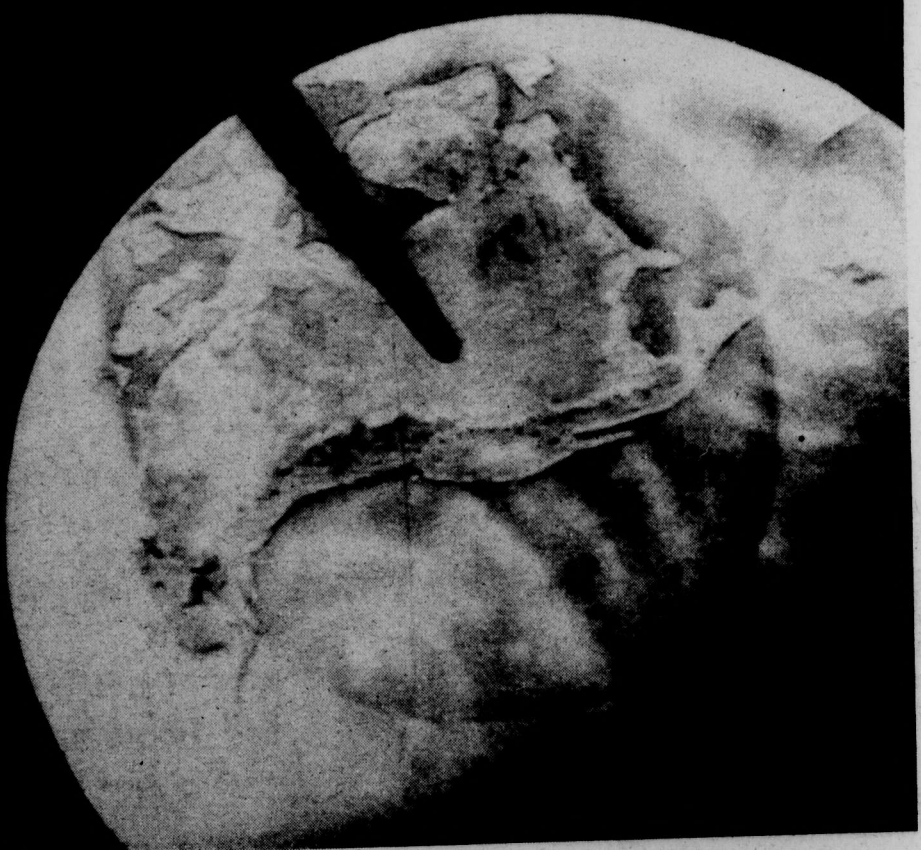


March 7

3-7-79

The Annotated Ezell



**THE SKY:
TOTALITY!**

This Week in *The Annotated Yell*

The Sky

6 Totality

With a burst of glory, sunlight poured around the moon's edge, sparkling like a diamond ring. UNLV Astronomer Dr. Edward Grayzeck takes you to Richland Washington for the last eclipse visible in North America in this century.

8 Is Anything Out There?

They've been sighted since Biblical times, described variously as saucers, triangles, cigars...they have continually captured the imagination of man, insinuating themselves into our speech, science and art. *The Annotated Yell* takes an overview of UFOs.

9 Guide to Understanding Rainfall

The Annotated Yell prepares you for the next flood with a 50 year overview of thunderstorms in Southern Nevada.

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A national power. *The Annotated Yell* talks to Bill Ireland about athletics, politics, power and the future.

20 Letter to the Commissioner

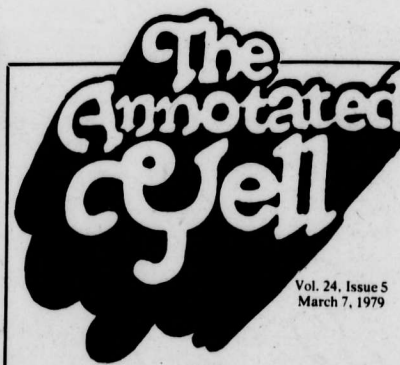
Fiction by Jeff Lawrence.

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Vol. 24, Issue 5
March 7, 1979

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News Bag

ASCC Exec Officers Resign

Vice President of the Associated Students of Clark County Community College Lori Randall and Secretary Glenda Mullins both resigned from their respective positions during an ASCC meeting last Friday.

The first to resign was ASCC Secretary Glenda Mullins, in order to abort impeachment proceedings already initiated against her.

Mullins was to be indicted due to her neglect in preparing minutes for some of the past ASCC meetings.

In a statement delivered immediately following a motion to begin proceedings for her impeachment, Mullins admitted to not doing "the job I would have liked to have done." But she attributed her performance to "circumstances that did not permit me to have the time. I've been very busy with school...I have a mother that's sick, and we've moved this semester."

She added that she had been "hassled over" the aforementioned circumstances and also over "the way I voted.. and quite frankly..from this student government I have seen very little accomplishment...and I would like to resign." She concluded by stating she no longer wished to be a part of a student government "that cannot function respectfully as a student government."

Following Ms. Mullins, ASCC Vice President Lori Randall delivered a statement in which she indirectly accused ASCC council members of a list of offenses ranging from "racial bigotry" to "physical threats..." She then announced her resignation.

She began by addressing the issue of misappropriated student funds. "There's been outrageous, selfish spending--out-of-state travel costs have been outrageous... they have been beneficial to a select and chosen few. And there's been no direct benefit to our student body of which we are representative," Randall said.

"There's been attempted raises of salaries and benefits when the work didn't warrant the reward and cost...few student related functions have been accomplished with the exception of Black History Week (which did go over rather well)...the Council's only concern...has been to their own selfish benefit."

While discussing the "inexcusable behavior on the part of the council members," she claimed that bigotry and paranoia "run rampant" and that personal physical threats "have been directed toward persons working on projects under her direction. "This has no business being in Student Council affairs," she remarked.

Continuing in reference to Council behavior, Randall talked of harassment towards herself, "in the hallways and classrooms and of the Council's "inability to work constructively and effectively throughout the year, due to these stupid personality clashes." Additionally, she accused the Council of "attempts at intimidation and coercion through subtle hints and threats to ensure passage of certain legislation."

Finally, Randall declared that the Council's activities have been a threat "to this school's very reputation and existence. Throughout the year this Council has made us a laughing stock in front of the Board of Regents, the University

(UNLV), USUNS, and all other related bodies." Moreover, she claimed that the Council had lost its credibility "in the eyes of the student body, faculty and staff."

Randall said she regretted these activities, and she expressed hope that the upcoming student body elections would "bring a fresh, strong, and responsible executive board...with this...I submit my resignation."

ASCC President Cara Caesar accepted both Mullins and Randall's announcement without comment, only requesting that Mullins' resignation be placed in writing. G.U.

Faculty Evaluations Underway

The University of Nevada, Reno (UNR) Faculty Senate recently gave their approval for a student evaluation of faculty pilot program. The student governments of both UNR and UNLV are working together under the auspices of the United Students of the University of Nevada Systems (USUNS) to develop a standard evaluation form to be used on both campuses.

The UNLV Faculty Senate passed a similar resolution supporting the student evaluation project on November 7, 1978.

Marshal Willick, Speaker of the CSUN Senate, said the pilot evaluation project being developed and partially funded by CSUN will be conducted here this spring, but the printed evaluation reports will not be made available to the general student body until the fall term of 1980. The reason for the year delay is that CSUN wants to get feedback on their pilot program and work out any "bugs" that appear.

The evaluation form students fill out on a professor will contain twenty questions on the course and the instructor's presentation of materials. It will also contain space for questions the instructor would like students to answer.

The results of the professor's evaluation will be presented to students in a one page summary that will include an overall grade score (A-F) and a handful of statements or graded questions that summarize the results of the twenty evaluation questions. Students will be asked to rate statements on a five option Likert Scale ranging from "strongly agree" to "strongly disagree." The instructor will receive a six page detailed report of the evaluation findings.

The evaluation reports should be highly readable and "usable" by students, Willick said. The expectation is that consideration of the evaluations will be a major factor in many students' decisions on which classes and instructors to take.

CSUN will be working with the Clark County School District (CCSD) in getting computer compilation of the evaluation result data. In fact, the next major step in the development process of the evaluation project is a request to be presented to the CSUN Senate for \$4,256 to be paid to CCSD for the main computer program. Willick did not have an estimate for other significant project costs. UNR will share all development costs as they will use the same forms.

Willick expressed his opinion that the evaluation is well-formulated, the procedure well-organized and the results highly useful to students. W.F.

Poetry Contest Held

English professor William Coburn announced the eight annual UNLV poetry contest, noting the contest is open not only to English majors but to all full time students.

"Previous winners have included P.E., Anthropology and Biology majors," Coburn told *The Annotated Yell*.

Coburn noted the contest is open to all full time students. Submissions should be limited to three poems, each under 100 lines. The deadline for entries is March 19.

The author of the winning poem will receive a medal as well as having his name engraved on a plaque in permanent display in the English department.



UNLV presidential candidate Dr. Bruce Carpenter recently addressed the university community with hopes for a balance between academics and athletics.

Carpenter: 'balanced education'

Noting that too narrow or limited training builds in obsolescence, UNLV Presidential candidate Dr. Bruce H. Carpenter called for a balanced approach to higher education at an address to faculty, staff and students in the Judy Bailey Theatre lobby Monday afternoon.

Raising the traditional question of whether the university should train people for jobs or teach them to be critical thinkers, Dr. Carpenter argued that these two goals are not mutually exclusive and the university should strive to achieve both of them.

The Provost and Academic President at Western Illinois University in Macomb, said he was concerned over certain social and academic excesses that accompanied positive changes during the past 15 years. "Curriculum programs should not be based on fads," Carpenter said. Carpenter stressed that a good university is one that has attracted a good faculty.

On his style of administration Carpenter said that he would delegate authority and hold those so delegated responsible. He said, "I view myself as a catalyst that makes things happen, and as a good biologist, I hope the catalyst doesn't get destroyed in the process."

Carpenter said he would sincerely seek and listen to the views of faculty and students on most of the important issues to face the university.

Carpenter said he felt UNLV has an exciting future.

Bowlers have Potential

During competition in San Francisco, the UNLV College Bowl team "performed wonderfully" during the regional play against 11 other college teams.

Team member Marshal Willick explained the tournament was a double elimination type. After taking a bye in the first round, UNLV overcame the University of the Pacific, 265-230. UNLV lost the third game to the overall tournament winners, San Francisco State, by a score of 405-110. This was, however, the most points scored against SFS. In Division II play, UNLV was beaten by Cal State-Fresno, 220-165.

"We have the most fantastic potential for a winning team here in Las Vegas," said Willick. "One year from now there is no reason we should not walk away with the tournament with our experience."

Other team members include Susan Mueller, Kirk Voelker, Bob Blaskey and Stacy Grashan.

Ecumenical Event at UNLV

The Center for United Campus Ministry and the Institute of Religion for the Latter Day Saints Church are jointly hosting an evening for UNLV students to meet visiting students from Israel on Sunday evening March 11 at 8:00 p.m.

The evening will begin when students meet at The Center, 4765 Brussels (one block south of the dorm). They will then walk to the nearby Institute of Religion where an internationally acclaimed short film will be shown. The film, *John Baker's Last Race*, is a human relations film that won first place at the International Film Competition in Moscow in 1977.

After the film the students will return to the Center for refreshments and informal discussion.

This event is open to all UNLV students as well as Clark County Community student and other interested young adults, students and other interested young adults..

The Israeli students will be in Vegas on a week-long exchange from March 10-March 16.

Yearbook Alternatives Examined

After last week's announcement terminating the 1979 yearbook project, stop-gap measures are currently being discussed by CSUN. Many seniors have voiced protests to CSUN President Chuck White over the cancellation. White explained it was "inefficient management" which forced the project to be scrapped, and added that CSUN Publications Editor Mike Navarro and CSUN Senator Bill Haldeman were putting together several proposals for the senate.

"We are not involved with whether or not there should be a yearbook. We are formulating options to fill the gap," Navarro noted. Navarro was involved with a similar yearbook-magazine project in 1975 as editor of the much sensationalized *Factor E*. "It's possible we'll use the same 'yearend wrap-ups' format for a majority of the magazine, and maybe include senior pictures." Navarro and Haldeman both reported they had received much feedback requesting that the pictures be included.

News Bag

Ehrle Seeks Campus Presidency

"The primary goal of this university, and higher education in general, should be the continued intellectual development of each person," said UNLV presidential candidate Elwood B. Ehrle.

Noting that he is continually surprised by the "depths of my own ignorance" in many academic areas, Ehrle said that when a faculty member reaches the point where he feels he has arrived at a mastery of his field and no longer needs to study is the point where that faculty member ceases to be of value to the university.

He made his address to interested students and faculty in the lobby of the Judy Bailey Theatre Monday, February 26.

"How aggressive is the university in reaching out, and affecting peoples' lives?" Dr. Ehrle asked. "And what is the radius distance--three, 10 or 100 or more miles--that this institution reaches out and exerts an important influence on citizens, the University of Indiana administrator wondered out loud. Activities and developments at a university need to have some relevance to all community members," Ehrle maintained.



UNLV presidential candidate Elwood Ehrle is shown talking with members of the Presidential Search committee. Pictured left to right are CSUN President Chuck White, activities vice-president Tim Herlosky, committee chairperson Darlene Unrue, Annotated Yelleditor Mike Navarro, and Ehrle. photo by Mike Sharp

As important as the message that came across was the medium that conveyed it. Dr. Ehrle's style of delivery was, to this reporter, impressive. His presentation at various times could be characterized as ambitious, dramatic and enthusiastic as well as being overall intellectual.

Ehrle stressed the need for "participatory management." Students and faculty members should be active participants in the policy of the university, he said.

The U. of I. Vice-President of Academic Affairs maintained that it is of utmost

importance that "every BA candidate must be able to read, write and speak at least one language well."

Responding to a question on how he would deal with the proposed cuts in the University's requested budget, Dr. Ehrle proposed that University administrators should get to the problems as they develop and thereby help shape the legislative mandate. In other words they should work on and in the legislative process to affect the outcome.

On the question of academic versus athletic considerations, Ehrle said that at the University of Indiana athletic exposure has put them before the public view. Furthermore, public pride in UI's (championship) basketball team has indirectly helped them increase their student enrollment. He said there were only two reasons to give up on athletics. First, if the students, faculty and staff don't support it, or secondly, if the public doesn't support it.

Ehrle stressed the twin needs of planning for the future and of evaluation of programs. Questioned about academic tenure, he said that tenure was "an absolute necessity" but that the question and conflict concerned what the criteria for tenure should be, and on this issue he was not completely decided.

"I stand ready to give my best," Ehrle concluded. W.F.

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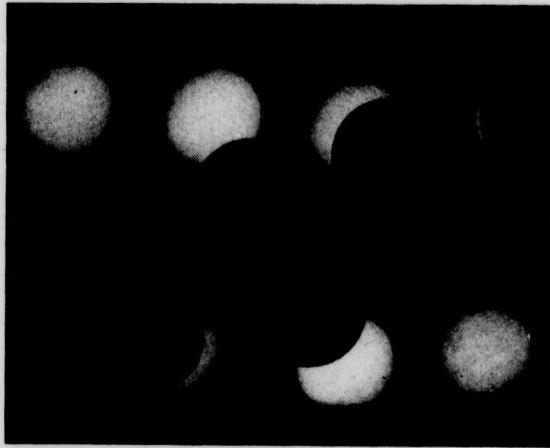
News Bag Feature:

Eclipse Over Las Vegas

by Ed Grayzack, Ph.D.

On Monday, February 26th, stargazers in Las Vegas were treated to a partial solar eclipse during which 80% of the solar disk was covered. Throughout the valley, pros and amateurs were setting up telescopes or constructing devices to record this event. Here on campus, astronomer Diane Pyper-Smith of the Physics Dept. organized an observing session for the Astronomy 100X and 101 classes, as well as other interested students. Early on the morning of February 26th, she and her assistants Gary Schotik, Kirk Golding, Mark Goldthwaite and Ken Shrock prepared a number of telescopes and projecting systems to view the eclipse. The primary instrument was UNLV's new 8" heliostat which is located on the top of the Chemistry Building, with a viewing room in Chem 212.

First contact, when the lunar disk initially blocks out part of the sun, was recorded at 7:00 AM. It took a few additional minutes to really notice that a small sliver was obscured at the top of the solar disk. Since the total eclipse would last nearly 2 1/2 hours, it was decided to record its progress every 10 to 15 minutes; in addition to watching the disk covered, sky conditions such as



Progression of eclipse: Pictured are the various stages of the eclipse as seen in Las Vegas. The photos were taken by Gerry Schotik between 7 AM and 9:18 AM.

temperature were also monitored. By 7:30, a few students began to gather, visiting both the heliostat lab and the projecting systems on the patio. With nearly 30% of the disk covered, those outside began to notice a slight grayish tint to the sky and a dimming of shadows. In the next 30 minutes more people arrived, swelling the numbers to over 50. At 8:00 AM, fully 70% of the disk was obscured and a temperature drop of 2° F was noticed. The sunlight was markedly dimmer even to the casual observer and often times people could see the crescent sun projected on the surfaces such as car

windows. At 8:06, fully 85% of the sun was covered, leaving a very thin crescent, visible on the lower left part of the sun. For the next few minutes it was difficult to notice that the lunar disk was rolling off the the sun, but by 8:15, only the upper left 70% remained obscured. For those on the patio, the sky began to brighten and take on a more bluish appearance. Shadows became more distinct and the temperature increased slightly. The emergence of the sun appeared to progress slowly, but by 8:45 only 30% was covered. People began to drift away, having witnessed at least part of the last solar eclipse of the century for the continental U.S. A few dedicated observers remained until the last glimpse of the lunar disk disappeared from the left edge at 9:18. The eclipse was over.

Most of the people who were there on Monday morning were surprised to see how much of the sun was obscured. Our photographs of the chromosphere in the hydrogen alpha light revealed that the sun was quite active, with many jets and prominences visible around its disk. During the eclipse, however, no strong activity was noticed. The film of the photosphere recorded through a neutral density filter suggests that only a few sunspot groups were visible. This was confirmed by the visual sketches made from the projecting system on the heliostat. Surprisingly, little structure was visible along the lunar disk, only a suggestion of rough features. Some of the effects experienced by the people on the observing patio were more dramatic. The graying of the sky, dimming of shadows, and temperature drop were easy to record. An interesting effect was the display of the sun's crescent by nearby trees and other openings which acted as simple pinhole cameras. Finally, there was the "rolling" of the lunar disk across the top part of the sun caused by the relative movement of the sun against our local horizon.

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THE SKY

TOTALITY! "WITH A BURST OF GLORY, SUNLIGHT



by Dr. Ed Grayzeck, UNLV Physics Dept.

There are a few events in your life that you remember; one of these is experiencing a total eclipse of the sun. In order to capture this moment for at least a few students, an experimental course (Astronomy 100X) was organized and had as its focus an excursion to observe the last total solar eclipse visible in the continental U.S. till 2017 A.D. Solar eclipses occur when the moon passes between the sun and earth, casting its shadow on a small strip of land on our planet. For the eclipse of 1979, the path of totality was a 150 mile swath that crossed the far northwest near Portland, Oregon and then stretched eastward over Winnipeg, Canada, as far as Thule, Greenland.

For those interested watchers, to take in this event meant a long and difficult trip; eventually twenty people were able to brave the elements to witness totality. Most of these traveled through a car caravan arranged through myself and the Physics Dept; also assisting with the group were Bill Fiero and Mike LaPointe, and Sue DiBella. The excursion lasted for four days and covered nearly 2500 miles of non-stop driving. Initially, we headed for the University of Idaho campus in

Moscow, Idaho, which was in the path of totality, to meet up with a group of fellow eclipse chasers. Weather prospects for the northwest, however, were dismal, especially for Moscow, so we decided to head west toward the Columbia River basin in hopes of finding clear skies. After a brief overnight stay in central Washington, the group was awakened at 5 A.M. on eclipse day to search for open holes in the overcast sky. Radio broadcasts indicated that the Richland-Yakima-Goldendale area was clearing, so we began a frantic two-hour drive south to Richland. There through high cirrus clouds we saw the sun rising in the southeast, our first glimpse of that heavenly body in three days.

Arriving at 7:15 in West Richland, we proceeded to our chosen site, Flat Top Hill, located about 200 feet above the valley floor. There we joined a small band of eclipse watchers with a variety of viewing instruments. Quickly unloading our equipment, we scrambled to set up the telescopes and cameras we had brought to record the event. Many students had decided to fabricate their own pinhole cameras or photographic

viewing screens and by 7:30 they had begun to report that the sun was fully ten percent covered. Although we had missed first contact, the cloud cover was lifting and it appeared that we would be able to view totality in less than an hour. During the next 30 minutes or so, our view of the crescent sun was sporadic as clouds continually hovered in the southeast. It wasn't until 8 A.M. that the sky was clear enough for consistent glimpses of the eclipse. In the meantime, we had succeeded in setting up the telescopes which included a Unitron 4" refractor, Celestron 8" reflector with neutral density filter, and Celestron 8" telescope with hydrogen alpha filter for viewing the chromosphere. To record the event, we had a battery of cameras available ranging from a simple camera with a 50 mm lens to a 520 mm lens system, and an SX Polaroid for the hydrogen alpha photos. It was about this time that other eclipse watchers arrived, so that the crowd on the top of the hill soon numbered 100. As one looked out over the Columbia River basin, it was strange to see these clusters of people on adjoining hills all awaiting and watching for totality.

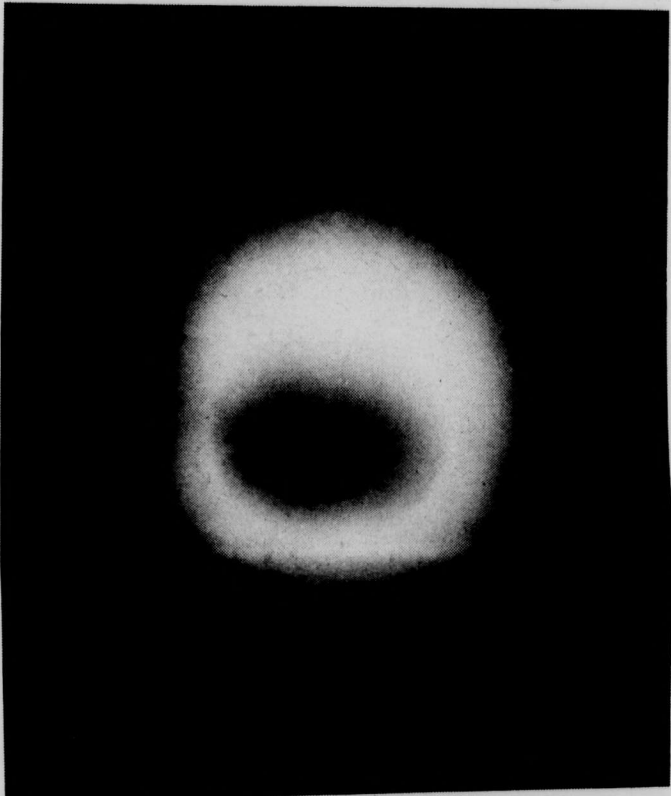
POURED AROUND THE MOON, SPARKLING LIKE A DIAMOND RING."

Although the clouds near the sun continued to dissipate, the rest of the sky was overcast. It was a grim morning for eclipse viewing. When the sun was 70 percent covered, at approximately 8:10, the sky began to noticeably darken. The lunar shadow could then be seen approaching in the west. Racing eastward at 2000 miles per hour, the shadow overtook our hillside at 8:17:02 accompanied by a chilling wind. The sky darkened instantly and a hush fell on the valley as the city lights twinkled on. Shrieks emanated from the group as we looked up to find a black sun surrounded by its pearly white corona. The corona, the outer atmosphere of the sun, stretched for at least two diameters from the occulted sun. Slightly elliptical in shape, some holes and streamers were noticed near the poles. As our eyes became adapted, we could discern prominences, enormous jets of gas that protrude from the solar disc and have a reddish appearance. Scanning

the skies, we saw the planet Venus, wafting amongst the clouds where it had moments earlier been obscured by the dazzling brilliance of the sun. During the remaining 2 1/3 minutes, people spoke in muted tones and the nearby field animals returned to their nocturnal state. Rushing to photograph or sketch the eclipsed sun, many failed to notice the chilling temperature drop (5°F) which accompanied the eclipse wind. Then the right edge of the blackened sun exploded with beads of light streaming through the lunar valleys. Simultaneously, the red glow of the chromosphere formed a thin crescent surrounding the right side of the lunar disc. With a burst of glory, sunlight poured around the moon's edge, sparkling like a diamond ring. As we cast our eyes away from the brightening sun, we noticed on the ground the elusive shadow bands chasing after the eastward moving shadow. When the sun returned, people cheered. Totality had ended. The babble of life returned to our

ears at 8:19:22.

After the initial comments about totality and the many features were discussed by all, many eclipse watchers departed from the hill top site. Our group continued their efforts to record the emergence of the sun and collect our thoughts about the experience. Time passes slowly, but by 9:28 the sun was completely uncovered and a cheer resounded amongst our little band of eclipse chasers. Strangely enough, we were the sole occupants of Flat Top Hill and when we departed a few minutes later, life was returning to normal. As we drove down to Richland for the long trek home, people, although emotionally and physically exhausted, were cheered by the returning sun, a sparkling blue sky, and the knowledge that we had witnessed the eclipse of '79 in totality.



photos by Sharon Parker

[above] Diamond ring effect-8:21 AM. Totality Richland Washington.
[left] Totality - 8:18 AM. Richland, Washington.

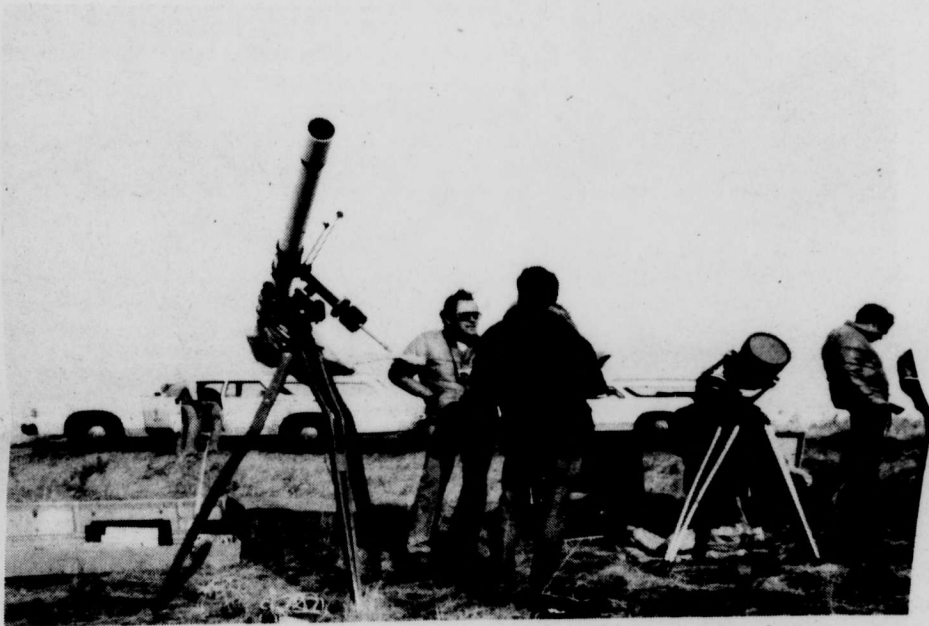


photo by Sharon Parker

Observing group-pictured: UNLV Geoscience professor Bill Fiero, trip coordinator. 8:00 AM. Richland, Washington.

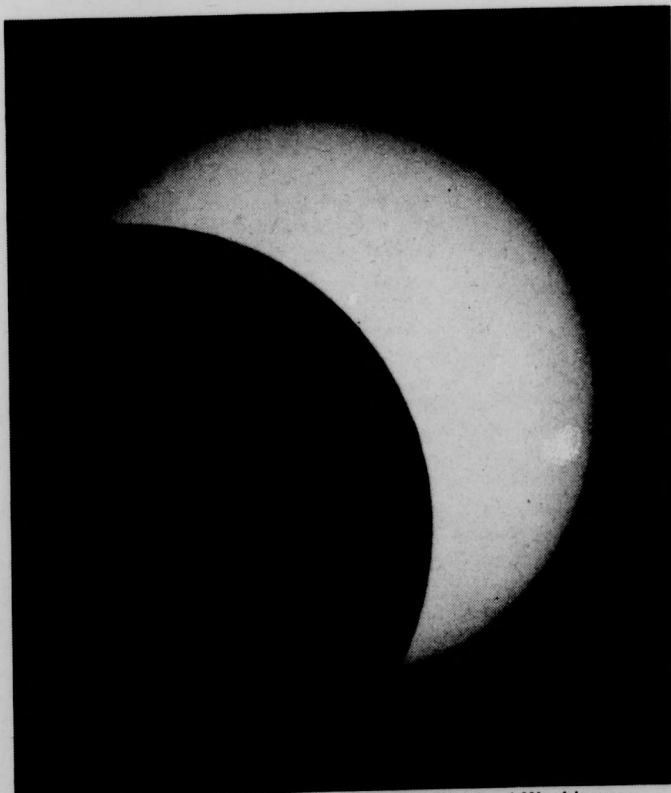


photo by Sue DiBella

Sunspots visible-Partial phase. 8:45 AM. Richland Washington.

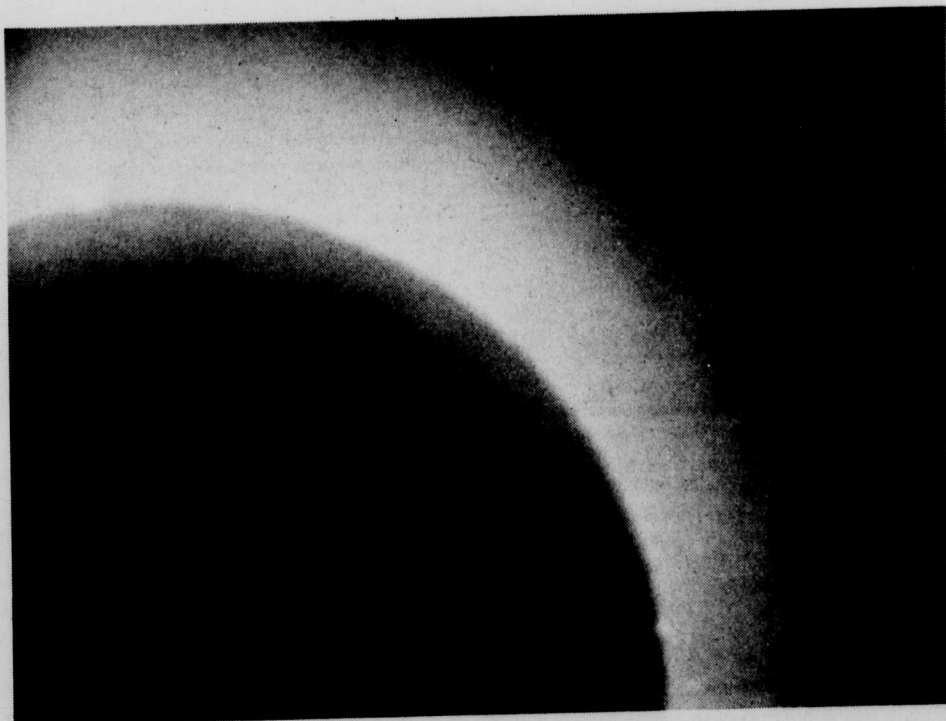


photo by Sue DiBella

Blow-up of prominences. 8:18 AM. Totality. Richland, Washington.

IS ANYTHING OUT THERE?



BY D.L. MORRIS

They've been sighted since Biblical times, described variously as saucers, cigars, triangles, trapezoids or balls of light. They have continuously captured the imagination of man, insinuating themselves into our speech, science and art. UFOs--unidentified flying objects--have been the source of decades of controversy, and the riddle of their origin is no closer to being solved now than when investigation into the phenomena began.

Though UFOs are sighted every year, there are periods of especially heavy activity. These waves of increased numbers of sightings are called *flaps* and they occur roughly every fifteen to twenty years, with smaller waves every six or seven years. The first wave of saucer sightings that gained a good deal of media attention was in the spring of 1897. What was described as a "flying carriage" made its appearance over a period of three months in the skies throughout the American West. The vehicle was sighted first in California over Sacramento, moving slowly toward San Francisco. It disappeared somewhere in-between, but reappeared the next month in the Midwest. After wandering around rather aimlessly through Arkansas, Iowa, Illinois and Kansas, the ship collided with a windmill in Aurora, Texas and exploded.

The reports of this sighting were vivid, intriguing--and probably false. Recent investigations have failed to turn up a single bit of tangible evidence, and the stories, claims, and purported "eye witness" accounts must all remain tribute to 19th century journalistic imagination.

Our modern preoccupation with UFOs began shortly after WWII. In the summer of 1946 the sky over Europe was filled with "ghost rockets." These rockets appeared as streaks of light, much like a comet, but they moved in definite and varying directions, implying intelligent guidance. It was feared they were Russian secret weapons, when actually, the Soviets were as baffled as anybody. The rockets continued darting around the skies and interest in them faded gradually with the

waning of their appearance. They were all but forgotten when, on June 24, 1947, the first officially reported UFO sighting was filed in the United States. Businessman Kenneth Arnold was piloting his airplane near Mt. Ranier, Washington, when he saw nine disc-shaped objects flying over the peak. Arnold's veracity and professional reputation were beyond question and the authorities accepted his account of the sighting as true. The newspapers picked it up, and it was at this time the term "flying saucers" was coined.

One of the greatest waves of UFO sightings occurred in the mid 1950's. At the beginning of that decade, the Air Force founded its own investigation into flying saucer phenomena with its controversial Project Bluebook. Detractors believed that Project Bluebook was a government cover-up, that the existence of UFOs had been proven beyond a doubt, and the information was being contained. There was even a rumor that a UFO and its occupant had been captured. Supporters of Bluebook claimed it was the first seriously organized investigation into UFOs not based on questionable testimony from gullible witnesses or fanatics. How the project was regarded is irrelevant now; all the transcripts and information produced by the Project investigations are deposited in the National Archives for public scrutiny. Meanwhile, the great 1950's flap went on, with nearly 10,000 sightings in as many years. Just as with ghost rockets of 1946, the 1950's wave receded into the early 1960's, and it wasn't until 1968-69 that another wave of sightings occurred, followed by the flap of 1973-75.

With each wave of UFO sightings comes one or two individuals who claim to have actually contacted a flying saucer and its pilots. It was in 1952 that George Adamski met his Venusians. He claimed to have been taken aboard one of their ships later, in 1954, for a trip around the moon, apropos of Jules Verne. He saw cities on the far side of the satellite, as well as

lakes and rivers. As incredible as his statements were, and as unbelievable his illustrations of Venusians, he was taken quite seriously by a large number of people. Naturally discounted now, his photographs of flying saucers remain among the most famous ever published, and his books are enjoying something of a post-*Close Encounters* revival.

One of the most sensational stories of contact arising from the 1950's flap was that of Brazilian farmer Antonio Villas Boas. One night in 1957, Villas Boas was forcefully dragged aboard a UFO, which had parked itself in one of his fields, by four small, manlike creatures. Once on board, he was coerced into having sex with a short, translucent skinned, white haired alien lady who bit his chin and growled. Of course, the Brazilian authorities tried to keep Villas Boas quiet, but the tabloids managed to print the story and followed it up in the ensuing furor. UFO authorities remain divided over the story--and Villas Boas hasn't been heard from for years.

Perhaps the classic contact incident is the Betty and Barney Hill episode. While under hypnosis, the Hills revealed that in 1961 they had been taken aboard a UFO in New Hampshire and subjected to extensive medical examinations. Both gave detailed descriptions of the ship and its contents. Now, this could easily have been taken tongue-in-cheek, as Adamski and Villas Boas, but for the fact that this story was accidentally discovered when the Hills were undergoing hypnotherapy years later. Further, while under hypnosis, Betty Hill drew what she claimed was a star map she recalled from the ship, and indicated an area the aliens said they came from. Elementary school teacher Marjorie Fish, an amateur astronomer, built a three-dimensional model of the Hill star map, and claims to have pinpointed the aliens' base as a planet in the double star system, Zeta 1 and 2 Reticuli. Even though the Hill incident is popularly regarded as authentic, Betty Hill's credibility has been eroded lately through her fantastic claims of everything from secret UFO bases to her neighbor's

levitating cat. In addition, beside Marjorie Fish's model, there have been three others based on the map, all equally convincing.

The latest report of a close encounter was in October 1973. Two Pascagoula, Mississippi fisherman, Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker, claimed to have been abducted off a pier by a trio of extraterrestrials for half an hour. While various UFO investigation committees agree *something unusual* happened to the men, they reserve judgement till further in-depth investigation has been made. That was six years ago, and as far as the public is concerned, the whole affair has faded into popular memory as *The Day the Pascagoula River Stood Still*.

Despite many disreputable and unreliable reports from sensation seekers, there have been claims of sightings from some very credible people. Jimmy Carter saw a UFO in Georgia in 1969 after addressing a Lion's Club meeting. *Gemini 4* astronaut James McDivitt claimed a sighting while in orbit. The astronauts of *Skylabs 1, 2, and 3* have all made reports: Lousma, Garriot and Bean of *Skylab 2* watched and photographed a red UFO for ten minutes while poised 270 miles above the earth. Arthur Godfrey even had a dogfight with one in 1965 in the skies over Philadelphia.

Most recently, television camera crews were able to film a series of UFO sightings in New Zealand. The October 21, 1978 disappearance of pilot Frederick Valentich was something of a prelude to the sightings. After radioing that "something large" was hovering over his plane, his transmission was cut and he and his plane disappeared without a trace over the sea near Tasmania. Beginning on December 22, there were several isolated sightings of UFOs over Australia and New Zealand, culminating in the spectacular incidents of New Years Eve and the following January 3. Both times, a television news team was able to film the saucers as they charged each other and darted around the dawn sky over New Zealand's Cook Strait. The UFOs were

"THE ORIGIN OF UFOs HAS BECOME AS CONTROVERSIAL AS THE QUESTION OF THEIR EXISTENCE"

described by two different people as a triangle with a missing apex," and a "glowing ball with a red center." Scientists, with their usual stunning elan, attributed the UFOs to night lights being used at the time by a fleet of Japanese squid fishermen. The news films, nevertheless, are some of the most spectacular footage ever captured of UFOs in motion.

One particularly gruesome aspect of the UFO puzzle is animal mutilations. Occurring mostly in the last five years--or at least not reported until the mid 70's--the mutilations have taken place almost exclusively in the western states. The nature of these mutilations is surgical dissection, much like that done on human cadavers in medical schools. There is usually a particular part of the carcass missing and no evidence of blood having been shed. There were forty such mutilations near the town of Dulce, New Mexico in 1976, and again in 1978. In fact, 1976 seemed a banner year for mysterious livestock mutilations: over 1500 were reported, including several near Denio, a small town in Northwestern Nevada.

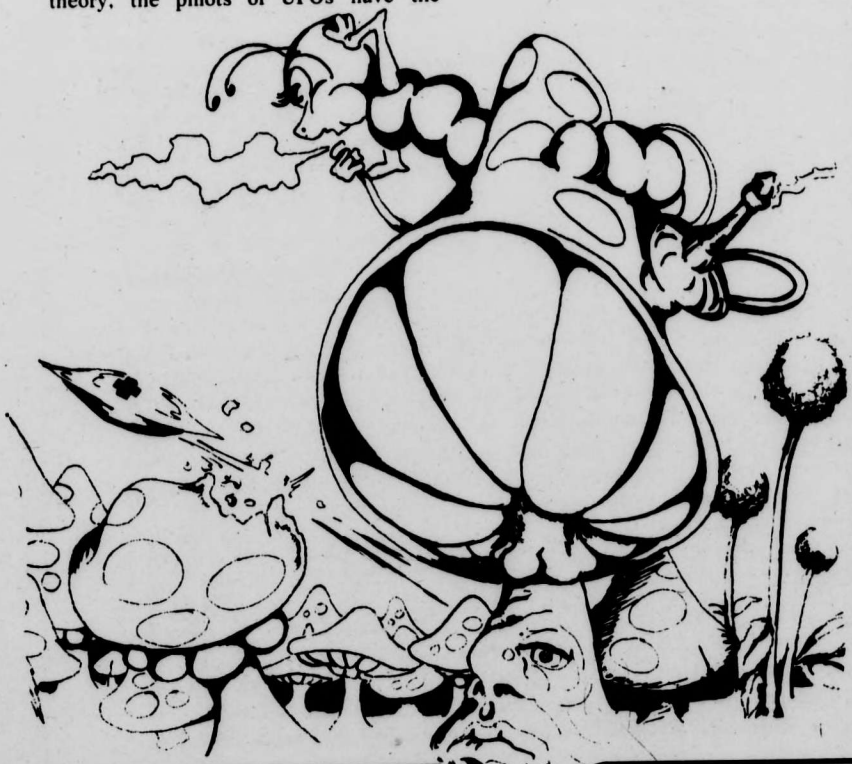
The origin of UFOs has become as controversial as the question of their existence. Basically, they must be either terrestrial or extraterrestrial, from outer space or from right here in the old home town. Obviously, if we are to believe they are based on Earth, the question is where? Perhaps, as the more mercenary theories go, they are secret government weapons, and *who's* government is anybody's guess. Or, the more romantic and imaginative of us might believe they come from civilizations inside the Earth through the polar openings, a la Marshall Gardner and William Reed. As far as extraterrestrial origins, you can play the game, "Pick a Planet-- Any Planet" and your choice would be as good as anyone's.

One of the more esoteric theories gaining popularity is that UFOs are interdimensional. According to this theory, the pilots of UFOs have the

technological ability to pass through the barriers between dimensions, thereby destroying concepts of time and space as we aboriginal earthlings conceive them.

This means that the question of where and when the UFO people exist are irrelevant; they come from neither space nor Earth, neither the future nor the past. In our way of looking at the situation, the UFOs, in appearing and disappearing between dimensions, simply suddenly *are*, then *aren't*. One line of thought in the quantum theory (the study of discontinuous actions, the absence of cause and effect relationships--the sudden appearance and disappearance of UFOs) is the Multiple Universe Model which concedes the possibility that we (and other things) exist in an infinite number of variations in an infinite number of universes. Many ufologists believe UFOs could be taking little quantum vacations among the multiple universes, via one of the dimensionally unstable areas on Earth. One such area is the Bermuda Triangle; another is its geographic opposite, a spot on the Pacific known as the Devil's Triangle (where Amelia Earhart disappeared). The interdimensional theory of the origin of UFOs has spawned as many variations and embellishments as the number of universes it claims exists, so there's something here for everybody.

Whether you choose to believe in UFOs or not is up to you. The fact remains that there is *something* flying around our skies that is not a product of NASA or Boeing or Lear. There is too much circumstantial evidence (discounting all other "tangible" evidence as doubtful, including photographs). Swamp gas does not race around the noon sky in the middle of the desert, nor does St. Elmo's fire appear on a clear, cloudless night. Until we discover actual, brick-wall evidence--or it discovers us--we will have to feed our fantasies and satisfy our need for galactic companionship with all the films, books and music our imaginations can conceive.



THE SKY GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING RAINFALL

by Dr. Darryll Randerson,
UNLV Geoscience Dept.

Some tears ago a motorist from Baltimore stopped in Las Vegas to fill up with gas. It was June and the weather was hot and dry. The motorist commented to the station attendant that it certainly was dry in Las Vegas. The attendant replied "Yep." "How much rain do you receive annually?" was the next question. "About four inches." "That's not much," the motorist commented. "Yeah, but you ought to be here on the day it rains," replied the attendant.

Desert regions throughout the world are noted for wide variability in annual rainfall. For example, Quesir, Egypt, situated on the Red sea, has an average rainfall of slightly less than 0.1 inch but has received as much as 1.3 inches in one day. Closer to home, Las Vegas has an annual rainfall of four inches, but received 2.57 inches on one day in August 1957. More recently, Searchlight, with an annual rainfall of 6.62 inches, received 3.81 inches during the early morning hours of August 12, 1977.

For approximately the last 70 years, weather records for various sites in the Las Vegas Valley have been kept by cooperative observers and the National Weather Service. One of the earliest accounts of heavy rain and associated property damage appeared in the *Las Vegas Age*, a local newspaper, dated January 8, 1910. The front page featured a story entitled "Rushing Torrents" and noted that 100 miles of railroad were wiped out by an unprecedented flood due to torrential rains and melting mountain snow. Approximately one million dollars in damage was done to the railroad tracks and facilities in Meadow Valley Wash, located northeast of Las Vegas between Moapa and Caliente.

Additional documentation of some other locally heavy rainfall events is given in Table 1. One aspect of this table should catch your eye, and that is all the listed storms have occurred in the summer; but more of that later. Also, Table 1 demonstrates that as Las Vegas grows, the damage from locally heavy rains is also likely to increase. Moreover, the table seems to point to the situation where as the population of Southern Nevada grows, the likelihood of individuals encountering these storms also increases.

Date	Accompanying Weather	Damage Est. (Dollars)	Comments (Approx. Population)
July 23, 1923	hail, strong winds, flooding, heavy rain, 1.98" flooding	20,000	Most damage to railroad tracks (5000)
July 10, 1932	flooding	thousands	damage to homes and business houses south east of Las Vegas. Two deaths in flash flood. (9000)
June 13, 1955	hail, flooding	2 million	Water deep in some areas. Federal aid granted (50,000)
July 24, 1955	flooding, "tornadic winds"*	0.2 million	Some individual losses great. (50,000)
Sept. 16, 1961	hail, winds est. 80-90 mph	1-2 million	great damage to some hotels and motels (125,000)
Sept. 4, 1963	1.07" rain, flooding	1 million	great damage to a shopping center (150,000)
Aug. 21, 1973	"Hurricane-like winds on Lake Mead, 10-ft waves"*	1.5 million	damage to boats great. (300,000)
Sept. 14, 1974	Nelson's Landing disaster 40 mi south LAS Est. 3.5" rain	0.5 million	9 lives lost, total destruction to recreational facilities. Numerous boats, trucks and autos lost. Great financial loss confined to a small number of individuals. (325,00)
July 3, 1975	flooding, only .07" rain at McCarran Weather Station. Est. 3.0" west of city	4.5 million	2 lives lost, approx. 300 autos lost, flood damage to streets, homes and businesses. (350,000)
Aug. 12, 1977	extensive flooding in the Searchlight area, 3.81" rain.	unknown	none

*quotations are from newspaper accounts.

Today, Southern Nevada is a popular tourist area and, in addition, many local residents enjoy outdoor recreational activities in the surrounding national and state parks and recreational areas. In addition, the population of Southern Nevada has increased by a factor of 10 in the last 25 years. Many of the new residents come from areas that receive much more rainfall annually than we receive here. It is little wonder that after they witness the dry, treeless desert they wrongly assume "it never rains in the desert."

The purpose of this column will be to pursue rain in the desert. Subsequent issues will cover meteorological factors, weather conditions and forecasting.

Compiled by Senator Lise Wyman

DATE: 2-28-79

EVENT: SENATE MEETING; Moyer Student Union

UNLV has all the ingredients of a top-notch educational institution. The one thing that more students need is a strong sense of pride within the student body. By getting involved in the decision making process here at the University, one can attain a better understanding of the many benefits UNLV can provide for him or her. My fellow senators and I would like to hear what you have to say, so address your questions to the senator of your choice care of *The Annotated Yell* office. I will personally make sure that all your inquiries are answered.

PHILLIP JACKSON--FRSHMAN CLASS SENATOR

Question: How would you encourage more minority involvement in CSUN?

When you use the word minority, it does not just encompass Blacks and Hispanics; it is so vast a word that it is inclusive of any peoples that are fewer in number, in a given area. Thus, minority would be interpreted as including Asians, Orientals, Hispanics and Blacks. I state these four particular groups because at this campus we have a significant amount of these people attending UNLV. There are presently 3 minority senators.

Among the minority students at UNLV I feel there exists a strong feeling of apathy toward CSUN. This apathy has been increasing over the last three years. I personally do not know why this feeling is present because, in my opinion CSUN has, is, and will continue to work with all the students on this campus. I myself have talked to the presidents or vice-presidents of three black organizations about having some of their members (if interested in student government) run for a seat in CSUN.

Elections will be coming up in May and I am expecting more involvement on behalf of the black students here on campus. I do not know what the other senators are doing to get more minorities involved, but I do know that one person cannot do it by himself. All senators will have to talk to minorities in order for apathy to be done away with.

LISA WOLFBRANDT--UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SENATOR

Question: I am interested in services available to handicapped students. In the trip taken by the Senate Research Task Force, what services did you observe to be available to handicapped students in other schools?

Riverside has an amazingly large population of handicapped and disabled students, the reason being the excellent facilities and services available to these students. The buildings are structured to include ramps and automatic doors. The Handicapped Students Services helps with admission, housing, attendants, special parking permits, tutoring, academic aids, personal problems, wheelchair repair, liason with the Department of Rehabilitation and other sponsoring agencies. The Learning Resource Center is located in the General Library and is staffed by a professional staff member and provides soundproof reading rooms, tape recorders, brailled books and magazines, recordings of frequently used textbooks, a print magnifying machine, Perkins Brailers, talking book machines and a TTY. There are also special academic intern programs, physical therapy and adaptive physical education classes.

A Mandatory Athletic Fee (MAF) directive issued to CSUN PRESIDENT CHUCK WHITE, a turndown of matching funds, and the future of a yearend university publication were all discussed in the two-hour meeting.

Agenda items were as follows:

EXECUTIVE BOARD nomination DALE HULEN was voted unanimously by SENATE members to the ELECTION BOARD. DANNY CAMPBELL previously occupied the position.

Scheduled for this meeting was the slide presentation concerning the SENATE RESEARCH TASK FORCE, however, it was voted unanimously to be shown at the next meeting due to the lateness of the meeting.

SENATE SPEAKER MARSHAL WILLYCK announced that the new constitution was approved without much opposition by the BOARD OF REGENTS during a meeting in Reno Friday, February 23. Coinciding with this event, SCIENCE AND MATH SENATOR JOE MATVAY moved to offer all members of the CONSTITUTIONAL REVISION COMMITTEE honorary "done good awards" for their achievement and "long argumentative hours" in the revision of the outgoing constitution. The motion passed.

Old business was as follows:

The question of a MAF student referendum sparked UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SENATOR BILL HALDEMAN to propose a directive, which passed unanimously, to CSUN PRESIDENT CHUCK WHITE in that WHITE would be required to submit and present a proposal for a ballot question on the MAF on or before March 20 for the SENATE meeting. An explanation will be made available to students before the GENERAL ELECTIONS to be held April 18 and 19.

Political Science professor AL JOHNS was denied a request by a margin of 14- against, 12- in favor, with 2 absent, a subsidy of \$1360 out of the CSUN GENERAL EXPENSE BUDGET to help finance a trip to state capital CARSON CITY by students most of which are enrolled in JOHNS' LEGISLATIVE PROCESS 401 class. JOHNS was unable to convince senators of the importance to UNLV the trip would make. JOHNS said it was eight years ago, on a previous trip "students provided sway" for the establishment of the WICHE program in Nevada. They also "saved the dorm" when a proposal was made to turn the building into offices. However, senators couldn't be persuaded to approve the amount due to the low (\$20,000.) remains of the unallocated funds in the GENERAL EXPENSE ACCOUNT. SCIENCE AND MATH SENATOR DAVE CRADDOCK, in an attempt to provide a lesser amount of money to the group failed in a motion to provide them with \$1,000.

New business was as follows:

The STUDENT EVALUATION OF FACULTY (SEF) was unanimously approved by the FACULTY SENATE in Reno, Thursday, February 22. A pilot program will be ready for campus wide distribution late this semester. CSUN PRESIDENT CHUCK WHITE announced that the computer forms to be used in the evaluation still have to be printed and will cost \$4280, of which UNR will pay half and receive half the forms for their SEF, which is in the same stage of development as ours. SPEAKER OF THE SENATE MARSHAL WILLYCK said the validity of the SEF may not be known until 1980, and that the SEF will be uniform throughout the University of Nevada System.

As reported earlier, the university yearbook, EPILOGUE, has been terminated as a result of the underbidding by TAYLOR YEARBOOK COMPANY as compared to JOSTENS YEARBOOK COMPANY, and a JOSTENS deadline of March 7 which cannot be met by yearbook editor BUCK STEELE. The decision to terminate came because the university could now not have a spring-time yearbook, but one coming out by the fall semester. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SENATOR BILL HALDEMAN announced the possibility of a yearend publication in lieu of the defunct yearbook. He proposes, along with ANNOTATED YELL EDITOR MIKE NAVARRO a cost of between \$2000-\$2500 for the publication and using remaining yearbook funds to do so. HALDEMAN will present a more detailed proposal to CSUN PRESIDENT CHUCK WHITE at the March 6 SENATE MEETING.

SWEET ALKALINE

PART III

Special Plants

MESQUITE, COTTONWOOD,
ELM, ASH AND WALNUT

I suspect that people tend to grow things, in part, on the basis of how long they plan on being in one spot. To children, for example, a 28-day radish represents a lifetime of waiting. Me, too. When I started gardening, I wanted to see results *now*. My garden has beaten me out of the notion of instant produce.

A garden is like education; it bears different products at different times. There are radishes in education, fast-food-like products that may take care of certain needs, but shallow ones. Growing something like a beet takes more time (about 60 days), but there's more return. A beet stores, a beet can be canned or frozen nicely, a beet is a more enduring product. When you really get to the "meat" of a vegetable garden, things like soybeans and corn, you're talking 60 days (minimum) to 80 or 90 days.

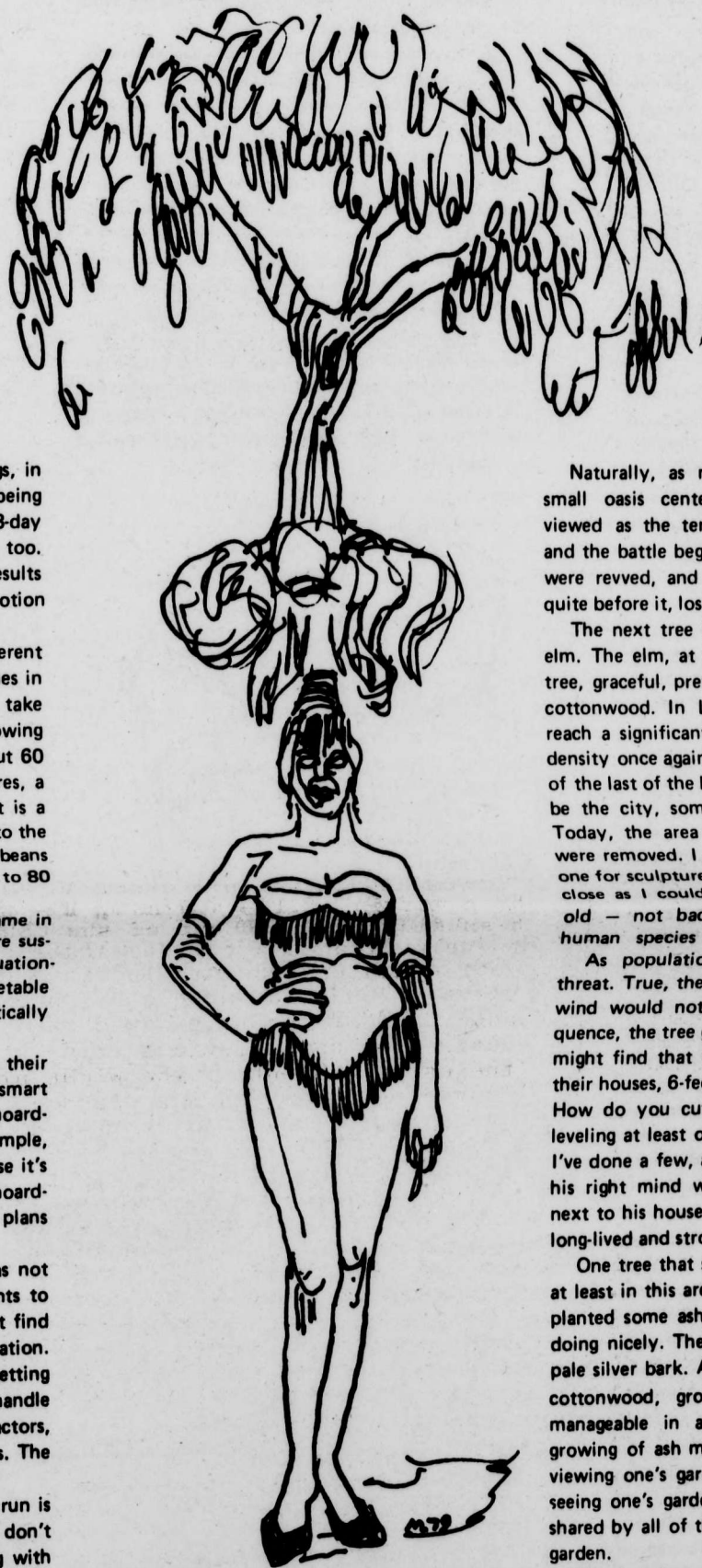
The return on patience, I think, is the same in the garden as it is in raising children: a more sustained input, a more enduring return. The equation-of-return for patience can be seen in the vegetable garden, but it can be seen even more dramatically when you talk about trees.

Most desert trees are savvy — they take their time. Water is precious in the desert, and a smart tree gains a long life by taking its time and hoarding its every resource. A mesquite, for example, looks scraggly much of its life. That's because it's always working, either sending out roots or hoarding as much water as it can. It's busy and it plans on living for a long time.

As smart as the mesquite may be, it has not figured out a way of avoiding what amounts to some rather sordid human pillage. You don't find too many mesquites around human habitation. For one thing, they don't take kindly to getting run over every day by a car. Nor do they handle with any grace the onslaught of trucks, tractors, asphalt and other such human machinations. The mesquite is a threatened species.

One reason the mesquite may be on the run is that most people who move to the desert don't really want to live in a desert. They bring with them the means of exploiting more water than the mesquite would ever envision in its wettest dreams. And so, we plant different trees, trees we think are more indicative of civilized living.

I don't know if the cottonwood is a native desert tree. But it has always symbolized for me civilized existence. When I was a kid in the out-reaches of Arizona, cottonwood trees always meant water, hence, human habitation. They were a water tree to me, not a desert tree. As water spread throughout the Southwest, raised by pump or brought in by aqueduct, cottonwoods spread. And they were neat.



Cottonwoods are the tree equivalents of radishes. Cottonwoods grow fast. They also give lots of shade and produce a lot of firewood. Neat enough. However, there are problems with cottonwoods. As will be discussed later, cottonwoods are brittle and, at times in their lives, they drop giant, heavy limbs on whatever or whoever happens to be stupid enough to squat under them during a high wind. They are dangerous trees. Cottonwoods are also insidious — their roots creep through people's plumbing and sneak into people's houses. My cottonwood tree had roots all the way into my bathroom before I got wise and an ax.

by
Evan Blythin

edited by
Barbara M. Blythin

illustrated by
Mike McCollum
(guest appearances by
Winn Strickland)

Naturally, as more human beings arrived at small oasis centers, the cottonwoods became viewed as the territorial competition they were and the battle began. Axes were drawn, chainsaws were revved, and the cottonwood, like the mesquite before it, lost.

The next tree in the desert jungle-book is the elm. The elm, at first, appeared to be a civilized tree, graceful, pretty and slower-growing than the cottonwood. In Las Vegas, the elm managed to reach a significant population level before human density once again took its toll. I think I got a part of the last of the big ones. Outside of what used to be the city, some elms were planted years ago. Today, the area is inside the city, and the trees were removed. I managed to save a large chunk of one for sculpture-wood. I counted the rings and, as close as I could determine, the elm was 60 years old — not bad for having cohabited with the human species throughout its whole existence.

As population increased, the elm became a threat. True, the elm could be trimmed so that the wind would not blow it down, but, as a consequence, the tree grew up. Suddenly, two neighbors might find that they had a 50-foot pole between their houses, 6-feet through, getting old and rotten. How do you cut down a tree like that without leveling at least one of the houses? Well, its tough. I've done a few, and I can tell you that nobody in his right mind would plant a tree that big right next to his house — unless the tree were unusually long-lived and strong.

One tree that seems to be supplanting the elm, at least in this area, is the ash. A neighbor of mine planted some ash trees 10 years ago and they are doing nicely. They are a yellow-green and sport a pale silver bark. Ash is a harder wood than elm or cottonwood, grows slower and may be more manageable in areas of dense population. The growing of ash may also represent a growth from viewing one's garden as an overnight sensation to seeing one's garden as a continuous activity, one shared by all of those who eat of the food of the garden.

Which brings me to the last tree. Coper has grown walnuts here, black walnuts. It was an act of enduring faith, and I am impressed. Walnuts take forever to grow, in fact, walnuts can take several human forevers to grow. And the rewards, like a well-nurtured education, are many. First, and obviously, the walnut provides something to eat (always a good sign, I say). Second, the walnut is an excellent burning wood and produces much warmth (another good sign, in my book). Finally, the walnut is an incredibly beautiful tree and produces an incredibly beautiful wood for sculpture or furniture.

Most of Cospers' walnuts have gone under the blade. He sold some of his land and the developer, rather than work the homes around the trees, bulldozed out the trees. I managed to save some of the wood and a few of the seedlings that were beginning to make it. The wood I have cured for the past 3 years and the seedlings I passed out to my friends. But, most importantly, I've seen that walnuts can grow here in the desert. If someone was considering doing a garden in the desert, a garden that would endure and go through generations of the human species, a walnut tree or two would be one of my recommendations.

I don't know if walnuts are likely to succeed where mesquite, cottonwood and elm have failed. I can see some possible limitations. One limitation might be caliche. Caliche, the cement-like boundary that crosses this valley (underground), poses a barrier for tap-roots, and the walnut is a strong tap-root tree. Maybe the walnut will curve its root. Maybe the walnut's root will rot from soaking too much in the putrid water that lays over much of the caliche in this valley. Maybe, just about the time the walnut gets firmly established, there will be too many people in this desert for the water that can be brought in, and maybe the walnuts will have to go. We might even go so far as to have too many people for the water we have. And, maybe, the mesquite will have its revenge.

POST-HOLE TOMATOES

Tomatoes are not native to the desert. Nevertheless, large numbers of people in the desert grow tomatoes. Most people who grow tomatoes in the desert, however, don't really grow tomatoes; they grow tomato vines which shrivel to mere shadows in the hot sun of July and August. Even the one tomato that does well in Las Vegas — the cherry — generally packs it up and stands still during the hottest months of the year.

To combat the heat of the desert, some people build hothouses and grow tomatoes continuously. Those who cannot afford hothouses or who prefer to garden in open space resort to three options: First, we try to get tomatoes started early; under hotcaps, tomatoes can be started in February or March. Second, we stick to tomatoes that bear heavily at an early age, like Big Boy, Red Cloud and Cherry. Finally, we attempt some cover, like mosquito netting, to cut the rays of the sun. Two years ago, I stumbled on another approach which has made it possible to grow cherry tomatoes throughout the entire summer at an incredibly high production level.

A friend of mine who lived across the street was having her house painted and had to move the tomatoes from under the eaves. They had been in the ground for a month, and she was worried about transplanting to an area that had not been worked or fertilized. She didn't have time to dig up the necessary 10x10-foot area. I had just finished digging some fence-post holes, and this idea occurred to me: Rather than dig up the whole area, why not dig an 8-inch hole, two or three feet deep?

We dug all the necessary holes and filled them with compost, fertilizer and water. We then placed the transplanted tomatoes in the holes. She had the best crop of tomatoes that anyone in the neighborhood had ever seen. The bushes were eight feet tall and they produced from June until October.

In retrospect, I think that there might have been several things to account for her success. First, tomatoes are deep feeders, but most people only dig and fertilize the first six inches or so of their garden. Post-hole tomatoes have a constant source of food which may allow them to better endure the wear of 110-degree temperatures. Second, because of the heavy feeding of post-hole tomatoes, the plants are unusually big and shade themselves.

The massive vegetation may work like an evaporative cooler and the tomato blossoms are better able to set. Finally, post-hole tomatoes have the advantage of deep water retention. All the organic matter, to a depth of three feet, holds the water much better than our native sand and allows the tomatoes to thoroughly quench their thirst.

I tried the post-hole method last year on another crop — squash. Squash, like tomatoes, are heavy feeders and have large water requirements. I found that with the post-hole method, squash could be easily planted in areas that I could not or would not cultivate. I suspect that there are any number of plants which might do well under the post-hole method.

I can also see two big advantages, aside from greater production. One is the maximum utilization of organic matter. In the desert, this is an important consideration; we don't have a great deal of humus material here to begin with. A second advantage is that water, another precious ingredient in the desert, is focused in post-hole planting and goes where it is most needed. Solutions are wonderful.



POMEGRANATES (Punica)

The first several years of my garden's life, I spent a lot of time and effort on esoteric plants. Nichol's Nursery supplied me with a great number of fantasies and the seed needed to produce those fantasies. But, little by little, I found that there was a point of diminishing returns. To get the soil and climate right for some plants took more effort than the produce was worth. Certain plants have struck me as worth pursuing, even though they are hard to grow, for a variety of reasons. Tomatoes, grapes and strawberries are among the difficult plants which I consider special.

Another category of special plant is the hardy plant. Corn, squash and beans take awards as hardy specials. The most special plant of all in the hardy category is the magnificent pomegranate. The *Punica* loves sweet alkaline, and is a hardy's hardy when the two get together.

When I first moved here, there was an old ranch on Flamingo, close to Paradise. Over the years, the house and outbuildings were despoiled and picked apart. Eventually, everything was gone but the foundations and the pomegranates. Bulldozers finally got them. But until the heavy metal arrived, the pomegranates survived on their own. They didn't fruit every year, but they produced when there was rain enough.

There is a rare pomegranate — soft pink and sweet. It is sought by those who remember. If you should happen to run into a joyfully blushing *Punica*, grab it and plant the seeds or get cuttings. Husband it dearly.

I recommend pomegranates, even though many people consider them a pain to eat. They are hard to peel and they are full of seeds. However, they make a magnificent juice. One full-sized plant will produce (easily) a gallon of juice a year. The juice is so strong that it should be cut with orange juice or water. It can be used for making popsicles, wine and, best of all, jelly. I like pomegranates a lot and I plan to have, eventually, about ten plants. Everyone should have a place for at least one.

GRAPES

A lot of people here have trouble with grapes. Not that they don't grow. Indeed, grapes do quite well here. It's just that as soon as the plants get all spread out and leafy, the deadly skeletonizer arrives. I'm going to talk about bugs in a bit, but while we're here, I might as well tell you about the skeletonizer.

A moth glides in, lands a couple of million eggs and springs off for new territory. The eggs hatch and little worms start fanning out. Acres of greenery go before the advancing horde. There's a lot of the little buggers.

Most people spray. And then they spray some more. And some more. The moths keep coming in, the eggs keep hatching — nature hangs on. By the time you're through spraying, you've sprayed so much poison on your vines that only a madman would eat the fruit.

Here's what you do: First, slow down. Second, amble — don't run — out to the grapes every morning right after your morning walk. Take a leisurely stroll down the troops and see if everything is standing at attention. There's a leaf that looks a little sick; at the center of the leaf (or is it near the edge?), there's a dead-looking spot. "Ah, ha!" you can say. "The deadly skeletonizer!" And you might be right. Underneath the leaf, right under the dead-looking spot, there should be a small, geometric patch. Look closer and you will see a million little eggs. Or, if you are a bit late, you will see a million worms. Or, if you are much later, you will see a bunch of vine and no leaf. I pick the infested leaves. It's much easier to deal with one leaf and a million eggs than with a million leaves, each with its own worm.

Last year, I kept abreast of the skeletonizers until the end of the season, and then I let them go. I fought several invasions. This season, I have a lot of fruit coming in, so I'll really be on my toes. I'll still let the last invasion go. I rather like the pretty white moth and would mourn its disappearance.

I've done one other interesting thing with grapes. I poured a concrete walk between my wire arbors. Doesn't sound like anything too hot, but let me tell you . . .

First, the concrete draws moisture, and I suspect my grapes could get along for a long time on their own, root-shaded and dampened by the concrete mulch. Second, the concrete is easy to wash clean and so gives the places a scrubbed look while retaining its organic usage. Finally, the walk is a nice place to pull up a chair and lounge. This year will be my first big crop. I can hardly wait.

FRUITS AND NUTS

These do well in the desert, with water: apricots, plums (Santa Rosa), nectarines and almonds. Others may also do well; it depends on your soil, your habits, your space. Cospers, for example, has several walnuts, a pear, an apple and he used to grow strawberries. If you work at it, think about it and know what you're doing, you can grow just about anything.

There are special problems here with fruit trees, but I've never stopped to acquaint myself with the solutions to those problems. For example, trees like the nectarine and the peach get a kind of scale that corrodes the bark. Every fruit tree has a bug enemy. Every year, the local papers run stories on how to combat the enemies of fruit trees. Thus far, my trees have produced well without my interference in the battle. Perhaps they will pay later, in their old age, for my negligence in their youth. I hope not.

SUBURBAN COLONIES

It just occurred to me that when cities propose moratoriums, they propose moratoriums on human extensions — sewer lines, water lines, power. In another sense, growth continues: Human population growth continues; it is densified.

When this town considered a moratorium on growth, when it seemed that the second phase of a major water project would not go through, the interest in land within the area of existing services increased. Reno has been facing an incredible jump in population, but they have, at the same time, engaged in moratoriums because of water and sewage limitations.

Several years ago, I began reading about how the price of suburban property was increasing. Then, I began to see articles that detailed the exorbitant prices people were getting for their suburban homes. And then, I read that the suburban life would soon be impossible for the average American.

There is something charming about being a member of an extinct social order. When my wife meets religious advocates at the door, she informs them that she is a Druid: charming, possibly true. If this were a professional monograph, I would suggest that sociologists, anthropologists, artists and rhetoricians of all walks begin documentation of how it was in suburbia. How about a Museum of Suburban Artifacts: lawn mowers, weed-wackers and a carefully bonsai-ed elm or two.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Your local newspaper columns. Those folks work hard — listen to them. You won't always want to take their advice, but you should listen. One of these days, they may stumble upon the rare, pink, sweet pomegranate.

The Pruning Handbook, by Roy L. Hudson. \$3. Prentice-Hall. This is a good book about trees, shrubs and vines. Hudson deals with the pros and cons of central versus modified leader systems. Fascinating.

First Edition produced by
the Yell
University of Nevada, Las Vegas



THE ELM'S SPRING REVENGE

Rebellion!

GRAND OPENING¹⁵

lot like Dorothy from the 1939 box-office hit.

Dorothy wants to get to Kansas, the Hustlin' Rebels want to go just a little further north, to Omaha, Neb., the site of the College World Series in June. But before UNLV head coach Fred Dallimore can stand in Rosenblatt Stadium and click the heels of his ruby cleats he must first get the best of the wizard, in this case, Augie Garrido, head coach at Cal State-Fullerton.

And that is what Dallimore and the rest of his Hustlin' Rebel squad will try to do this coming week as the UNLV team makes its first roadtrip of the season, a five-games-in-four-days swing into the southern California area.

UNLV will begin the freeway series with a pair of 2:30 games against Garrido's Titans on Thursday and Friday. On Saturday, the Hustlin' Rebels will get a rematch with Cal State-Long Beach, a team which UNLV swept three games from to open the 1979 season; and then on Sunday, following the noon twinbill against the 49ers, the Hustlin' Rebels will wrap up the trip with a 1 pm single contest against Pepperdine University.

"These two games against Cal State-Fullerton will be like a mini-World Series for us," says Dallimore, who, now in his sixth season, has brought UNLV baseball into national prominence. "They are a fundamentally sound team, and so are we.

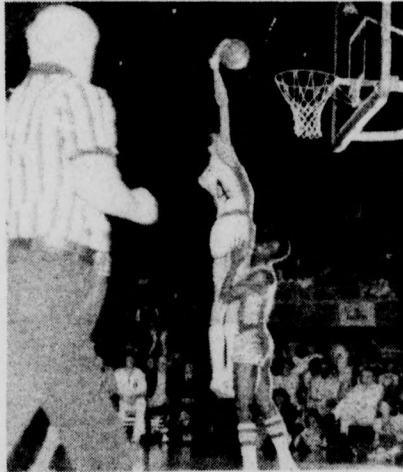
Runnin' Rebels End Home Season

Following one of the greatest victories in the history of UNLV basketball, the Runnin' Rebels complete their 1978-79 regular season on Tuesday night by hosting Colorado State University in an 8:05 pm game in the Las Vegas Convention Center. UNLV will end the season with an exhibition game in Anaheim on Thursday night against the 26-5 Athlet-

In-Action team.

Coach Jerry Tarkanian's hard-working team knocked off 10th ranked Marquette University, 86-83, in a regionally televised game on Sunday to give UNLV another 20-game victory season, its sixth straight. Currently 20-8, UNLV will honor its six seniors in a special pre-game ceremony prior to the start of the UNLV-CSU game on Tuesday.

The six seniors involved with the Runnin' Rebel team are team manager Larry Chin, Sam Copeland, Earl Evans,

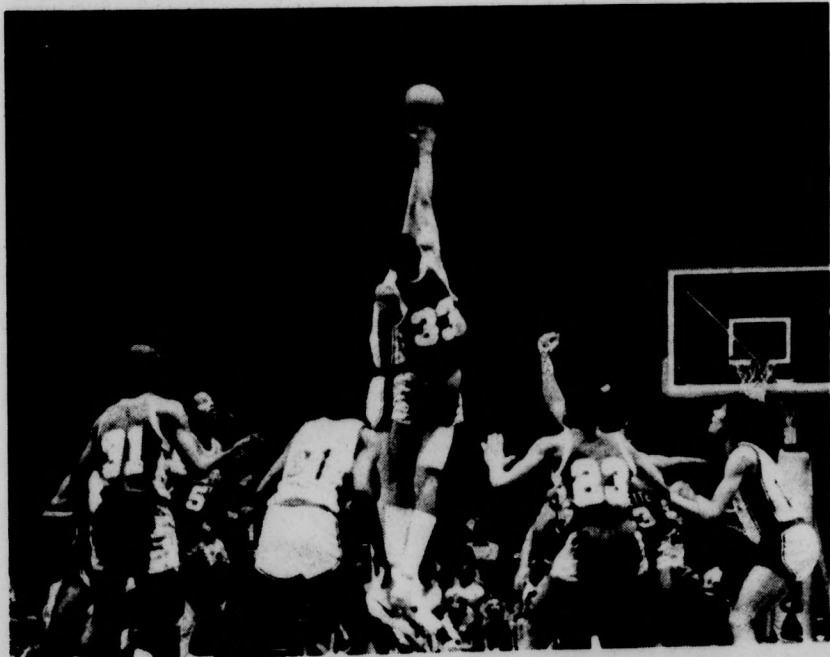


UNLV's Richard Vox goes for the lay up in one of the Rebels toughest victories of the season. Final score: UNLV 86, Marquette 83.

Eddie McLeod, Tony Smith and Brett Vroman.

UNLV, currently 98-7 in six seasons under coach Tarkanian in the Las Vegas Convention Center, will be gunning for the 21st victory of the season against CSU, which enters its final game of the season with an 11-15 record.

Evans leads UNLV in scoring and rebounding with an 18.0 per game scoring average and a 10.2 per game rebounding norm. Smith is second in scoring with a 16.8 average while Vroman is third at 11.9 and freshman Michael Burns is fourth at 10.5 ppg.



Mike Burns captured the Fidelity Union Life's "Athlete of the Week" award in last week's 84-89 win against Marquette. Mike is a freshman graduating from Chapparral High School last June. Marquette's loss was Mike's gain as he was heaped with double honors by also being chosen NBC's Gillette "Athlete of the Game."



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Photo by Gloyd Green

photo by Mike Sharp

Rebellion!



Ed note: UNLV athletics are probably one of the most debatable issues on campus. The more academically oriented claim that sports have become the life blood of the university. They feel the campus should first concern itself with the various disciplines, the arts, etc.

Others disapprove solely because of the recently implemented \$2 per credit hour Mandatory Athletic Fee.

Proponents of the Athletic Department claim sports, especially basketball, has put the school on the map. Annotated Yell's Ken Harris interviewed UNLV's current

Annotated Yell's Ken Harris interviewed UNLV's current Athletic Director Bill Ireland.

YELL: How has UNLV grown so fast athletically?

IRELAND: Since World War II there's only been about three universities that have really popped up on the national scene--the University of Miami in Florida, Arizona State in Phoenix and San Diego State. I think we've got a lot in common with them.

YELL: How so?

IRELAND: Number one, a big tourist industry. And with a tourist industry you have a very progressive and recreation oriented type of people.

Plus the fact that there's only two universities in Nevada and the population and political center has shifted to the south. We've had the advantage to do a lot of things we wanted to do.

YELL: Let's go back one. How does the tourist industry help our program? Tourists don't fill a stadium.

IRELAND: No, they don't. But let's say this institution was located in Tonopah. We would have a very difficult time scheduling Michigan, Marquette, Kentucky, etc.

But to play in Las Vegas--they'll do it. Even though the powers know they have a good chance of losing to us they'll come for the trip. We always have about 20 home games in basketball and only 8 on the road; usually about 7 home in football and 4 on the road. This is one of the advantages of the tourist industry.

YELL: Does the Athletic Department get an unusually high percentage of its fundings from the Boosters?

IRELAND: Definitely! Well, let me clarify. We get an unusually low amount of money from the state compared to other schools. Only about 25 percent of our athletic budget has historically come from the state.

YELL: What's that, \$7-800,000?

IRELAND: More like \$6-700,000. Still only a small part of our \$2.6-million budget.

In our case we're the only department on campus that submits a budget like \$2.6-million, has it accepted and then has to go out and raise 3/4 of it.

YELL: And that comes from the Boosters?

IRELAND: And gate receipts, which are generally Boosters, scholarship donors and game guarantees.

YELL: Game guarantees?

UNLV Athletic Director Bill Ireland speaks out on Boosters, athlete class loads, tourism hippies,

UNLV 1985

and says academia should... "go out and work as hard as we did and pull themselves up by the bootstraps."

IRELAND: Yes. If we go to Hawaii and play they give us \$35,000. If we go up to Salt Lake City to play Utah they give us \$25,000--those are game guarantees. They go in the till.

YELL: Even though you're Athletic Director, you're not in the lime light like Tarkanian or Tony Knap. Do you miss that?

IRELAND: I know what you're driving at. I don't necessarily miss that aspect of it, but I do miss the closeness with the kids, working twith them and all. I miss the arena, the combat, that type of thing.

YELL: Do you sympathize at all with those who say UNLV is too heavily into athletics?

IRELAND: Not for a minute!! And the reason I don't--I would say if we got all our \$2.6-million to the detriment of other programs--Engineering, Physics, Hotel Management, Nursing, whatever. If we got our money to their detriment, then I would say they had a legitimate gripe.

That's not the case! To those people who say we're too heavily into athletics, I say to them go out and work as hard as we did and pull themselves up by the bootstraps, just like we did.

YELL: We interviewed North Las Vegas City Attorney recently. While discussing college athletics he more or less summarized his feelings by declaring, "The world is not going to be saved by a bunch of ex-football players with gimpy knees."

IRELAND: The world is not going to be saved by flower children or hippies or-- you can categorize just about anybody.

Eisenhower was an athlete. Gerald Ford was a great athlete at Michigan. Kennedy was a fine athlete. I can go on and on. Most of them got the fine edge honed in the arena of intercollegiate athletics and competitive athletics.

So I disagree with George. I disagree with George on a lot of things, but I think he's a hell of a tough campaigner and we do need people like him around.

YELL: Isn't it a fact though that a lot of our 'jocks' do take the easier courses in order to spend more time with their sport?

IRELAND: I think they probably do.

YELL: Well, should the school feel guilty then when a guy or girl does in fact graduate?

IRELAND: I don't think so, for this reason: A good deal of our athletes, especially our basketball players, come to Nevada, Las Vegas with one thing in mind--their life-long goal is to play professional basketball.

There is no way to go from high school to professional basketball, they simply cannot do it. College basketball's the stepping stone to the pros.

There are some players now in their first year out making \$800,000. There is no engineer, no Physics major, there is no comparable profession that these young men can get into that pays anywhere near that amount of money.

The guys know too, that if they get their degree they'll be able to go on after their legs are gone, their eyes are gone and get in the coaching end of it, or at least stay close to it.

YELL: I can appreciate that, but what about the larger percentage of athletes who don't make the pros and ends up with a degree in basket-weaving? Has he wasted his time through sports?

IRELAND: (laughter) We don't give a degree in basket weaving--you know that.

YELL: You know what I'm saying though.

IRELAND: We give a degree in recreation but with that they have to practice, teach, etc. I don't think there's a cheap degree given on this campus.

I know what you're saying, but I think we really are making great academic progress.

YELL: Title 9. What do you think about it?

[Note: Title 9 is a federal mandate which states that all schools receiving federal funds must spend an equal amount on their women's sports as their men's. Although the mandate passed in 1972, it hasn't been enforced, laying idle until fairly recently.]

IRELAND: Any time the federal government can come into your school and tell you how you're going to spend your money in any program, it strips the institution of its autonomy. You're then state controlled--it's scary!

YELL: Will they enforce it?

IRELAND: I don't think they can enforce it. I do think it has done some good though. We are further along now in women's athletics than we would have been without it. I want to make that clear. For Title 9 states that you not only have to react to the pressure of interest, but you have to go out and stimulate some interest. I agree with that.

If they just let us go ahead with our basketball and football programs the way they are we'll develop them to the fullest so that they might one day share their profits with the rest of the sports and build them all.

If they are to enforce Title 9 we would have to cut back drastically in a number of sports in order to reallocate to others instead of being a viable, struggling program we'll be a struggling, mediocre one.

[Note: If Title 9 is enforced, UNLV's men's basketball and football teams, which together spend almost half of the department's \$2.6-million annual budget, would be drastically cut back. Sounds fair enough, right?]

Consider though, that while the two spend \$1.3-million, they generate \$1.5-million. No other sports on campus, male or female, generate more than they spend!

YELL: Just a couple more. What has athletics done for UNLV?

IRELAND: The biggest thing that has ever happened to this institution athletically was us making it to the finals in '76 in Atlanta. Across the country the miracle of TV has spread the name of UNLV.

To the community we've become a rallying point. We've given the people something to be proud of--something that gets totally away from the stigmas attached to Las Vegas--gaming, etc.

It's the one wholesome area where we were getting national recognition. This is what they cherish so much.

YELL: UNLV--1985-- where will their athletic program be?

IRELAND: I think we'll be a power in the WAC, a national power in basketball--maybe even to the point of winning a national championship by that time.

I see us in major Division I bowl games in football by that time, a dominant force in baseball in the WAC and well along in other areas. The swimming, the track, our girls programs.

Beyond '85, into the '90's I think that we will become a national power. A true national power of the USC-UCLA mold. It's inevitable, we've got all the ingredients to get there!

YELL: How about yourself? You going to stick with us or go with Bob Blum enterprises?

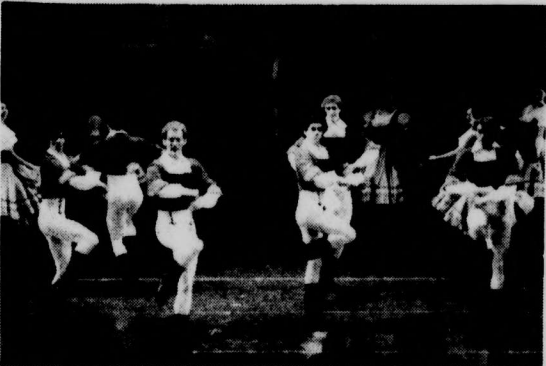
IRELAND: I'm too excited about what I'm doing right now to go anywhere. In the future, who knows? Maybe something in politics.

Overtures

Ballet West Concert



Photo Essay by Nina Garcia



Star Spangled Minstrel



Cast: Laura Wiley, Sam Ansalone, Lee Isenberg,
Sylvie Varenne, Melody Francis, Lesley Ann Rush,
Jeff Wright, and Linda Kissia (not pictured).

Directed by Ianthe Bruton

Photos by Nina Garcia





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Recurring events

Mar 7 thru Mar 29 - BASKETBALL - Silent Bouncers. Unique basketball program for the hearing impaired. CLVDRLA. 386-6296.
Mar 7 thru Mar 16 - ART - Professional black artists. The development of contemporary black art and artists. Flamingo, CCL (Free) 733-7810.
Mar 1-30 - ART DRIVE - Allied Arts Council Membership Drive. 384-1208.
Mar 1-31 - THEATRE - *Anything Goes*. Cole Porter Musical. 8pm & 11:45pm nightly (dark Mondays). Union Plaza. 386-21110.
Mar 7-31 - MUSIC - Registrations for So. Nev Summer Music School. 870-0143.
Mar 1-30 - HISTORICAL - Ongoing displays of historical pieces and artifacts at So. Nev. Museum. 565-0907. And UNLV Museum of Natural History. 739-3381.
Mar 1-31 - TOURS - Tours of So. Nev. historical and cultural sites are available thru AAC Cultural Focus program. 382-7198.
Mar 12-21 - ART - Woodcarvings by Phillip Vanderwall. Sun Circle Crafts Gallery. 293-4679.
Mar 18- Apr 13 - ART - *5th Annual Art-A-Faire*. Winning entries exhibited. Flamingo, CCL. 733-7810.
Mar 27- May 9 - STARS - *The Loneliness Factor*. Planetarium show. CCCC Tues & Weds. 643-6060.

MARCH 7

12noon - COMEDY - Special comedy event. Student Activities. MSU. (Free) 735-2333.
3 & 5pm - RADIO OPERA - *Faust*. Jerry Dilorio host. KULV.
6pm - LECTURE - *Approaches to Budgeting--Good or Bad*. Dr. James Harper. Maxim Hotel. RSVP. 384-3674.
6pm - WORKSHOP - *Early Educations for Handicapped Children*. 739-3437.
7pm - POETRY - *Open Door--Myra Cohn Livingston*. Flamingo, CCL (Free) 733-7810.
7pm - PHOTOGRAPHY - *Night Out*. Lee Bernhard & Wes Williams. L/V, CCL (Free) 382-3493.
7pm - PLANTS - *Dealing with Dirt*. Aggie Roberts. Soil mulching & spring planting. Sunrise, CCL (Free) 453-1104.
7pm - SLIDE SHOW - *Rock Climbing in North America*. MSU- MSU-201 & 202 (free) 739-3575.
7:30pm - BURRO MANAGEMENT - Burro management and Ecosystem Restoration Plan and its Draft Environmental Statement. Natl Park Personnel. Golden Eagle Room. 2nd fl., Hughes Aviation Svc. Bldg. 6005 L/V Blvd. (602)638-2411.
7:30pm - MOVIE - *Dinner at Eight*. L/V Cinema Society. UNLV Ed. Aud. (A \$3, SID & SC \$1) 451-0424 & 735-8483.
7:30 & 9:30pm - MOVIE - *The Abominable Dr. Phibes & Dr. Phibes Rises*. MSUB. (Free)
8pm - TV DANCE - *Dance in America--Balanchine IV*. KLVX-10.
8:15pm - RELIGION - *Topics in Catholic Beliefs*. CUCM. 736-0887.
9:30pm - TV MUSIC - *Four Freshmen in Concert at the Palace*. KLVX-10.

MARCH 8

6pm - WORKSHOP - *Early Educations for Handicapped Children*. 739-3437
7:30 & 9:30pm - MOVIE - *The Abominable Dr. Phibes & Dr. Phibes Rises*. MSUB. (free)

MARCH 9

7 & 9pm - FILM - *Star Trek Bloopers*. MSUB. (SID \$2, A \$2.50)
7pm - THEATRE - *Star Spangled Minstrel*. Children's show. GHLT. (A \$2, C \$.75) 739-3641.
7pm - BACKPACKING SEMINAR - Learn all the basics you need to know about this popular sport at this informative seminar. MSU-201. MSUORP. (Free) 739-3575.
8pm - THEATRE - *Plaza Suite*. Theatre, CCCC. (A \$3, SID \$2) 643-6060x359.
10pm - DOCUMENTARY - *Scared Straight*. Youthful offenders trip to prison. KLAS-5.

MARCH 10

8:30am - WRITER'S WORKSHOP - Natl League of American Pen Women. Showboat Hotel. 2800 E. Fremont. (\$18 & \$22) 734-6120.
10am - PLANTS - *Talking Plant Show*. Aggie Roberts & Cooperative Extension Service. West L/V, CCL. (Free) 647-2118.
10am - AUDITIONS - *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off*. Dir. Robert Dunkerly. Theatre, CCCC.
1pm - GUNS - Gunsmithing demonstration. Old L/V Fort. 386-6510.
7 & 9pm - FILM - *Star Trek Bloopers*. MSUB. (SID \$2, A \$2.50)
8pm - THEATRE - *Plaza Suite*. Theatre, CCCC (A \$3, SID \$2) 643-6060x359.
11:30pm - TV MUSICAL - *The Bandwagon*. The Hollywood Musicals. KLVX-10.

MARCH 11

2pm - JAZZ - John Palmer Jazz Quartet. Flamingo, CCL. (Free) 733-7810.
2pm - MUSIC - Las Vegas Chamber Players Concert. UNLV, AHH. 739-3810.
10pm - TV MUSIC - *Horowitz Live Encore*. KLVX-10.
8pm - TV MUSIC - *Andrea Segovia at the White House*. KLVX-10.

MARCH 12

6:30pm - DINNER - Natl Assoc., Oasis Chapter. *Boss of the Year Program*. Hughes Aviation Svcs. Conquest Rm. (\$6.50) RSVP 734-3345.
9pm - TV MUSIC - *That Great American Gospel Sound*. KLVX-10.

MARCH 13

TBA - STARS - *Footsteps*. Planetarium show. CCCC, Tues & Weds. 643-6060.
8pm - THEATRE - *The Lion in Winter*. Comedy by James Goldman. The Meadows Playhouse. (GRA, SID \$6.50 eve. & \$4.50 mat., SP^{1/2}) 739-7525.
8pm - MOVIE - *Castle of Purity*. Cinematheque. MSU-201. (A \$1, SID \$1.50) 739-3221.
10pm - TV MUSICAL - *Singing in the Rain*. The Hollywood Musicals. KLVX-10.
7pm - MOVIE - *Butterflies are Free*. Captioned. Flamingo, CCL. (Free) 733-7810.

MARCH 14

3 & 5pm - RADIO OPERA - *Rigoletto*. Jerry Dilorio host. KULV.
8pm - THEATRE - *The Lion in Winter*. Comedy by James Goldman. The Meadows Playhouse. (GRA, SID \$6.50 eve. & \$4.50 mat., SP^{1/2}) 739-7525.
8:15pm - RELIGION - *Topics in Catholic Beliefs*. CUCM. 736-0887.
8pm - MEETING - So. Nev. Herpatology Assoc. Monthly Meeting. Dr. Engberg on *Turtle Husbandry*. UNLV Museum of Natural History. 739-3041.

8:30pm - TV THEATRE - *Romeo & Juliet*. The Shakespeare Plays, BBC & Time-Life. KLVX-10.

MARCH 15

6pm - DINNER - 2nd Annual Fund Raising Dinner. CUCM. Maxim Hotel. (\$25) 736-0887.

8pm - THEATRE - *The Lion in Winter*. Comedy by James Goldman. The Meadows Playhouse. (GRA, SID \$6.50 eve. & \$4.50 mat., SP $\frac{1}{2}$) 739-7525.

MARCH 16

WIND SURFING - Friday, a demonstration at the Student Union and Saturday at the lake. The demonstration on Friday is open to anyone that's interested. Sign up in Outdoor Rec. office. MSUORP (Free) 739-3575.

2pm - THEATRE - *Aladdin*. Children's show. Rainbow Co. RWCC. (A \$2, SC \$1.75, C \$1) 386-6211.

8pm - THEATRE - *The Lion in Winter*. Comedy by James Goldman. The Meadows Playhouse. (GRA, SID \$6.50 eve. & \$4.50 mat., SP $\frac{1}{2}$) 739-7525.

MARCH 17

ALL DAY - MUSIC - Clark County Choral Festival. UNLV, MSU. 739-3011.

10am - VOLLEYBALL - *Infinity Vooley*

10am - VOLLEYBALL - *Infinity Vooley-A-Thon*. Dula Ctr. CLVDRLA. 386-6520.

11am - MOVIE - *Darby O'Gill & the Little People*. Decatur, CCL. (Free) 878-7578.

2pm - THEATRE - *Aladdin*. Children's show. Rainbow Co. RWCC. (A \$2, SC \$1.75, C \$1) 386-6211.

2:30 & 8pm - THEATRE - *The Lion in Winter*. Comedy by James Goldman. The Meadows Playhouse. (GRA, SID \$6.50 eve. & \$4.50 mat., SP $\frac{1}{2}$) 739-7525.

3pm - MOVIE - *Darby O'Gill & the Little People*. West L/V. CCL. (Free) 647-2118.

MARCH 18

1pm - ART - Gallery Opening Reception/Awards. 5th Annual Juried Competition. Flamingo, CCL (Free) 733-7810.

2pm - MOVIE - *Swept Away*. Flamingo, CCL (Free) 733-7810.

2pm - MUSIC - UNLV Wind Ensemble and Concert Band. UNLV, AHH. 739-3801.

2pm - THEATRE - *Aladdin*. Children's show. Rainbow Co. RWCC. (A \$2, SC \$1.75, C \$1) 386-6211.

MARCH 19

3pm - MOVIE - *Darby O'Gill & the Little People*. L/V. CCL. (Free) 382-3493.

7pm - MOVIE - *Swept Away*. L/V. CCL. (Free) 382-3493.

8pm - THEATRE - *The Lion in Winter*. Comedy by James Goldman. The Meadows Playhouse. (GRA, SID \$6.50 eve. & \$4.50 mat. mat., SP $\frac{1}{2}$) 739-7525.

MARCH 20

8pm - THEATRE - *The Lion in Winter*. Comedy by James Goldman. The Meadows Playhouse. (GRA, SID \$6.50 eve. & \$4.50 mat., SP $\frac{1}{2}$) 739-7525.

8pm - MUSIC - Chamber Players Solo Recital. Virko Baley. UNLV, AHH. 739-3801.

MARCH 21

12:30pm - JAZZ - *Dhama, Works of Thelonius Monk*. MSU-202 & 203. (Free) 739-3221.

3 & 5pm - RADIO OPERA - *Lucia di Lamammore*. Jerry Dilorio host. KUL.

7pm - BOOKS - *Open Door*. Barbara Williams. Flamingo, CCL. (Free) 738-7810.

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LETTER TO THE COMMISSIONER

BY JEFF LAWRENCE

To: Office of the Commissioner of Baseball

From: James Brewer, Catcher, Seattle Beavers Baseball Club

Sir:

I am writing in regard to the incident that occurred at the game between the Beavers and the Wisconsin Wildcats at Wildcat Stadium on September 20th, and my involvement in that incident. As you requested in your telegram to me, I am submitting my views and explanations of that incident "in fullest detail, pending a decision on the course of disciplinary action."

Frankly, Sir, to be in "fullest detail" I would probably have to ramble on through a volume the size of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. So I hope you won't mind if I try to keep this report kind of short and natural, since I don't have the patience or the ability to stay in a room with a typewriter, alone, for more than thirty minutes at a time.

To understand my version of the day's events, you would have to know what my emotions were going into the game. I was sort of worried about a few things.

The main worry I had was to help the team to the pennant, and hopefully to the playoffs and World Series. Not entirely for team spirit, though. More than that was my need for the bonus money from the playoffs to pay for the damage my Mustang did to the first floor of the Sweet Dreams Motel in Memphis. (You probably recall the incident and the ten-day suspension that followed, so I won't go any further into it.)

I was worried about my future in baseball, too. As a second-string catcher with a batting average lower than his weight, I realized my career in the majors was about as stable as a cow on ice.

So it came as a surprise that Coach Johnson was letting me start in the game on the 20th against the Wildcats. I felt it was real nice of the coach to give me a chance in such a crucial game, but I felt that the other catcher's (Tom McNamara) broken toe had something to do with it. (I told Tommy that the suitcase had slipped out of my hand, but I don't think he believed me.)

The game was a big chance for the Beavers to gain ground on the Wildcats, who were leading us by three games. With only ten games to play in the season, it made our job pretty tough. The 53,450 hometown Wildcat fans were making it even tougher on us by giving us every impression that they planned on reviving the old American tradition of tarring and feathering, in the visitors' dugout with a few out-of-town volunteers. That stadium is the only place where I've heard death threats from a nun.

Standing on the mound that day for our side was our leader, savior, maindrawing card and franchise, all in the person of J.J. Pearson, known to everybody but himself as "Runt." Though only five foot six and one hundred and forty pounds, he was last year's most valuable player for the National League, had won the Cy Young award twice, and was the most temperamental son of a bitch in the free world. He had a chip on his shoulder with a lifetime guarantee on it, but without him we stood about as much of a chance at the pennant as I



did for the Hall of Fame. The accumulation of injuries and bad luck over the season had left the rest of our pitching staff looking like they belonged in an emergency ward, and that little bastard knew he was our only hope. He knew it, and so did the rest of North America. So the whole team handled his fragile ego with the caution of the New York Bomb Squad.

Leading the way for the Wildcats was a bomb, "Bomb" Erickson by nickname. Erickson was, at the time, leading the league in home runs, runs batted in, intentional walks, and assault arrests. He slouched at six foot three and two hundred and forty pounds and was as mean as any country phrase you would care to use to describe him. He had ended a game that the Wildcats were losing in July by starting that headline-making fight in which he punched out six of the Pittsburgh Pirates. (When you recommended no punishment for him at the time, Sir, I remembered you have a wife and five kids, and that, as a family man, you couldn't risk getting Erickson riled.)

In the top of the fifth inning, I was perspiring very heavily behind home plate, and the umpire, Mickey Lenhardt, was perspiring very nervously behind me. Behind him, the entire paid attendance of Wildcat Stadium were perspiring very angrily, when they weren't occupied with cursing, screaming, and booing very loudly. The Wildcat fans have always been a big help in making God-fearing men out of their opponents, but that day they were in especially good form. The game had already been halted twice to clear debris from the field, and our right fielder had to be talked into taking the field after finding an open switchblade in the grass about five feet from his usual position. The delays of the game, added to a few disputed calls that had gone against the Wildcats, had the fans whipped up into a mood that rivaled the spirit of the Nuremburg rallies, and Ump Lenhardt and I suddenly felt very Jewish.

© 1979 BY JEFF LAWRENCE



I couldn't see Coach Johnson in the dugout, since he and the bench jockeys were all leaning back against the wall of the dugout to stay out of the sight and the mind of the mob. Neither Lenhardt nor I wanted to look behind us at the assorted solid citizens that were waving signs and makeshift nooses.

The view in front of us was not very pleasant either. "Bomb" Erickson was standing in front of me with a bat in his hand, which is a sight that always makes me want to crawl behind the batting cage. The "Bomb" was looking sixty feet in front of him at "Runt" Pearson, who was standing on the mound with the ball in his right hand. Pearson had beaten the "Bomb" out in the voting for MVP last year, and I imagined by the way Erickson was twisting the bat in his hands and looking at Runt's neck, that he hadn't been too happy about it.

At the same time, Runt was concentrating very hard on burring two holes in the side of Bomb's head with his eyes. Bomb had hit a tape measure home run off of Pearson in the second inning for the game's only hit, an event that Runt later celebrated in the dugout by urinating on my catching gear (I had made the mistake of signaling for a high change-up, which the Bomb had pounced upon like raw meat).

Now I looked at Runt and I looked at the Bomb, and called time. I walked out to the mound on a mission of peace: to keep Runt from getting back at the Bomb for the homer. I never have liked the thought of pitchers beaming batters, and what Runt was planning to do was like giving King Kong the hot foot.

"Now, just calm down, Ru--, um, J.J.," I said in my father-knows-best voice, "forget about what's happened and just concentrate on striking this goon out." I don't think that he heard that, or the rest of my pleas and warnings. I know that he never looked at me. I looked to the dugout for some help, but though Coach Johnson knew what Runt had in mind, he wasn't going out onto that field without an armed escort. He hid behind his bubble of gum and tried to ignore what was going on.

I walked back to the plate, taking a wide path around the Bomb. He had not moved from the batter's box, and was still posing with his bat and staring at the mound. I settled down behind him to wait for the inevitable.

I gave Runt the signals and he shook off each one at least three times, all of the time still glaring at the Bomb. Besides a wide variety of pitches, Runt has what

I call his "Charlie Manson stare." It convinces batters that a beanball is on the way, keeping the batter on guard just enough to give Runt an edge. He had been using it all day, and by now the Bomb was used to it, and was not expecting anything unusual. Runt finally approved a high curve.

Two seconds later Bomb Erickson lay on the ground in front of me. The ball that had bounced off of his helmet and twenty feet into the air was bouncing to a rest five feet in front of the plate.

The Bomb slowly rose to his full height, looking only a little stunned and surprisingly calm as he obeyed Ump Lenhardt's solemn gesture towards first base. He began strolling down the first base line as I stood up and walked over to retrieve Runt's revenge weapon, my head down as I tried to ignore the wilting screams of the fans.

As I picked up the ball I heard the screams of anger change to cheers and looked up to see that Bomb had changed his course, and was now sprinting toward the pitcher's mound. He'd caught us all off guard with his fake to first base, then had thrown off his helmet and was now moving with Olympic speed toward a manslaughter charge. Nobody was close enough or brave enough to stop him before he reached Pearson, who hadn't seen any of this, being too wrapped up in gloating over his marksmanship. He was still pounding his fist into his glove with his back to the first base line.

For a split second I stood there with my mask and glove in one hand and the ball in the other. I pictured Runt's neck, the game, our pennant chances, and my bonus chances going out the window. My next move was described as a "heroic impulse" by my coach, and as cowardly by the Wildcat management, but it was the only thing I could think of to stop the Bomb. I threw a perfect fastball to the back of Bomb's skull, a move immortalized in the photo shown on every sports page in the country the next day.

NBC had it replayed 10 times in slow motion from three different angles, while the commentators remarked on my delivery and follow-through. It was later reported that you could hear the contact, like a hammer hitting a ripe watermelon, clear out into the centerfield bleachers.

I looked at poor Mr. Erickson lying on the infield grass, twice-beamed and unconscious, then at the now terrified Mr. Pearson who had turned just in time to see 240

pounds of the wrath of hell sprawl at his feet. As a final insult to the Bomb, a bit of overworked gum dropped out of Pearson's gaping mouth and into Bomb's hair.

For a second the stadium was hushed into a respectful silence. Then chaos was back up to full volume, and I could feel it getting closer. Without even looking up, I knew that lynch mobs had just become fashionable again. I dropped my equipment and ran for the sanctuary of the dugout.

I was about halfway there when I was surrounded by 53,450 people who were not seeking an autograph. Though I was fast losing my uniform, I was wading through them pretty successfully. Then a huge paw clamped onto my right fist. My left hand went to the face of the guy who grabbed me, and he went down without even relaxing the lock he had on me. I stopped to get loose and saw the only friend I had for thirty feet, the two hundred and twenty pound cop whose nose I had just broken.

I was still absorbing all of this when I felt another clamp, this one on my left arm. For the next thirty seconds I was held off the ground by the cop and the newly awakened Bomb Erickson. While they were trying to tear me away from each other (or trying to tear me apart, I wasn't sure) the 53,450 were taking turns punching at various parts of my body.

At this point in time, Sir, I lost all memory of most of the day's events. The last thing I remember clearly was a voice in the crowd: "Hey Bomb! Make a wish!"

The Wildcat management and the stadium owners have since apologized for what happened to me, my personal belongings, and my car that day. The policeman apologized for breaking my left hand, and Bomb Erickson said that he was sorry about dislocating my right arm. I think you understand why I didn't look forward to typing this letter.

I hope, Sir, that nothing more is made of this incident. I don't believe that the Bomb could really be blamed for his actions, and as for myself, I have publicly apologized to everyone but the hot dog vendors, and have decided to retire from baseball. As soon as my wounds are healed, I plan to open up my own bar. I'll be backed by the very grateful wallet of J.J. Pearson.

Respectfully yours,
James Brewer

QUARTET

SHE

I love you.
There. I've said it.
Shall I whisper it again?
Your eyes turn dark.
Is it from dismay?

Do not be afraid.
My love is like a gentle tide.
Let it carry us both
To dreams fulfilled
By love's kind command.

Slowly I reach out to touch you,
Our fingers slowly meet.
My veins erupt with hymns so sweet...
I love you.
There. I have dared to let you know.

RESPONSE

She loves me.
What is there to say?
Shall I take that which she gives me?
Or shall I turn away.

She is plain, this girl whose eyes
Would have me drown.
Yet beauty lies within her,
Calm, waiting. Shall I turn around?



We scarcely talked of love.
We skirted all about it.
"The weather's fine,
Looks like the sun will shine"
Is how we both addressed it.

What happened?
When did this come edging in?
Was it a certain look,
Or sparkle to your wit?

I really can't say.
Yet, there it is.
And we must come round to it,
Sooner or later.
Why not sooner?

O damn. Let the world
Look elsewhere for its pain.
But us, we'll find some happiness.

BY ELIZABETH
HENNESSEY

When I say "I love you"
The windows of your eyes turn dark.
Like a light suddenly snapped off
Or a door quickly shut.

Is it so impossible to believe
That I could create a feeling
Within you of a mutual love,
A touch that excites and fulfills?

I can, you know, given the chance.
Bring to you treasures of depth
That even you cannot fathom.
All that you could ever need.

I've no wish to chain you,
To do so would be to chain me.
And I've no wish to bind the
Spirit that roams free in you,
Any more than I can bind mine.

Free yourself to accept that which
I bring,
It will be a good thing and fine.
Let us enter into each other's soul,
Explore and find our even kind.

Let it be.

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