one woman on the faculty here said.

Although wages received by women in administrative (professional) and faculty positions at TCU are above the national median for women, national salary averages for women in these positions are considerably below those for men.

The U. S. Office of Education's 1972 survey stated that the average male full professor earns $20,201 a year; the average female full professor earns $18,050. The same survey also stated that women comprise 17.1 percent of the total instructional faculty in universities, but only 6.6 percent of the full professors are women. Women do make up a good percentage of college instructors (44 percent), but this is also the lowest-ranking faculty position.

More women pursue a doctorate every year, but the number of women who hold jobs as full professors has increased less than 1 percent since 1963. Jobs for women at the instructor level have increased by nearly 15 percent, though.

Last March the Affirmative Action Plan of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission surveyed TCU's work force. Its objective was to seek out discrimination in all areas of the University and to find out if TCU was meeting EEO standards.

Salary statistics from the survey are "confidential," but many changes have taken place at TCU since the investigation was made.

A considerable number of women faculty and professional employes received substantial salary increases this year. Last year only two out of 11 deans, associate deans and acting deans were women, now there are three women. Although nearly 60 percent of the persons housed on campus are women, of the 10 professional staff members in the housing office last year, only two were women. Another female has moved up into the ranks this year. "It wasn't done as a token," said Edd Bivin, who is in charge of staffing for the housing department. "She's very well qualified for the job."



A central figure in the organization of TCU's women is Dean of Students Libby Proffer, Chairperson of the Professional Women of Texas Christian University.

Changes were not made everywhere. Although the University offers degrees in 45 fields, only three departments are chaired by women. Only one woman faculty member has ever filled a named or endowed chair at TCU. The University has four vice chancellors but none of them are women.

Because TCU was required to meet federal guidelines set up by

Moudy, AAP differ

"Few if any inequities exist here," said Chancellor James M. Moudy when he spoke at the Oct. 23 meeting of Professional Women of TCU.

Dr. Moudy says he welcomed the stipulations of the Affirmative Action Plan regarding non-discrimination by race, sex, or religion. "There are times when compensatory action has to be taken. TCU has no quarrel toward the concept of equal opportunity and pay," the Chancellor said.

Dr. Moudy said Miles Schulz of the AAP's Dallas office presented an oral summary of the results of AAP's survey of TCU conducted last spring.

According to Dr. Moudy, "organizations such as the AAP always have goals ahead of us, but that's their style of working."

"I don't think there is any doubt that women and minorities are under-utilized at TCU and other major universities," Schulz told **Image** in a telephone conversation.

"Considering the availability of qualified women in both the Fort Worth area and the nation, one would expect to see more of them at TCU," he added.

"There may be a great deal of women employed by the University" he said, "but the majority are secretaries, and do not generally hold positions in the higher echelons."

After reviewing the survey of TCU's work force, Schulz says the AAP group came to the conclusion that "there is pretty clear under utilization of women," but he said he does not think the University purposely tries to discriminate against them.

EEO, a personnel office was created by the commission here last year. E. Q. Swenson, director of EEO personnel relations at TCU, defined the organization's objectives. "At the moment we are analyzing job requirements and contents on a comparative basis to see whether discrimination exists here," he said. "What we are doing is a major undertaking, but if discrimination does exist we want to see that it is eliminated," he continued. "The University has made some very definite improvements since last year," added Swenson.

A woman's right group known as Professional Women of Texas Christian University began organizing last year. Their objective was to work together with TCU to eliminate discrimination against women in faculty and professional positions.

"I feel the group has accomplished some very good changes concerning salary payments," commented one professional staff member. "There is definitely a need for a strong bloc of women here," added another.

The organization is open to all professional and faculty members of TCU. Eight members currently serve on the executive board, chaired by Dean of Students Elizabeth Proffer.

Although they requested permission to organize from the Chancellor several times before it was granted, Mrs. Proffer says the group has encountered no opposition from the University.

"We don't want to work against the University. The board has requested permission before doing anything," she said. "What we want to do is work within the existing framework to improve what is already there," she added.

IMAGE INTERVIEW: STEVE MILLE

a candid conversation with TCU's Homecoming Honoree

Just as **Image** went to press, word leaked that Steve Miller had been elected to the position formerly known as Homecoming Queen. The House of Representatives, under pressure from the administration, decided to change the name from "Queen" to "Honoree." Three days before the Homecoming ceremonies, **Image** interviewed Miller about the circumstances surrounding his election.

Centennial Homecoming Honoree Steve Miller was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, 20 years ago. He has attended school in both Indianapolis and San Francisco, California. His father does custom drapery work, and has outfitted the governor's mansion in California.

Steve is rather broad-shouldered, six feet tall, 190 pounds, and doesn't know his measurements. He enjoys burgers and wine, and aspires to be a professor at the college level.

A sociology major, he will graduate in December, after only two-and-a-half years at TCU. His semester loads have been quite substantial: 16, 25, 29, 33 and 19 semester hours, plus 6 during summer school. A former Chancellor's scholarship holder, Steve's gradepoint floats around 3.4.

During his Image **interview, Steve sat in his bedroom, drinking ice-water with his girl friend and answering anonymous phone calls from hecklers. One caller claimed to be House President Bill Stotesbery, although he couldn't remember who Stotesbery's girl friend was. The calls continued until about 2 a.m.**

IMAGE: Why did you decide to run for Homecoming Queen, Steve?

MILLER: Well, I thought it would be a good question for reporters to ask me.

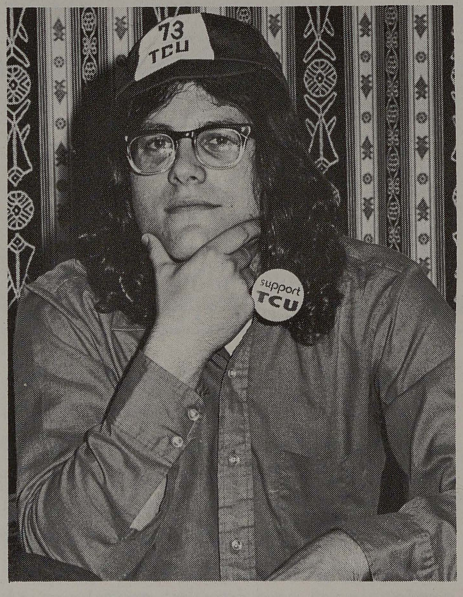
Actually, the Student Bill of Rights was passed last April, and Section VII states that no student shall be denied equal treatment because of race, creed, color or sex. I thought I would see how far the administration would go in carrying out their agreement to abide by this document. By running, I would also demonstrate to the student body that a male can run for Homecoming Queen—anyone regardless of their sex or their race can run for anything at TCU, and meet the qualifications.

IMAGE: Do you consider winning Homecoming Honoree an honor?

MILLER: I do not consider it an honor, but a victory. Not for me, but



"Regardless of the administrative policies, they have some fine profs (at TCU)."



"I have been threatened with loss of life and appendage."



"I do not consider it an honor, but a victory."

the concerned students at TCU. These are the students who want to see change and fairness; they want to see TCU join the schools in the 20th century.

IMAGE: How far behind do you think TCU is?

MILLER: About 20 years.

IMAGE: Do you regret coming to TCU?

MILLER: No. I am glad I came because it's small. Regardless of the administrative policies, they have some fine profs. That's why I am going to stay. Of course, I also have a house, roommates, and even a girl friend.

IMAGE: How did you find out that you had won?

MILLER: I found out Monday of Homecoming Week. My winning had been leaked to the people in the administration. A person in one of my classes told me her mother, who works with the administration, had told her. If the administration and their cronies knew, it was unfair if my friends didn't—especially, if it was supposed to be a big secret.

I immediately made an appointment with Moudy to see what he wanted me to do. He asked me to withdraw because: one, I didn't meet the definition of queen; two, it was unfair to other males who didn't file; three, I would be an embarrassment to the school; and four, it could result in my personal abuse. Except for the last two, I didn't feel his reasons were germane. He was extremely polite, and extremely forceful because of his reasonableness. I think he was surprised when I said no to his suggestion I withdraw; I don't think he is used to students saying no.

IMAGE: As Homecoming Honoree, do you feel you represent anything about TCU?

MILLER: No, but I feel I represent TCU as much as any of the previous Homecoming Queens. Twenty percent of the student body voted this year, the most in recent times. It took at least one-fourth of that 20 percent to elect me—if 5 percent of that 20 percent represents TCU, then I guess I do represent TCU.

IMAGE: When did you initially consider running for Homecoming Queen?

MILLER: Last year, but I couldn't run. Only seniors are eligible, and I was a sophomore.

IMAGE: How did the other nominees treat you when public relations activities threw you together?

MILLER: They were extremely civil. They didn't seem to be false, just regular people. There was no joking about me. I think they were still shell-shocked.

IMAGE: Have you made any new friends because of your victory?

MILLER: No. Only enemies.

IMAGE: Have you lost any friends because you ran and won?

MILLER: So far as I know, all my friends are still friends. Anyone who is my friend wouldn't be so irrational as to get upset about this.

IMAGE: How has your everyday life been affected since your victory was made public knowledge?

MILLER: I've had people tell me they think it was pretty malevolent action for me to take; I've had people go PFLATTT!!!!! to my face as I walk by. I have received anonymous phone calls from more than one person at a time suggesting I not accept. I have been threatened with loss of life and appendage. I've been called a male impersonator by the band director. Friends have told me that "members of the football team" are planning physical violence against me.

IMAGE: What precautions against harassment have you taken?

MILLER: We took our address sign out of the front yard. I try to avoid being alone.

IMAGE: How do you feel about your participation in the ceremony at the football game?

MILLER: It's going to be a real drag, but I owe it to my 5 percent constituency to carry through with it. I'm not attending the Homecoming Dance because—well—I don't dance.

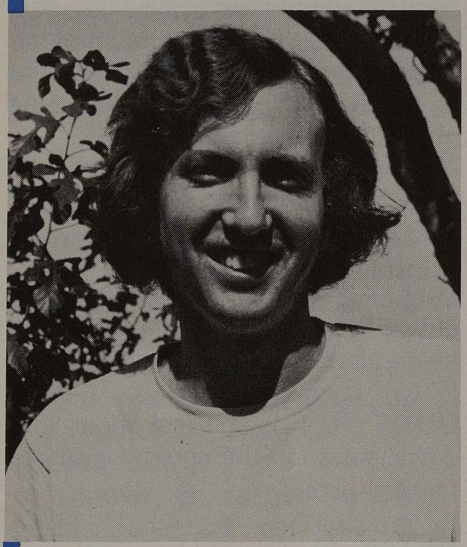
IMAGE: What do you intend to do with this experience, Steve, in later life?

MILLER: Cherish it. I intend to tell my grandkids about it. My mother was Rose Queen at Butler University, I might add. I'm just following in her footsteps.

Editor's note: Minutes before our final deadline word came of Steve Miller's intention to withdraw his candidacy. See the editorial on page 88.

Sports

Commentary



BARRY JOHNSON

If you are in Fort Worth on December 9 you can turn on your television and watch the Dallas Cowboys play the Washington Redskins.

So what? you might say.

Perhaps it doesn't really mean very much to you. It really isn't very important compared to what the score is in the Middle East, Watergate, or the White House tapes game. Besides, the TV announcers will be lousy anyway.

But the fact that the game (any game!) is being televised locally is of some interest. Texas Stadium no longer has the only game in town. Cowboy antenna owners and Waco motel managers, eat your hearts out. But it wasn't always like this.

In the past (before this season, that is) pro football fans who couldn't (or wouldn't) attend the games in their own cities had to wait for the TV Scoreboard show, or worse, listen to the game on the radio to find out how their team was doing.

It is the practice of pro football clubs to televise road games back to their home cities. They do that for two reasons: 1) People will watch, assuring high ratings and therefore high advertising revenue, and 2) it helps to build fan interest so more people will buy tickets to the home games.

Apparently this system works pretty well, since most pro teams have very high attendance figures, and Sunday afternoon football has become an American institution. But it wasn't always like this.

For many years pro football was not a lucrative business venture. Most of the country was not particularly interested in the sport. Only a few cities had teams, and in some of them most tickets were sold on a season basis. (Sometimes people passed their season tickets on down the family by putting special provisions into their wills—very appropriate for those who died from pneumonia contracted while watching the Packers during a blizzard.)

College football was the real football. It was the All-American brand; pro ball was a commercial venture without class, without a great tradition; in short, it lacked soul.

1960 was a memorable year.... JFK knocked Tricky down but unfortunately not out.

Then came 1960. 1960 was a memorable year—Maz homered the Pirates to a World Championship, JFK knocked Tricky down but unfortunately not out, and pro football began to come of age. Pete Rozelle became King of the NFL and the American Football League was born.

Suddenly there was a new kind of rivalry in pro football—not between teams, but between different leagues.

Unfortunately, the pro game still had no Gipper to win one for. But there was plenty of hatred—the stuff from which good rivalries are made. The big winners of the rivalry were the graduating college seniors, since now the two leagues had to bid against one another for the services of the young stars. That was some real competition. A little ol' boy from

Beaver Falls, Pa. could walk off with 200,000 pre-Nixon dollars. Back in those days, 200 grand was a lot of money.

The old and established NFL decided to expand in order to keep the upstart AFL from having all that virgin territory for itself. This expansion and the new league's formation eroded the overall quality of the pro game since there were soon 20 teams rather than 12. But more important, these developments brought many new fans into contact with the pro game. After a few years of fighting the two leagues merged. The merger, you might think, would hurt the competitiveness between the two leagues. And it did. But by that time pro football had arrived. It was for real. The rivalry between the two leagues had prepared them to be amazingly effective allies.

During the years of rivalry the leagues had attempted to outdo each other, and in the process improved the game. The battle made them realize that it mattered what the fans thought (and bought). With several cities having more than one team, there was opportunity for good old American competition in ticket prices, in fan services, and in presenting a better product. Alas, the Los Angeles Chargers fled south to San Diego, the Dallas Texans became the Kansas City Texans, and only the Titans (now Jets) and the Giants now play in the same city. With the merger, owners now prefer to agree on what is mutually advantageous, rather than risk competing with one another. The merger may have been inevitable, but things might have come out better.

"Pro football's not the same as it used to be. But then again, it never was."

In recent years, the blackout policy (which prohibited televising a game within 90 miles of the stadium in which it is played) has come under increasing attack. Even Tricky Dick Nixon bucked the NFL establishment by bad-mouthing the blackouts. He was not without ulterior motives—he wanted to watch the Redskin playoff game on TV last year.

Fans ask why, if a game is sold out anyway, shouldn't it be shown on local TV? NFL dictator Rozelle weakly replies that in that case some people who had already bought tickets might not go to the game. And we all know how terrible that would be—if people don't go to the stadium they don't pay outrageous prices for parking and unbelievable prices for unbelievably bad hot dogs (very heavy on the mustard, please).

Despite the arguments for the blackout, Congress has outlawed the blacking out of sellouts. As Don Meredith once said, "Pro football's not the same as it used to be. But then again, it never was."

And now, if only we could outlaw those lousy TV announcers.

A sad, sad centennial homecoming

The election of Steve Miller as Homecoming Queen, along with his subsequent resignation, was a sad event for TCU. Not because Miller ran, or because he won, but because his victory exposed the hatred, bigotry, immaturity, intolerance and prejudice present in some corners of this University.

It was a sad event for those of us who think that TCU, in spite of all the things wrong with it, is a good place to go to school. It was sad because for so long we believed that TCU was a good place to be because of the people here. It is the people—the students, faculty, and administrators (in their roles as persons)—that form the substance of a university. And TCU, we think, has a lot of substance. A lot of good people. No matter how violently we disagree with administrators (from the very bottom to the very top), we cannot deny that they are all decent people—people around whom we feel free to speak out without fear of unfair reprisal. And we find the same tolerance, friendliness, and understanding—the same decency—in most students and faculty.

But now TCU's decency has been tainted—perhaps by only a few, in a small segment of the University, but tainted nevertheless.

When the fact of Miller's election became known, he began receiving obscene phone calls. Threats were made against his life, along with lesser threats of bodily harm. He was derided, downgraded, and generally raked through the slime by some peanut-brained loudmouths who shouted out a constant stream of obscene verbal abuse. Some groups posted slanderous signs; an anonymous caller told the **Skiff** there would be "trouble" if the paper printed any photographs of those signs.

One sad thing about these unbelievable reactions is that the critics were blind to the true meaning of Miller's election. The significance of Miller's victory was not that it represented the overthrow of sex discrimination. Miller won because people wanted to express their feelings that Homecoming—and Homecoming Queens—are not really that important. The world will not end if TCU doesn't have a female Homecoming Queen. Homecoming is a nice event; it gives alumni a chance to visit the school, the quadrangle gets decorated, and we can all take time out and participate in ceremonious activities—there is nothing wrong with all that.

But neither is Homecoming an event of monumental importance. We pity those who could not see that Miller's candidacy merely represented a feeling that perhaps too much emphasis is placed on the selection of a girl to "reign" as "queen" of the ceremonies. His election demonstrated the belief that Homecoming Queens are nothing to get all upset about.

Unfortunately, many people got irrationally upset about it. As this editorial was being written, word came that Miller decided to resign his candidacy—in order to save the school some embarrassment. Whether or not that was the real reason, it was not Steve Miller who embarrassed TCU. The deplorable, idiotic statements and actions of certain factions of the campus pained and embarrassed most of us more than the outcome of any election possibly could.

The idiocy, of course, was not confined to the campus. Alumni who proclaimed they would cease donations to TCU because of Miller's election are equally guilty. These are the people we must try to please? Fortunately, there are people here who will not allow TCU to stoop that low.

Sad, sad it is. It's painfully sad that any individual or group would persecute a person with physical threats and verbal attacks because he dared to exercise his right to think differently. It's sad that people would allow an individual to be so maligned and abused, as if a frivolous ceremony was more important than the well-being and freedom of an individual.

The reactions to Miller's election will remain as deep scars on TCU's reputation of decency. Hopefully, however, those of us remaining here will find a way to retain our faith in the quality and decency of our institution.

Our hope lies in the widespread recognition of the sadness of the whole thing.

Tom Siegfried, Editor

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