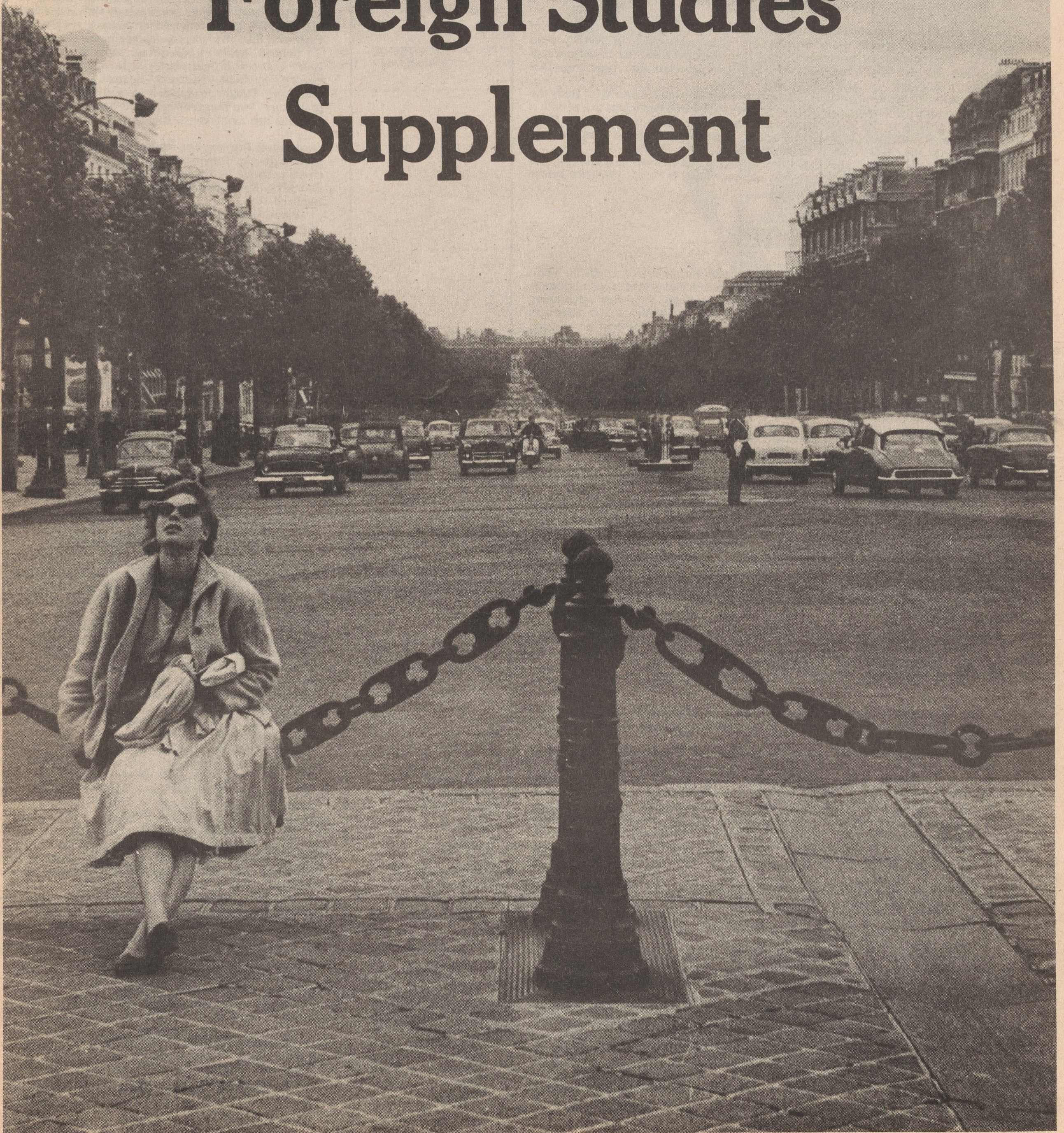


VOLUME 82 NUMBER 28 DECEMBER 15, 1975

sagebrush

Newspaper of the University of Nevada at Reno

Foreign Studies Supplement



Insight From Abroad

J.M. Repka

Living abroad can provide you with new insight into the culture of foreign countries and into your own and can help you develop a greater ability to deal with the problems of life, according to two instructors of the Foreign Languages Department of UNR, who encourage people to gain such experience.

Sabina Atwell, a teaching assistant in French, believes that living abroad will make you "aware of the alternatives in life" and will help you become more open-minded. She thinks that it gives you "an extra channel to look at life."

Miss Atwell, who has lived in France, Italy, Germany and the United States, points out that her living experience abroad has helped her to understand that most of the stereotypes associated with foreign cultures are untrue. "It takes away your prejudices," she says.

Dr. Paule-Collette Fricke, an associate professor of French, explains that exposure to a different cultural environment allows you "to accelerate the process of development of a critical mind." She says that such a development is an essential condition for "a worthwhile existence in the complex world in which we live and which requires a constant adaptation of judgment."

Mrs. Fricke, who was born in France and lived in England, Sweden, Austria and the United States, says that what impressed her most during her stays abroad was the universality of human aspirations and "the need of human beings to justify and give unity to their existence."

Her best advice to people who intend to live abroad is to get exposed to a broad range of knowledge and to delve into as many aspects of culture as possible. "It gives you an awareness of the problems of existence." Mrs. Fricke emphasized the importance of language which she considers a necessary instrument to penetrate into more important fields of human activity.

Miss Atwell also recommends people to master enough language to be able to study the various aspects of life in a foreign country. She advises students in particular to live with a family and to enroll in an academic institution. She stresses the benefits of traveling, reading newspapers, watching television and asking questions "to see how things work." She points out that one should look at a country "in its whole context."

Mrs. Fricke believes that living abroad is a very valuable element of discovery; she thinks that one of the greatest assets it can give an individual is "great prudence before taking any direction in life."

Studies Programs

There are three basic kinds of study abroad programs for American students. Some programs are sponsored by American colleges and universities and provide special courses suitable for American students. Other programs are sponsored by the foreign universities themselves and are designed for foreigners of all nationalities. Finally, if the student is qualified, he may enter the foreign university directly and take the same courses as those taken by the students of the university. Combinations of all of these are possible. Programs may be for a semester or a full year, or for summer or interim terms.

Questions to ask

- (1) Is the program accredited or approved, so that credit is transferrable at the university level? This information may be obtained in the Office of Admissions.
- (2) Are orientation materials available? These materials should provide complete course description, information on total costs, including travel, food and lodging, and what counseling and guidance services are provided, etc.
- (3) Are the courses acceptable and pertinent to the student's degree objectives. The student should consult his UNR academic adviser.
- (4) Who will instruct the courses? What are their qualifications? Who is the student evaluated?
- (5) What is the admissions requirement to the program? Is a minimum grade point average required? Are recommendations of the student's professors requested? It is inadvisable to have a mix of high school, college and graduate students in the same classes.
- (6) How much credit is to be granted? This should be determined in advance in consultation with the student's academic adviser at UNR and with the UNR Admissions Officer.

Further information on study abroad programs that are available and assistance in choosing the best suited to the student may be obtained from Dr. Charles Wells, Foreign Studies Adviser, FH201.

Two New Courses

The UNR Committee on the Philosophy of Inquiry, in line with its interdisciplinary program focused on humanistic aspects of knowledge and learning, is sponsoring two courses for the spring semester.

Science and Religion, COPI 264, is a lower-level version of the upper-division course under that name that has been given several times before by Dr. William Scott, Physics, and collaborators. Requiring no special background, the course will introduce students to several aspects of conflict and correlation between the scientific world view and various religious outlooks. Personal and value-filled aspects of science will be presented and contrasted with the supposedly detached and amoral character of scientific methodology. Religious aspects to be considered will include personal commitment, the valuation of spiritual concern, the place of instrumental authority, the "I-Thou" of personal encounter, and mysticism and the experience of the holy. The common search for truth and respect for what is found will be stressed.

The new numbering for the science and religion course was not approved in time for the printing of the schedule of classes, so students will not find it listed in that document. However, it will be given under the direction of Dr. Scott, MWF at 1 p.m. in PB 105. Drs. d'Azevedo, Hettich and Kelly will give guest lectures and other speakers may be invited. As part of the historical orientation at the beginning of the course, the Bronowski film "Knowledge and Certainty," of the BBC Ascent of Man series, will be shown on Jan. 23. Registration will be at the Honors Desk in the Recreation Building. The only prerequisite, according to Dr. Scott, is willingness to do a reasonable amount of reading, to discuss the reading in class, and to write several short papers.

The other COPI course for spring 1976 is a graduate course, English 943, Problems in Later American literature, Dr. Randall Reid, a new member of the English Department, will focus the class on the current vitality theme of the individual in the relation to community. Under the heading "The Idea of Community in American Fiction," the course will study literature involving the contrasts of liberty and authority and of apathy and violence. Some reading in classical philosophy will be included to give perspective on this theme that is so pertinent to modern ecology and politics and even to a comprehension of the scientific and technological enterprise. Prerequisite will be English 445 or permission of the instructor, and the course will meet Wednesday 3-6 in FH 110.

Europe's Schools

UNR is affiliated with the Institute of European Studies. The Institute maintains programs in a number of disciplines. Students come from outstanding colleges and universities across the U.S.

Durham, England: Academic year programs only. Students study in regular courses at the University of Durham. Courses in all disciplines are available. A detailed list may be obtained from the office of the IES coordinator. Early application deadline: February 9.

London, England: A one-semester course, either fall or spring. An interdisciplinary program in the social sciences concentrating on economic, political and social developments in Western Europe since 1954.

Friberg, Germany: Fall or spring or academic year. The basic program is intended for students in political science, sociology, philosophy and psychology, or German language and literature, history, and art history. Two years of college German are required. Only one semester of college German is required for the special Area Studies Program. Summer courses for beginners are available.

Madrid, Spain: Fall, spring, summer or academic year. Courses in art, history, sociology, economics, history, political science, Spanish language and literature. Taught in Spanish by University of Madrid professors. Two years college Spanish required. Courses in business are available in English.

Nantes, France: For students in the liberal arts and social sciences. Opportunities exist also for study in the cinema, dance, music, geography and natural science. Courses taught in French; two years college level French required.

Paris, France: Fall, spring, summer or the academic year. Courses in French language and literature, cinema, television, theater, history, art, political science and economics. The basic program is taught in French; a minimum of two years college level French required. For beginning students of French, those with no previous French study, a special selection admits a limited number of students.

Vienna, Austria: Taught in English, programs for fall or spring or academic year include art history, studio art, business, economics, education, history, music, philosophy, psychology and political science. Optional courses in the German language are available.

Student teaching with credit is available in Nantes, Paris, Madrid and Vienna.

Internships with business firms are available in Paris and Vienna.

Detailed information about each of these programs and application forms are available in the office of Dr. Charles V. Wells, Coordinator IES, Room 201 Frandsen Humanities. Telephone 764-6767.

Theatre Student

What would it be like for an American acting student to memorize an entire play in French and perform it in Paris before an audience composed almost entirely of French parents, students and teachers?

UNR theatre student Rachel Ronsley had just that opportunity last year as a participant in the Institute of European Studies Paris program. What's more, fellow UNR theatre student Jon Beaupre directed the two hour play entitled *L' A.B.C. de Notre Vie* (*The A.B.C. of Our Life*) by Jean Tardieu. Beaupre was the recipient of a substantial IES scholarship to study in Europe last year, but he claims he was totally unprepared for this directorial assignment:

"When the Theatre director for the fall semester couldn't return for the spring semester, M. Fontenilles (IES Paris director, Alfred Fontenilles) asked me to direct a show for the institute. Well, it was quite an honor, but not a very easy project to arrange — I mean the institute had no theatre, so I had to find a theatre, build costumes, acquire props — and think and act entirely in French!"

Despite his last name, Jon insists that he had taken only three years of college French before going to Paris and found communicating difficult, although not impossible.

According to Jon, the show was a great success and was presented in April to the students at the institute, the families with whom they were staying, the teachers at the institute, their families, and friends.

Special Thanks to :

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Charles V. Wells

Institute of European Studies

Dr. Charles V. Wells, coordinator of the Institute of European Studies at UNR, is a Kansas native with an extensive background in music and language. Following a stint in the military during World War II, predominantly as a writer of musical backgrounds for shows touring Europe, Wells returned to the University of Minnesota to take a BA degree in German in 1947.

Two years later, Wells chose to study at the Sorbonne in Paris to acquire a diploma in French language and French literature. His MA degree came from Cal Berkeley in 1951, and he passed at that time the required examinations in Italian, Latin and Spanish. A Ph.D. from Berkeley was awarded Wells in the area of Romance Literature in 1960. That same year, following three successful years teaching German, Spanish and French at the College of Idaho in Caldwell, Wells accepted a teaching position at UNR.

During his 15 years in Reno, Wells has held several important positions. He headed a program for secondary school teachers in French at UNR during the summers of 1963 through 1965, under guidelines established by the National Defense Educational Act. For seven years, 1965-1972, he chaired the Department of Foreign Languages and Literatures, resigning to become Associate Dean of Arts and Sciences in 1972, a post he held three years until deciding earlier this year to return to the classroom.

"European study has particular uniqueness since it is guided rather than merely a blob of experience."

Wells was largely responsible for bringing the Institute of European Studies to campus in 1968. Recently he was named foreign studies adviser by President Max Milam, and also was honored with selection to the national executive council of the Institute of European Studies. Professor Wells also has served for several years as chairman of UNR's International Studies Board and the campus' foreign studies advisor.

The IES coordinator has definite opinions on what he would like UNR programs to accomplish. "European study has particular uniqueness since it is guided rather than merely a blob of experience." He feels human beings are naturally "curious about themselves and other people, and that international study programs are one way to satisfy that curiosity."

A member of the International Studies Board, Wells agrees with the board's recommendation that all foreign studies be placed under a single administrator as a means of more effectively disseminating information to faculty and students about what is available. Such an administrator also ideally would supervise UNR foreign students.

Dr. Wells' office is located in Frandsen Humanities 201, and he may be reached by phoning 784-6767. He has brochures on study in practically every country of the world, information on financial aid programs, and a storehouse of knowledge about individual European countries gleaned from a lifetime of traveling abroad.



Photo by Opitz

Summer Session Goes Places

Chuck Stookey

When there's a chill in the air, promises of sun seem more attractive than usual. The summer session preliminary class schedule offers considerable promise for interesting summer study abroad and at home, listing 13 field study programs. You can pick up a copy at the Registrar's office, Jot Travis Lounge or the Summer Session Office Room 104 in Clark Administration.

The schedule lists seven major programs, courses lasting two weeks or more, as well as six one-week classes. All of the field study programs are highlighted in the preliminary class schedule.

The furthest-flung class, and the longest (June 21-Aug. 3), is art department's study in Greece, featuring tours of Athens and a yacht trip through the Peloponnese. The six weeks spent in Greece includes 28 days in residence at Paros at the Aegean School with workshops and seminars. Cost of the tour is \$1175 which includes tuition, four six credits, round trip air fare, lodging, transfers, cruises and tours. Interested students should contact the Summer Session Office, 784-4062, for more information.

Another residence program is the Foreign Languages and Literature's field study program to Guadalajara from June 15-July 15, where students will spend two weeks living with families in order to more closely experience the day-to-day life of Mexican culture. The tour will be conducted by Dr. Gerald Petersen, department chairman. The cost is very low, \$550 for one month, and includes transportation, tuition, board and room and tickets to ballet, pyramids and museums. For more information contact Dr. Petersen at 784-6055.

All roads may lead to Rome, but this summer, three tours lead to the East Coast. The Bicentennial-Olympics tour, sponsored jointly by the History and Physical Education departments features bicycle tours of Williamsburg, Va., Washington, D.C., Philadelphia and Boston, plus two weeks in Montreal at the summer

Olympics. For more information, contact Dr. Robert Laughter, 784-4041 or Mr. John Folkes, History, 784-6568.

Another road to the Olympics will be taken through Vancouver, B.C. in a joint venture with the University of British Columbia traveling from Vancouver through Edmonton, Quebec City and finally arriving at Montreal during the 1976 Trans-Canadian Olympic Field Study Program from June 30-Aug. 1. Sponsored by the Physical Education department, the programs cost \$998. For more information call the Summer Session Office at 784-4062.

The final road to the East Coast will be taken by

The Comstock should yield some archaeological treasures this summer for students of Anthro. 400-700F51 from June 9-July 13.

students in Geog. 441-741, as they investigate seven eastern states from June 10-28. Under the direction of Prof. Earl Kersten, students will learn what the people were like in colonial days and what they are like now. The cost is \$725 which includes tuition, transportation, lodging and some meals. For more information contact Dr. Kersten at 784-6922 or the Summer Session Office at 784-4062.

The Comstock should yield some archaeological treasures this summer for students of Anthro. 400-700 F51 from June 9-July 13. The class will explore the Comstock logging camps of 1859-1880 in order to discover a better

understanding of their ecological and ethnic relationships.

Application to the school must be made by April 30, 1976. A deposit of \$50 is required. For more information contact Dr. Donald Hardesty in the Anthropology department.

The final major field study program is the Basque Studies Program to Lecaroz, Navarra, Spain. According to Dr. William Douglass, coordinator of the program, the class is scheduled from June 14 to mid-August and the approximate cost is \$1350. For more information call the BSP at 784-6086.

The other ventures away from campus include Dr. Laughter's tour of California's Gold Rush country (May 17-23); north coast, Ft. Bragg to San Francisco (May 24-30) and Coast Highway from San Francisco to Morro Bay (May 31-June 6). For more information contact Dr. Laughter at 784-4041.

King Lear is the heavyweight this summer at the Oregon Shakespearean Festival in Ashland. Dr. David Hettich will take a group of students from July 18-24. Cost of the program is \$150. For more information contact Dr. Hettich at 784-6755.

Environment Education is the thrust of C&I 481-781 S53 during the week of July 18-23 under the direction of Dr. John Trent. Sponsored by the College of Education in cooperation with the U.S. Forest Service, the course will be taught by Dr. Trent and a team of USRS instructors who specialize in environmental education.

And ending on a golden note, the Mackay School of Mines will sponsor their elementary prospecting class on the weekends of June 12-13, 19-20 and also on July 17-18 and 24-25. Total cost of the program is \$51. This includes transportation, tuition and health service and activity fees. A deposit of \$15 insures you a space in the class and is deducted from your final registration fees. For more information, call the Summer Session Office at 784-4062.

Deutsch- land: Ein Nach- denken

Germany: A Reflection

Paul Gallo

My first look at Germany was from about five thousand feet in a Boeing 707 as it descended to a landing at Rhein-Main airport near Frankfurt. Being a child of the Fifties, I soon realized that Germany was a country of color with deep greens and browns as the suburban forest patches slid below me. Formerly, by virtue of viewing a thousand WW II documentaries, I had seen Germany only in black and white films. This was to be the first of hundreds of misconceptions which would fall by the wayside in my two years in Germany.

Germans have a sense of family that is duplicated by perhaps only one American group, ironically—the American Jew. Old people are an integral part of life in villages and cities there. They are not pushed and shoved into homes. It is an integrated society where children and grandparents spend time with each other and draw from each other certain things which enhance life for the young and sustain it for the old. It is a symbiotic, reciprocal relationship, when hands are held, proximity to birth and death touch.

German life is more structured than ours although less and less so as time goes by. Contrary to us, they seem to know who they are, what they want, and, to some extent, where they are going.

The average German eats better food than his American counterpart although he spends a great deal less on groceries. For reasons that I don't understand we don't seem to be able to prepare food in restaurants as they do. The fare at any obscure *Gasthaus* will surpass the offering of some of our finest restaurants.

School children, bookbags on their backs, will walk or peddle to classes six days a week. They have a much shorter summer vacation and complain about it no more than their American equals.

Germans are big beer drinkers but in contrast to us they seem to know how to drink and very seldom will they go near an automobile while intoxicated. It has been said recently that they are picking up the drunk driving custom from us.

The German *Gasthaus* or pub is usually a wood-paneled, cheerful place smelling of food, drink and cigar and cigarette smoke. The flavor of comradeship is more prevalent than here and these *Lokale* are almost always well lighted. Ours were too, but that was before Prohibition. It is common practice in Köln (Cologne) where I lived, to order a *Glas Bier* and have to wait a few minutes before being served. The reason for this is that the barman will let the *Pils* sit in the glass for a time. He will slowly add more *Bier* as the foam settles. When he adds the final pour to the glass the patron will then receive a drink in which the top will consist of the most glorious foamed head that mankind has ever seen. The head is semi-liquid, like whipped cream. It defies the upper lip or mustache and is as much a part of the experience as the taste which I respectfully decline from attempting to describe. Perhaps I can shed some light by saying that I never thought it would be possible to bring myself to such depths as to drink a can of Budweiser again. For shame—I have!



Photo by Terrebonne

In initial social contact, it would be unusual for a German to ask you about your occupation. They have more respect for things that we would ask off-handedly. But the same German would easily proceed into questions of your political feelings and even argue about them. This should never be taken personally for it is not the German's intentions.

Television (*Fernsehen*) is not a very big part of life in the BDR, as it is called. It does not show programs in the daytime during the week primarily because there would be few people to watch it. They have other things to do. The evening shows are usually of the same quality and subject matter as one would see here on the Public Broadcasting System (PBS). The only advertising that appears on TV is a half hour block of nothing but—usually from 7 to 7:30 p.m. For reason that must be cultural, many people enjoy watching them. I had the opportunity to watch a German watch TV in America. He was angered to near violence that our shows are interrupted repeatedly at dramatic high points so that we may become aware of such relevant things as aspirin or feminine hygiene spray. Needless to say, my friend was somewhat less than impressed by our snake oil.

Everything seems to be on time in *Deutschland*. The train system is superb. It is popular for that reason and it is not very expensive in comparison to airlines.

The freeways or *Autobahns* are modern and, until the fuel crisis, devoid of speed limits. I was, and still am, terrified of German drivers. They drive fast, are impetuous, impatient and in many cases, unpredictable. There is very little horn honking. Rather, there are the light flashers who come up behind you when you're doing 80. They stay no more than four feet behind you until you relent and move out of the passing lane. That is, indeed, the worst the Germans have to offer.

German women have better figures than Americans because they do physical work, go camping and hiking and ride bicycles. This, I would say, is generally true of the men as well.

Sunday is the day that sets the German apart from the American most surely. After a breakfast *Frühstuch* of bread, marmalade and coffee, it is nearly a custom for the entire population to head for an area of nature. For a city dweller this may only be a park whereas the rural *Deutscher* will picnic or just stroll with his family in the green and dark forests from which the primitive German was once emerged long ago to confront the Roman legions.

I have found in writing this piece that there is more and more and more to write. But that's not possible. What is possible for me is to assure you that there can be no better investment of time and money than to afford oneself the opportunity to experience a foreign land. It need not be Germany—any country or why not—every country. I can see no better tool for self-education. Secondly, as Americans, we can view our nation, with all its wealth and problems, with a much more clearer perspective from afar.

SHORT

Knowing America

Dr. Joseph Lintz, professor of geology and geography at UNR, was a visiting professor in Indonesia from 1959 to 1961. He travels abroad at least once per year and has acted as an American consultant for the United Nations and various foreign countries.

On whether foreign study is relevant to the teaching profession, Dr. Lintz states: "You can't know America until you've been outside America; you can't know English until you know other languages."

Dr. Lintz is aware of a progressive trend in the United States toward intellectual apathy. College students in this country are shallow, he states; they lack curiosity. He believes their concerns are only with America and their receptibility to knowledge limited to immediate and personal necessities. He cites this trend, as well as lack of money as reasons for a deteriorating interest in foreign study by American students.

M. Cambra

'Tis the Season

A caroling party sponsored by the Blue Mailbox and the Center of Religion and Life will meet Wednesday at the Center at 5 p.m. The party will visit local neighborhoods. Afterwards there will be a party, hot apple cider and goodies — bring some goodies with you! Open to everyone. The Blue Mailbox will be open for study with lots of coffee this week, from 8 p.m. til 3.

Sagebrush Deadlines

Policy regarding copy deadlines:

Copy deadlines for the 1975-76 Sagebrush are 3 p.m. Sunday for the Tuesday paper and 6 p.m. Wednesday for the Friday paper.

Jesse: Live in Reno

Over the years there have been more than a few "Live Albums," recorded by top popular music artists at Lake Tahoe casinos, but there has never been one recorded in Reno proper. That will all change this coming Saturday & Sunday, December 20 and 21 at 8 p.m., when Jesse Colin Young returns to the Reno Pioneer Theater Auditorium to record his upcoming live album before an audience of loyal and enthusiastic Renoites.

Jesse Colin Young, who has been a leading figure in popular music for the past eleven years, began his career in New York City with the folk group The Youngbloods in 1964. The group recorded several albums there before moving to Northern California in 1968, becoming part of the pop music explosion of the late 60's. "Get Together," one of the Youngbloods' more characteristic songs, became an anthem of the counter-culture and established the group nationally. Under Jesse's leadership, The Youngbloods established their own label, Raccoon Records, continuing their aesthetic and commercial success in three more albums.

After eight years with The Youngbloods, Jesse felt the need to explore his own talents further and began recording and performing his own music in 1972. His first effort, "Together," met with considerable success and has been followed by three strong albums on the Warner Brothers label: "Song for Juli," "Light Shine," and the recent smash success "Songbird."

Jesse is hoping to capture the excitement of a live performance on his upcoming album. In an exclusive Sagebrush interview on Dec. 12, Jesse said, "I'm really looking forward to playing in Reno. In fact, I'm doing more than that, man! I'm counting on the people . . . at the shows to help us make this album right. I've always wanted to do this (a live album), but I want it to be real magic, and there's no way to do it without energy from the audience. It's a big thing man, and I don't think that most audiences realize how much they control what comes out."

An evening with Jesse Colin Young is being presented by Friedman and Johnston Productions, Inc. Tickets are available in advance at Eucalyptus Records and Mirabelli's Music City at \$5.50. Tickets will be on sale at the door on the days of the performances at \$6.50.

For further information, call Eucalyptus Records at (702) 826-1966.

—Whelan

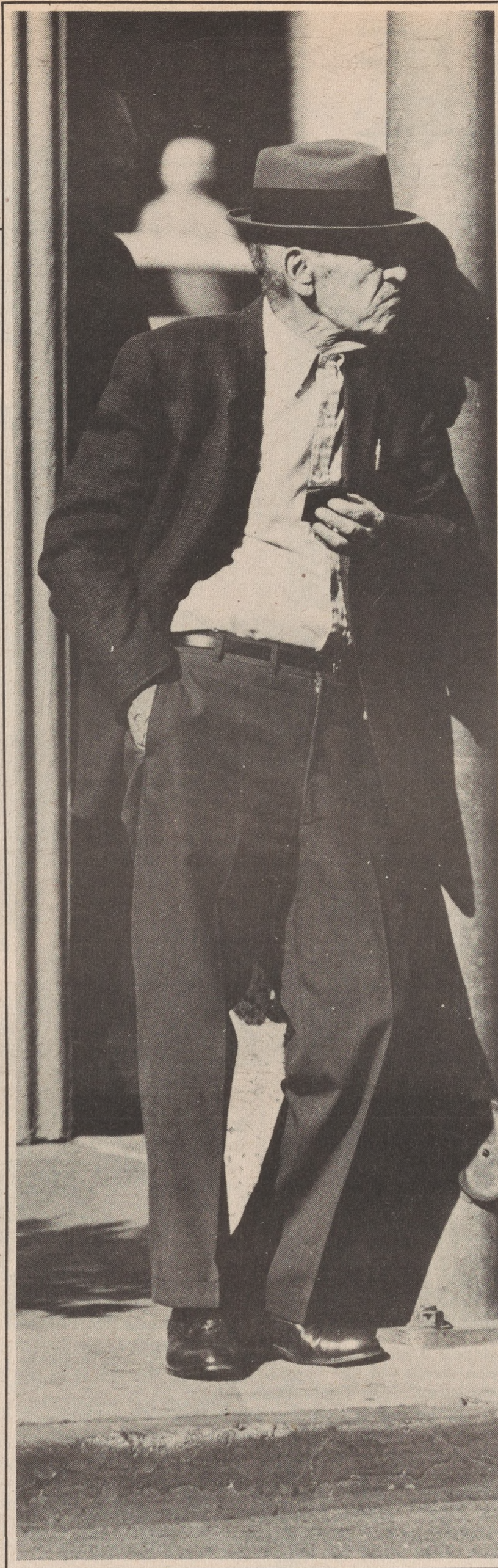


Photo by Terrebonne

Brushfire

Brushfire, the literary and art magazine of the University of Nevada, Reno is looking for persons interested in translating poetry and prose from foreign languages into English.

The Brushfire editors would like to include in the 25th edition a section on foreign language literature. Anyone who writes poetry or prose in any modern foreign language is invited to contribute. Also, several persons are needed to do translations of modern and earlier writings.

Already planned for this edition are some translated poems written by Ernesto Cardenal from Nicaragua. Cardenal is a contemporary poet who has spent some time studying in the U.S. Much of his writing is a commentary on American society. Some of his works include Prayer for Marilyn Monroe and Homage to the American Indian. UNR Spanish professor Juan Maguna will be translating excerpts from Cardenal's work and will also give a brief sketch of the man's life and his influence on modern literature.

Anyone interested may stop by the Brushfire office in Room one in the basement of Morrill Hall or should contact editor John Wright at 784-4033.

SHORTS

Course for all Seasons

"The Existentialist Revolt and its Activists Aftermath" is the title of a new course to be offered by the UNR German Department. This course, its lectures, texts and discussions will be in English. Authors whose works and ideas will be scrutinized are Friedrich Nietzsche, Thomas Mann, Robert Musil, Berthold Brecht, Peter Weiss and Gunter Grass. The instructor, Frank J. Tobin, states that "This course should be of interest not only to German majors, but also to the students whose discipline is Philosophy, Literature, Modern European History, Political Science and perhaps, even Psychology"

German 441 will be offered on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon in Physics Bldg., Room 103 and satisfies three credits for an Arts and Science major in Group No. 3, Humanities Block.

NSE Info-Today

A National Student Exchange information meeting will be held Tuesday, Dec. 16, in the Travis Lounge, from 4 to 6 p.m. This is a pre-recruitment session for students to examine the program and find out what it is about.

Students currently on exchange to UNR and UNR students returned from exchange to other campuses will be there to share their experiences with the program. The NSE Coordinator, Bob Kinney, will also be there to answer questions.

The National Student Exchange provides university students with an opportunity to become better acquainted with different social and educational patterns in other areas of the United States. The NSE encourages students to experience new life and learning styles, appreciate differing cultural perspectives, learn more about themselves and others, and broaden their educational backgrounds through specialized courses or unique programs which may not be available on the home campus. AND—exchange students do not pay out-of-state tuition fees.

Drop by — the NSE may be just what you would like to get into.

Announcements

TODAY

Noon—University Jazz Concert Jazz Band, Travis Lounge, Union.
3-5 p.m.—Interdisciplinary Board, Hardy Room, Union.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17

2-4 p.m.—Faculty Senate Executive Board, Mobley Room, Union
2-5 p.m.—Staff Employees Council, Hardy Room, Union.
4:30-6 p.m.—Semper Fidelis Society, Mobley Room, Union.
5-7 p.m.—Activities Board, Ingersoll Room, Union.
7 p.m.—Art Department film: "Conrack," Scrugham Engineering, Room 101.
8-10 p.m.—Nye Hall Judicial Board, Ingersoll Room, Union.
8:15 p.m.—Reno Civic Chorus Annual Christmas Program, Pioneer Theater Auditorium.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18

Noon—Student Affairs Board, Hardy Room, Union.
1:30-4 p.m.—Personnel Orientation, Hardy Room, Union.
3-5 p.m.—Campus Crusade for Christ, Truckee Room, Union.
3-5 p.m.—Academic Standards Board, Ingersoll Room, Union.
4-5 p.m.—Christian Scientists, Mobley Room, Union.
8 p.m.—UNR Wolfpack vs. Southwestern Louisiana, Centennial Coliseum.
8:30 p.m.—"The Last of Mrs. Lincoln," Reno Little Theater.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19

8:15 p.m.—Music Department presents "The Messiah," Pioneer Theater Auditorium.
8 p.m.—Wolfpack vs. Brigham Young, there.
8:30 p.m.—"The Last of Mrs. Lincoln," Reno Little Theater.
Instruction Ends.

CIRCLE

Blue J. Whelan



The United Nations often espouses "International Brotherhood," (I sometimes wonder how the UN fails to grasp the point that at least one-half of the world's population are women. Perhaps we should call it "International Human kinship!"). More often than not, we all fail miserably at this grand idea, because of national ideologies and racial hatred (strictly my own opinion; however I feel it strikes the dilemma of the situation at the heart).

Much of the problem of human kinship could be avoided if we would only learn other peoples' languages. We might then begin to understand one another. There are at least two factions which make an attempt at human understanding and kinship. The first is comprised of the world's children who don't share their parents' international hang-ups until they have grown up. The second faction is that group of human beings who communicate peacefully and learn about one another through music. In the language of music is the beginning of true human kinship.

Admittedly, there are those who will disagree and ask, "But aren't you being biased?" Perhaps! Yet who are, or have been the most influential artists in this 20th century world of ours? Are they strictly American? You may find the answer to such a question quite surprising!

We, as English speaking Americans, often ignore the fact that much of our music comes from beyond the national borders of our country. We tend to forget (perhaps conveniently, perhaps because of laziness) that the greater part of what we call "Our Music" had its origins elsewhere. We don't often realize that much of that music has become so internationally influenced that it no longer belongs to one national or racial group. Rock 'n' Roll and Jazz can count followers, fans and composers from Malaya and Japan, to Russia and the Middle-Eastern countries. In turn, these two forms of "American" music, whose origins are in Africa, have been influenced by the music of India, Japan, South America and the Middle-East.

Moreia from Brazil; and Tohsiko Akiyoshi from Japan, who conducted her 16-piece orchestra she heads at the Monterey Jazz Festival this fall.

In the field of popular music over the last fifteen years we have had many foreign songs in "Our" top ten. To name a few: "Dominique," (1962); "Sukyaki," (1963); "Komm Gib Mir Deine Hande!," (1964); "Guan-tanamera," (1966), plus "La Bamba," and "Gracias A La Vida!," (1974). The music is what interested many people first, but then the problem of the lyrics got in their way. How many times have we heard the melody of a foreign song and wished that we could understand the words? "It's a beautiful melody, but I don't know what they're singing!" Music has its limitations too.

Music is a start for it opens many doors, but music cannot do it all.

Many of "Our" musicians and recording artists in this country today are not natural born Americans, but people from different countries and backgrounds. And they all speak and write in more than one language. In Rock 'n' Roll our most popular artists are: The Beatles, Elton John, Olivia-Newton John, Peter Townsend and The Who, Mick Jagger and The Rollingstones, all of them from England; Neil Young, Ritchie Furay and Gordon Lightfoot, who are all Canadian; Van Morrison from Ireland; Kraftwerk from Germany; Vicki Carr from South America and many more. In Jazz we have such artists as Jan Gaberak from Denmark; Jean Luc Ponty, Claude Bolling, and Jean Pierre Rampal from France; Sergio Mendes, Flora Purim and her husband Airtro

American students, as idealists, have espoused human kinship in the world for many years, but have failed to get off their collective backsides to travel outside of these borders to help in this area. The exceptions to this are those who are involved in the Peace Corps, Foreign Exchange Programs and strangely enough, some musicians. We arrogantly expect the world to come to us and speak our language. (Witness the fight to eliminate the foreign language requirement on this campus!) We want and desire human kinship and peace through understanding in this world, but we want the other person to make the first move. Perhaps we should meet our neighbors halfway by learning their language too, or would that be asking too much?

Music is more than an international language; it is the only universal language that all humans can speak and understand. (Of course even the animals recognize music as a language of peaceful communication and understanding, witness the songs of birds, whales and dolphins. Stretching things a bit? Perhaps, but then...)

Music is spoken (if you will) with more love and understanding than any other language in this war weary and hate-torn world of ours. Through music we transcend racial and national differences as in classical, jazz and rock. Through music we share our ideas and beliefs in awe and wonder at this universe of which we are the most fractional part, and yet...

... Again, music has its limitations. Music as a universal language has done much to promote international human kinship, understanding and peace. It has been a good first step and faithful vehicle towards world peace and understanding. Music is a start for it opens many doors, but music cannot do it all. We must also have knowledge of the other person before the task is complete. To do that we have to learn another's language.

It takes someone who knows the words to start the song before others can join in!

Et bien maintenant! Ecoutez La Musique !!!



Painting by Goya

One does not have to leave America to visit a foreign land. In scores of American cities people exist who have retained the customs, heritage and language of their ancestors.

Such is the case with my birthplace of Buffalo, New York. Nicknamed the "Queen of the Great Lakes," Buffalo is more accurately viewed as a soiled hussy who has drowned somehow in the dying waters of Lake Erie. Her lap has accommodated multiferous immigrants who invariably slip to her feet in sundry neighborhoods restricted to members of common ancestry.

Buffalo is a vulgar city: an amalgam of coal, iron and coke mixed together by an alchemist gone mad. It is a city without a sky, a sprawling collection of buildings beneath a tarpaulin of ash.

For twenty-one years I lived on Buffalo's East Side, a gloomy pit encased in concrete which serves as a surrogate Krakow to the city's 300,000 Polish-Americans. As I write I realize that this is actually the first time I have tried to intellectualize my beginnings. For the first time I realize what I must have known always but have repressed—the fact that I grew up a foreigner in America.

Although my language of communication was English, the language of Poland dominated my life. I prayed in Polish, sang in Polish, listened to Polish radio programs, cursed in Polish, and answered Polish commands from my neighbors. My speech patterns were those of a Bohunk laborer—fragmented, coarse and unpolished—thicker than the winter coats of milk wagon nags that plodded along Buffalo's streets in the Forties.

I slid into the melting pot, but for some reason,
found that I could not liquify.

Eventually the accent had to be dropped. Weeks before the second semester of my senior year in college, my supervising teacher ordered me to speak like a WASP or forget about enrolling for student teaching. Incredibly, six weeks on a tape recorder obliterated one score years of Polonia Amerykanska. I slid into the melting pot, but for some reason, found that I could not liquify.

Still, all trappings of Polish heritage had to drop into the chaff bin. Colorful sweaters and outlandish ties were stored in a cedar chest for Little Brother.

Religion went next. An altar boy for 18 years and a seminarian for two, God died hard, but he did expire, thank God.

Displays of manhood ceased—or nearly so. There would be damn few arm wrestling contests and absolutely no pissing contests, "chicken" car battles, or street fights in the future.

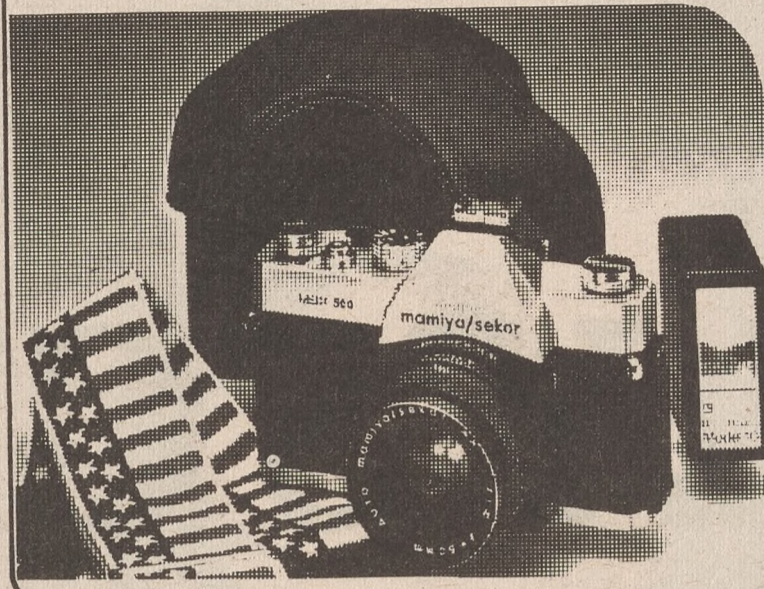
Ultimately, of course, the big test was leaving Buffalo. Fulfilling familial fears that education would tear me from the clan's sagging bosom, I packed my books and headed out of town. A chance visit back at age 22 further exaggerated my schism when I dared show up in full beard and shoulder-length hair. This in 1969, mind you; I didn't have the heart to tell them I had been at Woodstock.

Now, some thirty years after dropping into Buffalo society, all connections with a Polish life in America are gone. Yet a disdain for incestuous, self-supporting groups remains.

He who grows up a foreigner in America is required constantly to escape, escape, escape. And Buffalo, that Tantalus of the East, seems always to be bursting from its city limits and reaching out for the suburbs. Already, I am told, it has reached Winnemucca.

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ITALY'S GIAN-CARLO BERTELLI



Photo by Menega

“Educational exchange is the best money the United States can spend in establishing relations with other countries.”

Hank Nuwer

Like the Polish author Joseph Conrad, Italy's Gian-Carlo Bertelli is a writer who frequently publishes in periodicals other than those of his native tongue.

Bertelli, a youngish 45, is a distinguished television script writer and producer in his own country who now is attempting to secure similar recognition in the United States. His areas of interest are not limited to any one area which he hopes will increase his opportunities for success. Comedy, tragedy, documentaries and variety shows all intrigue Bertelli.

The native of Parma, Italy thus far has written 54 television specials, has turned out some 300 published articles in such prestigious publications as Reader's Digest, and has co-authored essays appearing in book-length works. Bertelli also is a working journalist and contributes regularly to Corriere Della Sera, one of the world's most influential newspapers, which boasts a daily circulation of well over a million readers.

With an earned doctorate in European Institutions from the University of Naples in 1962, Bertelli is amply qualified to produce programs to raise the consciousness of the general public. His mentor in the field of mass communications is the illustrious Columbia professor Erik Barnouw, author of *Tube of Plenty: The Evolution of American Television*.

Bertelli has not only garnered knowledge but conveyed it as well. While on a Fulbright at Columbia University, he taught Italian Literature and started the magazine *Visa* as a means for foreign students to voice their ideas. His interests are sundry. For example, the Italian's doctoral thesis is entitled "The Lyrical Poetry of Thomas Hardy."

Bertelli is seldom a tourist in the countries he visits. In England he participated in a forum on social services at the University of Manchester. For ten years, while a management consultant for Hill and Knowlton, he worked in nearly every country in Europe to contribute his expertise in politics, sociology and economics.

A definite advocate of foreign study, Bertelli has concrete opinions on how students abroad can glean the most from their experiences. "Nothing is wrong with going the tourist route first," he insists. Otherwise visitors would miss seeing time-honored sights such as the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, the Louvre in Paris, or the British Museum in London.

However, he advises: "Once you have finished, choose to visit lesser known places, starting with the best places to express or improve yourself." In Italy, for example, he feels Parma, Pavia, Padua, Bologna, and Bergamo are small cities which can contribute much to the education of visitors and are not beset generally with less adventurous, and more obnoxious, tourist types.

A believer in his own advice, Bertelli visited the otherwise all-black Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee. As a result the Italian feels he has avoided a distorted, and often bigoted, view of the American Negro which the media has conveyed to citizens of foreign countries.

Bertelli feels his own personality has been shaped by the places he has lived. Although he possesses fierce nationalistic identification with his homeland, he considers himself a child of the world. "Should a third world war materialize, I could not fight against another people," he says. Human wrongs and stupidity are everywhere, he feels, as well as human kindness and intellectual accomplishments.

Thus, Bertelli finds it possible to dismiss the most unpleasant experience he has had in the States. While walking through Central Park after school had ended at Columbia, he was beset by a gang of toughs who knocked him to the earth, covered his face with spittle, and threatened him with death. They were angry because their nattily dressed victim could only produce two dollars from his pockets for their pains.

This kind of thinking also enabled Bertelli to find the moral courage to decline an invitation to participate in a youth festival in Warsaw, Poland during the Cold War years. "I refused to go and support this instrument of Communist propaganda," he says now. "A man must be free to choose what is right and wrong."

A vigorous man of middle stature, Bertelli has the quickness and appearance of the soccer player he once was. His dark hair sports threads of gray alongside the ears, but his broad forehead is comparatively unlined. It is no surprise that this man is a pragmatist who burrows past life's unessentials to grasp the essence of matters. In this, Bertelli feels he has gotten the best of Anglo-Saxon culture in America and in Britain. Yet, he does not regret his tendency toward romanticism and his love for things of good taste which stem from a Latin background.

While admitting cultural exchange is a costly procedure, Bertelli insists "educational exchange is the best money the United States can spend in establishing relations with other countries." Those that return, he says, such as Fulbright fellows, are all in positions of power to influence others.

Bertelli's accomplishments have come despite a rather poor and provincial childhood. His formative years in war-torn Italy were frequently filled with terror. The writer's clearest memories of his boyhood center around episodes where his father was whisked away for questioning by the Fascisti, not to return for several days while his family huddled together in fear and prayed for his safe return.

Today the author's financial position is a bit more stable, but he deliberately has chosen to risk much in an attempt to crash the international writing market. Bertelli is working diligently in Reno on a series of screenplays and a variety of articles designed for the American market. Without any guarantee of acceptance, Bertelli has chosen to live on his savings for an indefinite time period while working diligently for what he hopes will be greater successes. His only income is from scattered pieces for Italian newspapers that he posts from his Reno office.



Backing his decision fully is the writer's winsome spouse Shanda, who has exchanged a budding career in show business for a successful marriage. Her life, like her husband's, has been shaped by international influences.

Born in Los Angeles, Shanda moved to Geneva, Switzerland with her family at age 12, and from then on has lived mainly in Europe. She has attended Chadwick School in Palos Verde with Lisa Minelli and Candice Bergen, the University of Michigan, the Geneva Conservatory of Music, and Loyola University's campus in Rome. In addition, she has studied voice and drama under well known masters in London and Rome.

Shanda comes naturally by her love for gracing the boards. Her grandfather was Ole Olsen, who was half the zany team of "Hellzapoppin'" fame with Chic Johnson. As a youngster Shanda frequently appeared on stage in chorus roles for her madcap relative.

During her career Shanda participated in serious theatre. Her most memorable role came in Enid Bagnold's *Chalk Garden* which was produced in 1961 on a Geneva stage. Her movie roles were mainly comic parts. Her puckish face and punning name—"Shanda Lear"—were much in demand by foreign film producers during the Sixties.

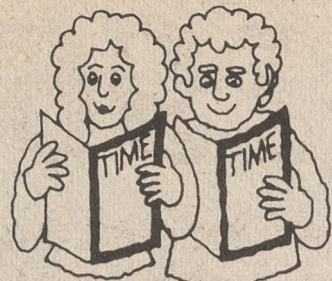
The dark-haired actress, now the mother of one girl and pregnant once again, has several record credits to her name. She has recorded for the Decca and Fonit-Cetra labels, and one of her songs, "Cinderella Rockefeller," was used by the present U.S. vice-president in a political campaign several years back.

Shanda's advice to students preparing to go abroad is that they avoid formulating preconceived ideas about Europe. "Leave your schoolbooks at home," she advises, "and drop into the mainstream of European life—live it, breathe it, enjoy it." One of her peeves involves Americans who go abroad and stick only to American hotels, eat American food, "and even order toilet paper made in the United States." She feels it is particularly appalling when American diplomats abroad insist on avoiding immersion in the countries they are working with.

Students who do not have a working knowledge of a foreign language are advised by Mrs. Bertelli to go ahead anyway and live in exotic lands. She finds the easiest way to begin "learning a language is to buy illustrated magazines, even sleazy ones, which have captions under photos." By comparing articles in foreign magazines with similar ones in American publications, Shanda insists that a valuable knowledge of words and phrases can be picked up painlessly.

The untutored visitor first will be lost in daily conversations, she says, but quickly will be able to distinguish individual words and slowly get the gist of what is said. Eventually as the student's vocabulary improves, what once was babble becomes another language. "People will help you and encourage you once they are certain you are sincere," she adds, "and so don't be afraid to ask for help."

Today Shanda Bertelli is far from a conventional wife and mother. A believer in causes, she was the first to bring Dr. Frederick LeBoyer from France to the United States so that he could deliver his lectures on how babies should be born in tranquility instead of receiving a violent reception upon leaving the mother's womb. She also brought nutritional expert Dr. Thomas Brewer to Reno to lecture on ways American mothers are being shortchanged by the medical and pharmaceutical professions.



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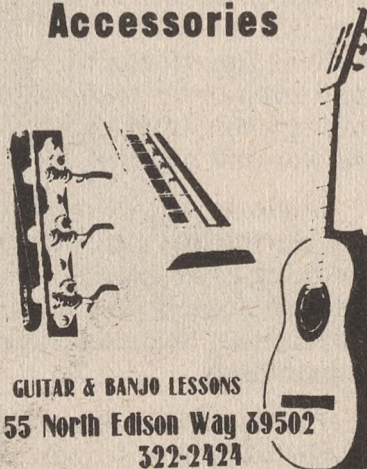
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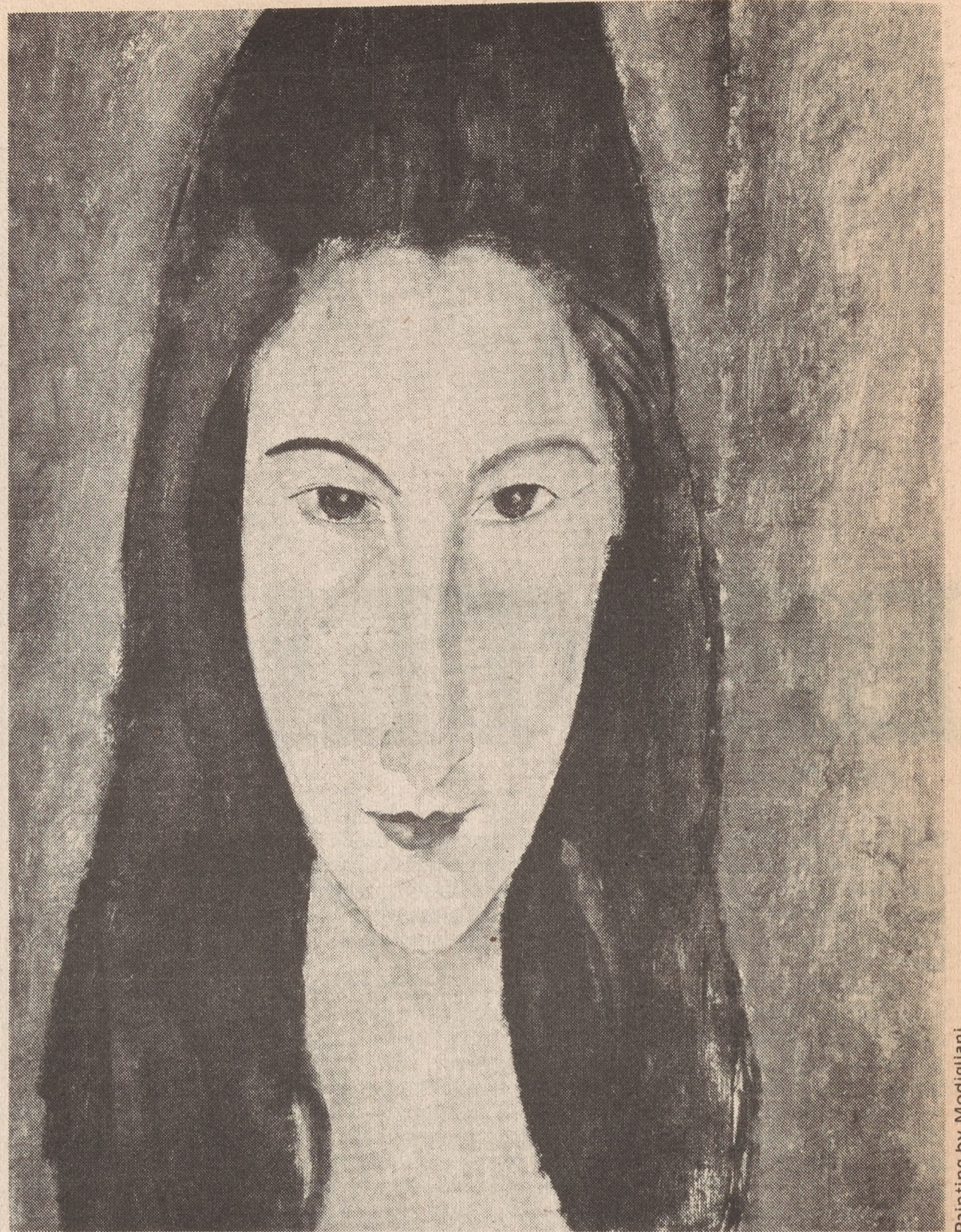
Education makes people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.

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Painting by Modigliani

Caribbean Treasure

Hank Nuwer

Few beautiful women will admit to being fortune hunters. Not so Celeste Vernetti.

Seven years ago, she and two male companions sailed off in a boat named *Fathom II* in hopes of finding a sunken Spanish galleon loaded with treasure. The trio's destination was the tiny island of Uvilla off the coast of Honduras. Today Celeste calls the land "paradise" and reminisces about Uvilla's clean sand, white as albumen, and its palm trees overlooking a sea the color of a jay's wings.

No less intriguing were the island's thousand occupants who thrived on a strip of land seven miles long and three miles wide. The two main families were direct descendants of Henry Morgan, the greedy privateer who once demolished Portobelo, Panama because townspeople could not give him gold, and of French pirate Jean Lafitte. The Morgans served as the island's entrepreneurs; they owned the only store on the island.

Celeste's adventure began when two young men in her Santa Monica apartment building, Dennis Standefer and Max Trumpower, spoke to her about a project they were developing. Standefer, a professional treasure hunter, was selling shares for \$2,000 to investors willing to back him in an expedition for sunken valuables in Central America. No charlatan or a man who left anything to chance, the youthful diver had spent countless hours in Madrid libraries researching the plotted charts of ill-fated ships.

Unable to invest in the excursion, Celeste instead offered her services as galley cook to the two men and was readily accepted. As it turned out, the 19-year-old's value was enhanced when the group left the States since she had studied six years of Spanish and could readily communicate with Latins encountered along the way.

Celeste found only slight difficulty adjusting to the cultural shock of life in the tropics. Spiders and myriad flying insects infesting the area were an entirely different problem, however. The American's sense of humor was tried sorely since local youngsters, fair-skinned, English-speaking Tom Sawyers and Becky Thatchers, were unaffected by these hordes of bugs.

Unfortunately, though a sunken Spanish ship was found by the trio, Celeste's fortune came mainly in the form of a much enriched education. No treasure could be found nestled beneath some metal gudgeon or crusted ballast. However, the find did have considerable import for archaeologists who later studied the artifacts.

Yankee ingenuity did give the trio some remuneration. They discovered ancient rum bottles buried in even rows on a hill and paid local youngsters two bits apiece for these antiques which later sold for \$15 apiece in the Bay Area.

They also taught natives in Tegucigalpa, Honduras' capital city, how to make beaded curtains. The workers collected acorns and made dyes from certain seeds. The trio then exported the handcrafts to the States. Celeste gained valuable business acumen by bargaining with local governments over duties and such ilk.

Today the olive-complexioned Vernetti is an upperclassman majoring in physical education. She finds that her experiences frequently help her in speech classes where she never is at a loss for subject matter. Moreover, concepts introduced by professors in sociology and political science classes gain fresh meaning when Celeste realizes a shock of recognition from her past experiences.

It seems rather apropos that Celeste, an unsuccessful but undaunted gold seeker, is earning her education in the gambling city of Reno.

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Czechoslovakia: 1968

When the Warsaw Pact maneuvers of August 1968 suddenly turned into the August 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, George (name withheld), a UNR student, had been already for two years an agent in the Army Security Agency (ASA), considered to be a sub-unit of the ultra-secret National Security Agency (NSA). NSA is the largest single intelligence gathering agency in the world, with the possible exception of the Soviet Union's KGB.

On the eve of what was to be an eventful day—which of course greatly understates the high drama the world was about to witness—George was working a sixteen hour shift with another ASA Russian linguist and intelligence analyst. On or about midnight of that day in August, this other “pounder,” as the ASA men were called by their counterparts in the U.S. Air Force Security Service (or simply SS), locked onto a high-level Soviet communique in which a high-ranking Soviet officer was apparently ordering the movement of a Warsaw Pact tank unit from East Germany across the frontier into Czechland.

That the United States is and has been engaging in electronic surveillance of foreign governments, both friend and foe, should come as no surprise, especially in the light of the current hullabaloo over CIA activities. In fact, Congressional interest could hardly be aroused by what most Americans would consider to be in this case, a legitimate intelligence gathering function.

What distinguishes this story and elevates it to newsworthiness is the fact that in spite of this highly sophisticated intelligence gathering agency's presence in a sensitive area, and although it had managed to lock on to a piece of hard intelligence, it appears that the intelligence community was totally unprepared to accept not only the possibility of a Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, but also after the face evidence of its occurrence.

George reports that after this communique had been recorded and translated by both ASA intelligence specialists and was subsequently delivered to the Communications Center for coded transmission to NSA headquarters in Washington, the Air Force flight commander who was responsible for giving the final okay for all messages going through the Comm Center, refused to sign the report, fearing the consequences should he misplace his trust in the abilities of mere enlisted men. This bizarre lack of responsibility on the part of an intelligence officer was, to make matters worse, repeated after the change of shift by the new flight commander. And this in spite that both ASA men volunteered to take full responsibility for the message's validity even to the point of signing it themselves.

Indeed, it was not until the day shift flight commander had been contacted by the desperate ASA specialists that the message was given the okay to go over the lines. In the meantime, the Soviets had launched and successfully completed their astoundingly efficient aerial intrusion into Czechoslovakia. The military occupation of that unfortunate satellite country was an undeniable matter of fact.

Reflecting on the events of that night, George suggests that because the ASA and the USAFSS units had never been briefed by “higher authority” to anticipate just this sort of outcome in the developing scenario of political tensions between the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia, it became possible for this black comedy of errors to develop as it did.

One may reflect now on what might have occurred had that message been sent on time. Is it possible that the U.S. could have intervened diplomatically on the side of Czechoslovakia and thus averted the tragedy of suffering that is now recorded as history?





Photo by Jarvis

A Border Line Case

Michael Mirich

I was told once, that someday I would happen upon a certain place, and that place (for some inexplicable reason) would be called "home." Where the heart was. A land of dreams realized . . .

I developed culture shock in Nogales, Arizona after a brief foray into a J. C. Penney's store near the border business area. White skin in a river of brown. One thousand dark scheming eyeballs covering a conspiracy to deprive me of at least life, steal my lady friend (blonde, Nordic type), and my truck. "My truck! The tires! Slashed for sure, but it will offer some protection with the doors locked," my mind shrieked as I tried dragging one very large, unconcerned woman to my imagined refuge.

For the next eighteen hours all mental connections sputtered out. I would have to all it a mild bout of catatonia. Jan pushed me wild-eyed through the ensuing tedium of red tape at the border and drove 150 miles southward, past Hermosillo, where, beside the highway we bedded down in detached silence.

Oh, Stella Starkraving (one of her aliases), my off-the-wall companion on the most recent escape from a life in that austere, downward sucking vortex of the great basin. Jan was a determined lady; a few months before in Kodiak, her only reply to "Why Mexico?" was a simple "warmth." Now several thousand miles later in the Sonoran Desert, I was awakening in controlled terror to the blast of a mufflerless semi headed for Guaymas.

Three hours found us still at our impromptu roadside camp with Jan yelling something about my being so goddamned provincial and me rising to the occasion with "All I want to do is some cross-country skiing in the Elkhorns. What's so bad about Montana anyhow? They speak a form of English there!" She was right, as usual. Six years of hanging out in the mountains hadn't improved my stunted talents for dealing with the complexities of the human condition stateside style; much less with the classic Latinesque fatalism.

It was the machismo in my soul and five milligrams of Valium that had me compromising myself into breakfast in Guaymas. Me, thinking of the drive back to safety across the border. Jan, knowing that after getting me that far it was downhill all the way to Noventa Dia En La Playa Sol.

House flies and communists . . . being a post-war baby, it was hard developing a rational outlook toward either. Remember? In combination, they received blame for everything. Well, commies, don't bother me much now but trying to carry an air of nonchalance when a division of flies are playing tug of war with my Huevos Rancheros, takes the control of an Indian fakir. I was sure these Mexicans, so at home with the little beasties, would put me in the same set as the Winnebago crowd if I were to stomp about the restaurant smashing insects with a rolled-up newspaper. When in Rome . . .

I finally absolved said problem by picking out one fly and trying to relate to it as an individual. It worked. I now see flies as an integral part of the casinos. Yeah, they're just makin' ends meet like the rest of us parasites; and in the long run their sociological niche is assured. *Homo Sapiens'* place is still in doubt; he's the one who beats around the dining room spraying all manner of poisons on the evening meal while trying to perform genocide on my little friends.

In my '53 GMC van it's two long days of driving from Guaymas to Mazatlan, a winter rutting grounds for half the college population of the western United States. I thought I was back in San Diego. By this time my initial fear of Mexicans had subsided and I was starting to lay back and enjoy myself. Jan and I decided to take a week's R&R, catch up on suntans, restaurants and food stands in the central district of the city. The food vendors were best. For the equivalent of \$2, we could go on a feeding frenzy that lasted well into the night and left us both uncomfortably full. On the second time around I met up with a questionable dried shrimp tamale and spent the next 24 hours in death throes with food poisoning. But what the hell! It sure beats Sambo's and you can't match those prices.

Most of my life has been regularly interspersed with tales of horror which relate to deplorable living conditions in other countries. Being closer to my point of origin, Mexico seemed to catch most of the flack in comparison with this greatest of all possible worlds. "Don't eat the food, don't drink the water, and God don't sit on the toilet seats!" seemed to be the crux of advice I'd been infused with by osmosis with a somewhat chauvinistic culture. My point aside, I think I had the pleasure of actually sitting on a toilet five times during that winter in Mexico. We finally settled in a small fishing village on the West Coast where the Indians treasured toilet paper as the finest of cosmetic tools and reserved old newspapers for the backyard pit.

Synergy, a word coined recently by "Bucky" Fuller defines a point in time when unrelated parts of a whole system synchronize in movement to produce a surge of perfect energy: as a car engine at cruising speed produces a rhythmic cyclical moan as systems align and disalign, a concert of events as such placed me in an idyllic world of jungle, sand, and crystal sea. And time—time became a wellhead to draw from, to be utilized as needed. The mechanical flow ceased and deeper movements surfaced.

Small wonder that Precolombian Indians of Central America became obsessed with the elastic, illusory properties of the thing we call time. Their cultures fed on it and I'm sure were repelled by its more subtle, terrifying traits. Here were surroundings pleasant, green, primordial. There was no need for the mind to overcompensate in dealing with the environment as in harsher climes. The abstract receded and the immensities of the real became dominate forces, forces still shaping the lives of back-country Mexicans—Indians.

Shaping my life, tides and stars, movements as such became chronological devices. Waves in their ceaseless promethean chores were the mantra I used to obtain a middle ground, enabling me to contrast my Yanqui self with someone not entirely interested in the parochial paranoia of his fatherland. That contrast slipping into the subconscious, to be awakened in reoccurring dreams where a messenger from the north tricks me into returning to the lurking presence of my homeland just beyond the horizon, never to return. Another awakening: to the stars, Cygnus, Orion; to an early morning cannonade of surf which reassured me that I was indeed home.

Three Travelers

Brenda Roberts, Joanne Randall, and Karen Levy have much in common. All are attractive blondes, flash winning smiles and are highly intelligent women. More relevant to this current issue, all three are returnees from Institute of European Studies' programs abroad.

The bond these girls share has drawbacks it seems. They went to Europe unpoised schoolgirls and returned mature travelers, a characteristic which has not endeared them to some of their UNR counterparts. Few American students wish to hear about their travels, and most who do ask find excuses to walk away when the girls relate their experiences in romantic European cities like Paris, Madrid and Vienna.

None, however, regret their studies abroad, though all admit to some confusion regarding the attitude shown them by UNR students and professors. Each has her own story to tell, but each has lacked an audience until now.



BRENDA ROBERTS

A native of San Francisco, blue-eyed Brenda Roberts has the sweet-faced charm of a choir girl. She chose Nantes to study, reasoning that her French would improve there more than in the international city of Paris. Moreover, she realized the city of "the lost generation" was only a few hours away by rail and thus visitable on weekends.

Roberts describes Nantes as a pleasant seaport town of some 400,000 inhabitants. It is a secondary shipbuilding town, bowing to nearby Ste. Nazaire for top honors in the trade. Fish is a staple, of course, and the local folk grace their tables with white Muscadet wine which is produced locally.

The town is well designed. Streets are large and feature well-tended gardens in the midst of rounded intersections. Lavish fountains lend a continental air, and homes are generally attractive and painstakingly maintained. Summer weather is generally sunny and pleasant though winters generally could compete with the soggy Decembers of Oregon.

Brenda found her experience to be "a far better teacher than books or professors." She found her "education supplemented more than anything else" she had tried in the past.

The affable French major learned how to patiently cope with the adversity and feels she matured greatly because of unpleasant experiences. On one occasion, after the country of France had been immersed in a mass communications strike, for six weeks, Brenda and her Minnesota roommate Colleen O'Brien, found themselves without funds. They were forced for ten days to eat dried soup and popcorn which they prepared in the home of the French family they were living with.

About the third day the father of the house looked surprised, by the fifth he was shocked, and at the end of their fast he was downright dismayed at the diet of these American girls. "Gerry Ford definitely has to do something about the American economy!" he blurted out at last which sent the girls falling to the floor in laughter.

During her nine months in Europe, Brenda visited Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Belgium and England. One of these occasions proved to be the most frustrating experience she's had in her 22 years.

The disaster occurred one weekend when Brenda's younger sister Becky flew to Nantes for a brief visit. The girls decided to take the train to Paris for a weekend but unwisely had chosen a school holiday to arrive which had sent a horde of youths flocking to the city. Both were loaded with luggage since Brenda had agreed to drop off a suitcase laden with books for a schoolmate.

In Paris the Roberts' sisters learned that every youth hostel was booked for the night. They therefore resourcefully got on the Metro for the suburbs in hopes that a hostel might be secured more easily in a less populated area. Arriving in a small French town they were given directions at the terminal on how to reach the local hostel, supposedly some three miles away.

Unfortunately, Brenda and Becky managed to lose themselves in the hilly area. It was midnight when the exhausted duo struggled back to the station. They had agreed to take a train back to Paris and pay whatever a decent hotel room cost. To their chagrin, a wizened station manager informed them in unfriendly tones that the last train for the night had departed minutes before.

"Let's take a taxi to another Metro station," suggested Becky.

Brenda concurred, approached the manager for a token to put into the phone, and called a taxi. The girls peered anxiously from their post on the west side of the building, but some forty minutes later, no taxi yet had arrived. A phone call to the taxi dispatcher said a driver had gone to the terminal, had found no one there, and had returned.

"Impossible," said Brenda and the dispatcher agreed to radio a driver out to the station.

The girls hurried outside to their former post and waited with the same result as before. Disappointed, they went inside, obtained another token from the cross manager and phoned the local taxi company. An angry dispatcher screamed at them for playing a joke on his driver who had gone to the station and seen no one.

"But how is it possible!" exclaimed an exasperated Brenda.

"You were supposed to wait on the east side of the building," snapped the manager.

At this point Brenda lashed out all the pejorative French words she had learned since her arrival in Nantes. Becky chimed in a few choice American expressions.

"Why didn't you tell us?" both called out at last.

The train manager's face broke into a malevolent grin. "You never asked me," he explained. The smile vanished and he snapped tersely, "Now get out; the station closes at 1:30."

The girls, clad only in light clothes, were forced to leave the station and to continue their odyssey through the night. They walked miles and inquired at a prison and a hospital before finally a kind nurse took them to a local hostel—a scant block or so from the train station.

Today Brenda holds no grudges. "It was a lesson in dealing with people," she says and lightly dismisses the affair.

Brenda, upon ending her story, looks up with a little girl smile, and reddens slightly — embarrassed to have told such a long narrative about herself. Her response is charming, and one is convinced her effect on America's allies abroad could only have been highly favorable from a U.S. standpoint.

JOANNE RANDALL

Joanne Randall, the second IES student interviewed, sojourned in Madrid, Spain during the entire year of 1972-73. A newlywed, the former Joanne Snyder, has ruddy-complexioned good looks and the self assurance of an espionage agent.

Randall claims her year in Iberia changed her life. "For once I was dependent on myself instead of family and friends," she says today. "With no one to lean on I had to live with my own mistakes."

Many of these mistakes involved misuse of the Spanish language. Joanne recalls with considerable amusement the time she entered a restaurant with several friends and asked the waiter for a heaping bowl of shit con carne.

"You do get to meet people that way though," she adds innocently.

Joanne chose Madrid because it is an international city of four million people. She said the cultural shock of coming to the Spanish capital from the little California town of Valley Springs was considerable. A shock, albeit a pleasant one, came when she journeyed to Germany one weekend and felt homesick for her IES family in Madrid.

After her experiences abroad, the 23-year-old Home Economics major elected to transfer to Social Services and Corrections, the field in which last year she was awarded her B.A. Currently she is attending UNR to acquire a Spanish major and teaching credentials.

"The Spanish people are the happiest people I have encountered," says Joanne. "It was a surprise to me, especially since I had gone to Fascist Spain expecting to meet a group of sad individuals clad in black."

She volunteered two items of information for perspective travelers. The first is that a student should never worry about having to be sent back home from Europe because of a lack of funds since IES will loan money in an emergency. The second is that all credits earned through IES programs are transferrable to UNR for a degree.

KAREN LEVY

Vienna, Austria attracted 21-year-old Karen Levy during the school year of 1974-75. The main impetus behind her decision to visit Europe came from encouragement by her family, by two sorority (Tri-Delta) sisters who had been abroad, and by IES director Dr. Charles Wells.

Karen's trip to Austria had unexpected impact upon her life. There the UNR history major made the difficult decision to abandon the Jewish faith in favor of Christianity. She admits that Vienna's beautiful churches and their masses which featured the music of Hayden and Mozart were a definite factor in her decision.

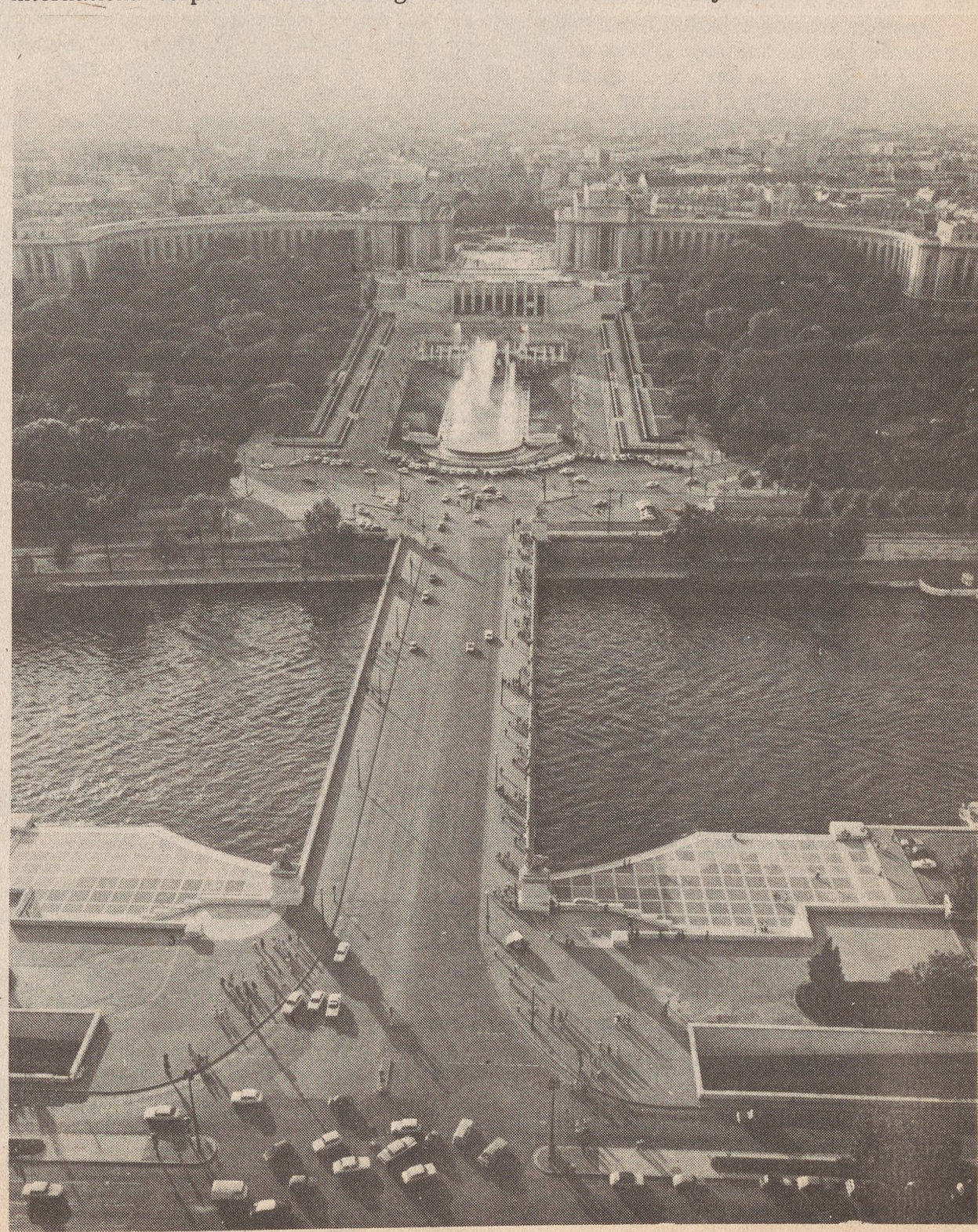
Levy, whose minor is art history, plunged heavily into the cultural life of Vienna. She attended many concerts and operas at such major houses as the Staatsoper for the incredibly low price of 10 shillings, the American equivalent of 50 cents.

However, she chose not to ignore more common attractions as well. For example, Karen visited the Heinekenbrewery and participated in the "all you can drink free" promotional program. In addition she skied over Christmas and New Year's vacation in Austria's famed resort at Lofer.

Like Roberts and Randall, Levy enjoyed taking weekend trips to other European nations including Italy, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Germany and France. She saw the famed "Nightwatch" painting of Rembrandt's in Amsterdam shortly before it was tragically slashed by a madman. Incidentally, UNR history professor James Hulse was in the museum when the destruction took place, according to Levy.

In Amsterdam too Karen visited the house where Anne Frank and her family hid during the occupation of Holland by the Germans. The experience was indeed a harrowing one for this American girl who had been raised in the Jewish faith.

Karen feels her experiences have increased chances of obtaining a job in an embassy or international corporation. She feels great satisfaction after her sojourn.



Students From Afar

Beth Whelan/Jaci Vogt

The twins from Ghana, Benjamin and Solomon Okai, and Raymond Au-yeung of Hong Kong took time from their studies recently to give other UNR students insight into the problems and pleasures of being a foreign student in America.

The greatest difference between foreign students and their American counterparts is the pressure on visitors. If an American student fails a course, the vibrations travel only a few miles. If a foreign student fails a course, it is felt miles and miles away — in the homeland, by the family, and by the government. Grades are all that count, or at least it often seems that way.

All three felt therefore that the tensions and pressures of a foreign student are so much stronger than those of other students. Still, Benjamin feels, the foreign student is more interested in acquiring an education than competing with his fellows. Always the thought in mind is that successful study now will lead to a successful future.

"Being a foreign student," Benjamin explains, is like "putting on size three shoes." Native students should understand this and not think, "You see, he is in size three shoes, he is comfortable; let's all run the same mile in the same time," and neither should professors. Ray added, "When I speak well, professors think that I am really competent in English like the regular students. But when I am learning new things . . . they must be interpreted in my mind and digested." Foreign students must set up whole new frames of references and associations.

Studying is also a problem, sometimes, for foreign students. In certain classes such as American or Nevada history, it is assumed that students attending have ample preparations for the course. Here the foreign student may consult native students who know something about the subject. However, as in most cases, the information is also new to American students and the exchange student benefits more by speaking with the professors concerning his questions.

Moreover, if finding a good doctor is difficult for Americans coming to Reno, it's next to impossible for foreigners not acquainted with the area.

"However good somebody is with the English language he can never get all the instructor says, though greater retention comes with time," the students claim. Solomon said the instructor should realize this fact and should try to weave their presentation around these lines.

All three students felt U.S. schools could learn from foreign universities. The special treatment U.S. students are given in Ghana, for example, by being allowed to stay in school dormitories over long breaks is not accorded Ghanans by U.S. schools such as UNR. Foreigners must find somewhere to go if not invited to stay with a U.S. friend during extended vacations. The solution reached by the Okai brothers is to rent their own apartment.

Many foreign students choose to work during breaks from school because of the high cost of fares home. Because of their foreign status, UNR's work study program is not applicable to these students who therefore must secure work in the local area. Ray was fortunate to work part-time on campus last summer when a shortage of work-study students occurred, but when September came around he was dismissed.

Another drawback is that foreign students are not protected by the university's health service during the summer. Moreover, if finding a good doctor is difficult for Americans coming to Reno, it's next to impossible for foreigners not acquainted with the area.

Still, the benefits of being an exchange student far outweigh the problems, Ray feels. "Studying a thousand books doesn't benefit you as much as traveling a thousand miles," he said. He added, "Like a frog sitting at the bottom of a well looking up at the sky and believing that the circle of blue is all there is to the sky, a person who is limited to his surrounding area or clique of friends is limited intellectually." The student sees lands that he would never see, and is exposed to the different cultures of area natives.

"You come back a changed person, consciously or subconsciously, because of this experience and noticeably are for the better," Solomon says. The foreign student is not a burden to the university he attends. Rather, he is a boon to its reputation when he returns home, is supporting the school financially while attending, and provides invaluable experiences for the students who take time to know more about the exchange student and where he or she is from.

One point the students noticed about Americans is that they do not bother to smile at a passerby if they do not know them, or make any effort to speak to their fellow human beings simply because they do not know them. "You can't get the (mist) out of life by going with your selected few friends," said Benjamin. "You should enjoy each other. Everyone has the right to talk to anyone he wants to, and if one can't then that person is just wasting time."

Solomon concurs, "Why have the privilege of living on earth if you are wasting time and space? If you can't talk to anyone you want, then what is the essence and the joy of being in the world?" Your whole life is enriched by intermingling with other people."

All three concluded that by talking with foreign exchange students, an American student planning on going abroad himself, would learn what to expect on his own adventures and would be even more prepared for his journey.

Benjamin and Solomon expressed their desire to speak with UNR President Max Milam or anyone else concerned with the feelings of foreign exchange students. The students also, many times during the interview, explained that these are their own opinions and that it should not be taken for granted that every exchange student feels the same way.



Photo by Opitz

A Glass Darkly

Ann Opitz/Dennis Myers

"Seeing" Europe through sightless eyes can be an unsettling experience.

Cherie Gurschke, blind since birth, is a German language student who went to Europe to improve her language skills at the University of Friburg, near the French-Swiss border.

She speaks of many of her experiences in Europe glowingly. On one occasion, she hitchhiked with a friend to Austria, meeting some colorful characters on the road. There was a Yugoslavian tourist, a communist student, who discussed the Sino-Soviet split with Cherie and her friend. In Vienna they stayed with a Palestinian guerrilla.

One thing she particularly misses about Europe is the excellent public transportation system. That system is both extensive and relatively cheap and there is nothing like it in the United States.

But her return to the States was hastened by a series of events which revealed to her the distinctive problems which blind people face peculiar to Europe.

She left for Europe on September 15, 1974, intending to stay a year. She was back in the U.S. in five months. Not long after her arrival in Europe, she began having problems with her guide dog. The dog, she says, "began to become fearful of people and didn't want to work anymore." Eventually the problems with the dog became so serious, he was retired and Cherie was faced with the problem of trying to find another guide dog. She learned that the guide dog schools in Europe are unlike those in the U.S. "They are there to make a profit for the trainer," she says, in contrast with the nonprofit schools in the U.S. There are seven dog schools in the entire U.S., ten in Germany—"all very tiny." The dogs turned out by the European schools are not as well trained as those in the U.S., and are not spayed or altered. Ultimately, finding a suitable replacement for her guide dog in Europe became an impossible hope, and she had to return to the United States.

She found in Europe a difficult problem in dealing with a European attitude toward the blind. "They're not used to blind people being independent," she says. "I learned a lot of things about why I was discriminated against and how to handle it, how to get my way." It was not always easy. While attending a movie one day, she had some difficulties with the theatre proprietors. Determinedly, she called the police. The police couldn't understand why she would want to attend a cinema. She explained, "It's an English movie. I go to movies all the time in the States. I don't have any trouble interpreting the film." "The police didn't back me up," she says.

Other problems she faced in Europe:

—The most commonly used grocery stores are located in large, centrally located department stores in each town. No guide dogs were allowed in such stores. "Eventually, I went to small shops."

—Refusal of a variety of services.

—People would try to interfere with her guide dog. "They would grab the harness." She found she was, in effect, a second class citizen, and feels she matured because of the experience. "Even though it's sometimes the same over here," she says, "there is recourse to law."

As for her original reason for going to Europe—improvement of her language skills—she regretted having the trip cut short because she felt it defeated the intention.

However, her German instructor, Dr. Eugene K. Grotgut, disagrees. "She made great advances in her fluency and naturalness of speech," he says.

In any event, she is pleased to have returned to a more secure and stable environment in the United States. "As a handicapped citizen," she says, "there's nowhere else I could live and be a first class citizen."

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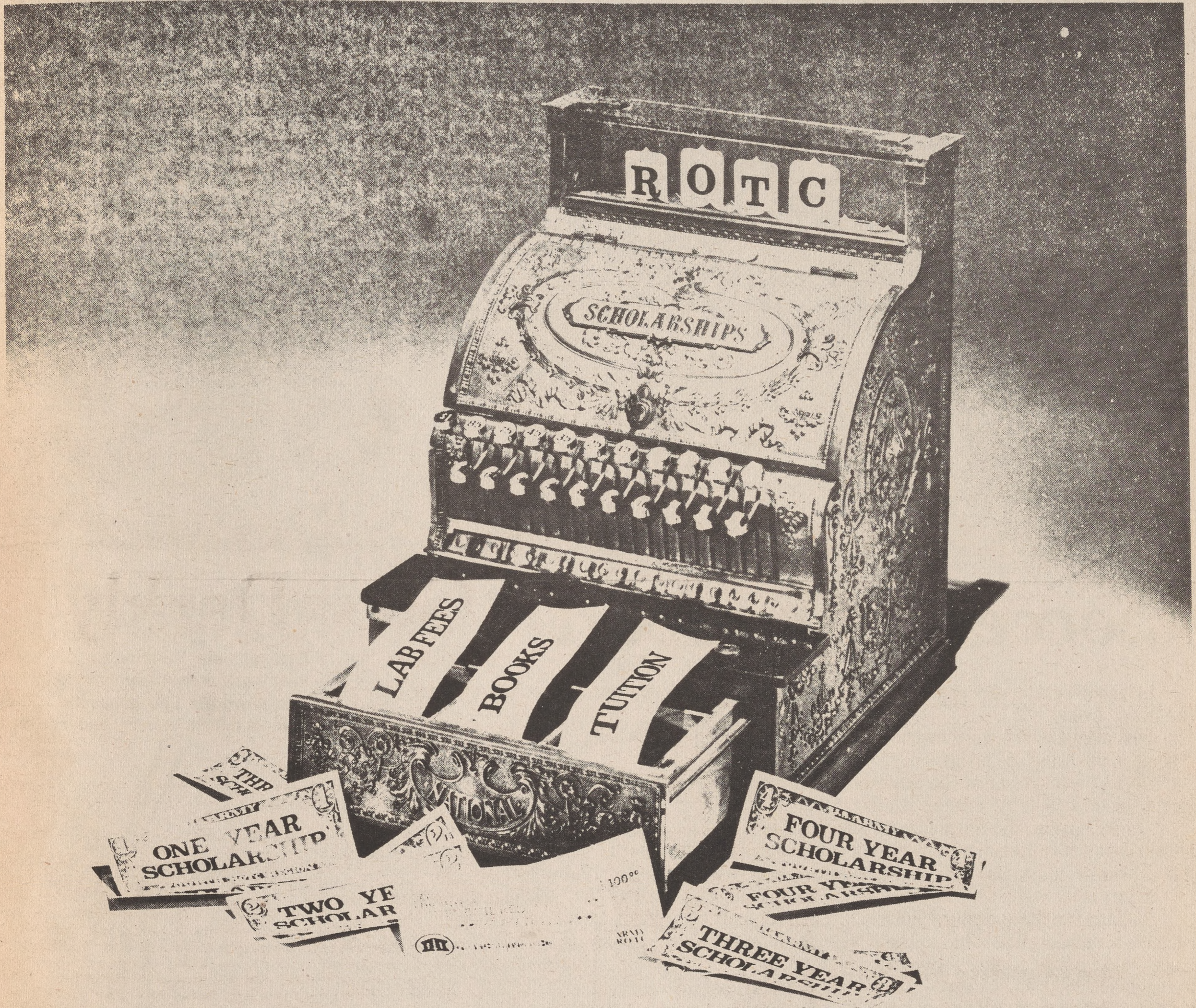
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SPORTS



Soccer Is The Sport

Steve Martarano

Intercollegiate soccer is rapidly becoming a prominent campus sport, and not only on the East Coast.

Just about every major school in the West, including UNR's counterpart, UNLV, is now strongly pushing its program.

UNLV, a member of the Southern California Intercollegiate Soccer Association, is now in its second year of competition.

Tom Khamis, the enthusiastic soccer coach at Las Vegas, is anxious to see cross-state rival UNR get something going in soccer. He says, "That would be great if you guys (Reno) got a soccer team up. Our team would really welcome the rivalry."

Khamis says his team's rise, which logged an 11-5-2 mark this season, was a slow one.

He said the team started out at a club level, competing in a local men's league. But then, in 1972, Khamis made a bid to the UNLV athletic department asking them for some funding. He says, "I asked them to give me enough money to uniform our team. Then I put it another way; I asked them to give me what it would cost to uniform one football player. That amount covered our whole team."

Although soccer isn't as expensive as some of the major sports, it still costs money to run.

According to Khamis, the sport nets about \$1,200. They run on a \$7,200 operation cost; \$200 going to out-of-state trips and \$1,200 on coaches' salaries.

One thing that made it easy for UNLV to start a good program goes back to Las Vegas high schools. High school soccer is a very big sport in Las Vegas and Khamis benefits from it. In Reno, only two high schools have any kind of soccer program.

Looking over the UNLV roster of 25 players, only four of those are from foreign countries. The rest are from the local high schools.

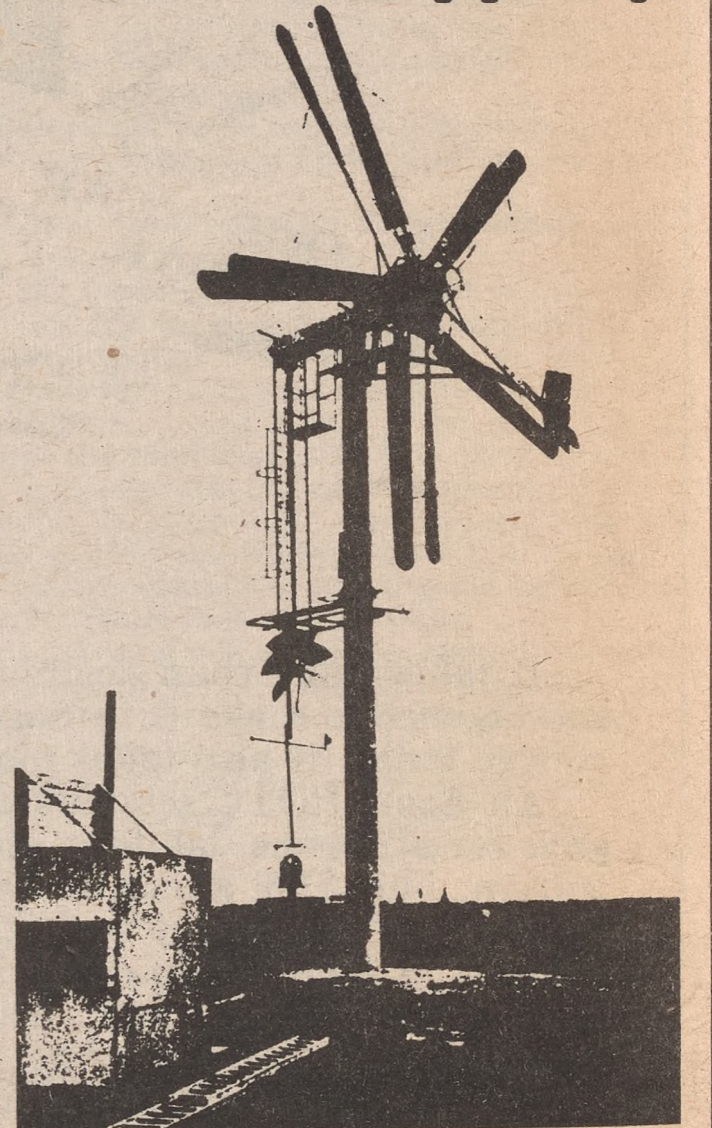
Coaching soccer can have its drawbacks. "It's not a traditional college sport in America," Khamis said, "so it's not promoted as much as I'd like. We rarely draw any kind of a crowd and I have a hard time getting coaches to help out."

The soccer season, which ended a few weeks ago, is a fall sport which could be another disadvantage to a Reno team. With the weather cold and blustery, as it often is in the fall, the players who run around in shorts and T-shirts, could be hindered.

But, with over 330 NCAA soccer teams in the nation and about 100 junior colleges, soccer is definitely a sport on the rise. UNR should look into the possibility of putting the sport into its program.

Windmühle 1975

Auf der deutschen Nordsee-Insel Sylt ist eine Windmühle als Kleinkraftwerk konstruiert worden, um den Wind als Energiequelle zu nutzen. Mit Hilfe zweier gegenläufiger



Rotoren von elf Metern Durchmesser wird hier von einem eigens entwickelten Spezial-Generator so viel elektrischer Strom erzeugt, daß der Bedarf von fünf Einfamilienhäusern gedeckt werden kann.