

VOLUME 82 NUMBER 29 DECEMBER 19, 1975

Sagebrush

Newspaper of the University of Nevada at Reno



Back In Business

Lisa Lowe

The student chapter of Delta Sigma Phi, a business fraternity dissolved by its national organization for two years because it admitted women, is on its way back into being at UNR.

Tuesday night, at a reorganization meeting, officers were elected and plans were made for petitioning the national organization for the return of the chapter's charter.

"The procedure is for us to reorganize the chapter, and then petition for our charter to be returned," said Dr. Kathryn H. Duffy, adviser to the group and professor of managerial sciences. She said there was a "good showing" at the meeting, and that several former members of the campus group, now Reno businessmen, have agreed to help get the group on its way.

The national organization revoked the charter of the campus chapter in 1973 for allowing women members. It had admitted women by order of the student government, which would not permit the group on campus if it didn't include women.

This fall, Duffy headed a petition drive which asked for women's admittance as well as the reinstatement of the campus charter. A mail ballot, taken by the national organization in November, approved women as members by a large majority.

The new officers are Tom Cornell, president; John Fuetsch, vice-president; Pat Winnie, secretary; and Dan Siri, treasurer.

13 Sabbaticals

Rick Sorensen

The mosses of Nevada, infant neglect and abuse, a book of American experiences and Henry Kissinger's intellectual roots will be four subjects dealt with by UNR professors during sabbatical leaves in 1976 and 1977.

The Board of Regents recently approved sabbaticals for instructors in 13 departmental areas. Study locations range from the Reno-Sparks vicinity to the National University of Iran.

Biology Prof. Hugh Mozingo will travel through Nevada to collect some of the estimated 250 species of mosses native to this state. Professor Mozingo has already covered 8,000 miles in his studies and has collected 4,000 specimens.

Associate Prof. Jo Deen Flack of the Orvis School of Nursing will observe and record the behavior of Reno-area mothers immediately before and after they have given birth, noting possible instances of infant neglect and abuse. She hopes to develop a treatment program for parents who show a high risk of neglect.

Ahmed Essa, assistant professor of English, will devote his sabbatical time to writing a book of American experiences. "The book will be an affirmation of the richness and variety of life in the United States," he said. It will be illustrated with his own photographs.

The intellectual roots and influences that have shaped Henry Kissinger's thinking will be studied by Harry Chase, professor of political science, at the University of California, Berkeley. Chase will explore the relationship of political realism to Kissinger's ideas.

Professor Theodore Conover, Journalism Department chairman, will spend three months in Europe studying how the four world press systems—authoritarian, libertarian, Communist and social responsibility—affect the people who live under them. He will use the information in the department's Journalism and Society class to provide a broader perspective of the world press.

Dr. Duane Varble of the Psychology Department will work at the National University of Iran studying that country's rapid social change brought about by a decree of the Shah of Iran. Dr. Varble will observe the adaptation of families to a society that is being transformed from one of male domination to one that is equalitarian.

Peter Comanor, associate professor of Biology, will take what experts at Colorado State University have learned about grassland environments and apply the techniques to the desert environment. Comanor will concentrate on below-ground activity, specifically root growth, processes and the breakdown of organic material.

Dr. Eugene Grotegut will establish his research headquarters in Kiel, Germany, to work on two books concerned with the interpretive literature of the German writers Goethe and Schiller. The foreign language professor will study archives at Marbach, West Germany, and at Weimar in East Germany.

Financial Aids Director William Rasmussen will do one of two things during his sabbatical. He will either work on student aid problems for the Commissioner of Education in Washington, D.C., or he will work for the U.S. Civil Service Commission on personnel and manpower problems.

A biography of 19th century naturalist Elliott Coues will be completed by Michael Brodhead, associate professor of History, in collaboration with Paul Cutright, a biologist at Beaver College, Pennsylvania.

A material science laboratory in Great Britain will be home base for Associate Professor William Cathey of the Physics Department. His research topic will be the diffusion of metals—the motion of atoms within a substance.

Biochemistry Professor Clifton Blincoe will do research at the University of Wisconsin on the biophysical aspects of mammal metabolism, and Education Professor Dana Davis will catch up on work she has already started in educational supervision. Professor Davis may also do some doctoral studies in Arizona.

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From the Sagebrush Staff
 To Its Readers.
 With Love.



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Letters

Warm Heart

Editor:

Among a score of ugly words listed in any dictionary of the English language is the term "intimidation."

I must say, my heart was warmed upon learning that Sundowner attorney Kent R. Robison will now perhaps stay a little busier preparing some sort of defense against the suit facing that organization, rather than dictating intimidating letters to the ASUN.

Along with the reversal vote by the student senate, it seems that, strangely enough, right has for once won out.

Congratulations on your detailed accounting of these recent events and your positive stand for freedom of the press.

—Mike Gerald

"One Who Edits"

Editor:

In response to the letter from Mssrs. Faber, Kerlin, Micheletti, Mobraten and Welsh:

I don't know who the hell you guys think you are, but in your very well-organized, obviously well-thought-out letter to the Editor in last Friday's Sagebrush, you certainly made a point to come on as being impressively intelligent and well-rounded in the area of journalism. Not only did you find it in your power to call the Sagebrush slanderous, selfish and consisting of totally inept reporters, but you also made it known that the ASUN President was a spineless milk-toast who can't face the pressure of important issues, and the editor of the yearbook was an egotistical "spoiled kid." That's a little heavy name-calling, isn't it boys? Well, according to the Bill of Rights we, as citizens of this U.S. of A., have the ability and right to voice our opinions. You voiced yours, and now you're gonna get mine — like it or not.

It appears you haven't been keeping up on your reading or attending any Senate meetings. If you had, you all would have known before you even conceived your lovely letter that the ASUN Judicial Council unanimously decided that, as stated in the Publications Board By-Laws, the power of editing the yearbook belongs to none other than the Editor, Bob Horn. Strangely enough, this happens to be the case in most publications across the country! In fact, if you looked in your dictionary, you would discover that an editor is "one that edits" and, further, to edit means "to direct the publication of . . ." So, there it is, boys. Bob Horn is an editor elected to his position by the Publications Board which is comprised of students just like you! Also . . . Pat Archer is elected by the student body. I don't know if you voted for him, (or anyone for that matter), but nevertheless he is the president and I would really like to see any one of you guys do a better job than he is doing at handling the immense problems he is faced with. I would probably compare you, collectively, to the Scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz who wanted a brain, and after Oz told him he already had one, the thought struck the scarecrow was "really neat!" But why, may I ask, didn't he know he had one? Probably because he didn't use it that often.

On the brighter side, I do think there is hope for you guys. It does show promise that you took the necessary energy to write a letter to your campus newspaper in the hopes of saving its crumbling foundation. Perhaps you will consider going one better than that—why not go down to Morrill Hall and get bodily involved—why not become reporters yourselves? You seem to know a lot about journalism already, so I'm sure Bob Anderson, who is the Sagebrush Editor, will gleefully consider your editorial talents.

—Denise F. Rossi

The Most Dangerous Drug

Editor:

The media last night announced that there was much discussion being held over the publication of pictures in the University Year Book of the off-campus renegade Sundowners. Although it is common knowledge that many of its members belong to Greek fraternities on campus, thus not really banning them, the name Sundowners should not appear in the Yearbook. While Pat Archer, ASUN student body representative, should be admired for his candid stand on the unforgettable death caused by the Sundowners, the name should not be allowed on campus publications. It would seem that, morally, their name should not appear in the campus yearbook. They were off campused in 1969 by direct action and were held morally responsible for the death of one of their initiates by the Grand Jury in 1975.

Having attended a conference in Washington, D.C. at which the top authorities of this country and Canada participated, in which the alcohol and other drug abuse programs were being studied, it was announced there are over 9,000,000 declared alcoholics in this country. Alcohol is a serious poison and is rated the most dangerous drug in the United States today.

Upon listening to the head of the Sundowners on the

continued on page three

In this Issue:



Many Merry Things!

Independence Lake



"Jeez, a little more work and this place will look just like Anaheim."

continued from page two

TV following the fatal happening, he reminded the listeners that Sundowners did good things and proceeded to hang on to the respectable coat tails of the grandfather Sundowners of 30 years ago, which he named, some long dead. Apparently his remorse was short lived because Sundowners were conspicuously at a drunken gathering on Nov. 8, where the police were called on a phone located at an adjacent fire station. Thirty years ago, those respected Sundowners did not drink 90 per cent pure grain alcohol which is 180 proof and sears the throat as well as the conscience. It lacks only 10 per cent of being pure grain alcohol. It's named Everclear and it is sold only in a few liquor stores. It indicates on the bottle its contents.

In a giveaway pamphlet issued by a campus group which states it is "created and existing for the best interests of the University of Nevada," Dr. Max Milam, President of the University, and Pat Archer are denounced as disgusting for taking part in a "judicious witch hunt" in their efforts to get to the root of this horror. Weird thinking! The group should close their lid and throw away their key. Whatever you want to call it, the fact remains that the initiates of the Sundowners were abhorrently abused, one quite long dead upon his arrival at the Medical Center and the other saved only by the expertise of the medical unit. Witch hunt or seeking facts? Whatever way you want to look at it, it was still the death of one student and the near death of another student of the University of Nevada. Dr. Milam was well within his rights.

I've been told there are several types of deaths; death by Natural Causes, Accidental Death, Homicide, Ritualistic Homicide, and Suicide. In this instance take your pick. The majority of them are caused by irresponsible drinking.

The City of Reno has been blamed for allowing the Sundowners to use Evans Park. The Little Waldorf has been blamed for encouraging the drinking. For once, the police haven't been blamed. They provided protective custody for one of the victims until he was released by a Sparks official to return to continue his torture.

The truck in which the victims were dumped to be taken to Pyramid Lake for them to "find their way home," was not a robot. Apparently it had a driver but only the truck can describe what happened and it "ain't talking." According to the District Attorney, "Some of the Sundowners were more integrally involved than others," but he couldn't give specific names.

The horrible fact remains and will always remain, that a son was taken away from his loved ones. It is unfortunate that a group of stupefied, pickled pea brains would be allowed to bring such disgrace, sorrow and humiliation to our community by their irresponsible and dangerous drinking of 90 per cent pure grain alcohol.

Margaret Von Flue
Chairman of Alcohol Abuse
Nevada Federation of Women's Clubs

Editor:

We, the twins from Ghana, appreciate being interviewed and quoted in your esteemed newspaper. However, we feel that most of the comments that were actually printed may picture us in a negative way. Those who really know us, know that isn't so.

We feel that the positive statements we made to the reporters were mostly omitted—such as the U.S. being by far the most organized and advanced country in the world—and that most people, including students and professors were friendly and helpful. We know that not everyone is going to smile all the time as may have been interpreted in the article.

We have found many genuine people—whole families (with special mention of the Scoggs family) who are always helpful and willing to help.

We wish to say that Mr. Sebig, the Foreign Student Adviser, is especially very helpful to all foreign students, under all conditions. Dr. Robert McQueen and many others, whose names we would like to list, but because of limited space, it is impossible to do, have also been most supportive.

We would also like to express appreciation to Mr. John Ascuaga, (John Ascuaga's Nugget), one of the great hotel-casinos in the area, who has always been helpful to the foreign students in many ways.

We noted that reference was made to a history professor in the article, and we would like to state that our History professor, Dr. Tigner, has been most understanding. Space does not allow us to mention the names of other genuine friends.

—Benjamin and Solomon Okai

SHORT SHORTS

Readers Digest Grant

A grant of \$1,000 to the Department of Journalism at UNR, has been received from the Reader's Digest Foundation, Pleasantville, N.Y. Kent Rhodes, Digest president, specified the grant to be used for advancement of education in magazine journalism.

A similar Digest grant received last year paid for a laboratory publication, "The Magazine," issued by journalism students in May 1975.

In transmitting the new grant, Rhodes wrote to Theodore E. Conover, UNR journalism chairman, that "All of us here admired the job your students did on 'The Magazine' last year; we ask only that they do as well with the 1976 edition."

Articles for the 1976 publication are being written in a current journalism class under the direction of Assoc. Prof. John W. Garberson, a former Digest employee. Editing, illustration, layout and production will be done by another UNR magazine class in the spring 1976 semester.

—Olsen

Great Decisions '76

A program giving Nevadans an opportunity to express informed opinions on foreign policy to national decision makers is being launched in the state by General University Extension of UNR.

Known as "Great Decisions '76," the program sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association encourages groups of eight to 15 citizens to meet in eight weekly sessions for discussions of the nation's foreign policy goals.

Background study materials are available through General University Extension, along with ballots on which

discussion group conclusions are recorded for forwarding to members of Congress and other decision makers.

Among the topics upon which discussion groups will focus attention are "Arabs vs. Israelis," "U.S. Role in Asia After the Vietnam War," "India," and "Latin America and the U.S."

Information on how to form a discussion group and other details on the non-partisan community-education program are available from Ron Olsen, continuing education specialist, Off-Campus Division, General University Extension, UNR.

— Olsen

Rhodes Scholarships

Neil D. Humphrey, Chancellor, University of Nevada System, will serve as chairman of the 1975 Committee of Selection for the Rhodes Scholarships in Nevada, which meets on Dec. 17, it was announced today by Professor William J. Barber, American Secretary for the Scholarships. Members of the committee serving with Humphrey will be Dr. F.M. Anderson, Surgeon, Reno; Admiral F.R. Duborg USN, retired, Oroville, Calif.; Mr. Russell W. McDonald, County Manager, Washoe County, Reno and Col. Bradley C. Hosmer USAF, Las Vegas. Anderson serves as the committee's secretary.

Calling all Nurses

...ATTENTION NURSING STUDENTS: Any nursing student who is planning on progressing to Junior Nursing in the fall of 1976 and has not received the progression criteria, please contact the secretary's office at the Orvis School of Nursing.

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Things To Think About

Paul Gallo

Man vs. The Computer

Basis for Comparison	Clerk-Man	Computer
Speed of Execution	Relatively Slow	Extremely Fast
Ability to continue Processing over an extended period	Poor	Very good
Ability to remember or retrieve information	Relatively inaccurate	Accurate
Accuracy of work	Make errors	Makes virtually no errors
Ability to consistently follow instructions	Imperfect	Perfect
Ability to innovate in new situation	Fairly Good	Lacking
Ability to learn by trial and error	Fairly good	Lacking

This little beauty is brought to us by "Computer Data Processing," a book by Gordon P. Davis, published by McGraw-Hill. It's a bit scary. No?

Homosexuality—The death of a stereotype:

1. The Washington Star reported this week that at least three starting quarterbacks in the NFL are "gay."
 2. It was reported in the San Francisco media that the man who knocked the gun away from Sarah Jane Moore was also of similar persuasion. Ms. Moore, you may remember, was attempting to assassinate the President. Last week she admitted that those were her intentions.
 3. Recently, an Air Force sergeant, with six combat tours in Viet Nam, and a host of medals to prove his courage, was kicked out of the service because of his admission to being a homosexual.
- Pretty rough business for a group of individuals who are regarded as "pansies" by our society.

Max Milam:

It might be interesting for us to note an observation or two made in Friday's (Dec.12) Nevada State Journal about the UNR President. Roger Joseph, theater critic for that paper stated: "As far as the performing arts are concerned, Milam rates a C-. Continuing, Joseph said, "Oh, he attends major community affairs all right, but I rarely, if ever, see him attend the opening of a campus musical or dramatic event."

Mr. Joseph also made a suggestion which is being heard more and more on campus these days, and although Joseph is referring only to the performing arts, I hold it is true for almost all UNR activities which find Milam absent as usual: "He should let his hair down, however, and take his attractive wife and a brown bag lunch to a UNR Mini-Rep show held Tuesday and Thursday noon at The Center. He would love it and the students would love him for coming."

Are you listening, Max?

UNR Parking:

Does it bother anyone that there are plans afoot to add 1,000 new parking meters to the campus? Furthermore, does it bother anyone that in this fair, egalitarian, supposedly democratic university of ours, that some individuals have reserved parking spaces? But, then, we let them get away with that sort of thing. Don't we?

"Does it bother anyone that there are plans afoot to add 1000 new parking meters to the campus?"

The CIA & Angola:

The CIA is involved in a civil war in a place called Angola and there's not a damn thing we have to say about it. Perhaps Congress will come through for us this time.

On Voting:

I think the only way that politicians would realize how we feel about them and their actions would be to change the ballot by adding the following option: Below the list of candidates would be a slot that says, "I really have no confidence and trust in any of you people and express that feeling by choosing to vote in the NO VOTE column. This will never happen because it would have to be a law and laws are made by lawmakers, who must be elected by the people to maintain their positions.

If the "NO VOTE" was the winner in an election, then all these candidates would be prohibited from running in the new elections that would follow.

Anyway, it's a thing to think about.

UNPD

Chief Shumway is somewhat miffed by the Sagebrush article which gave a service award to one of UNR's finest" for his aggressive parking ticket writing which we cited as "above and beyond the call of duty." Please realize, Chief, that you are a servant of the community and that is all. If you cannot be scrutinized by the public, then it might be advisable for you to seek an alternative means of subsistence. Furthermore, the accusation that one of our staff members rifled your headquarters to obtain the information we printed is an irresponsible statement by one who holds the law in such high esteem. To set the record straight, the Sagebrush has what might be termed, "a well informed source, high in your administration" who is equally displeased with the general behavior of UNPD. To accuse us of breaking into your files doesn't speak very highly of your own security. Aren't they public documents anyway?

Quotation of the Week:

"The surest way to corrupt youth is to instruct him to hold in high esteem those who think alike than those who think differently."

Freidrich Nietzsche

FILM COMMENTARY

David Barnett

Michael Ritchie's newest film *Smile!* has been a long time in coming to Reno. The movie itself has had trouble getting into distribution and has not been doing very well boxoffice on the national scene. It is difficult to understand why this is so.

Smile! is about a subject which seems to be as American as apple pie, pro-football and greasy French fries. It is about beauty pageants. (The word "contests" is taboo for those of you who are uninitiated).

Ritchie's production deals with a fictional beauty pageant entitled *Young American Miss*. The setting is Santa Rosa, California—smalltown, U.S.A. And in this particular town 33 candidates have come from all over California to see whom will be selected to represent the state in the national competition in Baton Rouge—not New Orleans, New York, Miami or Las Vegas, but Baton Rouge!



Smile! is a satirical but emphatic indictment of what seemingly is part of the American dream. It is metaphorical and fascinating study of the value structure smalltown America.

The *Young American Miss* pageant is sponsored by the Santa Rosa Junior Chamber of Commerce headed by "Big Bob Freeland" (Bruce Dern). He is a used-car salesman by trade and perfectly qualified to judge "products."

Big Bob's female cohort and a type of mother hen is Brenda DiCarlo (Barbara Felton). She is a late thirties middle-class white woman, intellectually and emotionally bankrupt. Her entire life seemingly centers around this beauty pageant to such a point that it drives her husband to alcohol, and attempted murder. Her marriage is disintegrating but all she can think about is shampooed rugs and beauty pageants.

Smile! has a cutting edge of satire. Ritchie's film points out how idiotic, frustrating, and hypocritical these types of pageants are, not only to the girls themselves but also to those peripherally involved; the musicians, sponsors and janitors.

The girls' "creative" talent, for example, involves such middle-class nonsense as packing suitcases, twirling batons with sparklers, singing songs with no arrangements and strip teasing to Shakespearean quotes

on simplicity of dress. The satire is, at times, very funny and at other times extremely hilarious; but Michael Ritchie is much too sensitive a director ever to make it cruel.

Ritchie understands his subjects extremely well and has a great deal of empathy for them despite the fact that he apparently sees these pageants as being socially exploitative and asinine. He obviously likes the girls in this film but dislikes the middle-class myths which they are perpetuating.

The script of the film itself is held together and accentuated with several songs which reinforce the directors social comments. The title of the film is of course based on Nat King Cole's popular song "Smile." Ringo Starr also sings "You're Sixteen" and the Beach Boys sing "California Girls."

Using songs to reinforce social commentary is of course not exactly original. It has been used recently in a film entitled "Aloha, Bobby and Rose" and George Lucas used it several years ago in the popular film "American Graffiti." The idea of using songs to emphasize social commentary in movies actually goes all the way back to at least 1963 with Kenneth Anger's underground film "Scorpio Rising."

The smalltown dream of *Young American Miss* Ritchie seemingly suggests has long been ostricized from America's major metro areas; yet, continues to live in the hinterlands where greasy French fries are seen as a massive social problem.

Smile! itself, perhaps, can best be summarized by quoting some of the dialogue from the film.

Joan Prather, Miss Antelope Valley, insinuates that "beauty pageants might be somewhat ridiculous." Annette O'Toole, Miss San Diego replies: "Boys get



money for playing football, why should girls for being cute?" Prather answers: "Maybe boys shouldn't get money for playing football." In the *Young American Miss* pageant Joan Prather loses and Annette O'Toole wins.

The hint seems to be clear that in reality the only girls who actually "win" in these beauty pageants are those who lose. Ultimately, Michael Ritchie is much kinder and much more compassionate to these types of beauty pageants than what they deserve.

Concert Fills Theater

Jaci Vogt

Dr. Roscoe M. Booth, conductor, and Mr. A. Graydon McGrannahan, assistant conductor, brought the best out of the Concert Band performers last Thursday, Dec. 11, for an almost full Church Fine Arts Theater.

Booth showed the audience the diversity of expression through music by selecting *Marcho Poco*, a march by Donald I. Moore, to begin the evening; continuing with Mendelssohn, *Overture in C Major for Band, Opus 24*, which began slowly at first, building to a climatic finish featuring Larry Machado on the flugal horn. Normon Dellojoio's *Scenes from the "Louvre"* takes the listener to France's Louvre where the stories of paintings, portrayed in five parts, come alive. The woodwind section and oboist, Dawn Reilly, are featured in John Barnes Chance's *Blue Lake Overture for Concert Band*; followed by John Finegan's *Concord and Lexington March* to close the first half of the concert.

After a five-minute break, filled with compliments, the Concert Band opened the second half with a brisk march by J. P. Souza, *Fairest of the Fair*. Booth, feeling that *How Small I Receive Thee*, by J. Robert Hansen, was incongruous with the format, continued with the *Second Suite in F for Military Band*, by Gustav Holst. Written in five parts, the suite led the listener with a march featuring Mike Bonie on baritone, to Dawn Reilly soloing on the oboe in a *Song Without Words*. As the band played the third movement, *Song of the Blacksmith*, one could almost picture the pulsating muscles of the blacksmith as he molded the hot steel with his hammer. The last of the five, *Fantasia on the "Dargason"*, takes the listener to Ireland and the giddy Irish jig. With traditional marches and concert band music to sail you through the evening, Booth chose the innovative Nelhybel to send the listener even further into the fantasies of his mind. Nelhybel's constantly moving music was exemplified in his "Trittico" which consists of three movements. The second of which magnified his favoritism of counterpoint and which was executed expertly by the yet "unprofessional" performers.

Last September, Booth had said that the band was extremely responsive for the beginning of the semester; it appears his expectations for a successful concert have been fulfilled.

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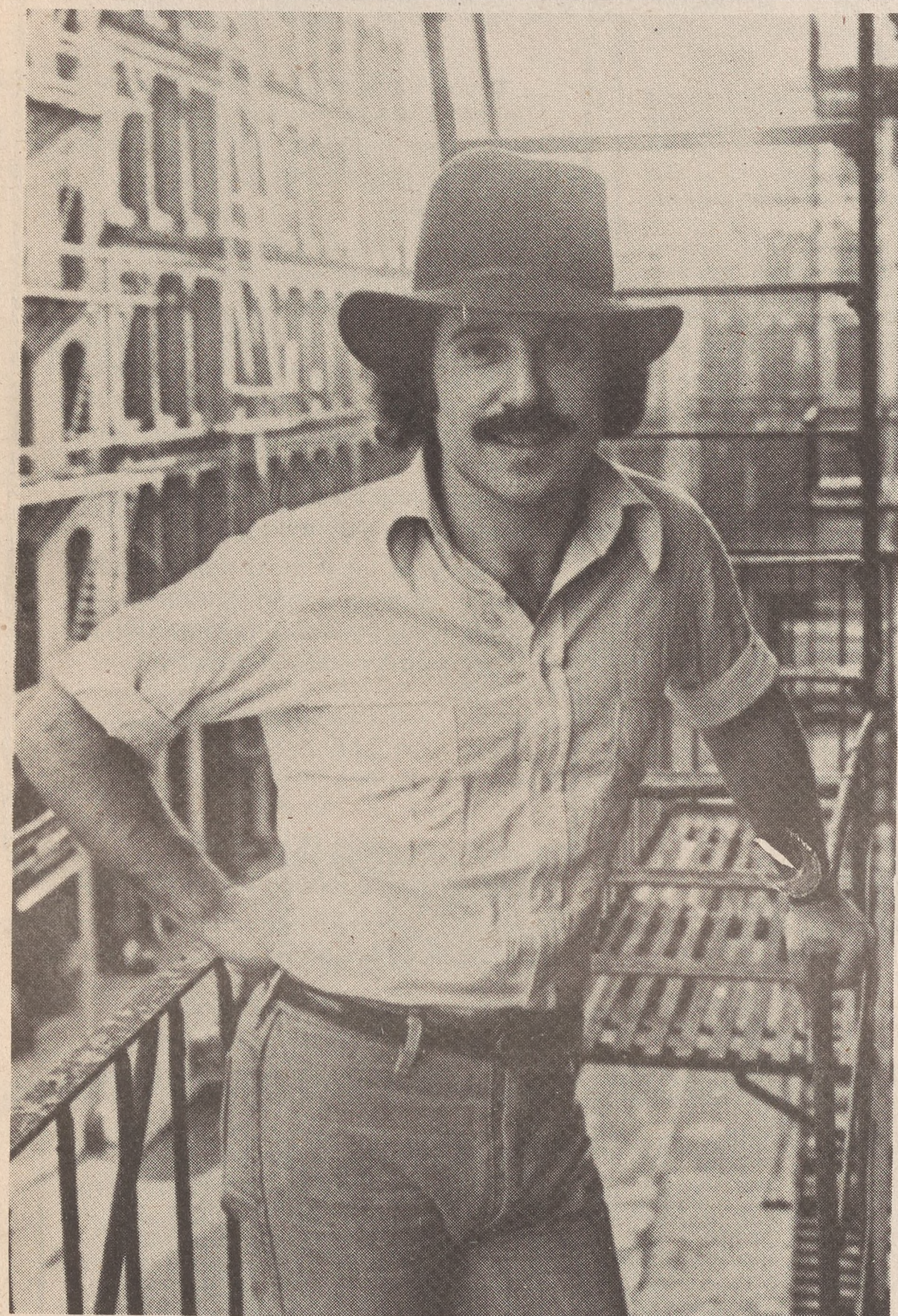
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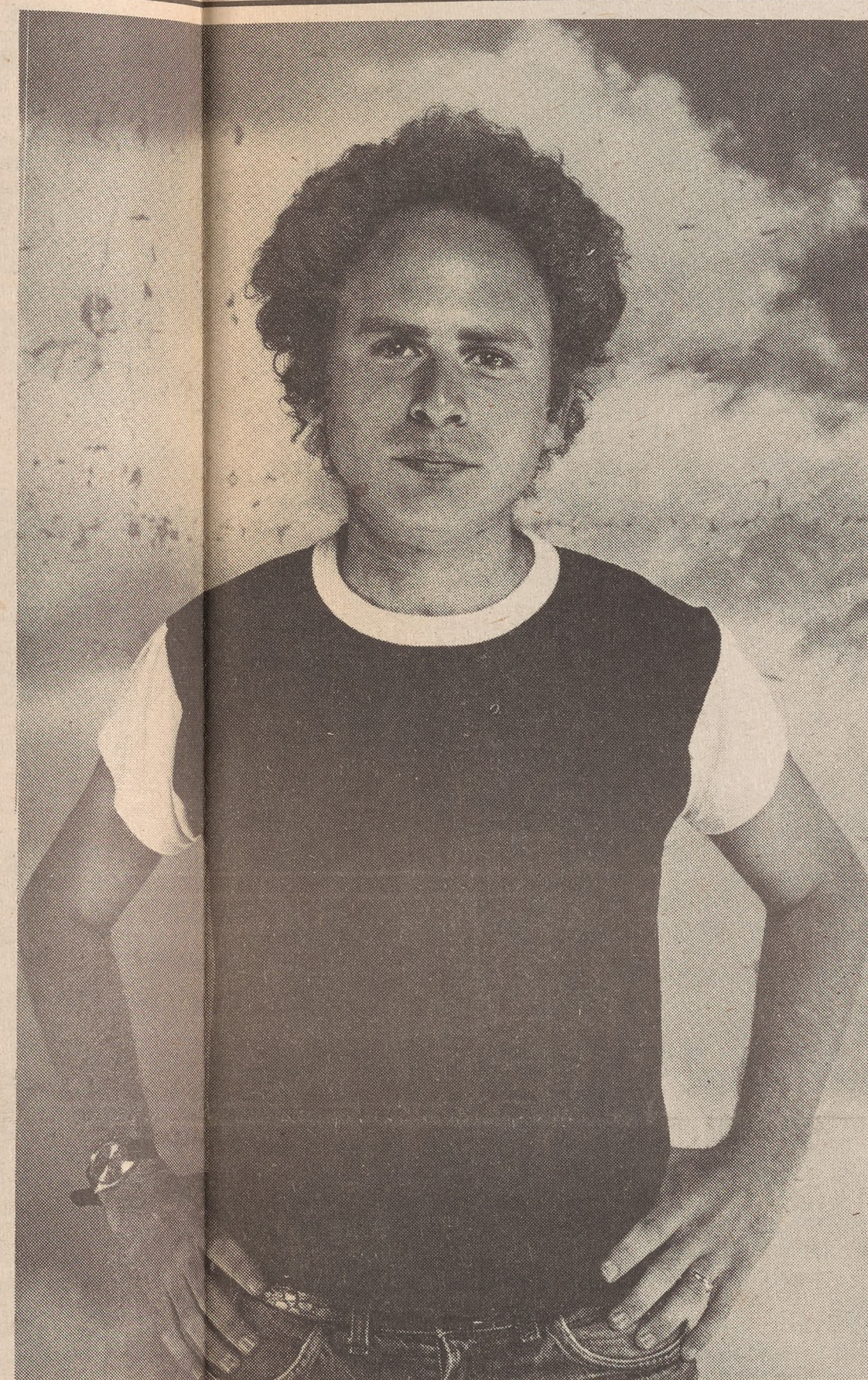
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Blue J. Whelan



Still Crazy After All These Years



It wasn't too long after the Beatles first appeared on the scene in December of 1963, that I heard of Simon and Garfunkel. There were buzzings up and down the East Coast and especially in Greenwich Village about a song called "Sounds Of Silence." Some of my friends had seen the duo perform it at the Bitter End and were raving about it. In the late summer of 1964 "Wednesday Morning 3 a.m." their first album was released. Although it wasn't a blockbuster of an album saleswise, the intellectuality and sensitivity of Paul Simon's music and lyrics helped to build for the duo a group of hardcore faithful who have remained so to this day.

Simon and Garfunkel painted scenes with their voices using the fertile material from Paul's musical gifts and imagination (Art most often did the final arrangement for recording), leading the listener on to realms of thought and fantasy "... from Tolstoy to Tinkerbell." The content of a Paul Simon song could be anything from a sensitive rendering of what it is like to be aged in America today (or the past, or the future for that matter), to commentary on each person's struggle with moral cowardice, suicide, loneliness, insecurity and love. Paul and Art helped a generation (mine), or at least a small part of one see beyond themselves. "Sounds Of Silence," could very well have been the key that opened the door of personal communication between people during the sixties. Fantasy too, also played a part in the duo's repertoire. Listen to "Cloudy," and feel the clouds rolling by "you," "... a rag-a-muffin child." Would you feel crazy if you found yourself "... talkin' with a raisin who occasionally plays L.A. Casually glancin' at his toupee!", as in "Punky's Dilemma?" But that was all part of the fun. Things are not always serious.

For five years Simon and Garfunkel wound their way through our hearts and minds on albums like "Sounds of Silence (1965)," "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme (1967)," "Bookends (1968)," and ending their career as a duo with the release of their best seller "Bridge Over Troubled Water," in 1970. Most of the reason why they broke up is still unknown, but one reason is Art Garfunkel's desire to be more than Paul Simon's back-up on second lead and harmony. Art wanted to display his own

talents.

Both men have gone their separate ways. Paul has had several successful solo albums and is the co-founder of a music school in New York City with his brother Ed Simon. (The New York Guitar Study Center has been and still is a successful venture.) Art on the other hand has not fared as well as his old street singing buddy. His first solo album "Angel Clare," was a dismal failure. His venture into filmdom met with lukewarm attention, although he did gain some respect with his roles in "Carnal Knowledge," and "Catch-22."

Within the last month there has been talk about Simon and Garfunkel rejoining, because of the release of their first duo single, "My Little Town," since "Bridge Over Troubled Water." Unfortunately, that is just what it all is. Talk! Both men released albums with that single, separately. Thesetwo albums are the subject of today's review.

I can think of nothing more embarrassing for Art Garfunkel than another mediocre album in the same vain as "Angel Clare." His new album "Breakaway," (Columbia Records, PC-33700), although bright in a few places is only slightly more mature than that previous effort. It is at best mediocre and inoffensive middle of the road music, that is perhaps not as cloying as "Angel Clare." On this album he mushes and gushes through slurred and uninspired vocals that are not even worthy of a second rate cabaret act. The title track "Breakaway," is a subdued mid-sixties Beatle-type tune that is seven years too late. One song after another seems to march out at you in a sick cadence of repetition. It appears to be a singularly obvious attempt to prove that yes, Art Garfunkel can swing too! Unfortunately the effort falls flat on its face. The album's only shining moments are: "Rag Doll," (A sensitive and quiet melody reminiscent of the best of Peter and Gordon.), "I Only Have Eyes For You," and of course the duo with Simon on "My Little Town." The only word for "Breakaway," is boring. The shame of it all is that the man is wasting his talent when he could be using it to balance out Paul Simon's talent.

Here, we come to the crux of the matter, because Paul Simon has created another album of sensitivity and

perception.

On his new album "Still Crazy After All These Years," (Columbia Records, PC-33540), Simon offers up new material in the same relaxed manor that he always has. No two songs are the same and his album appears, for all intents and purposes to be a growth in proportion to his previous album than he has been for some time and there also appears to be more direction to his material.

For melody line and composition this album is a sheer joy to listen to. The blues line on the title track "Still Crazy After All These Years," blends and melds quietly with the lyrics building a simple power for the inter-lacing flute and saxophone solos. "My Little Town," has the simplicity of "Homeward Bound," in its harmonies, and hits you in the gut with the heavy chorus line.

On vocals there is the distinct added pleasure of Art's duo on "My Little Town," and the strange, but pleasing duo with Phoebe Snow on the psuedo gospel "Gone At Last." Simon's voice has always been strong. Here it is better and stronger than before with a flexibility he lacked once, but no more.

Listen to "Night Game," and understand that the man has captured a team's defeat at season's end. Yet more than that, there is his uncanny perception of the pitcher's symbolic abstract burial by the fans and the team itself. One of my favorites is "50 Ways to Leave Your Lover." Human relations are the funniest situations and here Simon casts an amusing eye at the dilemma of a man who has found that he must leave his current lover for a new one. The fun of the matter is that the newer lover is just as anxious for the man to get out of the way, and offers the advice that "There must be fifty ways to leave your lover."

The difference between "Still Crazy After All These Years," and "Breakaway," is not just in presentation, but in content and performance as well. There can be no doubt as to which is the superior work. I would recommend "Still Crazy After All These Years," over "Breakaway," however; if masochism is your bag then don't take my word for it. Why not purchase both albums and compare for yourself?

"Still Crazy After All These Years," has strength and

it has beauty, it has lyricism, meaning, and above all, that quality of appeal which still retains form. It only lacks one thing. There is only one song by Simon and Garfunkel, and I find that a sad lacking!

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Circle Notes: I've been asked to mention it. So I will! The above albums plus Barbra Streisand's new album "Lazy Afternoon," are on "sale" in the ASUN Bookstore in the student union. If you are looking for a gift for someone for Christmas and you can't make it to Eucalyptus Records then get in there honey!

There will be a benefit concert on Monday, December 29, at the Centennial Coliseum. The star of the concert will be none other than the "King of the Blues," B.B. King with his hot guitar "Lucille." Tickets will be \$5 in advance and \$6 at the door, and are available at Korky's, Faverty's Magnavox in Carson City and the Reno Race Relations building at 1029 N. Virginia (across the street from the university). For further information contact: Ed Scott or Terry Contreras at 329-6521! I'm sure you're going to dig this one and you will be benefiting some nice people.

Don't forget your ticket for Jesse Colin Young's concert tomorrow night and Sunday. This will be your chance to be involved in an album recording and for one would like to hear a good set sparked by Reno enthusiasm. Remember, you are the one's who control what comes out at a concert. Dig It!!

Appearing at the Sundance Lodge on Friday, December 19 and Saturday, December 20, will be Cedar Grove. Cold Blood will be headlining on Saturday night also. December 26 and 27: Suckatash and Spoons. Wednesday December 31, will be the Sundance Lodge New Years Eve Party with Bump & Grind.

You'll have a good and safe holiday now. Don't go taking any fool chances on New Years and come back whole and healthy after semester break.

From the Blue J to all of you out there: Merry Christmas! Joyous Chaunahka! Happy New Year!! And Get Yourself Free! Om Shanthi.

There ya' go! Listen To the Music!!

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Open 24 hours on weekends.
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You must be 21--Bring your I.D.

Friday

CEDAR GROVE

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Saturday



COLD BLOOD

Featuring Lydia Pense

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Horns, favors and all the trimmings!!
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Advance Sales: Mirabelli's and Eucalyptus Records

Brushfire

You may still submit your work over the vacation. Bring it to the Brushfire office any afternoon in the basement of Morrill Hall. Or call 784-4033.

Art by Boisson

TAHOE AREA SKI CLUB & CONDOMINIUM

Individuals are needed to form a 'Ski Club' which includes the use of a condominium. Membership Fees total \$80.00 for the season--(January 1st. to March 31st). If interested, phone 831-3795 or 831-4486.

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from your

Government in Exile

Bruce Krueger

CLAWS

WARNING!

THE FOLLOWING TRUE-ADVENTURE STORY IS NOT A POLITICAL ANALOGY. THOSE PERSONS ATTEMPTING TO MAKE CORRELATIONS BETWEEN THE NAME CHARACTERIZATIONS AND EVERY DAY LIFE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY FIND THEMSELVES IDEOLOGICALLY CONFUSED.

It was the night before Christmas when the first fatality occurred. Bertram Bourgeois was busily cleaning out the flue in his chimney. His wife, Betty, had been after him for weeks to do it. "Clean out that flue, goddamnit!" she would say as often as her wifely whims prompted her. "Yeah, yeah," Bertram would reply, but he never got around to it until that fatal night, December 24. How little did he suspect it would kill him! All things considered though, it was probably better than hearing any more of Betty's harangues.

Yet it was neither his wife's minimal persuasions nor her maximum threats that led poor old Bertram to his death that night. It was only when he had lit his first fire of the year, when the smoke backed up and nearly asphyxiated them both, that he began to see his wife's point. So there he was, inside the chimney, jabbing about with the poker. He didn't pay any attention to the faint jingling noise — not even as it grew nearer and louder. He didn't even hear the baritone voice cry "Ho-ho-ho!" — he was too busy "cleaning out this goddamn flue." Bertram had only enough time to look up and see the great red figure quickly bearing down upon him. And that was the last thing he ever saw.

The Aroostook County Sheriff's Department was quickly on the scene. "I understand that there's a body here," said the dynamic but knit-picking sheriff, Justus Bedammd as he swaggered into the Bourgeois home. "Where is it?" he demanded.

"You're standing on it," replied Betty, as naturally as possible. Bedammd looked below him, and sure enough, there was old Bertram Bourgeois, flatter than a day-old opened bottle of soda pop, "why he's flatter than a day-old opened bottle of soda pop," remarked the sheriff, who was a rather heavy imbiber himself.

"He certainly is," said Betty agreeably. "What do you think got him?"

"Obviously, a typhoon," Bedammd observed. Five correspondence courses in criminal detection gave him the experience needed to make such an evaluation.

"Sorry to disagree with you, sheriff," said Oliver Quackenbush, (no listed occupation), who had followed the sheriff in. "But that's obviously the work of a Santa."

"What?!" guffawed Bedammd. He couldn't help but laugh; here was that idiot, Quackenbush, with no listed occupation—and unemployed at that—telling him that Bertram Bourgeois' death was caused by a Santa. "Get off of it, Quackenbush," he sneered, "it was a typhoon. Now don't bother me, I've got to phone this into Augusta. They'll fall out of their chairs when they learn a typhoon's come through good old Keegan, Maine." Striding over to his car radio, Bedammd hurled one last glop of contempt at Quackenbush. "You dolt, don't you realize there hasn't been a Santa spotted around here in years?"

"Nevertheless," said Quackenbush firmly, "I maintained that it was a Santa. Didn't you notice all those gaily wrapped packages covering flat old Bertram Bourgeois?"

By God, he's right! thought the sheriff. Maybe I'd better hold back on this typhoon alert.

"You know, sheriff, you have no alternative," said Quackenbush, interrupting the sheriff's thoughts.

"What are you talking about?" demanded Bedammd.

"This is December 24, sheriff!" cried Quackenbush. "Don't you realize what that means?" How many more

will have to meet this terrible fate before you do something about it? You've got to close the town down!"

"Excellent rhyme, Quackenbush," replied the sheriff, "but lousy reasoning. I can't shut down the town."

"Well, then move Christmas to some other date . . . like June 9!" Quackenbush was becoming increasingly upset.

The sheriff was about to suggest that Quackenbush take a cold shower, in Antarctica, when an emergency call came through his radio. Within minutes the two had sped across town to the residence of Morris and Muriel Mugwump.

Morris was sitting on his porch when they drove up. He had an extreme look of disbelief on his face. "What happened?!" said Quackenbush as he ran toward the destitute figure.

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" Mugwump cried, evidently not believing. "Muriel was there one moment . . . and then . . . Baff! trampled on by a herd of reindeer!"

"What are you jabbering about?" demanded Bedammd compassionately.

"It was Muriel," Mugwump replied. "She was up on the roof. Lobbing snowballs at passing motorists, just as she does every Christmas eve. Well, there she was up on the roof, suddenly, out of nowhere came this jingling and then, Baff! she was trampled on by a herd of reindeer!"

"Just the facts please," urged Bedammd. "You mean your wife . . ."

"Yes. Muriel. That's her name," said Mugwump. "There one minute and, the next . . . Baff! trampled on by a herd of reindeer!"

The sheriff had no choice now but concede to the evidence. A killer Santa was on the loose. The problem was what to do about it.

"You've got to do something, sheriff!" demanded Quackenbush. "This man's wife was sleighed in cold blood."

"Boy, you can say that again," said Mugwump. "Yep, she sure was. Baff! trampled by a herd of reindeer!"

"Well, what do you think of it so far?" asked Virginia, her soft brown eyes gazing at me lovingly. I didn't have the heart to tell her I couldn't use it. But, then again, I had no choice. "I am sorry . . ." I began.

"What? you mean you're not going to use it?" "I'm afraid not," I waxed repentant. "You see, Virginia, the Sagebrush has a specific code of ethics, to which all its writers must adhere. And as the writer of *Government in Exile*, I too, am required to follow it strictly."

"I don't think I understand," she said, still obviously heartbroken.

"It's right here," I pointed out, "Article IV, Section 7, 'Nor shall any member of the Sagebrush willingly defame George Washington, Albert Schweizer, or . . .'"

"But that's ridiculous," she said. "I'm sorry," I implored, "but I have no alternative. The rule is clear: Washington, Schweizer, and . . ."

"I just can't believe it," she interrupted. "You mean to tell me there is actually . . ."

I nodded. "Yes, Virginia. There is a Santa clause."



WINKLER

St. Nicholas

Kim Peterson

Where does Santa Claus come from?

Why from the North Pole of course. Doesn't everybody know that he lives in the winterland all year long with Mrs. Claus and all those little elves busily pounding out all kinds of toys for little girls and boys throughout the world? Don't you know what his reindeer, led by the illustrious and illuminated Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, fly him and his sleigh all over this globe on Christmas Eve so he can squeeze down your chimney and deposit your gift under your Christmas tree and then crawl back up your chimney and go on his merry way, crying "Ho, ho, ho, Merrrrrry Christmas!" Don't you know he'll come down your chimney at just midnight, and you'd better be asleep, or else?

Oh, you don't. You say that your toy truck you got last year was made by "Kenner," that Rudolph simply has a bad cold and that you don't have a chimney for him to squeeze down? And even if you did have a chimney he'd be burnt alive?

Okay, how 'bout if Santa was a real live saint by the name of St. Nicholas and how 'bout if Santa was a good memory of him?

Well, it's true, you know. He was actually born about 300 B.C. in the city of Patras which was in the country of Lycia which was in Asia Minor. No one knows where fact dissolves into fantasy, but the story of St. Nicholas goes something like this:

As a baby, Nicholas was chosen by God for a holy life, and, it seems, as a saint. While just a newborn, when most other babies thought of nothing but food, this baby refused to eat, save once on Wednesday and once on Friday. As he grew older, instead of playing games and army and stuff with all his friends, he would only read the Bible, trying to gain a deep understanding of those holy scriptures. Because of his devout babyhood and childhood, he's now the patron saint of all boys and girls. You too!

Well, Nicholas grew up and did so much to help the poor people he saw all around him that he became known as the great bearer of gifts. One legend has it that when his wealthy parents died, the young man decided to give away their wealth, for it may have corrupted his beliefs. There was a poor man in Patras with three daughters whom he'd have to sell into slavery since he had no money for dowries so they could marry. He could no longer afford to support them. Secretly, Nicholas dropped a bag of gold down this poor man's chimney each night until each daughter was married and all his gold was gone. One daughter, anticipating the gold, hung a stocking in the fireplace to catch it as it fell.

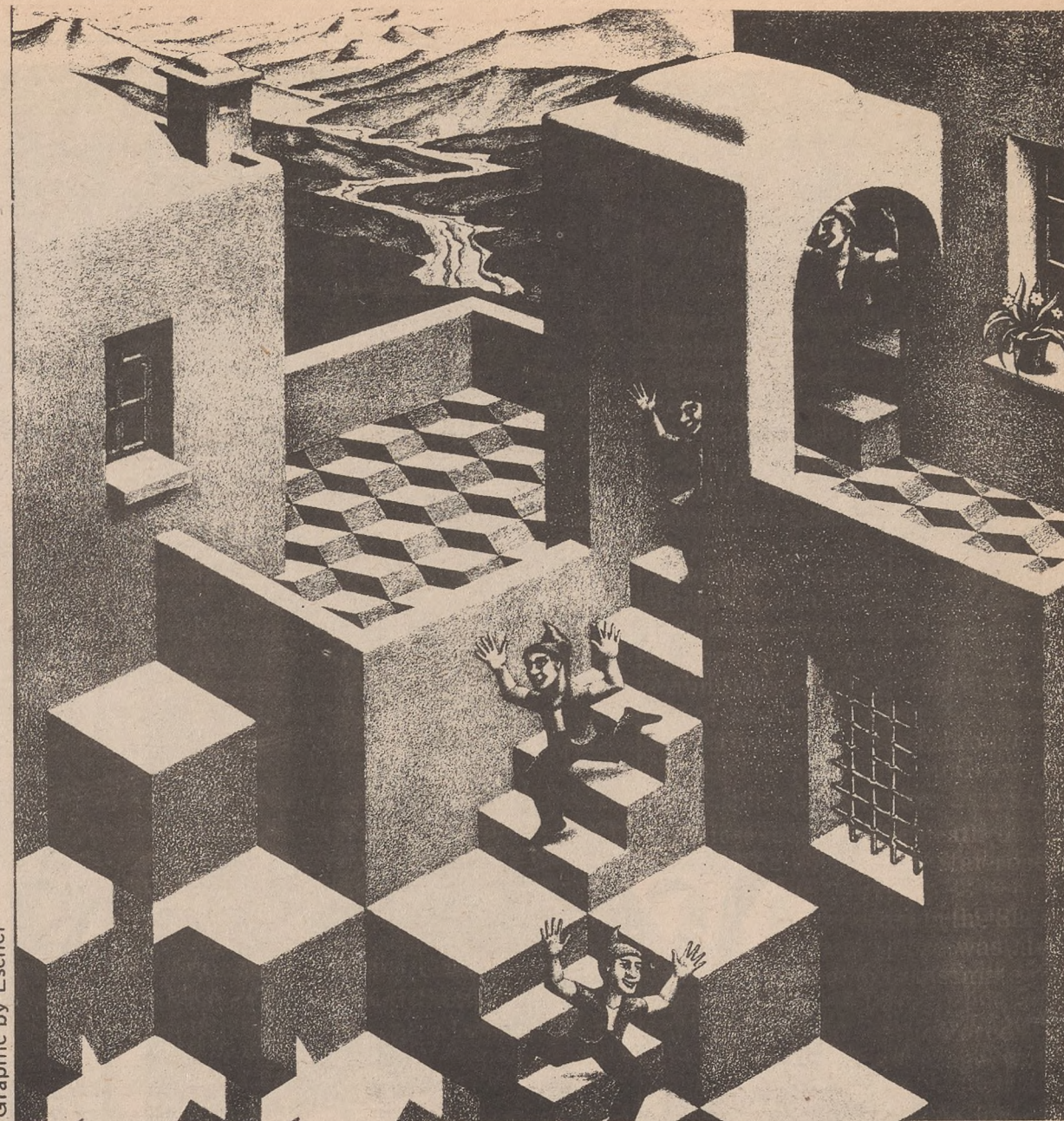
Nicholas decided to leave Patras and travel to the Holy Land for inspiration. As his ship sailed south to that land, Nicholas is said to have calmed high winds and rough seas through his prayers.

On that same voyage, a sailor fell from the mast of the ship and instantly died. Nicholas was brought to the dead sailor and he gave this man life.

In the Holy Land it's said that the doors of Golgotha, which stood on Calvary where Jesus was crucified, opened to him. So impressed Nicholas was that he decided then to devote his life to prayer in the deserts of the Holy Land. But God, believing Nicholas was more useful helping his people, commanded that he should go to Myra, the largest city in Asia Minor.

The Archbishop John had just died on the day of Nicholas' arrival in Myra. The bishops could not select a replacement. They slept and the eldest bishop dreamed that the new Archbishop would be the first person to arrive at the cathedral in the morning and that his name would be Nicholas. The next morning Nicholas was named Archbishop.

Six hundred years after Nicholas lived, Nicholas was named the patron saint of Russia, and from there his legends spread to the Lapps who lived in the country which is now Finland. The Lapps herded reindeer to drive their sleds, and it's probably from these people that St. Nicholas became associated with his sled and reindeer.



Graphic by Escher

And the story of Nicholas spread throughout Europe, coming to America with the Dutch settlers. These Dutch named their first church, "Santa Nikalaus," after their favorite saint, the name which later became shortened to "Santa Claus."

In Europe Nicholas' Saint Day was celebrated on December 6 and this was the day that gifts would be exchanged in his honor. But as December 25, Christmas, became the traditional day for the exchange of gifts in the New World, Nicholas, the bearer of gifts, took over the holiday.

The celebration of the memory of Nicholas switched dates, and his image was also changed. In Europe he had always been portrayed as a lean and pale, robed man who rode an old gray mare. Washington Irving, who wrote wonderful folktales, described St. Nicholas in 1809 as a fat, rosy-cheeked jolly man in a red suit who rode through the air in a reindeer sleigh, bearing gifts for the children of the world.

So you can see how the legend of St. Nicholas and all the good he did for so many people comes to you through Santa Claus? Can you understand that Santa Claus does bear gifts to all the girls and boys all over the world?

No, he won't leave you a bicycle under your Christmas tree. The gift he brings you is the greatest gift of all. It's the gift of the love he gave to all people while he lived and the love he gives to us in our memory of him.

Jethro Tull

Jon Mosier

Rock music enjoyed some of the greatest sounds from the years 1969-1973. Jethro Tull was one of the English bands in the early 70s with the most original sound as well as being one of the most talented groups. In 1975, Tull still remains one of rock music's mainstays for years to come. Led by group dictator Ian Anderson, it has evolved their sound in the studio so well that only Led Zeppelin surpasses Tull's vast range of musical ability. Zeppelin epitomizes the English rock scene for sheer awesome sound alone. With the release of "Minstrel In The Galley," Jethro Tull has returned to the form of their earlier bootlegs as well as retaining their present day technical sound.

In order to review "Minstrel" in the proper way, a past discography of the group is in order. The group was formed in 1968, making quality records one after another. "Stand Up," "Beautiful," and "Aqualung" were masterpieces under the careful leadership of Anderson himself. He was the sole leader and he commanded, as now, a tight ship. Since then, the other group members have gotten more say-so in the production and arrangement of the music. Tull has been under the gun in recent years by critics who were hopeful that Tull would get away from the idea of making concept albums.

"They've always been the band the critics love to hate".

Somewhere along the line Jethro Tull albums stopped being fun for the listener. The fact is that Ian Anderson has a monumental ego and is easily hurt by bad reviews. He has ignored the critics and let his pen do the talking. Two successive albums, "Passion Play" and "Warchild" were the victims of scathing criticism. Anderson wrote lyrics that slapped the face of his fans. The studio work was buried in overdone orchestration and confined to a measly top 40 single, "Bungle In The Jungle" (Warchild). This was a poor effort for a group with such a wide scope of music.

Ian Anderson, the best musician of the band, is responsible for all of Jethro Tull's lyrics on "Minstrel." Anderson has a way of making the simple songs he writes more comfortable to the reader than most composers. But Anderson still leaves his trademark of meaningless lyrics on this album. We're still forced to listen to gems like, "One day I'll be a Minstrel in the Galley - And paint you a picture of the Queen - And if sometimes I sing to a cynical degree - It's just the nonsense that it seems." Don't be bothered the first few times you hear lines like the above, if you take notice of them. "Minstrel In The Galley" is Tull's most ambitious album since "Living In The Past."

But the lyrics are not what pulls this album down from being a true masterpiece as "Aqualung." Anderson is just the easiest member to criticize, and "Minstrel" is almost as erotic as a "Passion Play" and "Warchild" at their best moments. A polished form of "Aqualung" and "Benefit" is a better description. At its peak it's amazing, but even though the peaks predominate, the valleys are very unambitious.

The perfect cuts are the title track, "Cold Wind To Valhalla," "Black Satin Dancer," "Requiem," and "Baker St. Muse," which runs through most of the second side. Ian Anderson takes charge on all these numbers himself. Ian's guitar (the most prominent it has been in years) is a romantic chorus of voices while his flute playing sings sweetly as the album's main solo instrument.

"Requiem" will remind old Tull fans of "Wonderin' Aloud," (Aqualung) and is an example of one of his selected simply-written songs. It is a perfect blend of harmonies with orchestration. The title track, "Minstrel In The Gallery," is one of the best-produced songs on the album and the song itself changes tempo with a sudden aggressive guitar riff that is one of Tull's live performance highlights.

The contrast of moods works beautifully on "Black Satin Dancer." The highlight of this song being guitarist Martin Barres' extended solo winding down to the fierce rhythm section attempted in "Back Door Angels" (Warchild) attempted. But while "Angels" failed, "Dancer" succeeds in blending the contrasts of Barre's extended attack with the counter riffs of the rhythm of bass player Jeffrey Hammond—Hammond and drummer Barriemore Barlow. Barre's guitar work keeps within the tempo of the music.

"Cold Wind to Valhalla" is simply fine, blending the talent of each member of the group, showcasing Anderson's trusty flute for a jam effect. A folky guitar opens with soft vocals, and then a cinerama explosion into a Led Zeppelin type power arrangement.

The only disappointing number begins side two in a rather off-key way. "One White Duck—0-10—" "Nothing At All" finds Anderson wimpering all over himself, and the strings drift harshly until the song drowns in its own awkwardness.

"Baker St. Muse" seems like the ballad you'll find at least once on every Tull album; a personal reflective song. It blends perfectly into the setting of this album's text and is the most engaging song of the album. "Baker St. Muse" is subdivided into other song titles which makes for an interesting arrangement. In "Baker St. Muse" Ian tries to win the lady but his intentions are politely refused. Musically, it is again another one of those quieter English-sounding ballads. Nearly every song on this album makes musical reference, if not to a specific song, then to a specific time period in the band's multi-faced past.

Jethro Tull's first LP (1968) "This Was" has a note on the inner cover which states: "This was how we were playing then—but things change, don't they?" For Jethro Tull, the change couldn't come at a better time. "Minstrel In The Gallery" still won't put Tull in the favor of most critics. (They've always been a band critics love to hate.) But give them the credit they deserve for making an album that is nothing less than a complete success. "Minstrel In The Gallery" dictates a strong new direction for the band, and will prove that Jethro Tull is still a superior rock band.



Sagebrush photographer Scott Bugbee went to see Alice Cooper at the Sahara Tahoe last week. This is what he saw.



Photo by Bass

Seufferle Honored

Melinda Whitney

A special award of appreciation was presented to Dr. Charles H. Seufferle, professor of agricultural economics and assistant dean of the college, by the Associated Students of the University of Nevada at last week's meeting of the ASUN Finance Control Board.

Former student body president, Tom Mayer, told the board and guests that Dr. Seufferle could be called "the father of the Finance Control Board."

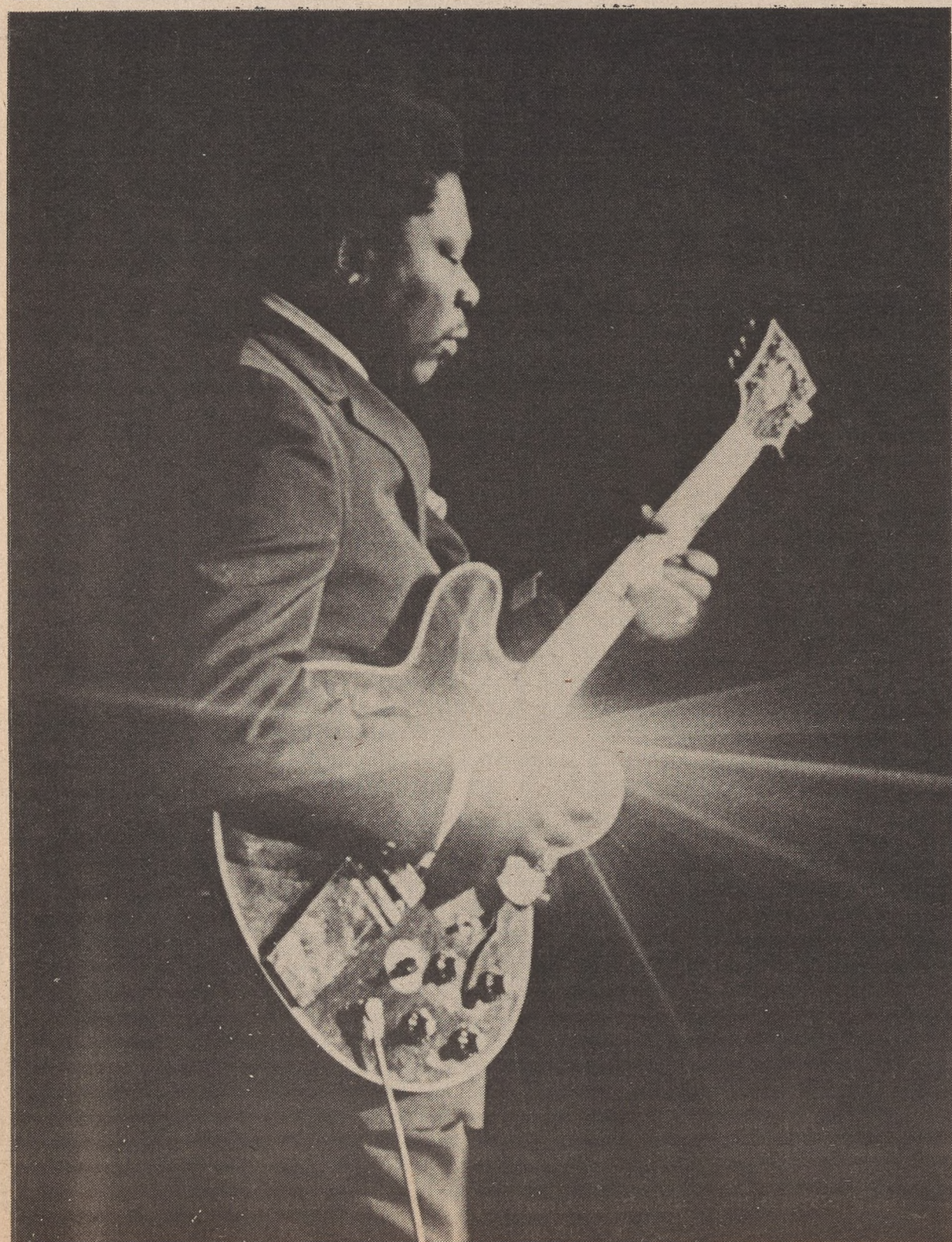
"He came to the university in 1955," said Mayer, "and three years later began serving on the board as faculty adviser. During those 17 years he has provided continuity and credibility and has believed in the students," Mayer said.

Mayer said that there have been many changes at the university and that the ASUN has faced many problems during the years that Dr. Seufferle served the board. "He has been with us all the way," said Mayer. "He has always provided credibility and confidence for the students."

A plaque inscribed "In appreciation for 17 years of dedicated service to the Associated Students of the University of Nevada," was presented to Dr. Seufferle.

Dr. Seufferle, who is retiring at the end of the year, thanked Mayer and the board and expressed his regret that he hadn't been able to be of more assistance to this year's board. "I've got cancer," he said frankly, "and you know I've been on sick leave this year. I haven't been able to do as much as I would have liked."

Peggy Martin, executive secretary of the student body, described the award as "the first such honor given by the ASUN. He has always worked so hard for us," said Ms. Martin. "He has always seemed such a part of the ASUN."



Harrah's file photo

B.B. King Returns

Blue J. Whelan

December 29, a Monday evening, will mark the second time in two months that blues master B.B. King will have played the Reno area. Performing in a benefit concert billed as "An Evening With B.B. King And Friends," at the Centennial Coliseum; King will be displaying his style of blues as no one else can do it.

The concert is a fund raising benefit for the Race Relations Center, here in Reno. "The Race Relations Center is a non-profit organization serving the Northern Nevada Community for over seven years," says the organization's executive director Eddie Scott. "It has set up the only minority job skill bank in this area, and assists low-income families in finding suitable housing," he said. The organization also provides educational information to students of colleges and high schools, and is a clearing house for complaints lodged by citizens who have had problems with discrimination.

About the concert and B.B. King Scott said "He (King) is one of the stars who have made it to the top and hasn't forgotten where he came from, or the people who are still trying to make it. He goes out of his way to let them know he hasn't forgotten."

For twenty gruelling years B.B. King kept up a pace of one-nighters, mostly in urban ghetto clubs and theaters and in smoky southern roadhouses. In 1956, he somehow managed to survive 342 one night stands. He didn't gain national prominence until 1966 when people started getting round-about exposure to his guitar style through the playing of artists like Larry Coryell, Eric Clapton and Mike Bloomfield. B.B.'s "debut" came in that year at San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium. The enthusiasm he generated there propelled him to Europe and a full schedule of festival and college concert dates.

B.B. King is a master at his craft not only from dedication, but also from the fact that he does feel what he sings. His music is a direct flow from his native Mississippi and also from his experiences on the road doing one night stands. His songs also reflect the fact that he is a spokesman for his race and the hardships they have endured.

His guitar "Lucile" (the name he has given all his guitars) got its name from one of his experiences on one-night stands. It happened in Twist, Arkansas—B.B. was playing at a club there when two men started a fight and knocked over a kerosene stove. Fire broke out and quickly spread in the frame structure and everyone fled the club. Safely outside, B.B. suddenly remembered that he'd left his guitar behind. He ran back in, grabbed the guitar and made it out again just as the place caved in (killing two other men). He later learned that the fight had been started over a woman named Lucille and dedicated to give that name to his guitar—"To remind myself never to do anything that foolish again."

At the age of 50 B.B. King still performs over 300 concerts a year. He survives as a bit of an anachronism in the world of entertainment. He shuns the theatrical and flamboyant style so popular among performers today. He is a professional and a talent that very few elect to miss when he comes to town.

You won't want to miss his benefit concert at the Centennial Coliseum on December 29. Tickets are on sale at Korky's and The Race Relations Center at 1029 N. Virginia in Reno. In Carson City tickets are available at Faverty's Magnavox. Prices are \$5 in advance and \$6 at the door. For further information call Ed Scott or Terry Contreras at 329-6521.

December 29, the Centennial Coliseum will be paying its dues while "Lucille," does the talking.



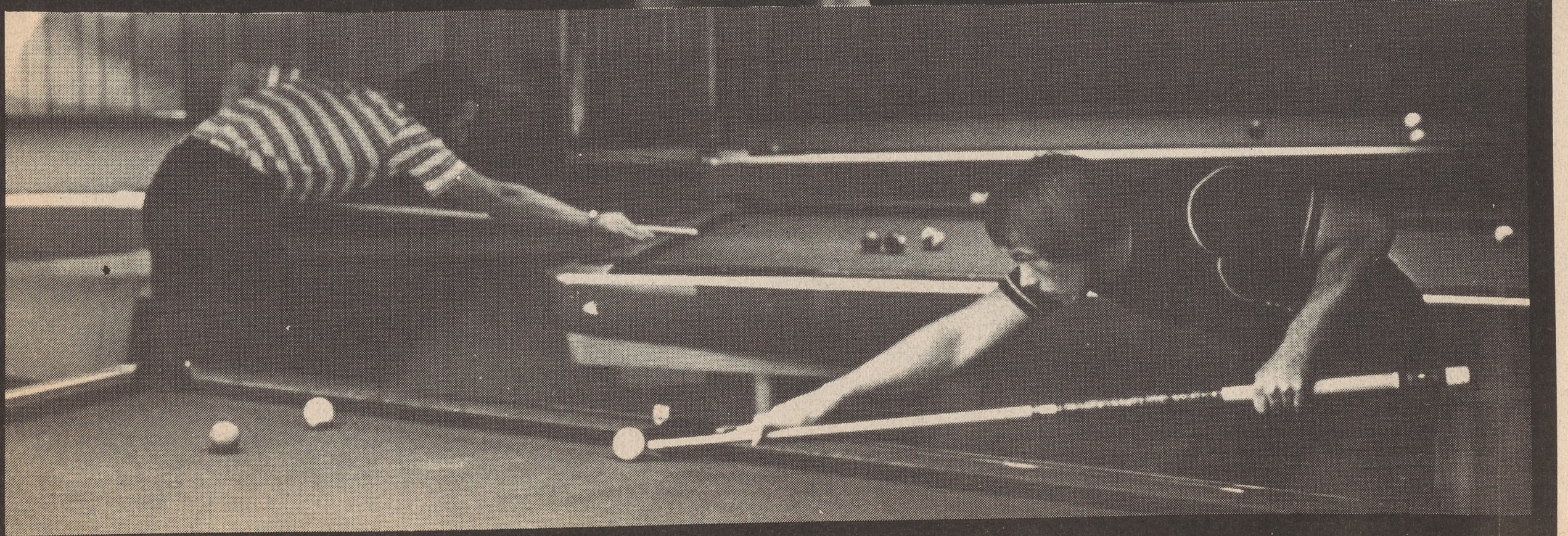
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SPORTS

Scattini Axed

Terri Gunkel

Jerry Scattini has been fired after seven years as the head football coach at UNR. President Max Milam made the decision and the announcement came from Athletic Director Dick Trachok in a brief press conference Thursday morning. Neither Milam nor Scattini, who was informed of the decision earlier by phone, was present at the conference.

A committee of six, representatives from the student body, faculty and businessmen, will now check into applications for a new head coach. Trachok said he hoped the committee could meet today, but at the press conference he chose not to reveal the names of the members because "not all of them had been notified yet." He also said that no one had officially been considered, however, after the Wolf Pack assistant football coaches were informed of the decision, two of them, Jack Eater and Rick Puccinelli, expressed an interest in the position. According to Trachok, Chris Ault, an assistant coach at UNLV and another rumored prospect, has not called about the opening yet, "but I'm sure he will."

"It took an awful long time to come to a conclusion," said Trachok, "because it isn't a situation you just hop into immediately." He said that he recommended that Scattini be relieved from the head coach position because "at this stage of the game I felt a change would be beneficial. It would put us in a better position toward an overall program."

The decision came nearly a month after the Wolf Pack Booster's Club asked Scattini to resign. In the past two seasons he had had losing records of 5-6 and 3-8. However, Scattini will be reassigned in the department for the coming academic year.

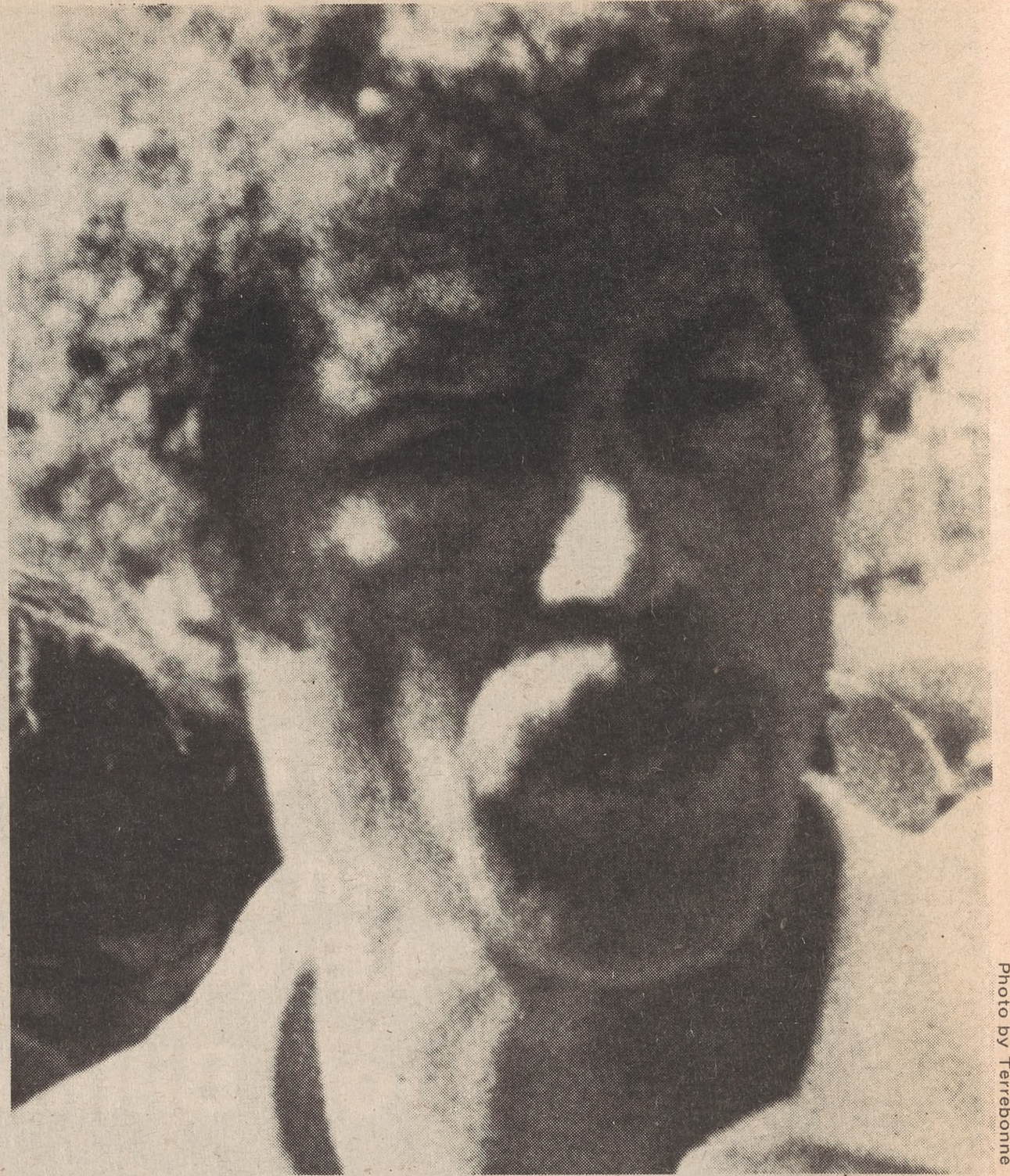


Photo by Terrebonne

Mike Mardian

Steve Martarano

Although Mike Mardian has had what can be considered an up-and-down basketball career with UNR, he still has all the enthusiasm he displayed as a freshman three years ago.

When he gets in the game, the six-foot-two-inch senior guard gives all he can. He says, "When I do play, I just go full board, all out; I can't hold back anything."

Mardian, a graduate from Hug High School in Reno, came to UNR the same time Coach Jim Padgett arrived. He has been a part-time starter for most of his freshman, sophomore and junior years. This year, he has been once again relegated to part-time duty. He says, "Through all that has happened in my three-plus years here, my attitude hasn't changed. I still love to play basketball and still get a lot of satisfaction out of doing a good job."

Most players would give up, if after three years they had to prove themselves all over again. But Mardian tries not to let that bother him. "Nobody likes to ride the pines, but I'm not the one who decides who starts," he explained.

Last year, after starting most of his first two years, Mardian almost completely sat out the first 13 games of the season. Then came his first start against Oregon State. "I couldn't believe it when I started," he said, "but I did and we just tore them up."

From then on he was a starter, averaging nine points a game and setting a school record for free-throw percentage with a .933 mark. He also shot for almost 50 per cent from the floor.

But this year, it was much the same thing, starting only against LSU and San Diego State in five games.

He says, "Sure I think I should be starting. I love to start. Everybody feels they should be out there playing or they have no business playing this game. Coach Padgett was quoted in the newspaper as saying that he wants a quarterback at my position and he doesn't feel I'm that kind of ballplayer. I want to prove it to myself that I'm the type of player that'll get the job done. That's the important thing, proving it to yourself."

The dreams of high school fade into the realities of being a senior in college. "When I was a freshman and sophomore," he says, "I really wanted to go on and play pro. I still have those desires, but I have to be realistic."

Being realistic is a career in real estate, which is his major.

Mardian, who played on winning teams both his junior and senior year in high school, has yet to be on one at UNR. This year has been no different, as the Pack's 0-5 record points out. It has been a tough season so far, but Mardian doesn't think the team should panic.

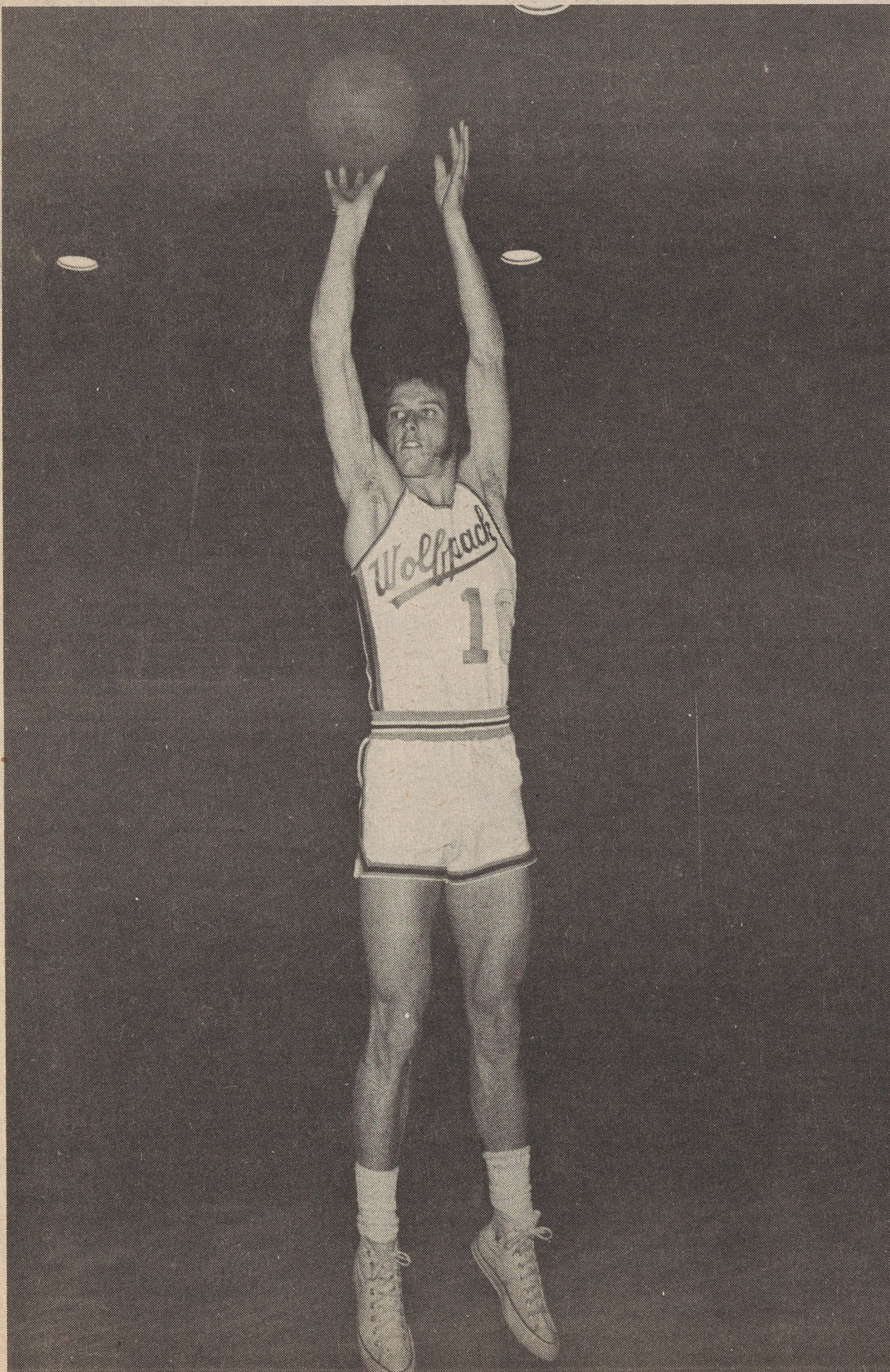
He says, "When you're 0-5, mistakes are easy to find. With a few breaks, we could be 3-2. The season is still young and we're playing with young players. It's up to us older guys, the veterans, to keep things going. Mentally, being 0-5 has got to hurt the freshmen. So if they see us giving up, then all is lost."

He continued, "The last three years we've gotten off to good starts and then gotten blown away in conference. Hopefully, things will turn around this year. We know what it is like to lose, so we'll be more hungry for a victory."

This year's team is obviously building around their young freshmen, all of them potential superstars. Mardian says, "They have a lot to learn, but they'll get there. Mike Longero has just been super. Herb Billups hustles all the time; he's a very determined player. Edgar Jones, when he wants to, can be devastating. What they need is experience. That is something that can't be taught. The main difference between high school and college is the contact on the floor."

Being a local high school athlete, Mardian is a natural favorite at UNR. During the opening game loss to Fresno State, the crowd, with the Pack down by 20 points, began yelling for Mardian. He finally got in, hit a couple of fast buckets and suddenly the Pack was back in the game. They ended up losing by four.

"Oh sure, I can hear the people yelling for me. It makes you want to show something when everybody gets behind the team or a player. I think we'll turn things around now. Four of our first five games were on the road and now eight of the next nine will be in Reno. I won't quit."



Sagebrush file photo