Bayh, Pulliam
featured speakers
at media seminar

The second annual Indiana Central College Media Seminar will be March 28-30 (Friday and Saturday). Sponsored by Indiana Central College and the Indiana Collegiate Press Association, the seminar will feature Senator Birch Bayh and Eugene S. Pulliam, assistant publisher of the Indianapolis STAR/NEWS, as the main speakers during the Saturday sessions.

The Indianapolis STAR investigative team—William Anderson, Harley Aitken, and Richard Cady—will speak about their articles on police corruption during the opening session Friday evening at 8:00 in Hassburg Auditorium. Following the opening session will be four workshops on photojournalism, graphics, freelancing, and yearbooks.

Courier-Journal photographer Bryan Moss, named outstanding photographer of the last three years by the Indiana News Photographers Association; and Randy West, managing editor of the Corydon DEMOCRAT, will return to again lead a workshop on photojournalism. The Marion CHRONICLE-TRIBUNE staff will be in charge of the graphics workshop; John Brady from Indiana State University will discuss freelancing; and Dean Kasimierczak will head the workshop on yearbooks.

Saturday morning workshop leaders will include Larry Connor, Indianapolis STAR city editor discussing the job market; Bob Collins, Indianapolis STAR sports editor; Skip Hess, Indianapolis NEWS reporter on ethics; and Bill Crafton, WISH (CBS) reporter on feature writing.

Senior Bayh will speak at 9:00 a.m. and Eugene S. Pulliam at 1:30 p.m. in Hassburg Auditorium.

Cost for both Friday and Saturday’s events is $1; individually, a session is $5. Tickets can be purchased during registration between 6:30 and 8:00 p.m. Friday or between 6:00 and 8:30 a.m. Saturday. For further information, call the Public Relations office (ICC) at 707-6301, ext. 229.
Final two cents worth

Well, for once the editor has nothing to complain about, nothing to praise, nothing to explain. (Perhaps she never did, but that’s beside the point.) In two weeks and one more issue, next year’s editor will take office (and my sympathy, I mean, best wishes go out to him). Since, therefore, next year’s editor will most likely be a male, I’d like to get in a final two cents worth with the following poem which has hung on the wall beside my desk all year (inspiring every young female that crosses its path no doubt.)

Woman

Was created from the rib of man
Not from his head
To top him
Neither from his feet
To be walked upon.
She was made from his side
to be his equal:
From beneath his arm
To be protected by him:
From very near his heart
To be loved by him.

Apology and explanation

The Reflector staff offers its apologies to Central Council presidential candidate, Doug Land, for a mistake in the printing of platform in the March 13 issue. However, the Reflector did not intentionally make the mistake of running Barry Howard’s platform in caps over Doug Land’s platform which was printed in small letters.

The candidates (including Roger McClain) were asked to submit their platforms for printing. Doug Land submitted a platform which he had used in convo, and the Reflector drew up his platform which was printed. Barry submitted the mimeographed platform, copies of which were stuffed in student mailboxes. If you will remember on that sheet, each of his main points were printed in all caps, with the mimeographed parts in small letters. We sent this mimeographed sheet to the printer with the instructions “do not print the caps.” However, the printer did print the caps, and we printed both of the platforms. We were criticized for going ahead and printing the platforms, but at the time the decision was made that the platforms, as they were, were better than not printing any platforms.

If we had wanted to endorse a candidate, or some students took this mistake as an endorsement, we would have done it through an editorial and NOT through a mistake in printing.

Rhonda F. Kirkham
Editor-in-Chief, Reflector

Megan praised staff

Dear Reflector Staff,

I’d like to commend you on a job well done. As a member of the staff last year, I can see the changes you have been making, and I have been a good year last good year, but I feel that it is that much better this year.

Don’t get me wrong, ‘cause I sure wouldn’t want to see your heads swell!!! I’m not always in agreement with what you’re doing, and I think some improvements could be made. But, all things considered, you’re doing ok!

The Reflector and sports have improved greatly, and I especially like the creative writing page, which I feel and hope is coming to the future.

Keep going!

Megan

Sorry, I left the wall beside my desk all year (inspiring every young female that reads it)...

In these days talking about litter seems a popular subject. Often though it appears there is more talk than action. Our college buildings and grounds receive their daily amount of paper cups, discarded student notes, hamburger wrappers, etc. Even the new furniture in the 1972 Lilly Addition is fast becoming “decorated or marred” by students who wish to leave names and assorted bits of information for posterity.

One day I took the Senior Field Test on Saturday, March 16, demonstrated that someone prefers to contribute to the solution of the litter problem rather than just adding to the problem. As I was packing up the materials at the close of the test, a student returned to the test, on second base Sally, and said “I got to my car in the parking lot and remembered that I brought a cup of Coke into the test so I put the container near my desk at close of the test.” She picked up the cup and made her way downstairs again to her car.

Frankly I was pleasantly shocked at her willingness to take the “long walk” with a very little litter for which she was responsible. If 25 other students had as been as much concerned, L 25 would have looked better at the close of the test than it did.

It might embarrass the student to give her name but she as a student in your psychology class.

Submitted by Paul Pietemeier, Director of Testing.

Dear Editor:

This is a reply to the recent editorial concerning the University basketball games. I agree that the spirit here is pathetic, but I do not feel it is the cheerleaders fault. If you remember last year in October, there was a pep rally held for Homecoming. The response made by the students was something to behold. Only 20 students came to cheer the football team on. The rally was well publicized and planned. There was no reason for the lack of interest shown by the students. Except maybe that they didn’t care.

Larry Lynch as Teddy Brewster did a beautiful job of acting. One of the special ingredients of the play was the cry of "CHARGE!" The villains Jonathan was characterized perfectly by Mr. Tucker, and he appeared to get very involved in his role. Dr. Einstein, Jonathan’s sidekick, was played by Bill Rollins.

Not forgetting the technical side of the production, special congratulations go to Michael Bridge who directed his excellent technical direction. James Adams created the stage and lighting design, and the genius of Margaret Howard and Andrew White created the special effects. The music was the idea of Taylor Martin who worked on sound. Alice Bridgewater designed the hair styles, Cindy Coffey was House Manager and Ruth Galland was Stage Manager.

I am together with Mrs. White and Mr. Whitehead, and they answered many questions. I have a few more to ask. Where are the guests? Where are the guests? Where are the guests? Where are the guests?

PAULA WAGNER

Arsenic a triumph for drama department

By PAULA WAGNER

Joseph Keitelings Arsenele and Old Lace was beautifully presented by the Indiana Central Players on February 22, 23, and 24. Undaunted by a small opening night audience, the performers kept up the light and airy pace necessary for the farce comedy to reach the crowd.

Virginia Kantor and Sue Malaise deserve special recognition for their excellent portrayal of the two sweet little old ladies who have given up the off-look old men. Gary Robinson conveyed just the right amount of confusion to the audience in his role as Charles, the second husband, and the group displayed the activities of his aunties. Likewise, Marty Dowman did a splendid job of portraying Mrs. Martin and Glenda. They created the costumes for the play.

Neil Gogel, Doug Beckman, and Taylor Martin did a fine job of portraying the befuddled police officers. Ken Low added to the humor of the play in his role as Romanney, commanding officer of the confused police force.

Another change to the atmosphere of the play was Dave Stine as Rev. Dr. Harper, and Dave Lofland as Mr. Gibbs. Dave Stine did a fine job playing the minister of the community, as well as Elaine’s father, and Dave Lofland made everyone laugh with his use of the name Paul. Tom Breyer seemed to enjoy his role of Mr. Wilshusen, the head of Happydole fleet Home, and Teddy’s “guide” style.

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Registration for summer sessions offered in advance
In Indiana Central College Summer Session Office announces that advanced registration for two seven-week summer sessions is now in progress for the dates June 14 through July 29 and August 1 through August 26. Younger and graduate students may apply for both sessions.
Indiana Central has increased the number of summer courses offered during the day — some of which are new. The evenings sessions are also being offered.
New students planning to enroll must meet with an advisor to apply for admission and register. Counselors can be reached Mon. — Fri. and Sat. between 8:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. in the Good Hall. Advance registration deadline for Summer Session I is Fri., June 13; for Summer Session II, Fri., July 1.

A film "America and the Americans" will be screened at 4:30 p.m. in the Good Hall, followed by a discussion.

Ceramics workshops to be offered with metal-enameling shops
Continuing a proud tradition once again this summer, Indiana Central College in conjunction with the American Art Clay Co., Inc., will offer three undergraduate ceramic and metal-enameling workshops designed especially for teachers and occupational therapists. Held on the campus, the classes will be taught by members of the Indiana Central Art Department and Amaco's staff.
A series of lectures on hand-wheel throwing techniques, glazing, and firing procedures will be presented in the underglaze ceramic enamel workshops. The metal-enameling workshop will present basic information in the technique of cold-soldering jewelry. Metal-working itself is not taught.
The Graduate Division of Indiana Central College will also offer three graduate Ceramics (550) classes and three graduate Advanced Ceramics (551) classes in cooperation with the American Art Clay Co., Inc. These classes are of longer duration and include more individual advanced work in the phases of ceramics.
For further information about the undergraduate workshops or the graduate courses, contact the Graduate Division office or the Graduate Division office, 787-6301, ext. 261.

A Y.A. jelly bean
I.A.Y. is sponsoring its annual Jelly Bean Contest. One girl was selected from each class and the girl selling the most jelly beans wins.

Terry L. Taylor
appointed Region Six Representative
All proceeds go to Convalescent Center.

Bowls and shakers slowly disappear in Central dining hall
At the beginning of the current semester, the Dining Hall had 600 salad and cereal bowls available for student use. The present count stands at approximately 110 and the Dining Hall must use them for serving all food. The students must use plates for salads.
Likewise, salt and pepper shakers were on every table but have slowly disappeared. Terry Polk has been able to re-order the shakers, but the salad bowls are difficult to re-order.

"Endless Enigma" finally resolved
Do you know why fireworks are red? Well, fire trucks have four wheels and eight men, and the Turtle One has twelve inches in a foot. A foot is a ruler. Queen Elizabeth is a ruler. And, Queen Elizabeth has a ruler in the largest ship on the seven seas. Have you ever wondered why? Because fire trucks are always red! If you think this is the answer, go back and check your work. Oh, dear! We must be too old to figure out why we are attending.
Stop the world, I want to get off!

You faithful readers of the Reflector (both of you) will recognize this as my opening line of the series of humorous events in the life of the author. There has already been one in a row, several times back, the time being too long for the author to stay away with allowing for opportunities to concoct the absurd distortions of the facts. We now join our story in progress in a new city, in Germany, 1967 A.D.

My family and I were visiting relatives over a three-week vacation stretch, and we were nearing the end of the last week. Imagine the restlessness of a teeny-bopper who has spent two and a half weeks, 24 hours a day with his parents. I had to be polite all the time, even while I was asleep. This, of course, made for no time to be wasted. So after days of begging to be alone on the town, my parents gave in.

It should be noted that the extent of my knowledge of German was little more than "Dankeschön," which was hardly applicable in situations involving streetcars and healthy natives. So my parents had the foresight to repeat the name of the station every seven hundred times so that I wouldn't get lost.

I boarded the streetcar and went downtown with no problems. I went out of my way to be cool, I had to. (They think I have money), my passport peeking over my shirt pocket (I'll impress 'em 'cause I've traveled so much in my meager means), sunglasses and bell-bottoms that went all the way to my knees. I stopped around for a while, fantasizing about picking up and taking home a beautiful German girl, or hoping to find a MacDonald's, and then noted that the big hand was between 8 and 9 and it was on the 4. This meant I was due home, so I ambled over to the streetcar stop still being cool and impressing everyone within a four-mile radius) and patiently awaited my streetcar. That is, I waited patiently for the first 15 minutes, watching carefully for No. 2 Krupp Alee. It wouldn't come.

A half hour. Forty-five minutes. I was late by this time, and I began to get rather anxious. I became somewhat of an attraction showing up at the passing of each streetcar. I would mention the state of my emotions (Aaaahahahaaahh!!) rather loudly, shout observations at the driver, and hang my head on the sidewalk.

At last a streetcar approached bearing the number of my town. I dashed madly onto the bus, had neglected to check to see if I was on the bus for the right direction, I didn't care; at least it was a number 2.

As I found a seat directly behind the driver, I immediately set to work preparing mental notes for the most plaintive appeal to the emotions of my parents as possible, in order to get them to do some work for me. I also kept my trusty ear open for the driver to quack, "Krupp Alee!" which could have been Swahili backwards at 75 speed as far as I was concerned. When German is spoken quickly it is repetition, it is futile to try to recognize a reasonable fascimile of the original phrase.

I remembered that it was approximately 15 minutes from "home" to downtown. At 30 minutes, I began to get a little suspicious. At 40 minutes, I was worried. (It was difficult to notice anything amiss even for my lightning quick mind in such a small amount of time.) I glanced cautiously about me, and my afore-mentioned ever-alert mind detected the absence of any people in the car, save the driver and myself. I then spied another noteworthy aspect of the situation; there was no noise except in front of the car.

I pondered this new development for a moment, and decided that this was probably why we were no longer moving. This did not explain to me, however, what had become of the tracks which led "home." I distinctly remember the existence of rails, and could arrive at no logical explanation as to why they had been suddenly removed.

I surmised that the driver, if anyone, would have the answer to my puzzle, and determined to ask him the next time I saw him. So, I turned in order to see him. He seemed to be engaged in the writing of some sort of log or something, seemingly enjoying the peace that early evening offered to him. Loathe though I was to disturb him, I disturbed him, I tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Entschuldigung," which is - if spoken by a German, it will certainly explain my presence by shrieking, leaping out of his seat and causing his hair to stand straight up. (This latter ability I found admirable, and would have subscribed to as it was the only one of the intricacies of the act which was not otherwise subject to such digressions.) He then proceeded to deliver a series of what I interpreted as profanities (against the Swahili backwards). I then attempted to convey to the man that I did not speak German. This was easily done, as I was enjoying the peace that early evening offered to me. I informed the gentleman that I spoke English exactly as his English was. Fortunately for myself, I spoke American English rather than English English, which the gentleman pronounced in an affront to Englishmen. When the driver realized this, he became more responsive to my dilemma, with which he was apparently not at all familiar. We did not concur. However, I allowed the man this small priviledge and I walked off the area. I then kind enough to take me back, since I had traveled several hundred miles in the opposite direction for no reason.

I learned that my worries about being late were unfounded, as my family had noted their opportunity and moved out.

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Barbara Spouge seems to be reflecting her thoughts as she reads a projected story in an elementary German class.

"I'll take it out for a beer after graduation."
TO MY GIRL

I have found somebody
who is almost perfect in every way
she looks and acts
laughs in little ways
I think about her morning, noon, and night
and can't get her out of my sight
thinking of myself
how maybe someday
we can cuddle up to each other
every night of the rest of our lives
just the thought of that beautiful girl
sitting by herself
makes my heart ache all the more
sit and think
talking of her smile brings
joy to my heart
how I long to hold her
hug her, to stroke
that beautiful hair of hers
and kiss those rosy, young
lips
when I think of all this
it brings tears to my eyes
sometimes I worry
that I might lose this sweetness
of mine to somebody else
before I ever get a chance
to say "she's mine"
I hope and pray
each night and day
that maybe sometime
I will have you
sweet, beautiful almost perfect girl
who will love and care
for me forever

Joel Catlin

AUTUMN AND YOU
Rows of headlights
pour their endless imagery into my mind.
But the Autumn still triumphs!
In the color of a leaf,
Or the rosy chill of your cheek.
The rhythmical roar of man's ponderings
thunders on.
Yet for a silent second,
the light filtered through the fiery
maple trees,
and touched upon the pastel assurantness
of your presence.
Then you were warm and beautiful
and the world still had a chance.

Barb Pritchell

Walls of silence —
Built around us;
Between us —
Forever blocking our desire to be real.
When it hurts too much.

ONCE UPON A TIME
Once upon a time
came a boy from the Rhine.
While trying to adjust,
To these new town folk,
They all mistook it for a joke.
Hurt to the heart.
When found friends
He had not,
He wept and wept for weeks.
Now left all alone
like a dog with no bone,
Happiness knows him no more.
He yearns to go home
from whence he belongs
To expose his wounds
To those more deserving.
They appreciate more
Their enthusiasm roar
And whose caliber
is second to none.

II. Kosmo
Fiddle de fiddle, I love a good riddle
Nothing too easy or too hard.
To find a friend indeed
With the specifications I need
Would indeed be a "Rare Delight."

Symphony of the Soul
Slowly, slowly
Life goes on.
Some have lost.
Most have won.
Love is growing in
In a secret place.
I, ered to meet her
Face to face.

Slowly, slowly
The woman walks.
Softly, softly
The young man talks.
Oh, how gracefully
She leaves the scene.
Young man's looking good
But feeling mean.
Slowly, slowly
Life goes on.
One more man has lost.
Most have won.

I can feel you tryin' to bend me
But I won't do any more.
You see, I met my wife in Little Rock
And she asked me if I was good.
And she's given me a son or two
The way you said you would.
So long, Fantastic Friend.
I can't stay here near your side.
Though I know you make your love real
You might not be a bride.

Be that way,
Go ahead and be that way.
Even if it's right right here
Somewhere it's day.
Got to change.
My sad hours just get to change
Like building blocks, knock them down
And then rearrange.
Love's no fun, how you moan
When you're just one man, all alone.

Think a house is still a home
When you're just one man alone?
I'm a fool.
You know well that I'm a fool
You just tried, you lied
And still kept all your cool.
Want to die,
Quite sure that I want to die,
This world's made for two, but who's
The one that knows just why?
Love's no fun, how you moan
When you're just one man, all alone.
Think a house is still a home
When you're just one man alone?

Love is just a four-letter word
For "sex" these days.
Normal people are the ones who walk in a lasting haze,
As you get a little older
The back of your mind gets a little bit bolder
But ain't it great?
I appreciate these

Modern times.

Modern times, modern times
Age of gold, all things rhyme,
I have what you want till the end of time,
Modern times, modern times.

Jerusalem used to be lost,
But the Lord came down on the Pentecost.
Who gives a hoot?
I do salute those.

Modern times.
At last, I guess.
We've reached the last stop on the line.
Let me tell you, girl,
Holding you near me felt fine.
As you go your way
I can only say
Remember you still got a friend,
And that yesterday was
The end of the beginning
And tomorrow is
The beginning of the end.

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Don't forget to register the Win a Free Bike Contest Drawing March 1 at the South Keystone Theater matinee of "Super Dad Entry must be by 6 p.m., March 1.

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**Revson remembered**

By JOHN SARKO

On Thursday, the 31st of May, 1973 the phone rang in the sports office of one of the local newspapers. The voice on the other end was one of controlled yet desperate concern. It was that of Mrs. Martin Revson, calling from New York to inquire about the condition of her son.

"I've been frantically reading everything and listening to all the broadcasts and I can't find out if Pete was hurt yesterday. Can you tell me what's going on?"

She was assured that her son was fine - that his brush with the wall in the previous day's Indianapolis 500 had left him only slightly shaken up. Peter Revson, the gallant knight of auto racing, would drive again. Sadly, that is no longer true. The man whose lifestyle was embroidered with class and elegance took his last ride in South Africa last week. He leaves behind a legacy of racing excellence - a legacy that already had left him feeling too young to die and not by much longer than life.

The fact is, he was. You could not dislike Peter Revson, only envy him. He wasn't even to develop a genuinely close relationship with him, he's just to see the complete absence of loneliness about him. He sort of floated through a gilded world of fast money, cars and the pleasures that come with them - yet never had to strive to gain acceptance with the involved. People came to him; and, though he's got a shrewd business sense, he could not have been that much farther than life.

He was killed by one who knew him that "You must admit, he's a little plateau in life just above all the rest of us."

That scene's over now, and he surely was invincible. Shockingly, he was not, and, know him or not, we are all a little poorer by the loss of Peter Revson - a true one of a kind.

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**‘Opening day’ snow greets IC**

By PAUL LUDWIG

Baseball is generally considered to be a summer sport, but there are times when Old Man Winter takes an interest in Mr. Dodger's game and places it in a setting that Abner had not originally intended. Such as three inches of snow on opening day.

The University of Louisville Cardinals got only a bone-chilling reception when they journeyed to Indy to meet the Hounds last Saturday. Their bats were cold, their defense sluggish, and their pitching was numbed by raw weather and loose control. In fact, Douglas, the only thing that was warm about the affair down completely.

Start Steve Bonner of IC picked up the win, with the aid of reliever Ron Burger, and some defensive magic by Tom Taylor at second. Dave Winings behind the plate, Steve Montgomery at third and Eric Weaver in right field.

After shutting off two serious U of L threats in the early going, Central broke up the shutout when Mark Sciarra singled with one out, stole second with the aid of a slow Card defense, and went to third on a passed ball. Steve Montgomery walked, and Ken Brooks came to the plate. It looked like a good time to pull worse double steal, even Illinois on Wednesday, however, as IC was dumped 4-1 and 6-1, despite homers by Sciarra and Tim Mott.

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**Al’s one nice guy who placed above last**

Here's to Al McGuire and all the elevator men who ever got high playing basketball for Marquette. No matter what they did Monday (results unknown at time of this writing), they deserve a little tip of the cap for just being there.

McGuire, that lovable bundle of thoughts and theories, stands for another, country, the Bronx, Rockaway Beach, Madison Square, Stickball in the street, Bed-Stuy, the Bowery Boys, and every anchored basketball nut ever yelled at as "dumb blinks" on the TV in Sal's Lounge in Brooklyn. And this year he made it to the NCAA finals.

He long has struggled to break out of the shadow of the other McGuire's — his brother Dick, who was a pro star, and non-related Frank who produces winners at South Carolina. And, he has done so by being the "frank" McGuire. Nobody, but nobody says the things Al McGuire does. Not that they're all that weird, but it's just that he says absolutely what he thinks.

Witness: one week ago — "I never thought we'd made it this far, we're really a bad team."

Two years ago, in the middle of an undefeated season when his 6-11 superstar Jim Chones was considering signing a pro contract in the middle of his junior year. I've looked in his locker, and I've looked in mine. I told him he's a fool if he doesn't go. Chones did, and Marquette did a fast fade the rest of the year and lost their best chance up, until now of winning a national title. And, of course, six years ago, on national TV before an NCAA regional game, when he was asked to talk about his current star, Steve Montgomery - Thompson. The player he left behind has George, a small Elgin Baylor, but I keep telling them Elgin Baylor is a large George Thompson."

And so on, until he now stands as probably the most quotable coach around.

McGuire picked up his brashness at an early age. At 17 he was bouncing those bad, but Lerrer Browns out his father's bar in the Queen. He has said that the best way for a young man to prepare for life is to drive a cab in New York for three years. THEN go to college pick up the frivilities.

Of course, he still packs to the old neighborhood to do most of his recruiting. He knows that's where the best bouncers are and also the "vater men that are the time smacking their chim on the rims."

So there was Al and his gang in the finals finally, and if he didn't win the game, darn well know he won some fans over to the old "Did ya bear what dat crazy Al said dis time" fan club.

"Hitler's eyes" are hard to explain, but easy to see in this shot of Dave Winings, catcher and designated hitter, who brought home the bacon for Central last Saturday. Dave and the 'Hounds last year. Their bats were cold, their defense offensive power team that we were last year."

They seemed true and, as far as I'm concerned, there was no way of getting even was halted in the second inning when snow on the ground and in the air shut the affair down completely. But right fielder misjudged it and overthrow the cutoff man. Denny scored all the way from first and Winings was standing on third with a triple, having driven in the winning run, and Louisville was back to their third loss in four games.

While Bright concedes that "We're not the offensive power team that we were last year," also feels that certain individuals have caught on. "I think that Brooks and Montgomery will hit with more authority as well. He also means that certain individuals have caught on. "I think that Brooks and Montgomery will hit with more authority as well."

Notre Dame for next season. He also feels no fear about taking on the big boys, saying that "On a given day out pitchers can keep up with the Big Ten teams, or anybody. And since Montgomery is the primary variable in the game of baseball, that means he's pretty confident in his worth his squad can do."

As for the Indiana College Conference picture, the Greyhounds as defending champs will be fair game for any and all. While admitting that the rest of the league may be a question mark, Bright bears up for that. "Butter has the material out there to be very competitive in the Conference," is Bright's way of saying that this year's Conference race may boil down to a Dogfight. (Tell me I didn't write that, please)
They say bowling is for most everyone - and they're right

By PAUL LUDWIG

"If some of the sights at Central would see it, they'd see what something really means."

When Bill Willan said this to me, I couldn't agree with him more, as I had just witnessed one of the most inspirational things I'd ever seen - the State Bowling Tournament for the United Cerebral Palsy Association.

I thought I had seen a case of dedication or two so far in my misspent life, but nothing that could even touch what went on at the 471 Bowl last Saturday, when the UCPA held its first state tournament. All the participants suffered from some form of brain damage to their motor functions, but it didn't stop them from competing.

In Lane Two, Jim Delvigne used a ramp, propped against his wheelchair to roll the ball down the lane.

Carole Jean Harmon could handle the ball in her hands and rolled it in the side of her wheelchair.

Ron Moser could stand with the aid of a crutch, or propped himself up with his left arm, and rolled the ball with his right good hand.

Cathy Mattoon, a 22-year-old who looks eight years younger, rolls the ball with a shrugging right hand, and has scored as high as 130 in her five years of bowling.

Tim Asbury is paralyzed down his right side, but using his left hand, has rolled 123, and picked up 111 in the Tournament. In the words of Central student and crack bowler Kevin Kessler, "Mark's kid's got a delivery like a cannon." Tim, at 14 has been at this for six years.

Mike Asbury, no relation, who's been bowling for only two years, rolled a 123 in competition and has gone as high as 158. And he does it on his hands and knees, pushing at the ball, using his upper arm muscles.

The scores aren't phenomenal, unless you see how they're reached. Then they take on an aspect of greatness all their own.

Here are the top sports editor had himself at such an event to be so inspired in the first place? 471 Bowl about as far away from IC as you can get and still stay in the confines of Indianapolis. But Bill Willan's intended, Marcia Young, is running the show, and Bill thought it might be interesting. I was too kindhearted, make that chicken, to say no to one of Coach Bliss's Kamehame kids.

It turned out that I was about as wrong about this as I was about the State Finals.

Marcia organized the Tournament and its supervisor. She receives no pay, and was assisted by Bill and Mike Eldredge from here, some IUPEU students, and UCPA staff workers Marie Miller and Dousha Stouts.

These people enlisted the assistance of Norm Wettler and Mark Koski, from the Greyhound Bank, who helped out in providing trophies. All the scorers were employees of the 471 Bowl, and they were happy to help in "the largest gathering of CP's (sufferers from cerebral palsy) in the history of the state," as Marcia put it. People came from Bloomington, Michigan City, Lafayette, Fort Wayne and Kokomo, in fact, all over Indiana.

The UCPA also sponsors district and national tournaments, with this year's final this weekend at St. Mary's, Ohio. The tournament is in the form of four-man teams, and participants range in ages from nine to thirty-five.

This year's winning team was the 1st - Michigan City Red Barons, 2nd - Columbus, 3rd - Christian County, 4th - Elkhart. The high individual male scorer was Rick Daily of Michigan City. Mary Paol was top scorer for the girls.

Gary Atwood and Dennis Scheele contributed in helping with the next tournament, and "Everybody said they were looking forward to doing it again next year." The anyone interested in helping out can contact the state office of the UCPA here in the city, or one of the district offices around the state.

Sufferers from cerebral palsy find bowling a sport they can take part in and enjoy, and finding those who bring them true happiness.

And if they all could match little Sharon Karam's smile when, after rolling the ball from her hands and knees, a few pins fell, it is much very worth it.

IU, Purdue team ahead

Spring’s sprang for girls’ sports

WHIPPET SOFTBALL

SPRING 1974

Tues. April 9, Earlham College, 4:30, Home.

Wed. April 10, Indiana State University, 4:00, Home.

Thurs., April 11, Tennessee Trip thru April 12.

Wed., April 24, Purdue University, 4:30, Away.

Fri., April 26, Grace, 5:00, Home.

Sat. April 27, Manchester College vs. I.C.C., 3:00, Home; Manchester College vs. Taylor, 6:00, Taylor University vs. I.C.C., 12:00.

Tues. April 30, Franklin College, Away.

Thurs., May 2, Indiana University, 4:00, Away.

Sat., May 4, Evansville (double header) 12:00, Away.

Mon. May 9, Franklin, 4:30, Home.

WHIPPET TRACK

SPRING 1974

Sat. April 6, IU National.

Thurs. April 25, Marion, 3:30 Home.

Mon. April 29, Taylor and Ball State, 3:30, Taylor.

Mon. May 13, Taylor and Huntington, 3:30, Home.

Until Mike Mills recovers from an injury, the above four runners make up IU's mile relay squad. Running from left to right, it'll be Gary Hall, Mark Fisher, Jeff Whitman, and Jeff Davis on the track for the Greyhounds when they face Taylor to kick off the regular season tomorrow to work to defend their ICC championship from last year.

IC seeks the right ‘track’ as the fleetfeet open year

By STEVE NONTELL

You may have to do some running of your own this spring if you want to see Indy Central’s track team in action. The Greyhounds bore cinders at home on April 23—and as yet there’s been no opponent set up for that contest. No matter what they wind up running, however, Head Coach Jerry England figures that great things can happen in this latest IC sports season.

Thirty-two athletes make up the total squad, and 15 of those are freshmen. Let not your minds be boggled, though, for most of them are provean talent from the high school wars. People like Mark Fisher and Mike Mills, half of a promising mile relay team; Dick Nafley, with his football speed known well by all; and Gary Atwood and Dennis Scheele, two of the main distance men, are only the first few members of the group beyond that figure on contributing this year.

Don’t think by that the elder members haven’t been aiding the cause, either. Big Jerry Allard has already broken his own school record in the shot put with a 52-foot, 9-inch toss that won the Midwest Championship at North Central in Naperville, Illinois for him. Gary Hall, Jeff Davis, and Jeff Whitman, along with Mills, turned in a 3:28.3 mile relay time at one of the IU All-Comers meets in February. Davis can also display centimeter jump (71’’7”) and triple jump (41’’9”) with ease. Hall’s 50.9 piece of the mile relay (one 410 dash) is improving as well.

And can you believe it took only two days of working out for Ike Jackson to win the Midwest Champ tourney’s triple jump with a 43’’4” combined leap?

The Greyhound regular season begins tomorrow at Taylor University with a dual meet against the hosts. It’s dito at Vincennes next Thursday, April 4, and crostown at Butler on April 11. Add the DePauw Invitational next Saturday and one can truly say that the season has arrived. Here are the Hounds with their main area of competition.

CRACERS - Gary England (Head), Jeff Bowers, Mark Fisher, Dick Nafley, Tim Bucket, John Truesdell, Ron Williams, Robert Poitier, Steve Hunter, Jeff Bowers, Gary, Halpke, Hayes, Joe Miller, Mike Mikes, Jeff Whitman, Don Stoddard, Tim Edmond, Gary Whetstone, Don Kaelin, Oran, Stoddard, Gary Atwood, Ken Graham, Tennis team: Dale Vona, Kevin Hulst, Dick Noe, Hubig, 440 relay, 440 yard relay, Ken Campbell, Jerry Comer, Mark Fisher, Nick Purvis, Steve Hunter, Field EVENTS: Dale Vona, Don Kaelin, Oran, Stoddard, Jerry Allard, Fred Lusignan, Randy Cunningham, Hall Georn, Gary Hulst, Bill Thomas, 440 relay, 440 yard relay, Ken Campbell, Jerry Davis, Mike Miller, Mark Atwood, Jim Atwood, Jim Atwood, Dale Vona.

POLK VAULT - Brad Crowe, Max Eldredge, Manager - One Boys.

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Jim Vogelman adds
color to organ music

By RHONDA KIRKHAM

The concert organ in Hammer Auditorium
must have been shocked out of its pipes the
first time that Jim Vogelman came along.
Jim, a freshman from Philadelphia,
specializes in playing the colorful, powerful
theater organ. But occasionally he plays
before convocations begin, demonstrating
the vivacity and richness that a concert organ
rarely experiences.

His selections are contemporary. He
arranges them spontaneously, varying tempo
and pace with the mood of the moment. His
music is alive; his style is different, and
everyone applauds.

Jim is not a music major, however. He
came to Indiana Central to study the
military science. He has no plans to take
any music courses other than music appreciation, and intends only to keep his
music as a hobby.

Jim said that he once played the John
Wanamaker pipe organ in Philadelphia which
was one of the three pipe organs claimed to be
the world's largest. John Wanamaker is like
L.S. Ayers here, or Saxe's in New York. It's
a big luxurious city store with big marble
stairs cases. This store has what they call the
"Grand Court" which alone is about two
times the size of Schwitzer Center and goes
up about nine or ten stories. They have
approximately 22,000 pipes and this
terrifically big organ there. I just played it
one afternoon.

Jim enjoys playing for students and is
delighted to be so well accepted. 700 miles
from home. But he insists that he cannot
make music his career. "I'm a very practical
person. I have found in my playing out that I
really cannot make a living, at least not a
living the way I'm accustomed to and really
want," Jim said. "I know pretty much what I
want out of life and know pretty much how I
would like to go about it. If there was any way
in the world that I could make a decent living
of music, I'd change majors right now."

Jim says that he has found a profession that
he likes and from which he can make a
decent living. He likes the slower pace of
Indianapolis, would like to stay here his
home. "When my parents and I flew out here
late January, we were terrifically impressed
by the friendliness, the goodliness, and the
openness of the people in Indiana. It's calmer
and cleaner and much more progressive here
than on the east coast, which has no room left
for expansion. There's room to grow here and
I think I would like to start my business here
someday."

"I don't think I would really have the
patience to study theory, and while it is
interesting and very good, I just like to enjoy
music," he explained. "I find the organ very
inspiring. To me, music is not notes written
on paper. It's something that comes from
within you."

Since the age of ten Jim has played
professionally for weddings, concerts,
fashion shows, churches, radio, and organ
clubs. He is a member of the American
Theater Organ Society, a group formed to
save the theater organs which once
accompanied silent movies.

In fact, he has had the opportunity several
times to play the old theater organ at the
Rivoli Theater on East 10th Street here in
Indianapolis. The Rivoli Theater houses the
"Uniphone," a giant pipe organ which once
accompanied the classics of the silent screen
in the Louisville Labor Temple. "That organ
has everything on it," said Jim. "It has
cymbals, cymblets, door bells, sirens, car
horn, train whistle, bird whistle, boat
whistle, chimes — you name it!" The organ
also contains 32,000 pipes.