

THE PRESSING TIMES

Rend Lake College
Mt. Vernon, Illinois

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THE MOONLIGHT COURT: Miss Allyson Clark, Miss Vanda Brown, Miss Donna Elaine White, Miss Sharon K. Pestka, Miss Gaynel Scherer, and Miss Nancy Carnahan.

Orch, Chorus, Band In Christmas Concert

The Rend Lake College Community Orchestra and Chorus joined with the Rend Lake College Concert Band and the Salem Community Chorus in presenting a Christmas Concert. Over a hundred musicians performed in the two concerts. The first performance was at the Salem First Baptist Church on Dec. 8 and the second performance was at the Mt. Vernon Township High School Auditorium on Dec. 9.

soloist on "The Christmas Song."

The newly formed RLC band performed the "March of the Three Kings" and then accompanied the audience as they sang Christmas carols. The audience joined in for the singing of "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," "Silent Night," "Joy to the World," "Oh, How Joyfully," "Beautiful Saviour," and "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful."

"THE MESSIAH"

The finale of the concert was the Overture and three of the choruses of Handel's "The Messiah." The three choruses were "And The Glory of the Lord; For Unto Us A Child Is Born; and the famed Hallelujah." "The Messiah," one of the best known religious compositions, was performed by the combined choruses and the orchestra.

The RLC music department is under the direction of William Hazelbauer. Mr. Hazelbauer said that "The Messiah" was especially well performed and received.

ORCHESTRA

The program opened with Leroy Anderson's "Sleigh Ride" and "A Christmas Festival" played by the RLC orchestra. Then the combined choruses performed "Gesu Bambino" by Yon with Ken Burzynski as soloist. Other selections by the choruses included "Pat-A-Pan" arranged by Beatrice and Max Kroner; "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming" by Praetorius, and "The Christmas Song" by Torme, Wells, and Ringwald. Mrs. Nancy Schutte was the

Six in Moonlight Court

A white tunnel with a sprig of mistletoe was the entrance to the world of Moonlight and Mistletoe, the Rend Lake College winter dance, on December 14.

Blue crepe paper with silver stars crowned Vernois Gym while a large silver moon hung from the center of the room. Tables covered by snowy white led to the winter stage.

The stage was a winter night: Six silver pines lined the path to the sleigh throne. A backdrop of midnight blue and a large moon proclaimed "Moonlight and Mistletoe." To the right of the stage was an island of refreshment and to the left "Hoss and the Lords." Lining the path from the throne were the couples sitting at the white tables, the candlelight flickering in their faces.

A drum rolled and the seven regal beauties of the Moonlight Court were presented, one of whom was chosen as the Mistletoe Queen.

Miss Vanda Brown of West Frankfort was the first to enter. Escorted by Bob Allen, Miss Brown was a regal beauty in pale green. Her formal was of a simple straight cut with an empire waist. She is interested in guitar, gymnastics, and free style dancing and will either major in English or gymnastics. Southern Illinois University will be her college next year.

The second candidate to enter was Miss Nancy Carnahan. Clint Webb was the escort for this elementary education major. A native of Mt. Vernon, Miss Carnahan is the Student Senate Secretary and a cheerleader. Next year she plans to attend SIU. Miss Carnahan's gown was orange with a scoop neckline and empire waist. Ruffles outlined the neck, sleeves, and bottom of the dress.

Yellow was the color for Miss Allyson Clark. Her sleeveless dress also featured a scoop neck and an empire waist. While attending the Mt. Vernon Township High School, Miss Clark was a class officer and a ma-

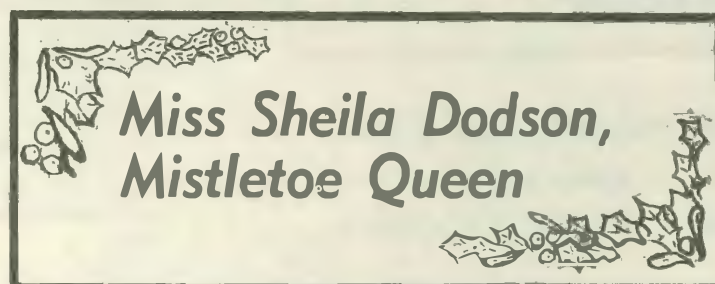
jorette. Her passion is vigorous outdoors activities and she plans to become a physical therapist. SIU Edwardsville will probably be her next home. Her escort was Randy Martin.

The lovely miss from Du Bois was Miss Sharon K. Pestka. Miss Pestka chose a silver and white gown with an A-line skirt and empire waist. While attending the Tamaroa High School, Miss Pestka was both a class officer and a cheerleader. Mr. Jerry Deering was the escort for the elementary education major. In her spare time, she prefers to dance, swim, or water ski.

A black top and white skirt set off the blonde curls of Miss Gaynel Scherer. Miss Scherer

was escorted by Tom Sweeten. Nursing is the career choice of this freshman. Next year she will probably enter the Barnes School of Nursing. Miss Scherer is the freshmen women's representative to the Student Senate. Mt. Vernon is her hometown.

The last to enter was a radiant Miss Donna Elaine White of Mt. Vernon. Jim Helleny was her escort. Miss White was dressed in a gown of pink and red. Ruffles trimmed her neck and her full length sleeves. A red satin bow set off the red velvet skirt. In high school, Miss White was in the student government and served as a cheerleader also. After attending SIU, she plans to teach, possibly sociology.



Leading the grand march to the throne were Miss Cathy Waugh, flowergirl, and Master Wallace Lee Higgins Junior, ringbearer. The Moonlight Court followed, with each queen candidate bowing under the silver moon.

At 10:30 p. m. on Dec. 14, the Mistletoe Queen was crowned by Student Senate President Larry White. The lovely queen, Miss Sheila Rae Dodson, was then presented with an armful of deep red roses. Smiling radiantly, Her Majesty descended from her throne for the queen's dance. Miss Dodson and her escort, Darrell Yearwood, were then joined by the court in the dance.

Her gown had elbow-length sleeves and a gently scooped neckline which were trimmed in matching turquoise satin ribbon. A small bow hung from the point of the V-back, and the fitted bodice flowed into a slightly A-lined skirt.

Miss Dodson, a native of Mt. Vernon, is Vice-President of the Student Senate and Co-President of the Rend Lake College Baptist Student Union. She hopes to go to Europe this summer with the International Club.

Camping and watching basketball are two of her favorite pastimes. She is also an accomplished pianist and organist.

In the fall the queen plans to attend Southeast Missouri State College in Cape Girardeau, Mo. While at SMS, she will major in elementary education.



MISTLETOE QUEEN Miss Sheila Dodson reigns over loyal subjects Miss Cathy Ann Waugh, flowergirl, and Master Wallace Lee Higgins, Junior, ringbearer.

Christmas

Mrs. Hall

Belsnickle

My Christmas vacation this year will be spent mostly at home recuperating from the first semester and gathering strength for the next. I'll be grading term papers—and I think I'll do a little house cleaning. (It's either that or saw off a couple of rooms and forget about them.)

As for traditions, there has been an old Pennsylvania Dutch custom in my family for years that we try to perpetuate even though my children are too old anymore to be "believers." This is the tradition of *Belsnickle*. Several days before Christmas, old Belsnickle (who is a sort of elfin-like helper of Santa) sneaks around unseen, but nevertheless present, and checks up on the behavior of the children.

One never can tell when the old gentleman is about, except for one thing. If Belsnickle notices that the children in a family are behaving well, he may reward them by suddenly opening the door just a crack and tossing in a big handful of candy, nuts, oranges, etc. This also serves to scare the daylights out of the kiddies when the shower of candy and nuts hits the floor! After the first shock, however, the children are greatly pleased at being rewarded and considered among the elect.

Evidently this custom came from Pennsylvania where my father's people originated. My father, as long as he lived, never let a Christmas go by without being Belsnickle either to his own children or to his grandchildren. Belsnickle never lets himself be seen—he tosses the goodies and gets out. One year Dad almost gave it all up when my two older sons tried to tackle him before he made his getaway! After that he concentrated on the younger grandchildren.

As for New Year's Resolutions, I have only one—keep breathing.

Mrs. Eleanore Hall
Sociology Instructor



Alan Galloway produced this design for his Christmas card. James McGhee, Mr. Galloway's art instructor required that each of his design students produce an original design. Mr. Galloway's was so good that it was commercially printed.

Cormier . . .

Gages Gab Gap

Nowadays we hear much reference to the "generation gap." However, to my mind there is no such gap; if anything it is no more than a "communication gap." My "thing" during the Christmas break is to (hopefully) polish up an inaugural speech for Nixon possibly to use—"to bring us together again" by communicating his ideas to the "now" generation.

This is a portion: "Back in the days of powdered wigs those over thirty grooved on this cool spread a new establishment psyched in flower power and rewound to the hang-up that all soul brothers are on the same cloud. Now we are freaked in a freakout with the national pad, tubing whether that establishment or any establishment so psyched and hung up, can go the scene."

This is where the speech is in final form at present, but I do have an ending worked up. "This asphalt jungle will never dig, nor turn on its ticker to what we say here. It is for us, the hip tribe, rather, to be hung up here with the unpatched job. Otherwise all related tribes will blow their communal minds, hit the panic button, together take that Last Trip on the Mushroom (cloud-wise)."

If my speech isn't accepted for the inaugural ceremony, there is always Mrs. Hall's pipeline to her favorite contemporary literature, "Mad Magazine."

Gene Cormier
Political Science, Instructor

O'Mendez . . .

Polack Frend

Last year Edward O'Mendez wrote a letter to Santa.

Dere santy claws—

plez send me a subscription to da plaboi magazine an dah curch panplet which name i forget, mi kids tell me dat is gud ones to reed, i need to done lots uv reedin to lern spel wurds but da pichurs in plaboi uz figurs mor dan wurds an i need som wurds to reed, notice dah las yer mi name wuz speld Knownacki but i had tu chang becuz of all da polack joks

Tanks fer givin me what i asked las yer da plaboi magzene. I now have red 2 pages and is fast fer me. I feel sorrie fer por gurls in magzene without cloze. I send flour saks to Mr. Hefner and he send bak an say that magzene papur too slick to keep on magzene. Times are shur bad—boss no give raze in money—he say—look at pepul who so pur dat they haf to were dres so short an bois don't hav money to cut hair. I jest ask dis yer only dat you bring Peace an stop war on telavishun. Yur Polack frend

Edward O' Mendez

Editor's Note: We asked several of the instructors to write about their Christmas holidays: What would they be doing? What did they want from Santa? What traditions does their family have? And what about a New Year's resolution? Here are their responses:

Holidays

WE ARE SORRY

THE PRESSING TIMES was indeed sorry when we heard the tragic tale told by Arthur Samford. That Santa Claus might not even stop at his house is reflective of the forgetfulness of our society. To think that Santa could forget someone . . .

Younghusband . . .

Merry Crass

The fir trees line the highways leading to the King City. The greetings appear in colorful lights. The merchants spread their Christmas wares and chant their Christmas pitches. Newspapers warn that there are only umpteen more shopping days left. Radio and TV announce the approach of a special season.

Big deal. So what? Bah! Humbug! Crass commercialism! A sense of triteness and falseness and all-too-earliness crowds one's brain.

Then, suddenly, a strange, wonderful glow—a magical spirit—strikes joy and awe and love into the heart, mind, and soul. And Christmas really means something. And good wishes abound:

*May the traditional berry and the mistletoe,
And the greetings merry and the newfallen snow
Bring joy to the earth—to commemorate His birth.*

*As the world rejoices to carolling voices,
And the bells sound this season's special joy,
As the spirit of Christmas reaches man, woman,
girl, and boy;*

As bright ornaments are placed upon the symbolic tree,

*And the spirit of giving makes life worth living,
May the finest of His blessings come to thee.*

At the Younghusband household in Joliet, Christmas starts with midnight mass, followed by egg nog and fruit cake, then the opening of presents around a brightly decorated tree at the outrageous hour of 2 a.m. Later, there are preparations to be made—not only for the advent of Christ, but also for the coming of aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers, sisters, grandchildren, nieces, friends, in-laws (and perhaps out-laws). Soon it's over.

But while it lasts, may Christmas be as merry and meaningful for you as it will certainly be for me.

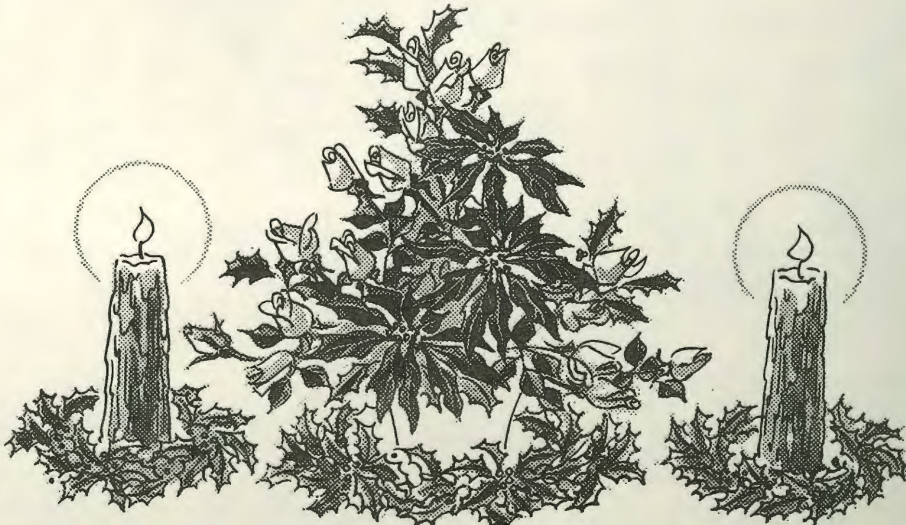
William Younghusband
Accounting Instructor

THE PRESSING TIMES STAFF

wishes you a

HAPPY HOLIDAY VACATION!

Candles symbolize light and learning, peace and rest, and Christmas and Chanukah. In this season, may you have enlightenment, peaceful rest, and a happy holiday.



1st Semester Busy for PBL

Ed. Note — The following was written by Pat Harp, a member of the Business Club. PBL was chartered last spring and is under the direction of William Young-husband, accounting instructor, and Myron Foley, economics instructor.

The Business Club, Phi Beta Lambda, meets every other Monday at 7 p. m. in the Library lounge. At present the club has 18 members.

This semester Phi Beta Lambda has sponsored such events as a hayride on October 30 and the dances after basketball home games. The first of these dances was held Nov. 18, after the basketball season-opener against the alumni. The Second Generation provided the sound. The second dance was on Dec. 5, after a hard-fought game against Danville. This time the music was provided by the Apollos.

PBL also operates the concession stands at the home ball games.

On Nov. 9 several members



Mrs. Alma Biagi inspects one of the art exhibits that her class of Art Appreciation had the opportunity to see during a recent field trip.

of the local club attended the Phi Beta Lambda workshop at Southern Illinois University. Meetings that day were from 9 a. m. to 12 noon. There were clubs represented from all parts of southern Illinois. Many new ideas concerning such things as money projects were discussed. The club had a really profitable day, idea-wise.

The members of the club have membership cards and sweat-shirts with the Greek Phi Beta Lambda letters have been ordered for members, and additional new members can order shirts if they wish to do so.

Very Many Thanks

This issue of THE PRESSING TIMES is the last one for the fall semester. For us on the staff this semester has been lots of work, pressing deadlines, and minor crises. We had our lighter moments too—mainly Miss Brenda Culli's unending supply of jokes. Steve Stiff took pictures of holes, trees, sidewalks, and other out-of-the-ordinary views.

Miss Brenda Skibinski discovered the camera and the Bonnie campus and made the front page of the McLeansboro Times. Miss Barbara Shepard typed and wrote while others on the staff licked stamps. Our writers interviewed, wrote, and rewrote.

We had our problems with econ and chem and the troublesome college algebra. Lit was no problem—we had Doc to read our stories to us. No crisis or problem was so great that Doc couldn't help us.

Others helped us too. President James Snyder sent us two letters, which we proudly posted on our bulletin board. A nice way to start to a morning is by opening a letter from Dr. Snyder, especially when that letter has words of encouragement.

Perhaps one of the nicest things that could happen to any staff is to receive a "cage." This particular cage is a gray desk with glass panels and pegboard side panels too. What makes this cage so special to us in the PT office is that it is loaned to us by the RLC Business Manager Paul Fitch. The desk gives us a larger working

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surface and file drawers for our records. Very many thanks to Mr. Fitch, Dr. Snyder, Doc, and all the staff of the PT.
 — Ollie Karen Dowler

Nurses Give Party for Patients

The School of Practical Nursing will hold its annual party for the patients of Hickory Grove Manor on Dec. 18. All the students take part of their training in the nursing home and will end their training session for this semester on Dec. 17.

The party is an annual event in which the students provide entertainment for the patients. The patients participate in the program too. After Santa arrives, cookies and punch are served.

Two days later the nursing class will hold their Christmas luncheon and gift exchange in the Illinois Power Building. At present there are 25 students in the class, who are taught by three full-time instructors, two part-time, and one coordinator. Each month the students and faculty of the School of Practical Nursing have a buffet-styled luncheon.

For the first time, two classes of daytime students will be started in one year. On February 17 a second class of nursing

students will start school, attending from 8:30 a. m. until 3:30 p. m.

In addition an evening program will be started to provide the LPNs in this area a program of continuing education. The evening classes will be taught by Mrs. Sandra Van Cleve, who is part-time instructor. The two classes being offered are Pharmacology I and II. The classes will each be 2 hours per session: 4:30 to 6:30 and from 7 until 9.

The students in the eighth class of the School of Practical Nursing include: Becky Glover

and Roy Hopkins (Benton); Diane Kapp, Bonnie Thompson, and Cindy Kohrman (Carlyle); Maxine Brown, Janith Flippen, Charlotte Peoples, Bertha Mae Votaw and Virginia Zgol (Centralia); Ruby Matthews Fairfield); Janice Kohnen (German-town); Cathy Johnson and Juanita Hunt (McLeansboro); Doris Brickey, Wanda Doni, Kay Elliott, Carol Hughey, Bernice McWilliams, and Mary Jane Oliver (Mt. Vernon); Lorene Dalman, Jeanne Keller and Emma Peiorjok, (Nashville); Winnie Saltink (Noble); Nancy Mikulonis (Sesser).

Days on Stage

Editor's Note—We asked PT reporter Miss Debbie DeWitt to explain to us non-performers what it was like to be the lead in a college production while struggling to keep up with studies and homelife. Miss DeWitt frowned, said "hummm" (twice) and produced this explanation of her feelings.

Amid exams and term papers and before I had completely recuperated from the Variety Show, I tried out for our play, "Arsenic and Old Lace." I really didn't expect to make a part because many talented people tired out, but the next day I found out I was to be a plump, sweet, little-old-lady who poisoned lonely old men without families.

The only other part in a play I had ever had was a 15-line role of the 12-year-old girl in "Inherit the Wind" I was shocked to know I had to learn 280 lines (I counted them) in a few short weeks, besides learning how to act.

Our rehearsals were tiring, but no-one withstood them better than our director, Miss Cheryl Merkens, who I can't thank enough. I've always been rather timid towards acting, but her patience and good humor inspired me more than anything.

We all enjoyed doing the play. I can't explain the wonderful and elated feeling one gets while performing. This was Miss Joan Karcher's first time at acting, as well as many others in our cast, and they did an excellent job. They learned that every audience has a personality, and that the performers enjoy the audience as much as they enjoy the show.

Saturday was definitely our

night. We had to be "broken in" Thursday night and I don't think we were quite as humorous as we were Saturday night. Our Saturday night crowd laughed at things we didn't even think were funny. What a wonderful feeling to see people laughing—as we made our exit and heard people laughing we were practically hysterical ourselves.

If it sounds like I'm promoting our theatrical productions, it's true. We're going to put on a big musical this Spring which will take a lot of people. It's a very popular one and everyone should enjoy doing it. I know many times I wanted to try out for something and didn't have the courage.

But please do try out for this musical. It's a good way to get to know a lot of people, and have a great experience at the same time. Once again, you don't know how good something could be unless you try it! It may make you a new person.



One art student takes a closer look.

Now is the time . . .



B. C.

Brenda Culli

Do you know how old Santa Claus is? According to one source of information, he is at least 1,943 years old.

The personage we know as Santa Claus was first born as Saint Nicholas, patron saint of Russia. He was the patron of children, scholars, virgins, sailors, and merchants. In the Middle Ages he was regarded by thieves as their patron saint.

Legend tells about how he secretly gave gifts to the three daughters of a poor man, who, unable to give them dowries, was about to abandon them to a life of sin.

From this tale has grown the custom of secret giving on the Eve of St. Nicholas (December

6.) Due to the close proximity of dates, Christmas and St. Nicholas' day are now celebrated simultaneously in most countries.

Okay — are you satisfied of how old Santa is? Good. But maybe you're still a little puzzled as to why we call St. Nicholas "Santa Claus." It just so happens that "Santa Claus" is an American corruption of the Dutch "San Nicolas."

This is my Christmas present to you: Now you have fact about our annual fantasy friend, Santa Claus. Use your new knowledge to help the little ones "keep the faith" and keep Santa alive for at least another 1,999 years!

Mrs Giamanco . . . Holidays Past, Present

You have asked me to write about by Christmas plans. So I have been thinking for the last few days about the Christmases of the past.

I remember when my sister and I plotted and planned from Thanksgiving until Christmas Eve. You see, to deceive our parents was wonderful: to sneak downstairs and open our presents; to see if Santa really did come, and of course, the best part, to be discovered in our crime. How glorious Christmas mornings were; the laughter and giggles; the crackling of tissue paper; the "oohs" and ahs," and the going to church to thank God for his love.

Grandma's house was next. Her house was a long car ride away and I can remember my legs getting stiff and my toes beginning to freeze. And just when it became unbearable we would arrive. Grandma lived on the second floor of a two family house. There was the first foyer and then a long flight of stairs. We would race upward screaming and squealing with delight only to stand stunned and astonished before all the presents that Santa had left at Grandma's house.

When you're so small, colors, sights, and smells are so vivid and important. Grandma's kitchen was truly a wonderland of

smells, tastes, and discoveries. Soon after our arrival Grandma would discover small holes and fingerprints on all the goodies. Then she would be very stunned when our fingers fit exactly into the small holes in the pastries.

After dinner we could open our presents. But dinner was so long. Lasagne and turkey; stuffed mushrooms and sweet potatoes, peppers roasted in olive oil and garlic, the longest loaves of Italian bread; black olives, salted and sour; green ones with huge pits and very bitter; celery hearts; fennel and cheese; and wine, tart strong red wine that Grandpa always had in bottles without labels. The fruit and nuts, and of course the pastries. Large Italian cheesecakes from which the center was always cut and divided evenly between us.

I could feel the roughness of the tablecloth when it was strewn with bits of nut shell. The strong smell of black demitasse that was sweetened with cinasette or stregga. My aunts and uncles had little consideration for us. It was so difficult to understand how they could enjoy themselves with all those presents still unopened: I wanted to scream! And just when my patience came to an end, they would all say, "Let's open the

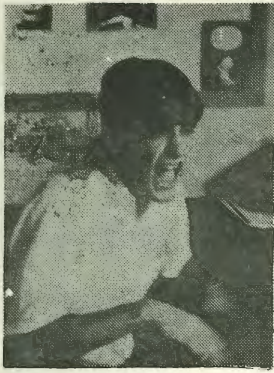
presents!" Then I would think how merciful God is.

One of the hard things about growing up is the indifference you acquaint towards Christmas. And hardest of all, is knowing for sure that Santa Claus doesn't exist. Adolescence is the hardest because then nothing exists beyond the pimples on your face, parental oppression and the confusion of being neither child nor grown-up.

This is Paul's and my fourth and first Christmas together. Let me explain. Paul and I have spent each Christmas since we've been married with our parents and sundry relatives. It's always been lots of fun, very exhausting, and we've always felt so "over-related" to everything after each Christmas. This is a different year.

This year we will spend Christmas together . . . alone. There is something special about Christmas when you're in love. Colors are brighter, trees smell pinier, candy canes are sweeter. Laughter rings louder, and the squeals and screeches of joy from childhood seem closer than were before. I can hardly wait for Santa Claus to come, to hear the crackle of Christmas wrappings — and to go to church to thank God for His love.

Mrs. Frances Giamanco
 Asian History Instructor



Bob Farley



Gene Lisenby



Tom McKinnis



Coming or going? . . .



Alan Goodman

MERRY CHRISTMAS



Between classes we took breaks . . .



Sometimes it rained, and rained, and rained . . .

Listening to the Corn Grow

The midsummer evening was warm and breathless. My husband and I were sitting quietly, nesting on our front porch. It had been a hot day, and the farm work had taken its toll of energy. After refreshing baths and a tasty supper meal, it was pleasant just to sit by ourselves in the early darkness. In every direction we could see the outlines of fields of growing corn rushing to stretch high, reaching ever upward.

My husband lazily remarked, "Do you believe you can actually hear corn grow?" "I don't know," I replied, "but it would be fun to find out. Tonight is a still night, and there would be no distracting noises in the middle of Mr. Brown's corn field across the railroad tracks."

We walked hand in hand down the road. The ecstasy of young love still fresh even after three years of marriage. Away to the north, three arcing beacon lights flashed one after another across the horizon, charting the pathway for pilots flying to distant places. The lights reminded me a little of the mysteries of the aurora borealis that had impressed me deeply one cold winter night.

Across the tracks Mr. Brown's dog, Prince, heard us coming and began ferocious, sharp, staccato barking to warn his master and frighten away any intruders. A "Hello, Prince," from us changed his tone immediately to short, eager whines of friendly welcome. I could hear his bushy tail swishing madly from side to side.

On down the road the sound of a blaring radio told of a darkened farmhouse. Farther on, flickering lights revealed another home where people lived and worked. Families all over the world have homes, their own private retreats. We see only the outside. I often wonder what activities, secrets, hopes, fears, and joys are the concern of the people within.

We turned to go into the cornfield. My husband carefully helped me across the ditch and over the barbed wire fence. He is so kind and gentle in so many ways. Truly, "my cup runneth over," with thankfulness to be the wife of so wonderful a person. We walked to the middle of the field and sat quietly amidst the fresh green smelling corn.

As we listened intently, the stillness was static. Then we heard a crack, a pop, here, there, yonder. It was something like the cracking or popping of one's knuckles when the fingers are pulled. The corn was really growing noisily! I am

sure there were many more stretching sounds that our human ears were not attuned to catch.

We left the noisy corn and slowly retraced our steps homeward. We went under the fence this time, across the ditch, and back along the road hand in hand as before. The lights were out in the farmhouse, and the blaring radio was stilled. It was time for peaceful rest to recuperate for the trials of another day.

Prince rushed out to get a few pats on the head. The arcing beacon lights were still stabbing the darkness for night sky travelers to get their bearings. Before entering our home and hooking the screen door behind us, I hesitated a moment to think again of the aurora borealis. It is a truth that the world is a storehouse of guided puppets, dangling on the ends of the strings of life.

Helen Pickard

Times Square

Times Square, on a Saturday night in August, is a study in urban recreation. Along Seventh Avenue and Broadway, from fiftieth to fortieth and east on forty-second Street, tens of thousands of people smother the sidewalks.

This section of Broadway is not for the rich. The people are of endless variety. The marquees advertise movies usually intended to appeal to males with sexual hang ups, but other movies would appeal to college professors. Beneath the marquees are small shops: "dirty book stores," mod poster shops, and package liquor shops.

Above the sideways the neons add color smut in a fashion that challenges Piccadilly Square in London. The sounds and sights of "low class" night clubs and strip houses greet even the passerby.

At Times Square a ten foot band of electric lights flashes the news of the hour from high on the Allied Chemical tower.

Beneath the tower: long hair beards, signs, and hands, held high in protest; the youth of the village are protesting the war. They are surrounded by oceans of blue.

This is the picture of Times Square that is deep in my memory.

John Wood

"El Desirto Pintado"

The Painted Desert is a brilliantly colored region extending about 200 miles along the Little Colorado River in north-central Arizona. It received its name from early Spanish explorers who called it "El Desirto Pintado," "The Painted Desert."

The part of the desert that is included in the Petrified Forest National Park exhibits practically all the usual forms of badlands erosion. It is a fantastic wasteland, with buttes, messas, pinnacles, and valleys formed by ages of wind and rain cutting into shale-like volcanic ash.

EVERCHANGING COLORS

The most amazing property of the Painted Desert is the ever-changing quality of its colors. The pastel colors of the desert add to its beauty, especially because heat, light, and dust seem to change the colors from blue, amethyst, and yellow to russet, lilac, and red. The Painted Desert is particularly beautiful at sunrise and sunset, when the colors are most brilliant and the shadows deepest.

The bright reds and yellows of the desert come from iron oxides. Pure bentonite is nearly white, but minute quantities of iron oxide in the volcanic ash have stained the layers to many shades of red, brown, and yellow. These colors are most vivid immediately after a rain in the early morning or the late evening, and cloud shadows create a kaleidoscope of moving colors.

RIM: SUPERB VIEW

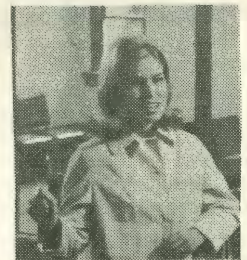
Along the six mile drive along the rim of the Painted Desert, there are several overlooks that give a superb view. Rapid erosion of desert soils makes it impossible to maintain roads or trails into the desert below the rim. Consequently, the Black Forest, a concentration of dark petrified wood, is virtually inaccessible.

About 160 million years ago, much of northern Arizona was swampy lowland where shifting streams spread sand and mud on vast flood plains. Dense beds of ferns, giant horsetails, and swamp-growing trees grew in the marshlands and along the streams. Trees

Fall 1968



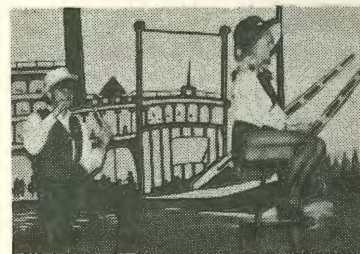
Miss Jeannine Liller



Miss Sue Chapman makes her point.



We danced while PBL worked.



Steve Speake breaks up over "Mame", Miss Jacque Gaunt.



Tom Anderson



Discussing Showtime '68 with their director, Miss Cheryl Merkens, are Larry White, Bruce Reeves, Miss Gaynel Scherer, and Miss Linda Flaugher.



"The Painted Desert"

of the most common fossil species grew along the ridges along the ground. Many trees simply rotted away upon the ground.

RAPID BURIAL

Most of those that were preserved were carried by flooding streams to be deposited in bays or on sandbars where rapid burial by the mud or sand prevented their decay. The deposits in which these trees were buried hardened into the sandstones and shales now called Chinle formation. The sediments in which the logs were buried contained a large amount of volcanic ash, rich in silica. This silica was picked up by ground water, carried into the wood, and deposited in the cell tissues. The mineral filled the wood solidly forming the petrified logs. The mottled color patterns were caused by oxides of iron and manganese, creating the predominant types of minerals known as agate and jasper.

After the forest was buried, there were several periods of great mountain-making. Forces from deep within the earth slowly thrust the Rockies and Sierras upward several thousand feet, lifting the land far above its former position near sea level. Because of the mountain growth, certain areas became arid and desertlike.

BELOW SURFACE TOO

Wind and rain wore down the deposits, and large river systems carried away the loose sand, mud, and gravel. The layers in which the logs were buried were cut by canyons and ravines, revealing the great petrified logs and the many bands of colored rocks that make up the Painted Desert. Only a small part of the petrified forest is now exposed for logs are scattered below the surface of the ground to a depth as great as 300 feet.

Most of the plants in this semiarid area are small and inconspicuous. Many have delicately beautiful flowers. Blossoms of yuccas, cactuses, and mariposa-lily appear in spring; but aster, painted-cup, rabbitbrush, and sunflowers bloom through much of the summer.

By Rosemary Carnes

Memories



Miss Shirley Witges and Miss Frances Jumper discover 101-L.



Sandy Talbert



The faithful five cheer on the Warriors. The cheerleaders at left are Miss Rindy Piercy, Miss Teresa Feathers, and Miss Vickie Barton. Below are Miss Nancy Carnahan and Miss Allyson Clark.



Miss Vickie Lalumonder and Peanuts tried out their routines for Showtime '68. Rehearsals continued into the morning on that last night before the show.



Edward Kowanacki, never far from his cup of coffee, reads a chemistry student's lab report.



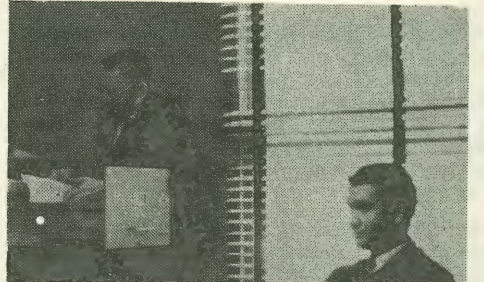
Julian Levesque grasps the point.



German scholar Heinz Boeckman



Pages Roger Sanders and Tom McKinnis take AV instructions from David Patton.



PBL sponsors on the morning after a dance. William Younghusband searches for an accounting test while Myron Foley mulls over questions for "an easy test."



Bonnie Agent Burke

New Year Greetings



Tiger Jack Claus



"Christmas trees?" asks Arthur Samford.

Habits of White Cry Also

New uniform, new shoes, new cap, and a new job; my first day at the hospital, and little did I realize that I was going to meet one of the most forgettable people of my life.

The day at a hospital begins early in the morning. In my crisp new uniform, freshly polished shoes, and my new nursing cap that I had just earned after a long year of work and study, I got off the elevator on the third floor at the hospital. I was met by a figure in a long white habit; the swishing of the material could be heard as she came down the hall to greet me. She approached me with her hand out-stretched and the firmest handshake that I had come in contact with in a long time.

Smiling at me she said, "I'm Sister —, you snoopervisor, oh, I mean your supervisor." A warm feeling overflowed me as I looked into the

brownest eyes, sweetest smile, and a face splattered with hundreds of freckles; I said to myself "Nurse Greene, this is going to be a most interesting job; and this prediction has proven to be true.

A myth exists about nuns, that they are almost saints here on earth; that they are supposed to never become tired, discouraged, angry or sad; this is a falsehood. Nuns are human beings with the same feelings as anyone else; they become tired, and discouraged, and even get angry just as you and I do; their halos become slightly tarnished and need polishing ever so often.

My supervisor has a multitude of tasks to perform everyday; she is as gay and happy as bubbles in wine, as sunny and bright as a ray of sunshine and a devoted slave to her profession when a human life is in need of care. She's a second mother to all of her nurses; one who shares their joys, sorrows, and tears; she's a firm supervisor, making sure all the endless tasks are completed at the end of each day, that forty-five patients are satisfied; she attends dozens of meetings, makes work schedules, and is up every morning at five o'clock for her personal devotions before her busy day as a supervisor of third floor begins.

Hundreds of patients enter our hospital throughout the year, and they become a part of our lives, and we become a part of their lives. One day, a tall silver-haired man was admitted as a patient; he had a smile and a cherry hello for everyone; we all learned to love this patient in a short time. One day, a simple surgical procedure was done on this patient and every complication that was possible developed. Every life-saving procedure, was performed to save this patient's life, but God wanted him in Heaven; he died.

I had left the room to get some more equipment to aid this dying man, and, as I returned, the door to his room opened and a completely defeated, heartbroken human being came out, put her arms around me, and sobs shook her entire body. Yes, nuns are human beings; I was trying to comfort someone who was usually doing the comforting. Nuns do cry, and I put my arms around her, and we both cried.

My supervisor is very special to me; she's my boss, but she is also my friend. Remember the next time when you are told that nuns aren't really human beings; nuns do cry.

Decisions

As I sit here by the fireplace, my body resting in a huge lounge chair, and the snow ever so white, falling to the ground covering the last note of fall, I find my eyes are getting heavier, and closing inch by inch and finally sleep has descended upon me.

My goodness! What a strange winding road. Gee, I've never seen this one before. Hmmm wonder where it goes?

Now just wait a minute. Do you think it is wise to venture up a road you are not familiar with? Well now really, do you think there would be any harm to do so? Maybe no, maybe yes. Suppose, just suppose you got half way up the road and you found out you could not turn back, and after going on you discovered that it was the wrong thing you did. Then what?

Yes, but then look at it this way also. Suppose I missed going up that road and at the end there was the pot of gold waiting for me, and I could not be there to accept it. All because I didn't go up that road. Wouldn't you feel terrible because I didn't? Yes, but remember—

With such a loud sound, I sprang to my feet and realized that the phone was just about to ring itself off the hook. It took me a moment to answer it, and after doing so, I returned to my chair, and found myself realizing—life is decisions, decisions, decisions.

Virginia Magbee

Drucillis Greene

SEAers Go Caroling

The Student Education Association went caroling on Monday night. From Building B the group proceeded to the Jefferson Memorial Hospital, Hickory Grove Manor, Good Samaritan Hospital and the TB Sanitarium, where they entertained the many patients as well as the medical staff. Then to round off the trip, the SEA members were invited to the homes of Mr. Arthur Samford, American History instructor, and Mrs. Betty Ann Ward, RLC counselor, where the carolers were warmed with the goodies of Christmas refreshments.

The SEA Book Sale of used texts will be held on Jan. 29, 30 and 31. Students who wish to resale books should turn them in on Jan. 23 and 24. The Executive Council of the SEA will meet on Jan. 14 to work out the details of the sale.

On Dec. 12 the SEA potluck was held at the Illinois Power Building. Conversation and seasonal music filled the room throughout dinner. Then the lights dimmed and the shades were pulled as a jovial Arthur Samford led the guests on a slide tour of the Holy Lands. Shown were many temples of the old and new cultures. These temples were decorated with sandbags and machine guns. Also shown were mystic ruins and modern resort areas. The people of these lands were dressed in western garb and native robes. Mr. Samford gave a brief summary on living conditions and customs of these lands, along with many biblical references to saints and sinners who

had frequented the spots many years before.

At the mid-November meeting, Miss Emily Kelly talked about teaching South of the border and displayed many relics of these Latin countries. Miss Kelly had been a teacher in one of the district high schools before she went to Peru as a missionary teacher.

The Student Education Association is under the sponsorship of Mrs. Imogene Book, librarian, and Thomas Burke, English instructor. Mrs. Book was unable to join the club in the caroling since she was attending a planning session for the Fourth Annual Conference on Junior College Libraries, which will be held in March.

Sec-Sci Jestingly Agrees; Typing is Now Typewriting

THIS AGREEMENT, made in the City of Mt. Vernon, State of Illinois, on the nineteenth day of December, 1968, between BRENDA CULLI and the REND LAKE COLLEGE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT, both of Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

WHEREIN IT IS MUTUALLY AGREED, AS FOLLOWS:

1. That an official apology is offered by said BRENDA CULLI to said REND LAKE COLLEGE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT, said apology being for the errors made in the printing of a newspaper article about the REND LAKE COLLEGE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Counselors Gather

Area HS, RLC Adm. Meet

A Workshop for High School Counselors was held at the Holiday Inn in Benton, Illinois on Dec. 6. Dr. James M. Snyder welcomed the representatives of the eleven high schools and stated that the purpose of the meeting which was to acquaint the area high schools with the quality of the program offered at RLC. The high schools represented were Benton, Christopher, Dahlgren, Enfield, McLeansboro, Mt. Vernon, Pinckneyville, Sesser, Thompsonville, Wayne City, and Zeigler-Royalton.

Dr. Howard L. Rawlinson explained the University Parallel Curriculum and the General

Studies Curricula. He remarked that if a student is allowed entry in a college transfer program, then he must have abilities similar to those possessed by students admitted to universities for similar programs. He also gave the objectives of the General Studies Curricula. Comments from the group indicated that some were very much in favor of the General Studies Curricula; they felt that a number of high school students needed this type of curricula. Others felt that possibly more vocational courses should be offered and that these students should be encouraged to go into the vocational area rather than General Studies. Various other questions were asked and discussions followed.

Mr. Ronald Kruppa, Dean of Vocational Technical Curricula, explained the Vocational-Technical Curricula at RLC. He pointed out that since 80% of the students don't graduate from college, the need of this program is great. Mr. Kruppa told the group about the Bonnie Campus, the courses being offered, and the objective of the two-year course. He also passed out a brochure explaining the Mechanical Technology program and stated that a similar brochure is being developed for each occupational area. Mr. Kruppa urged the high school representatives to become more familiar with the vocational program and to plan field trips and tours to the Bonnie Campus so that students will have a

first hand knowledge of the facilities there.

Mr. Yates then told the group of RLC's plan for fall registration. He stated that RLC would be willing to send a counselor to various high schools for group or individual counseling in February or earlier prior to registration. A schedule of visitation will be prepared, and if students so desire they will be allowed to come to RLC for counseling.

Later, Mr. Yates passed out a packet of forms used by the college pertaining to admission and registration, and the proper procedure was explained to the group. It was stated that the number of night courses at RLC depend on the demand. Dr. Rawlinson asked what the group thought about offering college night courses to high school students. No one present saw any problem in this plan, and some felt that it might be good if some students could receive college credit while in high school.

One of the high school counselors asked about the possibility of having semester grades sent to the feeder high schools at the end of the first college semester. Mr. Yates indicated that this was something that he had wanted to do for some time and that he hopes to carry out at the end of the Fall Semester of this year.

Further meetings with the area high school counselors and the RLC administration will be held each year possibly in October or early fall.

Ag-Bus. Class Takes Field Trips

On November 12, the Agricultural Mechanics and Agricultural Business classes of Rend Lake College were guests of the Franklin Grain and Supply Company in Benton.

The purpose of the visit was to acquaint the students with job interviewing procedures; each student filled out an actual job application form. Mr. Nagreski, the company manager, then discussed the importance of each question on the application blanks and then outlined desirable characteristics he would look for in a potential employer.

On November 7, the Agriculture Business class of Rend Lake College paid a visit to the Stanley Rosenberger farm seven

miles west of Mount Vernon on Highway 460.

Mr. Rosenberger was having his cattle performance tested by the University of Illinois.

The RLC class was invited to participate, by grading the animals for practice. The class results were checked by those attained by University personnel.

Later that day, the class visited the C. E. Brehm Ranch, known as the Beau Brehm "L" Ranch. The ranch is located two miles northeast of Belle River. Alton Blackmon, manager of the Brehm Ranch, talked about the desirable characteristics to look for in breeding animals. The class judged two classes of livestock, one of bulls and the other heifers. Mr. Blackmon then gave the correct placings and reasons.

Kownacki Goes to Conference

On December 5, 6, 7, and 8 chemistry instructor, Edward P. Kownacki attended a conference on industrial technicians. The conference was sponsored by the American Chemical Society and was held at the Loop Branch of the Chicago City College.

As head of the RLC Science Department, Mr. Kownacki's main purpose in attending the conference was to determine if Rend Lake College should offer a program for chemical technicians. At the conference he found that many of the industries prefer to train their own technicians. Often the people that are trained by the companies have not finished high school and college.

RLC will probably not be offering a program to train lab techs in the near future. The Southern Illinois area has limited opportunities for chemical technicians and the cost of setting up a program for such a very limited enrollment would be very high.

Semester Exams

Semester exams are set for January 20-24. Schedules of exams so far released are only tentative and final plans for leaving school should not be based upon these schedules. Final schedules will not appear until 1969.

MENT in the most recent issue of the Rend Lake College newspaper, THE PRESSING TIMES.

2. That the actual name of the Department should be the Secretarial Science Department and that all courses are transferrable to other schools.

3. That the name of one of the teachers in said Department is Miss Gela Riley, not Miss Gila Riley, as in gila master.

4. That students in the said Department are not required to reach a TRANSCRIPTION rate of 100 words a minute in the course known as Shorthand Transcription, but rather they must reach a DICTATION rate of 100 words a minute and transcribe from the notes they took at said dictation rate.

5. That although it is agreed to be a minor point by both parties to this Agreement, the word "typing" is a slang term and, when used officially, should be written as "typewriting."

6. That new courses offered this year at said Rend Lake College are as follows: Introduction To Business, Fundamentals of Data Processing, Business Math, and Intermediate Shorthand.

7. That this Agreement has been written in jest so that no reader will be bored by having to read an ordinary, indifferent apology.



William Younghusband finds the elusive test paper.

Winging It

Jon Mc Clurken



This time instead of trying to say something funny I am going to really bore everyone. People are contradictions, even I, for I once said there is nothing so bad as having to listen to someone's poetry. So here I am, a dishonest person, one big lie, for this following prose is some of my thoughts. Poetry? Insanity? Or what! This is just a bit of what-ever-you-may-call-it. Its all up to you, as an individual, what you think about this:

BITTERSWEET MEANINGLESS

a being's earthly thoughts are elusive,
but the ones that are something,
are just fleeting skipping
breaths of seasonal rhyme into
nevermore.

while everything goes up,
gravity is unreal and so is a word—
and is it a hanging flap tear-

ing tight like swirling cobwebs
in a person's mind.

and although love is real
can you see people
without faces looking at their
watches,

living their lives all alike,
yet, lookout, for aren't we too,
who without a face that
doesn't show.

while a soul shines sure
like a cool night wind
and can live just
even if a breath of time is
theirs.

to come and moving on slowly

for the world says no but:
who is a qualified observer
to say

and if in a cloudy fog of
everyone else's reality
who can say we have
sinned

for it's all in a heart
like a mirror that shines
(in the Garden of Eden).



The Christmas Concert performers: The RLC Community Orchestra, the RLC Community Chorus, the RLC Concert Band, and the Salem Community Chorus.



Thoughts of Yule, '69 Crowd Out Studying

Night Before Thoughts

Tonight, as I thought of Christmas, salty tears filled my eyes, and I wished. Oh, I wished that once again I could be a child and believe that Santa Claus really exists, and that reindeer can fly and pull Santa's sleigh with the big toy-filled sack in it. Then, I thought—no, there are greater things to look forward to and to live each day for.

Right now there's that "special" guy. Just think if I were a child, I wouldn't get the thrill of holding his hand, or seeing him smile. And too, someday—even this won't be real anymore. It will be just a pleasant memory that will bring a brief smile into my life.

And I'll watch my "Janie" as she struggles to take her first step and think THAT moment the most exciting one. As I watch "Johnnie" correctly spell his words in his second grade spelling book—my lowest pupil finally succeeding—this, then, will seem the most important. But all of this will lose its value and never again will it have the same importance as it did the instant it happened.

Only a vague memory will remain of all of my high school days—all of my friends and the boys I've dated—all of the fun I've had. Yet, when I explain to my grandchildren, I'll remember. I'll try to remember how everything exactly happened, how I felt. The times I got sympathetic and sentimental in the music productions . . . how I yelled at the final "BIG" game . . . how I felt when their grandfather first stumbled and finally spit out those important three words—"I love you."

And yet, though I realize that most of this will vanish and lose its importance, I still feel that no matter how old I get or how much life I live—I'll never forget you.

Christmas Morn

Christmas morn is something special to nearly everyone. The question "What will you be doing at seven minutes past midnight on Christmas morn?" was asked of several Rend Lake College students. Their responses:

Jay Woodrome, Mt. Vernon

At seven minutes past midnight on Christmas morn, I will probably be on my way home from church. Our church has a service the night before Christmas from 11 p.m. to 12:05 a.m. It mainly consists of poetry and carols. The true Christmas spirit really comes through to you at this time.

Cuilia Kirkpatrick, Benton

At seven minutes past midnight on Christmas morn, I will hear a faint knock at my door. (Having no fireplace at home, Santa Claus will have to come to the door to enter.) Springing from my bed I will quietly tiptoe to the door to let the jolly old man come in. He will walk directly to the Christmas tree leaving under it trucks and cars for the little one in our family and then proceed to fill the stocking with goodies for all of us to eat. Since there will be snow on the ground and Santa will be cold, I will ask him into the kitchen for fruit cake and milk. Then, he'll once again be on his way to bring good cheer to the next household.

Gaynel Scherer, Mt. Vernon

When I was little, I'd be in bed at seven minutes past midnight on Christmas, trying to see if I could hear Santa Claus coming. Now, I'll probably be in bed at that hour waiting for December

26th to come. When I'll be 18, so I won't have to be in bed at midnight anymore!

Marinda Piercy, Mt. Vernon

At seven minutes past midnight on Christmas morning, I will no doubt be nestled in bed for my long winter's nap. Not awaiting the arrival of Santa Claus, but recovering from the "before Christmas surge of homework." You see—our teachers don't get into the real Christmas spirit until December 25th.

Bruce Olin, Mt. Vernon

At 7 minutes past twelve on Christmas morn, I will probably still be engaged in my never-ending fight against Santa Claus. Since my freshman year in high school, I have been obsessed with the idea that this "Jolly little man" is in reality a communist agent (the red suit was the first thing to tip me off.) After all, any person who goes around giving people things for nothing has to have some catch to him. I have recently become convinced that his plan will be a mass attack from within our country. This will come to pass some morning when the kids all over the county wake up to find that all of the Army and GI Joe equipment is real. Then Santa will lead an attack on parents and older brothers and sisters. This Christmas, I get him first!

Editor's note: The above is not necessarily the opinion of the editorial staff, all of whom still believe in Santa Claus.

New Year's Here

New Year is also a special time. This question: "What will you be doing at sixteen and a half minutes into the new year of 1969?" Their responses:

Becky Browning, Benton

At sixteen and a half minutes past the last minute of 1968, I'll be thinking of all the fun of the old year. The new experiences at Rend Lake College, the new friends, the grouchy teachers, the horrible tests, memories of high school graduation, and the rumors of the wild Senior class parties.

It will take a long time to really remember these wonderful memories fully, but then my mind will fly to the hopes for the new year. My hope of making good grades, my hope of making new friends, my hope of happiness for all, and especially my hope of safety for my friends in the service.

All of these and many more thoughts will run through my mind when the new year rolls around.

Rend Lake College has plans in mind for '69. For one thing '69 is the year for the groundbreaking of the new campus. The construction of the new campus will allow us to see the blueprints become a reality.

Other plans are being made for '69 too. Tom Anderson of Phi Theta Kappa and Jim Helleny of Phi Beta Lambda have plans for a dance. While this dance does not have actual blueprints, the plans are being laid rather carefully.

THE PRESSING TIMES has plans in mind for '69 also. We plan to introduce a new member to our staff of fearless and faithful reporters. And we plan to resume our search for the channels of communication—our last editorial on the subject apparently didn't make our point perfectly clear. After reading the editorial, our brave feature editor suggested that we point out that not everyone seemed to have found the channel. Her suggestion was ignored, yet not once did she utter "I told you so." In our opinion, she has found the second part to channels of communication. Sometimes communication is at its best when it is not. But sometimes words need to be just to break the pain of the silence. That's our blueprint for communication.

I just pray that my dreams of peace, safety, and happiness for all will become more of a reality in 1969 than they were in 1968.

Connie Kinisan, Benton

At sixteen and a half minutes after the new year I'll still be reminiscing about the many things that happened to me during 1968. I'll think about all the fun and experiences that I've had and about all the terrific things I can look forward to in the year of 1969. I'll be with my friends and

FORGET THESE

One of the many New Year traditions is that a resolution made on New Year's Day is a saintly gesture. Informal studies, mainly among the staff of the PT, show that the average resolution made early New Year's Day lasts approximately two days, 11 hours, 17 minutes and four seconds. So this time the question was "What resolutions will you not make this year?"

Printable responses:

John Wood, Mt. Vernon —

I will not make any resolutions. At the present I'm having a reasonably good time and I see no reason to mess up a good time with a self promise of "I'll be good — I won't."

Mark Whisenhunt, Mt. Vernon

I will not resolve to try and finish my homework as soon as I get home.

we'll go through the old ritual of wishing each other a "Happy New Year," and then we'll say good night and feel the joy in knowing that we have once again helped to launch the new year. "Happy 1969!"

Donna S. White, Bluford

At precisely 16½ minutes into the New Year I will be thinking there's only 6 hours and 43½ minutes left to celebrate the beginning of a New Year!

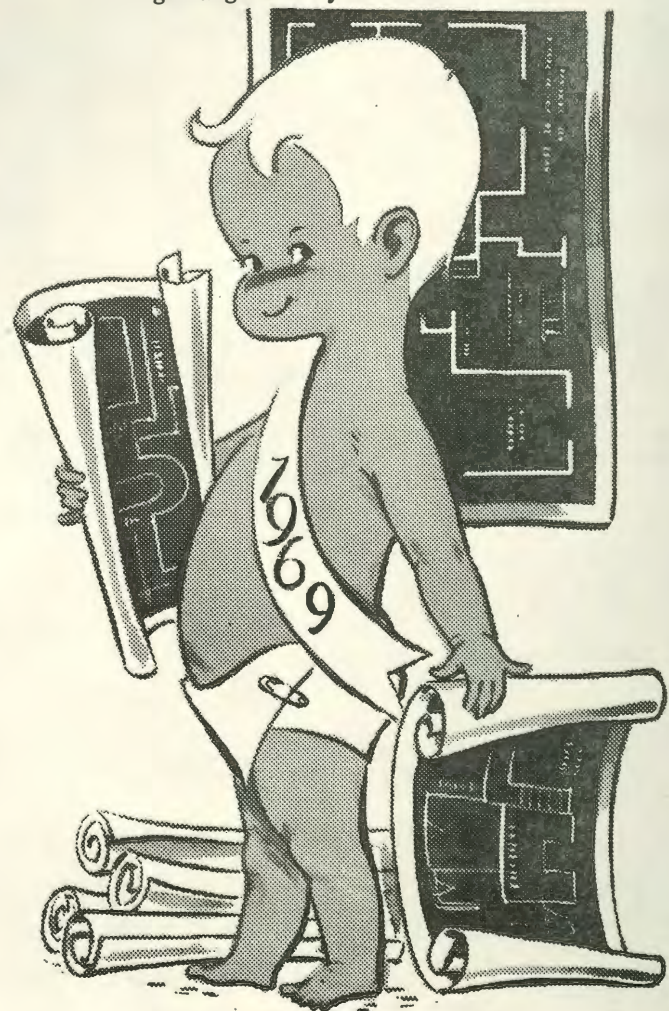
Judy Phillips, Enfield

At sixteen and one half minutes into the new year I will be thinking that I had better get a move on because another year has past and I'm still not rich and famous!

Mark Holloway, Mt. Vernon

Precisely at sixteen and one half minutes into the new year there will be many serious as well as funny thoughts running through my tiny brain. First I will be very thankful to the Lord for just letting me see the new year and thankful for all the happy, smiling faces which seem to be bubbling over with joy all around me. Second, I will begin thinking of my new year's resolutions. I will think of the things in my life which I need to change and how I need to better myself.

But then, after my serious thoughts vanish into thin air, my mind will turn to a humorous state. With this frame of mind I will try to start out my new year with a smile on my face, a wonderful outlook on life, and many, many new year's greetings to everyone I meet.



Rend Lake College Has Plans in Mind for '69



ONE MOMENT of scramble in a basketball game comes under the net as Randy Siuda sees that the opposing player has the ball and ducks.

Warriors Win Openers; Then Drop Next Four

The Warriors started out the hoop season with two victories and then fell into hard times as they were handed three straight defeats.

The first game of the season saw the home team win over the Alumni of Mt. Vernon Community College, 89-77. The second game and second win came on Nov. 27 as the Warriors shot 96 to the Panthers' 73 at Greenville.

The first nine minutes of play ended in a 15-15 tie. By the end of the first half, Rend Lake College had pulled together a 47-27 lead.

Pacing the favorites was frosh Bob Windhorst with 19 points. Johnston City's Larry Tutt followed closely with 17 points. Third place honors were split 3 ways between frosh Bob Donoho, Woodlawn's Randy Siuda, and soph Larry Stonecipher.

Leading in the charity department was Bob Donoho, who ripped the cords of all 9 of his attempts. Together, the locals amassed a .468 free line record. All 13 of the Warriors saw action.

DUTCHMEN WIN

On Dec. 3 the Warriors played on the Pinckneyville High School court for the first time. The RLC five put together 85 points; while the visiting Dutchmen of Belleville managed to collect 99.

At the end of the first quarter, the Warriors found themselves on the wrong side of a 27-11 score. At halftime the Dutchmen lead 52-38. The local club closed the margin to 91-81, but the rally was too little.

Frosh Larry Tutt connected on eleven free throws to lead the scoring with 31 points, a high mark in anyone's book. Randy Siuda pumped in 16 points as Bob Windhorst collected 11. The free toss clip was a low .287.

SAD NEWS

A tall Danville club was sad news for Waugh's Warriors on Dec. 6. While the RLCers managed to hold the visiting Jaguars to 40 points below their season's average, the effort was not enough as the 70-55 score showed.

Although the quintet from District No. 521 lead much of the first half, the height of the

Jaguars became too much. The Warriors did manage to hold the visitors to an eight-point or less lead until the last four minutes of the game.

Bob Windhorst far outdistanced the home team in the scoring department. Not only did he connect on 13 of 16 free throw attempts but he also managed to collect 12 additional points. Phil Bowling of McLeansboro tallied 9 while Bob Donoho and Randy Siuda each pumped in 7.

BEDEVILED

On home grounds the Kaskaskia Blue Devils outmatched the Warriors, 95-72, on Dec. 6. The Warriors were suffering from the old ailment of not enough endurance for the tail of the 40 minute contest.

The average height of the Kankaskia starters was a tall 6'4," a 1/2 inch less than the home team's tallest, Randy Siuda. The height of the Blue Devils was too much. Although RLC trailed by only one point at the half, 42-41, the second halt was over too soon for the Warriors.

Heading the bucket brigade was Larry Tutt, who connected for 18. Randy Siuda and Bob Windhorst helped the cause by adding 14 and 11 to the tally.

SOUTHEASTERN

Once again the Warriors were on the short side of a win. The Harrisburg Falcons took the locals 88-72. At the half, RLC trailed 7 points, 39-32. And the Warriors stayed close, up to within five points until the last five minutes of play.

High point man was Larry Tutt, who added a point to his previous high, to come up with a 32 total. Ed Johnson added 13 points to the teams' total of 72. Tutt's free throw average of .727 didn't hurt the RLC drive.

RESOLVE TO WIN: JAN. 4 AT OLNEY

SPORTS

Defeat Southeastern; Lose to Eastern Frosh

The Warriors sustained their fifth loss of the season Tuesday night at Eastern. The Charleston frosh proved to be too much for the local team. Larry Tutt with 16 points was high man, while Ed Johnson tallied 12.

Sweet victory was the Warriors as they defeated a visiting Springfield Bulldog team, 93-73, on Dec. 13.

The Bulldogs collected one more field goal than the RLCers with 31, but the big difference in the two teams was in the free throws. The home five pumped through 31 of 47 charities while the Bulldogs tallied only 9 of 18. The three technical fouls, as well as the 28 personal fouls, offered the Warriors a chance to collect their third win in seven starts.

SEE-SAW LEAD

In the early part of the game, the lead see-sawed between the two teams. Through the efforts of Larry Tutt and Larry Stonecipher the Warriors were able to out-tally the Bulldogs, 45-30. After intermission, the trio of Ed Johnson, Phil Bowling, and Jim Birkner increased the RLC lead to 89-67.

Before the contest was over, the Waugh Co. had managed to collect 93 points to Springfield's 73. The twenty point margin of win came before a home crowd. For the Warriors this game saw a lot of high scoring by various individuals on the team.

The high man for this contest was an ex-McLeansboro player named Phil Bowling. In pacing the Warriors, Bowlin pumped in 25 counters. Close behind in the scoring game was a Wayne City guard, Ed Johnson ripped the cords for 23 points. In addition, both of these players triggered several fast breaks.

OTHERS SCORED TOO

Also scoring high was Larry Tutt. The big frosh from Johnston City kept his scoring down to 15 points. Soph Larry Stonecipher made the two figure column with counters of 11 points Jim Birkner, a Mt. Vernonite, added his nine to total cause. Bob Windhorst of Mt. Vernon,

Team Statistics

Most Assists — Bob Donoho	14
Most Rebounds — Larry Tutt	88
Highest FG% — Randy Siuda	47%
Highest FT% — Bob Donoho	76%

TOTAL POINTS SCORED IN 8 GAMES

Larry Tutt	160	Total	20.0 points/game
Bob Windhorst	101	"	12.6 "
Phil Bowling	85	"	10.6 "
Randy Siuda	69	"	8.6 "
Ed Johnson	68	"	8.6 "
Larry Stonecipher	57	"	8.6 "
Bob Donohoe	46	"	5.8 "

Also breaking into the scoring column were Jim Birkner, Mike Badgett, Terry Willmore, Bob Little, Tim Lee, and Merle Upchurch.

With a 3-5 record, the Warriors have scored a total of 624 points while holding their opponents to 684.

Randy Siuda of Woodlawn, Merle Upchurch of Dahlgren, and Jerry Willmore also aided the victorious Warriors in their fight.

The Warriors will take a break now and not resume play until Jan. 4 when they travel to Olney in search of victory four. The Thursday of Jan. 9, after school is back in session, will be the second game of season that is a home game that won't be played in Vernois Gym. For this contest the team will play in Wayne City, the home of Ed Johnson.

Upcoming Games Scheduled

Only 13 games remain in regular hoop season play for the Rend Lake College Warriors. One of these games, Jan. 9, will be played at Wayne City. All the games start at 7:30.

Sat., Jan. 4 Olney	T
Thurs., Jan. 9 Wabash Val.	W
Fri., Jan. 10 Danville	T
Mond., Jan. 13 Greenville	H
Sat., Jan. 25 Olney	H
Tues., Jan. 28 Kaskaskia	H
Thurs., Jan. 30 Belleville	T
Tues., Feb. 4 Lockyear	H
Fri., Feb. 7 Henderson	H
Sat., Feb. 8 Wabash Valley	T
Thurs., Feb. 13 Southeastern	H
Fri., Feb. 14 Springfield	T
Fri., Feb. 21 Henderson	T



THE ART OF GETTING that rebound is shown by Phil Bowling as he moves the ball down court. Teammate Bob Windhorst (14) aids the break.

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