Drama students to produce series of one-act plays

Interested in theater? Then the month of March should prove to be your dream come true. Each student in Mr. Ream's Acting and Play Direction class, as a course requirement, must produce a one-act play. Starting off on March 10 is Paul Sanders, directing David and Lisa. Paul is taking a very sensitive approach to the true story of two emotionally disturbed children and the play has the promise of being well-done. Curtain time is 8:00 p.m.

Maggie Howell, with assistance from Ruth Gilland, is working on He Who Gets Hooked which will be presented March 16, with Doug Beckman's Swan Song.

Third production to be light change of pace

Arsenic and Old Lace, the third production of the '72-'73 ICC season, will be presented in Ransburg Auditorium March 21, 22, and 23. Arsenic is a definite change of pace from the previous productions, as it is a light comedy about two old ladies with the endearing quality of giving elderberry wine (plus something extra) to lonely old men.

Virginia Kastner and Sue Malasics play Abby and Martha Brewster, and Gary Robinson has been cast as Mortimer, their nephew. Marti Dowman will add the love interest as Mortimer's beautiful fiancée, Ellinor. The villainous Jonathan Brewster and his companion Dr. Einstein will be characterized by Wayne Tucker and Joel Catlin. Playing Teddy Brewster, a comically confused man who believes he is Theodore Roosevelt, is Larry Lynch.

The remaining cast members include Neil Gable, Ken Low, Doug Beckman and Taylor Martin as the inquisitive policemen. Dave Lafland and Dave Stein complete the cast by portraying Mr. Gibbs and Rev. Dr. Harper.

Vicki Watkins will be assisting director James Ream, for this production, and Jim Adams and Michael Bridgewater are in charge of set and technical direction.

March 24 will bring Tea and Sympathy, directed by Susan Malasics, Neil Same Plante, directed by Dan Bolton, and A Sunny Morning, under the direction of Diana Hill. Cam Manifold will offer his Ugly Duckling on March 28, along with No Exit which is under the direction of Andrea Constantine.

Michael Bridgewater and Joel Catlin, as a change from the one-acts in Ransburg, will be presenting their plays elsewhere. Nick has taken on the job of directing a three-act comedy, The Odd Couple, which will be performed by The Naplown Players. Construction, under the direction of Joel, will be presented at the Center Methodist Church, Sunday morning at 8:30 on March 24.

H'YA CUTIE! Miss Indiana, Karen Rogers, sings a number with comedian, Bob Hope at Notre Dame's Athletic Convocation Center. Although Karen will not be on television, she was on hand for a between-acts number during the taping of a Bob Hope Special to be shown tonight at 7:30 on Channel 6. The top billings for the special include Robert Goulet, Juliet Prowse, Debbie Reynolds, Charlie Pride and Lee Brown and his orchestra. Karen is a 1973 graduate of Indiana Central College.
The organized support for the Greyhounds at home basketball games is (pardon the expression) pretty doggone pathetic!

You would think with all the cheerleaders we have that school spirit could be aroused somehow.

Have the cheerleaders ever made a full-fledged attempt to teach students their yells? Several years ago yells were typed up and passed out to students at every home game. There was always a row or two of faithful supporters yelling at the top of their voices to make up for the missing cheerleaders.

(By the way, whatever happened to the Babbling Bunch of Intellectuals who supported the football team? Did they lose their hobbles?)

Students can't cheer in unison is a corny thing to do, (2) the ballgames are not exciting enough to inspire one to yell, (3) the cheerleaders do not enthusiastically encourage students to yell, or (4) everybody munches on popcorn and Reese's cups and heaven knows you can't yell in that condition!

Who knows what the problem is? Maybe we would just rather have the silence so we can listen to the basketball players sweat.

If you have the answer write in and tell us.

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**Editor's Mailbox**

**Greene questions scholarship policy**

Dear Editor:

It occurred to me, while displaying my school spirit in the approved manner by attending a basketball game, that there seems to be a small non sequitur in regard to athletic scholarships. From my conversations with my athletic friends in the eight ICC sports activities, there appears to be an unusually heavy emphasis placed upon two of the eight.

It is my understanding that there are six full-ride scholarships given out each year (room, board, tuition, laundry fees and $100 credit per semester in the bookstore) and that these invariably go to either football or basketball players. Other available athletic scholarship money seems to have a tendency towards these two sports as well.

Now I would have thought nothing of this had I not seen that night at the basketball game the 1972-1973 ICC sports standings. It seems odd to me that those two sports get all that money when they only ranked towards these two sports as well. It seems odd to me that those two sports get all that money when they only ranked... (2)

But of course if the reasoning is the opposite — the most help to those who need it most, then seemingly Tennis (with a 4.32) and Golf (a tie at four) should, pardon the expression, share the wealth.

I think it behooves the President and the other leaders of the college to study this. Assuming this information is correct, and having gotten it from the veritable horse's mouth I'm sure it is, why should we perpetuate an obviously illogical and patently unfair system.

Of course, the whole idea of an educational institution giving scholarships for non-educational activities is on the absurd side for in this day and age, an athlete should be able to use his time and resources to compete with other schools or whatever a school for?

Garry A. Greene

To the Editor:

Recently a letter appeared in your column from a prominent member of the faculty in reference to the Faculty-Student fun night held a while back in the Coffee House. He stated that there was lack of knowledge of the event and that some people have better things to do on Friday nights than to go to a Coffee House.

I would like to express in the letter I feel a reply is needed.

He states that a single announcement in convocation would only reach possibly four or five faculty members. For one thing, it is a shame that such a small percentage of our faculty expose themselves to the worthwhile speakers and ideas to which the majority of students of this campus are required to partake. Also, the lack of communication between faculty members in getting the information spread to me an indication of a somewhat apathetic attitude.

The announcement in convocation and numerous posters around the campus showed an interest in spreading the information. Personal contact is often difficult as many of the students and faculty members have quite full schedules.

It is entirely possible that many faculty members spend all of their free time pursuing educational endeavors. However, many of the students and faculty members after a full week of classes and outside jobs enjoy some leisure time. And why not spend some of this time in the company of other members of the college community in an area supported by the school.

I see the attempt of bringing together students and faculty members in an informal setting as an attempt at bettering the relations between the two groups and opening up the lines of communication for meaningful and relevant discussions. I, for one, would like to see more attempts made at this type of get-together in the future. I hope that the majority of the faculty is more open-minded and receptive to the student's attempts at meeting with faculty members you expressed in your letter.

Sincerely,

Douglas A. Lane

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**Editorial**

Here we see a pair of tennis shoes "Converse"ing with one another during normal day in the ICC magazine rack.
People really do scream in their cars

By RICK SWENGER

We are the fastest moving people in the world. Each person will live, on the average, in three different homes during his adult life. It has become very easy for Americans to pull up roots and move elsewhere. This is especially true in the business world. An executive in a large corporation must be prepared to move to another city or state. If he turns down a promotion because of the trauma of relocation to his family, he may lose his job for lack of ambition.

Our increasing mobility has depleted our ability to make personal contacts. We are afraid to allow ourselves to be intimately known by anyone. At the same time, however, we desire a closeness with someone. Encounter groups are springing up all over the country and one of the most important elements of these groups is the anonymity of the individuals to each other.

There is a book on the market by Ralph Keyes entitled, We the Lonely People that is a must for you to read if you have any interest in the American way of life.

As Mr. Keyes says, our automobiles and bathrooms "are the only places where most urban-suburbanites can be completely and blissfully - alone." I wonder how many people really scream in their cars if they do it, do not feel unusual. A large number of people release tension that way.

The tensions pile up because of the internal conflict we have. We want the closeness of living along with the convenient anonymity. According to Keyes, "What we are doing is developing self-destructing communities that are making closeness just as convenient as a two-week guided tour."

March brings warmer weather

MARCH WEATHERFAX

In March, Spring arrives with the eternal equilibrium. Day and night are of equal length. Early in the month, the sun is setting at the South Pole while preparing to rise at the North Pole as the mean temperature at Indianapolis increases to 40 degrees. The normal daily March maximum temperature is 55 and the minimum is 30. But in 1943 a temperature of 6 below zero was recorded, and in 1920 the record was 40 below.

Precipitation averages 3.8 inches, but in years past the amounts have ranged from one inch to 7.8 inches. The normal snowfall for the month is 3.3 inches, but only one day usually has more than one inch during a 24-hour period.

March marks the start of the kite season as the wind speed averages 13.6 mph. The prevailing direction is from the west northwest, and in 1947 a west northwest wind of 65 mph was recorded for a brief period. Hold onto your hat! Indianapolis normally experiences six clear days, eight partly cloudy, and 12 cloudy days with measurable precipitation on 12 days. Three days have thunderstorms, two days have heavy fog, and the temperature falls below freezing on 6 days with lowest temperatures usually registered in the early morning hours.

As the severe weather season is at hand and you keep one "weather eye" on the lookout for funnel clouds, it is not too late to enroll in Earth Sciences. The course is open to all students who may want to fulfill their liberal arts science requirement or learn more about the Planet Earth and the displays on the third floor of the Zerfas Wing. The class is scheduled for 5:30 p.m. on Tuesday - starting September 10.

William R. Gommel
Earth Sciences

Upcoming

InPIRG events

Monday, March 4, 9:45 a.m., Ransburg Auditorium. In lecture: Mr. Ronald Plessner, a lawyer, associated with Ralph Nader and the Director of the Freedom of Information Project at the Center for the Study of Responsive Law in Washington, D.C. Mr. Plessner will talk about the InPIRG concept.

Tuesday, March 5, 7:30 p.m., Recital Hall. Film: "Sahara." This is an ecological film on the extinction and extermination of various species. A group of InPIRG committee members will be there to relate the film to the InPIRG concept and to answer any questions.

Executive Order 9066

U.S. like Nazi Germany in '42

By SYLVIA HENRICKS

It happened in the U.S. in 1942, but the action has echoes in the areas of what happened in Nazi Germany, or suggest what might happen again someday in our own country. Executive Order 9066 is a book of photographs and documents that document the results of the "executive order" on February 19, 1942, which sent 100,000 Japanese-Americans - including some born Americans - into "relocation centers" in the desert.

The result of hysteria and prejudice, the order was directed against the Japanese on the west coast, citizens and resident aliens alike. The hysteria was the aftermath of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the program was a long time in the making, it began with the arrival of Oriental laborers to work on the Central Pacific Railroad in the 1860's, and which produced occasional virulent outbursts as with the slogan "The Japs Must Go!" in the 1890's, and Gentlemen's Agreement in 1908, the Alien Land Law in 1913, and the Japanese Exclusion Act in 1917.

The photographs in the book were chosen from among several thousand published during the 1940's. They are unposed, honest representations of the shock, sorrow, despair, and bewilderment felt by the uprooted Japanese-Americans. We see their boarded-up stores and businesses, we see them waiting for the trains to carry them to the relocation centers (prisons in all but name, the book calls them), and we see their bleak existence there. A few photographs show newspaper headlines of the time, or signs (such as a Seattle storekeeper who had displayed on his cash register: "We don't want any Japs back here ever!") that indicated the feelings of, if not the majority, at least a vocal minority.

Although the government paid back millions of dollars in property claims to the Japanese-Americans, the figure is conceded to be less than 10% of what their losses were. Hardest for them to bear was the psychological stress of confinement, the embarrassment and humiliation of being regarded as traitors to their country and the inescapable fear that their ancestry rather than their actions always determine how they would be treated.

Executive Order 9066 by Maltz and Richard Conrat, published by the California Historical Society, is among the new books available in the library.
How do you grade a paper like that?

Remember I said the streets around my school were decaying? Well, they're in worse shape now, thanks to Dammy, the Stupid Student Teacher. The other day I was walking along in pale spring sunlight, heading for the fresh-sop basketball game and rehearsing my subordinate conjunctions when my acute sensory awareness of the quagmire imprisonment of my two dear feet. I looked down and SNICK!—there I was, imbedded in wet cement, clear up to the tops of my platforms. The first pair of fifteen dollar shoes I ever owned.

Next time I'd better do my student teaching at Graumann's Chinese Theatre. I hear they have a better basketball team, anyway.

Stephens, the student who made the headlines last week for GAMING his teacher with a doughnut, is no longer in my class. He leaves school in the early afternoon and goes to work in a downtown restaurant. His stepbrother is still in my class, although he also has a job; I asked him why they were going to do with so much money, but all I got was a queer look.

The teaching part of teaching is really fun. The other part, filling out forms and scribbling in grade books, is too boring to mention. Just for fun, try jotting down an hour's work in grade book form (with a three inch square). I like helping the kids to understand something, and I like it when they come out with a really spontaneous response. We had a ball with the plot of Romeo and Juliet; we put the entire story line of West Side Story on the blackboard and then changed the names of over three classes remembered Tony's name; I guess he's just a has-been.

Nobody could understand why Romeo and Juliet acted so dumb. One boy explained that "They were only fourteen." I was glad he was so perceptive, because he had to miss class the next day—took his driver's test.

I had trouble with one of the girls—Evelyn—in my study hall. She just COULDN'T shut up for even a few seconds, and refused to follow me into the hall to discuss it. In a way, I suppose it was my fault, because I tried to take her off guard with my disarming smile, and all I did was confuse her. But all of a sudden, she bailed herself out of her chair and trotted out the door after me. I was glad she couldn't see my face just then, because I was quite surprised. I wish I could study that episode on videotape.

My supervising teacher and I have been grading autobiographies. 'I'm not very good at it, because I try to grade everyone too high, and then when I find an exceptionally good paper, there aren't any grades left.' Diane's autobiography was barely half a page long. She said the only important thing about her life was that she'd messed it up so far, and she didn't need to waste time dreaming about the future. "DON'T GRADE A PAPER LIKE THAT!" I finally gave her a B and commented that she expressed her thoughts clearly and punctuated well.

Evelyn appears to be my friend for life. She hasn't been back to school—which doesn't bother me any—but she goes out of her way to talk to me in the halls and be friendly at the cafeteria. She probably thinks I'm not on her own.

David doesn't talk to me anymore. He always notices when I'm in the vicinity, and smiles at all he's worth, but he won't even answer a direct question. I'll keep hopping however, and maybe one day I'll make surpise ourselves.

I first met Sharon and Nikki three years ago, when my husband was advisor to their Junior Achievement company. I ran into Nikki the other day; she has a part-time job at the school and has a full time job waiting for her after graduation. She said that Sharon and she are going to be going to Hawaii in September. They were such LITTLE-BITTY kids the last time I saw them racing down the street together; I'd like to think things are going well for them.

My husband is in Junior Achievement this year, because he travels too much. Tomorrow he leaves for Italy, and will be gone a month. I wish I could go along; I would like to sit at an outdoor cafe, drinking coffee and swinging my leg around, around a fountain in the moonlight. We're happy for him, but it will be lonely here; there isn't time to go when you're home sick in your own home. My eyes are dim tonight.

Marilyn Jones

"Everybody must find a place where they can express themselves."

By Paul Ludig

Chicken Tripe isn't just jive

By Ken Granger

When one thinks of a drummer, the first image that comes to mind is that of a male. Marilyn Jones, however, is proof that the image need not be extended to the human life expectancy for decades.

Dr. Edgar Catherc of Boston University says that the chemical in the body known as "amyloid" appears to be directly linked to the process of growing old. Experimenters have found small traces of "amyloid" in people 20 years of age, but in persons who are 80 or 90 years old, they have found heavy deposits of the protein-like substance.

Other researchers have tried to break the presence of the chemical with the inability of the body to fight off infections, but this belief is only a theory. Specialists in aging believe it may be only a matter of time before science can control the amount of "amyloid" produced by the body, thus slowing down the aging process. If and when that happens, 100-year-old people will be the rule rather than the exception.

Marilyn Jones

"We had a ball with the plot of Romeo and dreaming about the future. HOW GRADE A PAPER LIKE THAT? I finally gave her an A and commented that she expressed her thoughts clearly and punctuated well. Evelyn appears to be my friend for life. She hasn't been back to school—which doesn't bother me any—but she goes out of her way to talk to me in the halls and be friendly at the cafeteria. She probably thinks I'm not on her own. David doesn't talk to me anymore. He always notices when I'm in the vicinity, and smiles for all he's worth, but he won't even answer a direct question. I'll keep hopping around, and maybe one day I'll make surprise ourselves.

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TRIBUTE AND QUESTION
TO A QUIETLY ERUPTING
Alexander Solzhenitsin

I'm glad I lived. I'm glad
I never lost a friend.
I laughed and I cried and I sang.
I'm glad I lived.
I'm glad you lived.
I'm glad we lived together.
I'm glad I lived with you.

- Barbara Pritchett

THE TIME I MET MY MOTHER

Just a week before they had celebrated their 50th anniversary with eleven of their thirteen children. They were headed south for the winter. Grandma didn't want to go but grandpa had problems with his health so they went anyway.

Before they left grandma took mom, dad, and us kids to the side and said, "If anything happens to you know where we're going."

"It's almost as if she knew what was going to happen."

My sister answered the phone. She called mom and said that something was wrong. Five minutes later mom came to us kids and said, "They're not sure, and there is a possibility that they're wrong, but if you care... granny and grandpa were killed in an auto wreck on their way to Florida." Then mom called dad home from church. When he got home she told him his parents had died. He looked at me with despair. I've never seen him as powerless as he was at that moment.

At the funeral the flowers came in from all over the country.

My uncle who hadn't made it to the anniversary celebration was there so that the twelve remaining children were together as a family for the last time.

Dad seemed to lean on me for emotional support, as if it was his father instead of his being mine. For a brief moment I felt that I knew my father...

I now understand my father's quietness and tend to practice it myself, but even with this understanding I'm still a stranger to him.

- Loyd Everett

LONELINESS

By Yvonna Jones

(Spring 1972)

I saw a miracle today.

It didn't come with blaring trumpets

or stars suddenly bursting forth

from the sky.

It was silently mirrored in the face

of the child next door,

who only knew of you when

he was there to see you,

and when I could feel your

eyes watching me.

But I was lonely and sitting

on my porch step,

and all Brian said was, "Ill, will you talk
to me?"

I don't know why I sat down

beside him,

heavens knew I had to get the dishes

washed.

But Brian touched my forgotten feelings

of loneliness.

that I too, had felt so long ago,

and had tried to bury in my heart

along with all the other hurt.

When I said, "What can I do for you?"

side still and formal

he half turned away, but decided to give me

another chance.

"I need a friend," he said.

"Boner died last night and I miss him

a lot.

I took care of him when he was a puppy,

my mom and dad are too busy for me.....

And I remember my Boner so many

years ago.

And Brian started to cry,

and we cried together, he and I

sitting there on my porch step.

Sometimes it takes a bit of

loneliness

to release a bit of loneliness

and help heal the pain that it left.

- Yvonna Jones

Sunbursts, suddenly shining forth,
Hope of a new dawn
Promise of a new day
Sunbursts, God's handshake in the sky,
Hope of truth
Promise of what will come

BY YVONNA JONES

ODE TO ANNOUNCE

I like the quiet to study by
I like it silent — as a sight.
So, hush, well, in stacks of dust,
My book I take to read in trust.

One other seat is near by this:
My heart near falls — it is not missed.
And, she plows down with all good cheer —
What's that? — oh, no, I don't drink beer.

"I'm reading Milton — it's for a test."
"I'll be real quiet — try my best."
Paradise is lost again —
Thinking I, with hand in chin.

And then began the overture.
My lord — a sack lunch — not Korn Karts!
Amidst the swit tangles
She crunches, cracks and smacks in time.

Satans falls and Heaven quakes,
The demons plunge to the fiery lake —
And I have mayonnaise on my shoe —
"Excuse me — it just seemed to ooze."

I'll try again; I shall endure —
From this place, I'll not be bared.
(She'll go away — I'll just ignore —)
"Oops, your carrot's on the floor."

With purpose, I return to work.
The meters bent to muscular jerks.
And finally falls to doom —
I say — it couldn't come too soon!

She's dawning egging and stewed prunes,
My trial thus ending to a stiiny tune.
But I knew what it is like.
To study Milton in a delir's light.

- Kathleen Miller

We are people,
yes it's true.
There is me,
And there is you.
And though we're us —
still we're two.

- Joel Catlin

you're soft and warm, quiet, blue jeans and work shirt
dynamic and able to take charge, john drenv

easy to talk, an idealistic dreamer,
logical and rational, free and easy,
a bit troubled, and don't know who you are.

I'm noisy, emotional and erratic, blue jeans and saddle cutouts,
don't look before I leap, I don't know. a bit troubled, and don't know who you are.

- Party Girl

Two

Party Girl
Keep guys on your keychain,
Keep 'em in a shirt
Deal 'em out like playing cards
Party Girl
Nature's choice
Body so soft and very shapely
Sexy voice

Party Girl
Face just like a magnet,
Honey for the flies,
Full of lies
Party Girl
What nature forgot to do
Max Factor did
Pretty kid

"Thank you for waiting me to the door,
I guess I won't need you
In my life anymore."

Party Girl
Kisses given to you
Never given back
Sneak attack
I think I've got a lot more brain
And a lot less pain
All's in vain

I'm glad I love you
Is not a Party Girl
I hope you love me
Is not a Party Girl

- The Non
Daryl breaks 1000

By PAUL LUDWIG

The Greyhounds of Angus Nicolson dropped out of the race for the upper division of the Indiana Collegiate Conference at St. Joseph's "way back two weeks ago, but since then they had a chance to see what it's like to play in a space the size of a locker and leave their opponents trembling like the inside of an old one.

St. Joe was a sad affair, as the hapless 'Hounds went to Rensselaer only to find the Pumas primed and waiting. The home crowd was in control throughout, putting Central at the bell, 66-73. Conference scoring leader Jim Butler gets top billing all the time. Butler's always been the big school around here, and a good game that would put Central over Butler. "Just from what I've seen of other school's fast-paced conference, I think we have as good as anybody, overall." Dave Wood corners the market on letter jackets

By PAUL LUDWIG

They call him Woody, and he is one of a vanishing breed in college athletics, a three sport letterman, in football, basketball and baseball.

Dave Wood, listed in the files as a sophomore business education major, lettered in all three sports as a Freshman, and this year has played a major part in Central's athletic program, starting in football and basketball, and bringing a .375 batting average to this season's baseball unit.

In spite of all these sports activities, Dave finds the time, "in the evenings, mostly" to pursue an academic program that's netted him an 8.2 average. "In the middle of the afternoon when I'm practicing... I probably wouldn't be studying too much, except on days when I have tests." When he does miss class on road trips, "They (the professors) are usually pretty understanding, in terms of the difficulties faced by an athlete who must miss class time," but, "They expect me to make up everything I miss."

Dave played his high school sports at Pake, here in Indianapolis, and was approached by "twenty, twenty-five... smaller schools," who tried to recruit him, and he chose Indiana Central because "I wanted to go to a small school where I could participate in more than one sport... I wanted to be a coach and I wanted to go into business... coming here you get very good training, as far as going into the coaching profession. I think that's proven by the number of coaches graduated from here." "I like to know who I'm going to school with." If Dave's way of explaining his choice of such a small institution as IC.

As a black man aspiring to break into white-dominated coaching ranks, Dave thinks "there has been a trend toward hiring black coaches. I think people are finding that there are very competent blacks in school wanting to coach. and... to be quite frank about it, most of you white athletes are black in America today and many of these who want to go on into coaching... can do a good job as whites can, and I think a lot of whites are starting to realize that." Dave would like to coach on the high school level in "a town with a good basketball reputation, or somewhere that is capable of making a good basketball reputation, where you can feel the whole town pulling together behind their team.

Dave feels Central needs more publicity, citing the example, "We play Butler, play, and Butler gets top billing all the time. Butler's always been the big school around here, and a good game that would put us in the conference. I think we have as good as anybody, overall."
The Tigers do the hunting

BY JOHN SARNO

Hoosier high school basketball is hotter than ever this year; and if the Indianapolis district is the frying pan that the area seems to be, the Lebanon district is the frying pan of the frying pan. But while his star has been reduced to a fraction of what it once was, the Lebanon district is still the one to watch, especially from pretty far up in the bleachers. I

and look at each other eerily and maybe peer up towards the ceiling apprehensively.

And down in the coaches' room the Rocket's name is still spoken with reverence and there's a feeling in the air that if only he were here tonight, the Rockets would surely be successful.

The mayor of Lebanon sits down in that coaches' room before and after every game — a delightful fellow who will expand to anyone available the virtues of Lebanon's basketball teams both past and present. Also plenty of other non-coach types — the better part of the town council, a scattering of prominent merchants and businessmen and of course, the coach, Jim Rohstenstihl. There may be substantial chatter going on in the room, but when Rosy begins to speak, all other conversation ceases.

Rohstenstihl and Mount together put Lebanon on the map in a big way during the glory years of 1965-66. But while his star has been treading the road to Lafayette, Indianaapolis, Louisville and Salt Lake City — the abandoned coach has done right well with the boys that have come along since. As a matter of fact, he believes that two of the teams he's had since Mount's departure, including the current one, have been better than that '66 outfit.

All students who wish to use the gym should take along their ID's so that outsiders will not be abusing our facility. More on this in the next issue.

'California, here we come'

BY STEVE NONTELL

Would you believe there still is no end to IC's wrestling season? That's good for only a few of the Greyhounds who will take a trip out to Los Angeles to compete in the NCAA national finals. In fact, they're out there now, but at the date of this article we don't know all the wrestlers who will compete for us.

One surely will be 134-pounder Joe Myers, who rodded up his second straight conference crown-up at Rensselaer last weekend. Joe was only scheduled for two matches through that three-honored "luck of the draw" and he won them both so convincingly that he was chosen as the meet's Most Valuable Wrestler. And the lightweight Greyhound is freshman Marion Wolfe, who also had only two men in his way but, probably due to slight ignorance, lost the final bout to finish second among the 177-pounders.

The team finish was not as high as was expected, to be sure. Mark Gray was the representative from the tight 142 class for us, and he was the only Greyhound who didn't place. Everyone — Joe — David Egbert at 118, Bruce Jones at 126, Jeff Rabourn at 135, Mark Dullaghet at 165, Steve Harding at 170, Stan Markle at 190, and Rick Gardner at the heavyweight — placed third in their classes for an overall third place team finish.

A couple of these others might go with Myers and Wolfe to LA, but we don't know who else will at this moment. All we can say is that we've been on the lookout for what finally ought to be a complete wrap-up. And with everybody coming back next year, we can safely say that a lot of teams will be wrapped up in the doghouse on the way to regaining that conference crown from Wabash.

And here's Joe Myers again asking the musical question, "What do you think you're trying to do?" asks 150-pounder Jeff Rabourn as he seeks a wrapping way in the Conference meet. Formerly one of the most dependable matmen for the Franklin College Cadets, Jeff still is as quick as a flash for IC and has been for three years. He was the only IC Little State champ earlier this year.

"Which way did he go? Which way did he go?" asks 150-pounder Jeff Rabourn as he seeks a winning way in the Conference meet. Formerly one of the most dependable matmen for the Franklin College Cadets, Jeff still is as quick as a flash for IC and has been for three years. He was the only IC Little State champ earlier this year.
What would basketball games be without little kids?

Photos by Rolf-Peter Noot

PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T MISS IT! Kim Jones, Karla Burgess, a friend, and Sarah Stotts really take it seriously. Sarah is the daughter of Anna Stotts.

WHOSE LITTLE GIRL IS THIS? We couldn't find out, but we bet she would make a good little cheerleader.

Pint-size fans can take games seriously, too!

A FUTURE GREYHOUND? Brian Hoffman, son of Admissions Director, David, keeps a keen eye on the game.

Two enthusiastic statistics keepers hold their pencils ready for the next tally.

JUMPIN' QUILLYOFFS! WHAT HAVE WE DONE NOW? Jennifer Beebe above is the daughter of Director of Placement, John Beebe.