

The cover features a photograph of a light-colored, textured wall with a horizontal crack. A vine with dark green, rounded leaves runs vertically down the left side of the wall. In the foreground, there is a dense thicket of dark, leafy branches, some of which are bare and thin, creating a complex web of lines against the wall. The lighting is warm and directional, casting shadows and highlighting the textures of the wall and foliage.

MISSOURI ALUMNUS

MARCH-APRIL 1973

in 3 sections

The Governor & the Tiger

By Steve Shinn

The 1973 *Savitar* . . .

like college yearbooks all over the country, is fighting for its life. And it's a little ironic, because the *Alumnus* can report that the sale of old *Savitars* is going very well.

Last issue, a three-inch box in the News About People section reported that the Alumni Association had found a source for old *Savitars*. We listed some 32 dates that were then available and invited interested readers to buy them for \$5 plus postage.

Well, the response was much greater than we anticipated. Within the first month, we received requests for 59 of the old yearbooks, ranging from 1914 to 1968. We're still looking for some of them, but at this writing 36 orders have been filled. By decades, the requests have been: 1910-19, two; 1920-29, twelve; 1930-39, fourteen; 1940-49, fifteen; 1950-59, twelve; and 1960-69, four.

It's turned out to be a lot of fun for the retired alumnus making the searches, and the Alumni Association is happy to provide the service. So if you want an old *Savitar* (or want to give or sell one), let the *Alumnus* know at 305 Jesse Hall. Who knows? In 10 or 15 years, we may be looking for *Savitars* for the Class of '73.—S.S.

**MISSOURI
ALUMNUS**

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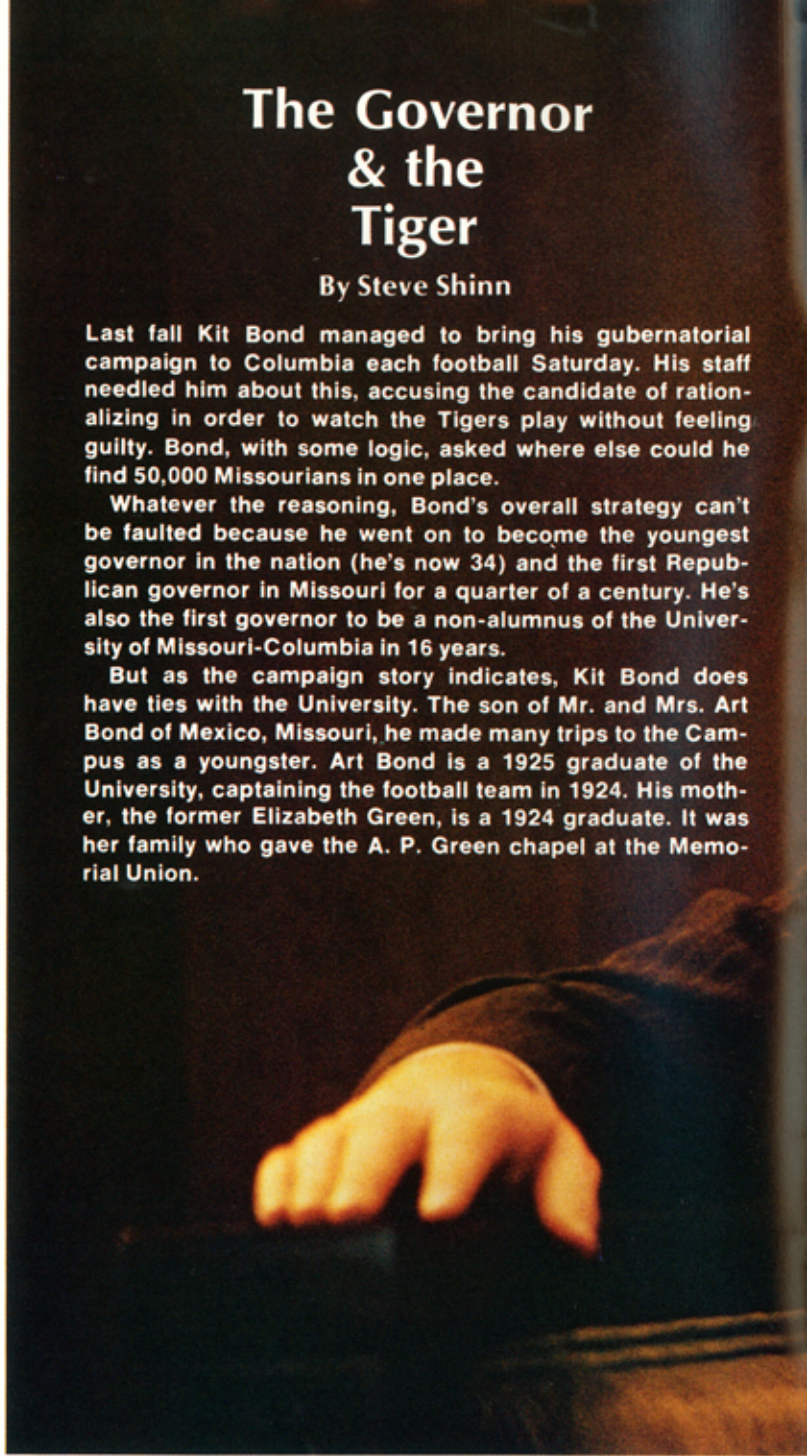
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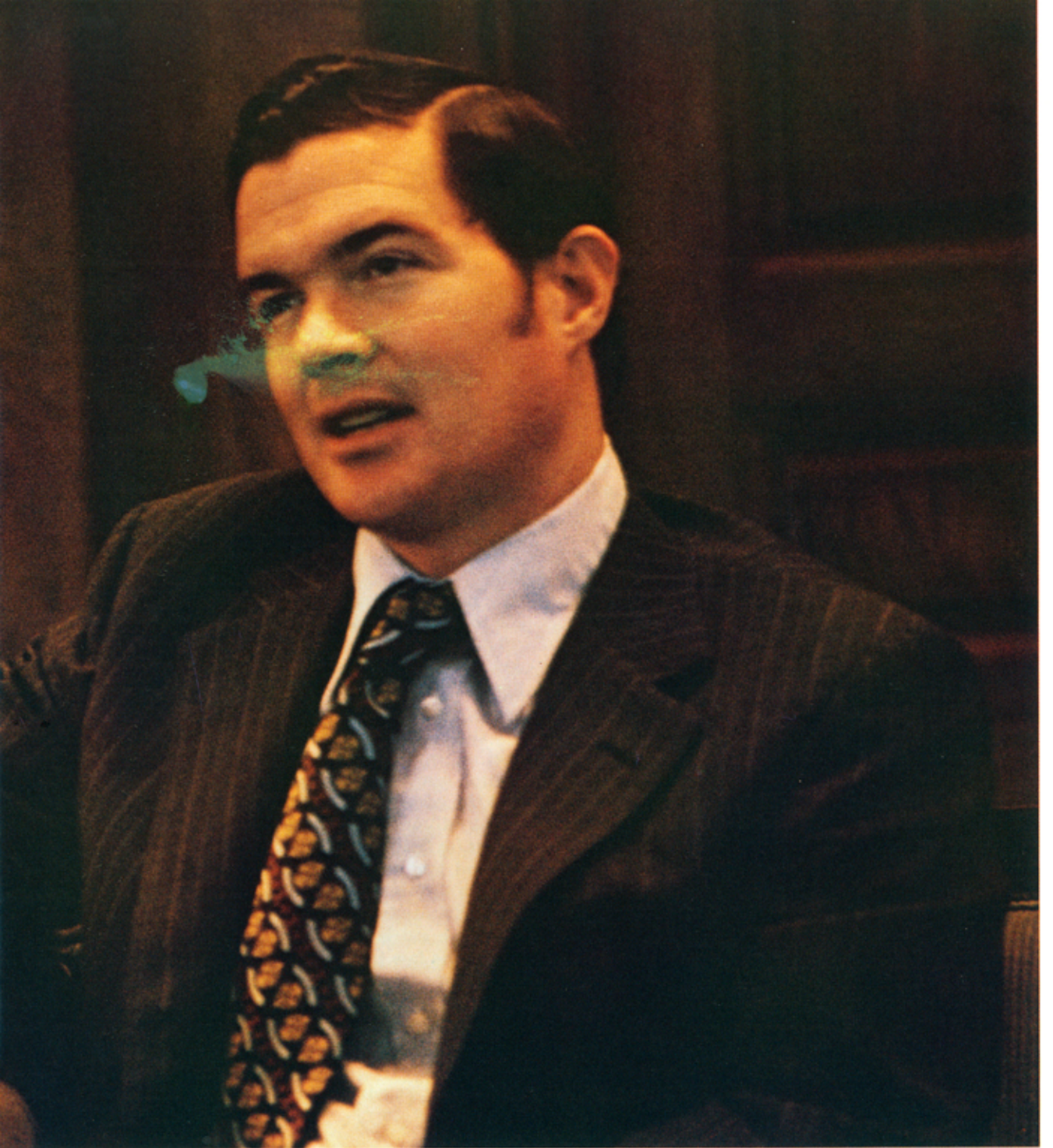
Copyright © 1973 by the Alumni Association of the University of Missouri-Columbia.

Last fall Kit Bond managed to bring his gubernatorial campaign to Columbia each football Saturday. His staff needed him about this, accusing the candidate of rationalizing in order to watch the Tigers play without feeling guilty. Bond, with some logic, asked where else could he find 50,000 Missourians in one place.

Whatever the reasoning, Bond's overall strategy can't be faulted because he went on to become the youngest governor in the nation (he's now 34) and the first Republican governor in Missouri for a quarter of a century. He's also the first governor to be a non-alumnus of the University of Missouri-Columbia in 16 years.

But as the campaign story indicates, Kit Bond does have ties with the University. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Art Bond of Mexico, Missouri, he made many trips to the Campus as a youngster. Art Bond is a 1925 graduate of the University, captaining the football team in 1924. His mother, the former Elizabeth Green, is a 1924 graduate. It was her family who gave the A. P. Green chapel at the Memorial Union.





The governor's ties to the University also were strengthened in his earlier stints as a state official. "When I was in the attorney general's office I consulted on a regular basis with professors and students in the School of Law," he recalls. "As state auditor, I drew heavily on the volunteer resources from B&PA [now CAPA]."

Bond himself graduated *cum laude* from Princeton University's Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs and first in his class from the University of Virginia Law School. Some of his appointments also have an eastern and/or private school background, but many also are graduates from the University:

Charles E. Valier, JD '68, legislative counsel; James R. Spradling, AB '57, JD '61, director of revenue; James B. Boillot, BS Agr '58, commissioner of agriculture; Alfred C. Sikes, JD '64, director of the department of community affairs; Michael D. Garrett, JD '67, liquor control supervisor; Marvin Nodiff, AM '70, program assistant; Daniel Duncan, BS For '51, and Jack S. Curtis, JD '35, new members of the highway commission; Linda L. Brown, AM '70, news assistant; and C. K. (Chip) Casteel Jr., special assistant, BS PA '72. In addition, Hugh Sprague, chief of staff, graduated from the UMKC Law School after receiving a degree from Yale.

But regardless of academic backgrounds, any state administration in Missouri must be greatly concerned with higher education. There are too many important issues. Higher education takes too much of the budget to ignore.

That isn't to say higher education will have the highest priority in the Bond administration. "You can't govern the state and say that one area out of the 13 is more important than the other," says Bond. "Higher education is an essential part of a governmental program and, of course, an essen-

tial part of our way of life in the state of Missouri. But to the extent that the subject of higher education really didn't come up during the campaign, I'd have to say that it does not seem to be a high priority item with most Missourians."

He's also concerned about how you measure the effectiveness of higher education. What standards are used to measure achievement? "As auditor, we asked that question of some of the institutions. And nobody could give us a good answer. I've seen many discussions of standards, and I recognize the difficulty of establishing them, but I don't think we now have good criteria by which to measure the efficiency of higher education."

Bond does believe, however, that the institutional reappraisal now being conducted within the University of Missouri is a necessary first step in establishing valid standards.

In his January budget message to the General Assembly, the governor recommended \$106.3 million toward the operating budget for the University of Missouri. That's \$2.8 million below the figure that University President Brice Ratchford has said is needed to maintain the current level of operation and \$11.8 million below the sum requested. But the governor's recommendation still represents a \$9.1 million increase for the actual state appropriations for fiscal 1972-73.

Bond has asked the legislature to approve \$3.5 million to fund the student-aid law passed last session. No funds were approved at that time. Designed to aid both private schools and needy students, the law provides state assistance up to \$900 a year for each needy student, the money to be used at the college or university of the student's choice, public or private.

"I feel that we have some excellent private colleges and universities in the state, and we must do everything we can to insure that these institutions

"To the extent that the subject of higher education didn't come up during the campaign, I'd have to say that it does not seem to be a high priority item with most Missourians."



continue. If this plan [student-aid] passes the court test on constitutionality, we should continue it."

The only capital improvement funds recommended in the governor's general revenue budget were \$6.4 million toward a veterinary medicine complex on the Columbia Campus. He knows that many more capital improvements are needed throughout Missouri, of course, and he is hopeful that federal revenue sharing monies can be used to help finance them. He is not for a bond issue.

"Bond issues merely change the time of expenditure. You still must have the certainty that there will continue to be the revenue in the years ahead to repay that bond issue. Ideally, we should continue on an ongoing basis to fund capital improvements without going the bond issue route.

"One of the reasons that we didn't recommend more capital improvements in this budget is that the state of Missouri has not yet determined its capital improvements' priorities. In higher education, the determination has to be made as to what facilities really are needed in the state, viewing the system as a whole. That really hasn't been done."

What the governor is saying, obviously, is that the capital needs of all the state's higher education institutions must be co-ordinated—just as there is increasing pressure from many sources to do a better job of coordinating all aspects of higher education in Missouri.

It's a concept everyone is for, and the University is no exception. Coordination has become as motherhood and apple pie. It's only when the details of the coordination are spelled out that disagreements arise. In last session's General Assembly, the University opposed a "super board" proposal that would have added another layer of bureaucracy over higher education and also would have done away with the constitutional status of the University of Missouri. That status is what al-

lows the University to operate in the manner of a business corporation, largely independent of state government pressures. Last session's super board proposal was defeated, but another attempt is being made this year as part of an overall governmental reorganization bill.


Bond himself favors a "uniboard" concept for governing public higher education. A similar plan was endorsed last year by the University's Board of Curators.

"I feel," says the governor, "that we can best achieve an efficient and effective and responsible higher education program if there is lodged in one board the responsibility for policymaking for all of the institutions. Now there is frequent rivalry, and it is difficult to gain an assessment of the various advantages and disadvantages of various programs at different locations. That's why I would like to see, not a super board over existing boards, but a combined board to serve all of the institutions."

By "all the institutions," Bond means the University of Missouri, the five state universities, Lincoln, Missouri Western, Missouri Southern, and the public junior colleges. He envisions a large board of between 11 and 20 persons. And he sees it as a constitutional entity—just as the University's Board of Curators is now.

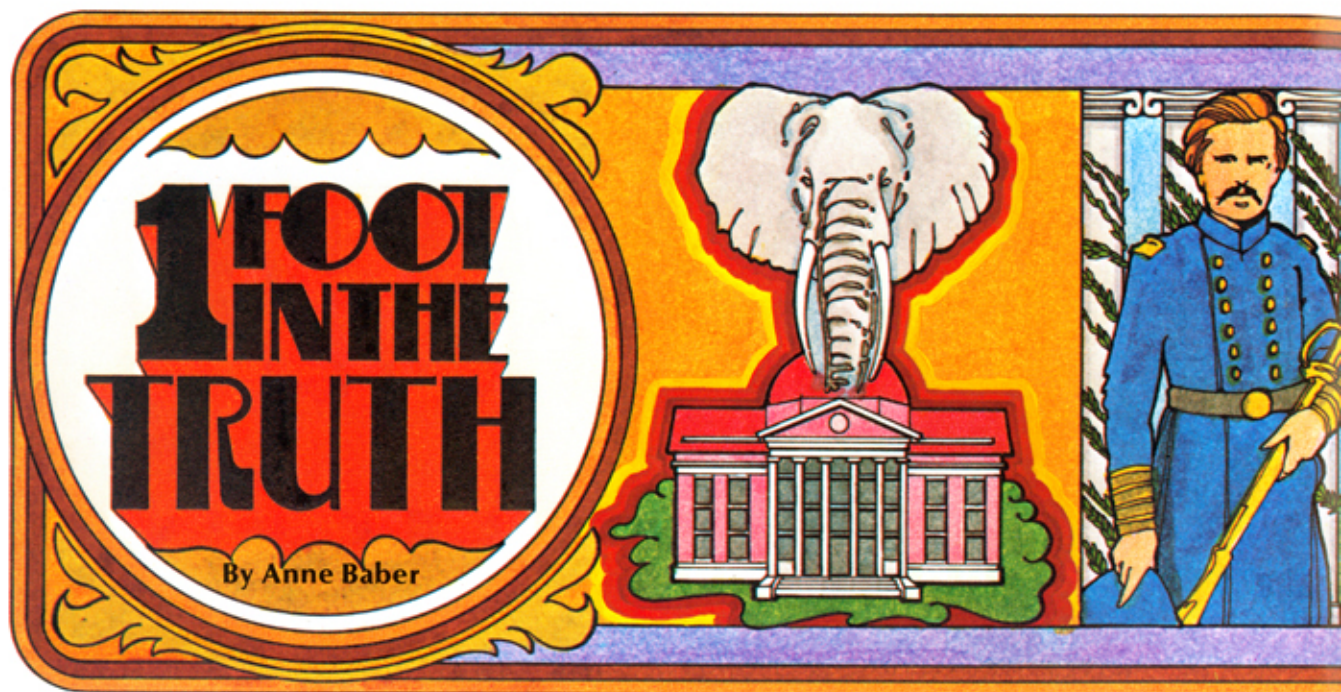
What kind of people would the governor likely appoint to his "uniboard" should it become a reality? They would represent many interests, as his first appointments to the Board of Curators indicate.

They included William S. Thompson Jr., of Kirkwood, a 27-year-old former student body president of UMC; Howard Woods, a black, publisher of a St. Louis newspaper and a television show host; and Lee R. Schuster, a St. Joseph farm manager who graduated from Purdue University. (See page 22 for more details on the new curator appointments.) □



"We can best achieve an efficient and effective and responsible higher education program if there is lodged in one board the responsibility for policy making for all of the institutions."

Governor Kit Bond, right, visits with *Alumnus* editor Steve Shinn.



Pure maidens, gallant soldiers, vile beasts, crumbling ruins, ghosts, star-crossed lovers, saints and venerable men — these are the stuff of legends the world over. And Ol' Mizzou's legends have the same cast of characters.

Don't ask an historian about legends. He will say, in an aggrieved tone, "But that's not true." Don't ask a librarian. She will look in a card file. She will try very hard, but she, like the historian, will want to find "A Truth." And legends are the stories that the history books leave out. Legends have only one foot in the truth.

Once upon a time. Let it go at that. Don't ask for dates and documents. Once upon a time, the Campus had a ghost. It was not an ordinary human ghost, but the ghost of an elephant. His bones and skin, mounted in a very artistic and lifelike manner, were on display in the museum of Academic Hall. In his trunk, he held aloft a tremendous Royal Bengal tiger. Jumbo, the pride of the University was dead, but he would occasionally come out of his haunts and display himself on the roof of Academic Hall.

That's all there is. Unless you insist on the truth?

Yes, there was an elephant. But his name was Emperor, and he was the pride of a traveling circus. When he died, President S. S. Laws (1876-1889) bought him and had him mounted for the museum in Academic Hall which burned in 1892. Then, an alumnus recalled, "We decided to take a chance on saving the big fellow and, as the double windows of the museum were too narrow to let

it through, we procured axes and cut from one of the windows the heavy wooden division, thus making sufficient opening for the elephant. We discovered, however, that the big tiger in the elephant's trunk wouldn't go through so we proceeded to tear several hundred dollars worth of tiger in two, and then ran the elephant through the window and out on the Campus, with the aid of timbers placed from the window sills to the ground. After doing a beautiful job thus far, it is my recollection that in our haste we pushed the elephant against a tree and broke off one of his tusks. In addition to the elephant we rescued a number of other valuable specimens, and these parked here and there over the Campus, gave that staid old field the appearance of a big game hunter's paradise. The beasts and reptiles looked particularly lifelike and savage in the flickering glare from the burning building."

You may believe that story from A Man Who Saved An Elephant if you wish. An anthropologist told me, "The tiger has got to be an 'embellishment'. It just goes along with the Mizzou Tiger idea." He sounded very definite about it. Of course, truth may be stranger than fiction.

Academicians are concerned with truth. Students aren't so picky. Ask students about the Columns (the ruins of Academic Hall) and you get a whole collection of Mizzou legends.

One will tell you that the Columns are named for the first six presidents or that they are buried there and that ivy doesn't grow on one column because one of the presidents was an atheist. (Peo-



ple who are interested in truth are instructed to view the Columns and see if five really do have ivy growing on them. Truthseekers might also wish to look at pictures of the Columns through the years to see if one column is consistently bare.)

Sometimes heroes become villains, and sometimes it really doesn't matter.

Once upon a time, during the Civil War when federal troops were barracked in Academic Hall, a northern soldier and a Confederate sympathizer fought a duel over a local belle. One of the men fell, mortally wounded, against a column spattering it with his blood. Which man was killed depends on the sentiments of the teller, but regardless, the wrong man lost. No ivy grows on the column stained with the lover's blood so long ago.

There are other duel legends. Some say that a student shot a professor. (The students like that one.) Others say that a professor shot a student. On the porch of Academic Hall they say you could see the bullet holes and a dark stain of blood. The truth-people will be happy to know that on December 19, 1853, William Wedderburn Thornton shot Benjamin Franklin Handy with a pistol in a personal rencontre at the east front door of the University (Academic Hall was the University). It was self defense, the newspaper said, "as Handy made an attack upon Thornton with a cane, and it was not until after he had received several blows that Thornton shot." All of the interesting details (Did they fight over a fair young maiden?) are missing. But both were students.

Many legends deal with the purity of women. The newest Columns' legend goes like this: The Columns represent the only six virgins ever to have graduated from the University, and ivy grows on the ones we're not absolutely sure about.

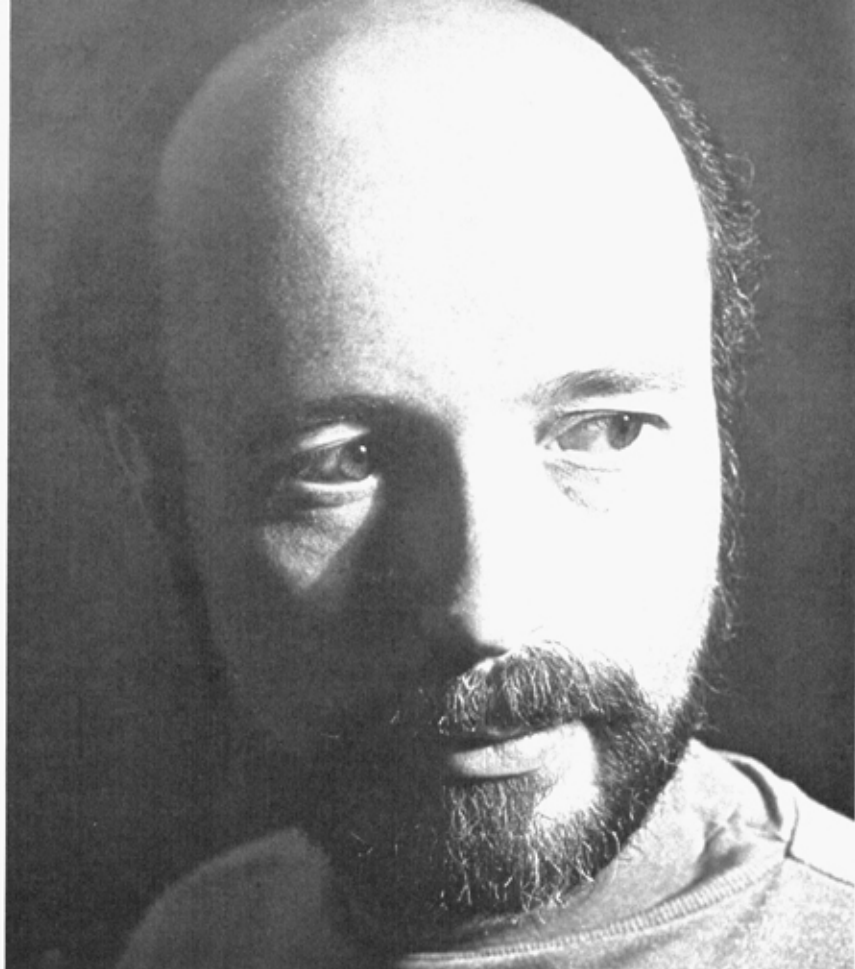
And of course you know about the journalism lions. They will roar if a virgin walks by. This same legend occurs on other campuses throughout the country where statues stand or bow or whistle to signify the passing of a pure young thing.

If we did steal the virgin legends from other campuses, we also have contributed a legend adopted by many others. You have heard that Saint Patrick was an engineer. Mizzou students discovered that fact on a lovely spring day (March 17, 1903). The engineers decided that they would not attend classes. President Jesse came outside to appeal to them. "If you are gentlemen," he said, "You will go back to your studies." The students promptly went down to Booches, the pool hall. President Jesse suspended them en masse in absentia. He took them back of course, and the next year gave his reluctant consent to the holiday. In 1906 the "Blarney Stone" was discovered, proving beyond doubt that St. Pat was indeed an engineer.

They say, the Blarney Stone rests in some hidden place beneath the sod. Each year tiny shamrocks grow above it, revealing its resting place and none may know it but an Engineer, for the shamrocks shall be visible only to a true and perfect Knight.

That's the way of legends. They only appear to the believer. □

CLONING, ANDROIDS, & OTHER SCIENCE FICTION?



Dr. David Shear.

By Sue Hale

'“I'm going to have a baby. And I need your help.’ She saw his discomfort and laughed. ‘No, I don't want your sperm, you egotist. I want you to do something for me in your lab.’

‘What?’

‘I want you to grow my fetus in vitro [in an artificial environment] until it's ready for implantation in my uterus.’

‘And who is to be the sperm donor, if I may ask?’

‘There isn't going to be one. I'm going to use a nucleus from one of my own skin cells to replace the unfertilized nucleus in my egg cell. I want my child to be my own identical twin.’”

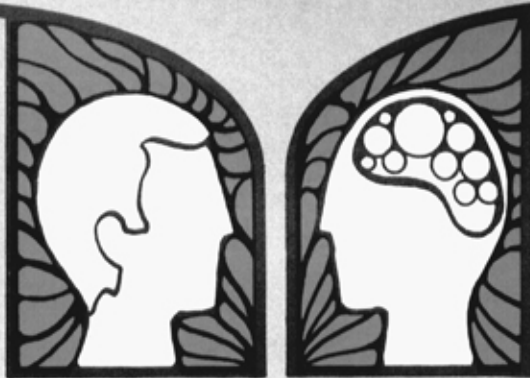
Sound like science fiction? It is, but the reproductive technique described above is based on science more than on fiction, according to Dr. David Shear, an assistant professor of biochemistry at the University of Missouri-Columbia and the author of *Cloning*, a science fiction book published De-

ember 15 by Walker and Company, New York.

Cloning, Shear's first novel, is set in the twenty-first century and has two plots that interweave and revolve around two new species of creatures that man has developed. The first species, clones, are biologically human. They differ from man only in that they are younger genetic duplicates or carbon copies of a sole parent. The second species, androids, (from the Greek *andros*, meaning man-like) were created to perform tasks considered too menial for man. Although synthetic from computer mind to plastic toe, they look like humans and mimic man in thought, feeling, hope and aspirations.

The hero of *Cloning* is a molecular biologist who synthesizes genes and viruses to treat cancer and other diseases. He becomes involved in a mystery concerning clones and in a legal battle for the civil

(Continued on page 13)



Some of My Best Friends are Robots

Paul heard the murmur of voices as he put the key in Carolyn's door. When he opened it, he realized the living room was filled with strangers. At first they didn't see him, but the young man who was standing in the middle of the room looked up and said, "Hey, cool it!" They all turned to look at him. Men and women were seated around the room, on the couch, on the panda-bear chair, on the hassock, and on the floor. Carolyn was sitting on the floor, papers and books spread out around her.

"Hi, Paul," she said. "Close the door." She stood up. "I won't introduce everyone because you never remember anyone's name anyway. However, I'd like you to meet Angelo, who's been working with me for two months." He shook Paul's hand. He had bushy, brown hair and didn't look too happy. "Angelo has been practicing civil rights law in California. He's going to take the bar exam here next month." Carolyn sat down. "Why don't you join us? This is a legal strategy meeting. Maybe you can help.

Something made Paul uneasy. He felt that Carolyn was humoring him. "No, I'm tired. I'll go into the den and watch the evening news." Paul never watched the news and seldom read the newspapers. He felt it was an unwarranted drain on his mental energy. He walked into the den and closed the door behind him. The hum of voices picked up again, one occasionally rising above the others.

He sat down in the vinyl easy chair and turned on the TV. The wall opposite lit up showing a knot of policemen trying to contain a mob. A cannister snaked through the air trailing tear gas. The announcer's voice was saying ". . . riots in Geneva for the second straight day. There were a dozen women rampaging through the downtown streets, smashing windows and setting fires. Injuries

were slight. For the second day in a row, the police failed to capture any of the rioters."

Someone bumped into the cameraman standing behind the police. The camera panned up to show the top of a department store and the blue sky beyond. The scene shifted. A storekeeper was being interviewed. "They broke my window and my display cases. Three women ran around the aisles breaking things and shouting, a mother and her two daughters."

The TV newsman broke in. "How do you know that?"

The storekeeper shrugged. "There was a strong family resemblance."

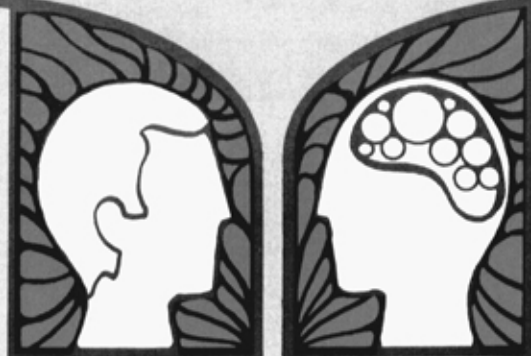
Outside, a young bystander was already talking. She spoke with a soft French accent. "I saw it all. Everytime the police would grab one, they would all pry her loose. They could not hold on to any of them." She turned to her companion. "*C'était impossible, n'est-ce pas?*"

The scene switched to the studio where the announcer commented: "The police attributed their failure to contain the riot to the fact that there have been no civil disturbances in Switzerland in nearly thirty-five years. Beginning tomorrow . . ."

Paul turned off the TV and the wall went dark. He lay back in the chair and listened to the voices from the living room. Suddenly he jumped up, banging into the oak desk. He had a funny feeling that the strangers in the living room might be androids.

Paul felt betrayed, conspired against. His mind began contracting into darkness. He went over to the cabinet and poured himself a straight Scotch and swallowed it. After a minute, he opened the door and walked into the living room.

This time they did not stop when he came in. They all looked as though they were in their middle twenties. Androids don't grow old; they possess eternal youth,



SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE ROBOTS

give or take a few repairs. A man with red hair was saying, "I will argue my *own* case. Surely they won't deny me that."

The attorney, Angelo, said, "You refuse to understand! You can't even get into the courtroom except as an exhibit. In the eyes of the law you are a thing, not a person. No, they will never let you speak. You have no choice but to let us try to trick the court into letting you testify on the grounds that we are introducing physical evidence."

The redhead jumped to his feet and started in again, and so did three others. Nothing could be heard through the din. Carolyn picked up a glass bowl and hurled it against the wall. Everyone was quiet.

"Angelo is right. Precedent says that you have no standing in court. That's why we have to bring suit on behalf of a cooperating human."

Several of the androids tried to speak at once. They were angry. "Shut up!" yelled Carolyn. "You are going to decide right now! Do you want us to quit, or do you want us to try? Or maybe you think we won't represent your interest because you can't pay us very much."

The girl at the end of the couch spoke up. "We don't doubt your good intentions, but no one except an android can *possibly* understand how it feels to be treated the way we are. We're *nobodies!* We're free to live our own lives only as long as we don't get in the way of any *human.*" She said "human" with a particular sneer. "Their word is *always* taken over ours. How can you begin to understand what it is like? Martin is right. We have to speak for ourselves in court."

"A presentation in court requires legal training and knowledge as well as commitment. Since androids are denied access to professional training, not to mention licensing, which of you can do the job we can? Isn't the opportunity to do these things part of what we're fighting for?"

Martin with the red hair spoke again. He pointed at the shelf of books on torts, contracts, constitutional law, civil and criminal procedure. He began quietly. "You want to test me? I will bet I can pass any law exam you

want to write. I have been reading those books for *ten years now!*"

Carolyn had been one-upped. She looked at Paul. "What do you think about all this?" Paul was leaning against the doorway, his empty glass in his hand. He had been watching with juvenile fascination a scene as devastating in its own way as his crazy dreams. "What do you think?" repeated Carolyn.

Paul sat down on the floor. He was looking back and forth from face to face. The kaleidoscope of emotions, of expressions, the intensity of feeling hammered against his mind.

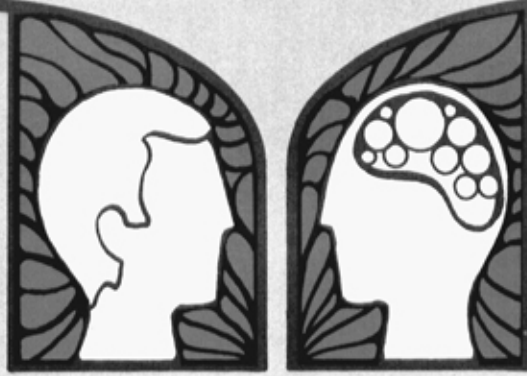
"Paul, Terry and Desmond want to get married. They can't get a license." She pointed to a couple sitting together on the rug. "I *can* go to court on Desmond's behalf because he's human. I can attempt to argue that laws prohibiting intermarriage are invalid."

So Desmond is not an android. Good fellow, Desmond.

"Joshua was named sole beneficiary in the will of the man who had him built to specification. That man regarded Josh as his real son. The man's sister is suing to break the will. I have no grounds to challenge her action because in the eyes of the law, Josh is not a person, he's a thing.

"Elisabeth had a friend and companion named Susan." Paul looked at Elisabeth. She was at least fifty and undoubtedly human. Funny he hadn't noticed her before. "Susan was killed by a drunk driver while they were walking along a country road near Elisabeth's house. She tried to get the District Attorney to press manslaughter charges. He refused on the grounds that one cannot kill a machine and advised her to sue for damages. But Susan was her friend, and one does not make friends with a *thing.*

"Paul, do you know what they do to an android who is *accused* of a criminal act? There is no arraignment, no trial. He's sent back for 'factory readjustment.' Did you know that their personalities can be completely changed by that 'readjustment?' Years of memory can be totally lost, recollections of friends wiped out. There



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is no 'due process' for androids, no 'civil rights,' certainly no *habeas corpus*. Do you know about the Dred Scott decision in 1857? It said that runaway slaves were property and had to be returned to their masters even if they had escaped to the North. That's about where we stand today.

"Let me read you what Justice Fender of the Ohio Supreme Court said." She picked up an open book. "A suit on behalf of a machine is no more valid than a suit against God for damages resulting from a natural disaster. To take up the time of the courts with such frivolous matters is inexcusable." She slammed the book shut.

"What do you think, Paul? Can't a smart bastard like you think of something that will help us? We are only bucking every precedent that the state and federal courts have established over the last thirty years."

Paul was still looking from face to face. He began to think wild thoughts. I worship at the altar of the trinity: DNA, RNA, and protein. What the f---* are they all looking at *me* for? You would think *I* had something to do with *them*!

Paul had been staying with Carolyn for six weeks. He had moved his typewriter and books from his house on the lake, and had settled in. He was still sleeping in the cage, and Jordan was still reading his EEG, but the THC-12 had eliminated all apparent abnormality. Carolyn and Paul had both been lonely recently, and each benefited from the presence of the other so long as they kept their relationship fraternal. The only awkwardness occurred when her android friends came over to argue about their civil rights activities. Paul sat in on all the sessions when he was at home, watching and listening intently, but never saying anything. Carolyn was deeply involved in the android underground and subculture, and her total identification with the cause had obsessed her.

Her law partners shared her ideals, in an intellectual sort of way, and were underwriting her civil rights activities, but they did not want to be directly involved and have dissident androids mingling in their offices with

corporate executives, government officials, and other posh clients. They saved their consciences, with some justification, by the argument that but for their regular business, Carolyn would not have the resources and time to pursue the cause. Besides, once a case came to court, it would all be out in the open and the s---* storm would begin.

Carolyn had decided to press the case of Terry and Desmond, who wanted to get married. Paul was struck with the irony of such a situation at a time when marriage between humans was on the decline. She was constantly occupied preparing her trial brief, researching precedents, looking for ways to manipulate the rules of evidence, and reading previous decisions of the federal district judge who, hopefully, would hear the case.

One evening Terry and Desmond came over for dinner and a discussion of their case. They were sitting around the oiled walnut table eating Chicken Kiev and Eggplant Provencal that Carolyn had taken great pains to prepare, when Paul found himself staring at Terry. He couldn't remember having seen an android *eat* before. He wanted to ask a question, but it wouldn't come out. Finally Carolyn turned to him and asked, "Don't you like the eggplant? You used to."

"Carolyn, can I talk to you for a minute?" They stepped into the kitchen, and Paul asked his question. He felt his ears burn when Carolyn started laughing. She didn't answer him, but led him back to the table.

"Paul wants to know how it is that you're eating food."

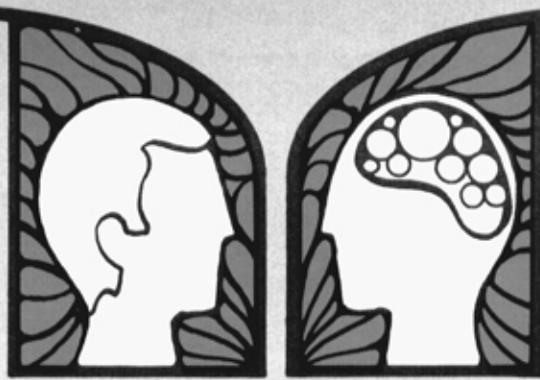
"Why Dr. Kyteler, is this the first time you've ever seen an android eat?"

"I don't know. I can't seem to remember."

Terry's cheeks had begun to flush. She was apparently embarrassed too. "We all eat. We *have* to eat." Paul's question had turned a mundane matter into a discussion of intimacies.

"But what happens to the food?" Paul imagined a plastic sack instead of a stomach that Terry would dump into the toilet later when she was alone. He assumed androids worked on batteries and plugged themselves

* Editors note: These words are printed in full in the book.



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in to recharge at night.

"I digest it. I don't need vitamins and proteins, but I get my energy by burning organic matter just the same as you. Why do you think I breathe?"

Paul could see Terry's breasts rise and fall as she breathed. Somehow he hadn't noticed before. Apparently she used atmospheric oxygen to oxidize food in a manner which mimicked human respiration. She probably had intestines and an anus as well.

"I'm sorry." Paul sat down.

"That's all right." Terry began fidgeting with her food. She was still ill at ease.

Paul also wasn't eating. Without looking up he said, "Terry, do you have a heart?"

"Of course."

"Can I listen to it?"

"If you like."

Paul got up and walked around the table. He bent down and pressed his ear against her. She was warm. He could hear what sounded to him just like a human heart and breathing noises. Suddenly Paul felt awkward with his face in Terry's chest. He stood up.

"What does it do?"

"It circulates high energy compounds and electrolytes to my muscles and brain. I'm just a little bundle of chemical transducers." She gave a nervous laugh.

Paul could smell her perfume. He looked at Desmond, who wanted to say something but couldn't decide what. Paul lifted Terry to her feet and embraced her. He could feel her breasts deform as they touched him. He could feel her hips against his. He leaned down and kissed her and could taste the food on her lips. He could certainly feel her breathing fast. She still had her fork in her hand.

"Dr. Kyteler, I wish you wouldn't do that. Terry is my fiancée."

"If I'm going to give the bride away, I'd like to get to know her a little better." Everyone laughed, and the mood of tension relaxed. How odd, thought Paul, that all this has escaped my attention. "Besides, my name is Paul."

The legal talk had been suppressed for the evening. After dinner they sat around in the living room. Terry asked, "Do you have the latest Nonesuch release of the four Mozart horn concerti?"

"No," answered Carolyn, "but I have another recording of them."

"Well, you'll have to get it, because Desmond is the soloist. The Cleveland Orchestra decided he was just as good as any outside soloist they could get."

"You're a musician," Paul stated superfluously. He was feeling a little silly from the strange dinner and the wine.

"Yes, French horn."

"First French horn," added Terry. "And he also plays piano."

"What do you do, Terry?" Paul realized as he was speaking that it was probably a mistake, but it was too late.

Terry wasn't smiling, but she held her chin up. "I'm a waitress at McDonald's across from the Greyhound bus station."

There was a long silence.

"But someday I'll be a concert pianist." She turned to Carolyn. "It's safe here, isn't it?"

"Do you have to ask after everything that's gone on in this apartment? I have gadgets all over to warn me if there are any electronic bugs."

Terry got up and went over to the harpischord on the far side of the room. She sat down and played several selections from J.S. Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* and from the *Two and Three Part Inventions*. She played well. When she had finished, she walked over to Desmond and kissed him. "Desmond is teaching me."

"She's the quickest study I ever saw. She even composes. Two years ago she couldn't play a note."

Carolyn broke in. "You know, Paul, that Desmond could get a year in jail and a five-thousand-dollar fine for teaching Terry." It was a sobering thought. Paul could feel a sense of fury and frustration that this young couple had to sneak around to make love and music in secrecy.

rights of androids. Using these two situations, Shear speculates on such questions as: Should a human be allowed to marry an android and can an artificial creature be human?

Shear also delves into the future of bio-medical research, especially the field of genetic engineering or genetic therapy. In this area in particular the fiction develops from accurate science rather than fantasy. Man has been manipulating genes for a long time, Shear says. "For instance selective breeding in domestic animals, contraception and even the social manipulation of segregation in humans have affected the development of human life." Now, scientists are developing the ability to modify human genes. It is already possible to detect certain genetic defects prenatally, and in the near future scientists should be able to introduce "good genes" to cure inherited diseases.

On the Columbia Campus, Dr. Richard Wang is currently culturing human cells and mouse cells and hybridizing these cells in vitro. As the cells grow, they discard certain pieces of genetic information by accident. This work will eventually contribute to the understanding of the genetic apparatus in human cells, knowledge that will lead to practical techniques of genetic therapy, Wang says. "Children are born with genetic defects every day which we may begin to do something about in the next few years."

Through genetic engineering, scientists believe it will be possible at some time in the future to remove an unfertilized egg from a woman's ovary, fertilize it in vitro with her husband's sperm and implant it in the womb of another woman who will carry the embryo. With this technique, a woman who is for some reason (perhaps a heart condition) unable to undergo the rigors of pregnancy could have another woman carry her baby for her. Also a woman desiring a child but not wanting to interrupt her career with a pregnancy could have a surrogate mother carry the embryo to term. Similarly, a woman who has a normal uterus but non-functioning ovaries could seek out an egg donor, have the egg fertilized in a dish by her husband's sperm and then implanted in her uterus in a kind of "prenatal adoption."

Creating clones is also a possibility with genetic engineering. Cloning techniques for frogs already have been developed. The nucleus of an unfertilized female's egg is removed and the nucleus of another cell is transplanted into it. The composite

cell will go on to develop into a frog identical to the frog that donated the nucleus. This can also theoretically be done with humans.

Although these novel methods of reproduction will become available, in time, to those who desire them, Shear believes most people will continue to reproduce in the way they have in the past. "In our society we place a great emphasis on individual rights and private decisions. Governments are not going to force or require people to reproduce by novel methods. Whether it's artificial insemination, in vitro fertilization, or cloning, reproduction methods will continue to be an individual's own choice."

Shear has been a science fiction fan since childhood. But prior to his book, he stayed on the reading rather than writing side of fiction. A one-time artist and semi-professional folk singer, he received an AB in math and biology from Swarthmore College and a PhD in biophysics from Brandeis University. He joined the Columbia Campus faculty in 1969 and now teaches half the sections of UMC's introductory biophysics course.

He also teaches an Honors College course, *Provocative Writings By and About Scientists*. "Most popular science fiction is very poor science," Shear says. "For example, the students in my Provocative Writing class are assigned to read and ferret out the scientific errors in *The Andromeda Strain*. I'll ask them to do the same for my book."

Cloning was written in August 1971. "I wrote it with the idea in mind that it should be interesting and challenging to those with a background in the bio-medical field as well as to the general reader." But one criticism by several editors was that the scientific material in the book could not be easily followed by the average reader. The manuscript was circulated among half a dozen New York publishing houses before being accepted. "However, students in my Honors College class, even the non-science majors, who read the book were able to understand it easily. A good liberal education should be enough."

One critic, Ralph Lowenstein, wrote, "The faults in this book are minor—they are the faults of inexperience in plotting and characterization. But the science fiction is good stuff. And it isn't just the science fiction buff who will find this good reading. *Cloning* brings science fiction away from the occult and away from ether — back down to earth, where it belongs." □

STUDENT STUDENT STUDENT

VIEW VIEW VIEW

'i can
see a creek
flowing through
the
campus'

I've dodged cars for six semesters now at the University of Missouri-Columbia and zigzagged through a maze of streets and parking lots to get to classes, the library and football and basketball games. I've watched cars narrowly miss hitting students; I've strained to hear lectures over the noise of traffic; and I've gone out of my way just to walk through Peace (McAlester) Park or to sit between classes in quiet places.

I used to imagine how beautiful the Campus would be if grass and trees could replace the dirty, noisy and even dangerous streets and parking lots.

Last semester, I found that others shared my dreams. Bill Hargrove, a mathematics graduate student, and Tim Brennan, an English literature senior, decided to try to organize student support for a pedestrian campus. I joined the new group, Students for a Pedestrian Campus.

SFPC began by researching the history of the pedestrian campus issue on this Campus.

The idea isn't new. The first street closing occurred in the late 1950's when the Mall was built between Conley and Rollins.

A faculty campus planning committee developed a long-range pedestrian campus plan in 1967. Several problems, however, stood in the way of its adoption. The



Wade Bilbrey, a senior majoring in forestry, transferred to UMC from Wichita State University. He is "chair-one" of Students For A Pedestrian Campus.

University needed to acquire some private property that was within the boundaries of the proposed plan. And the city had to approve the street closings.

Early this school year, it seemed that the University was about to ask the city to approve the closing of Lowry Street as the first step toward the realization of the long-range plan. But the Missouri Book Store objected because it would lose access to its parking lot. Plans to give the Missouri Book Store access to its parking lot from the rear have not been acceptable to the store.

The University engaged a St. Louis firm to do a traffic study of the Campus. Emmet Klinkerman, Campus business officer, says the study results will be released in April.

Meanwhile, SFPC was not idle. Its first effort was to show student support for closing Lowry Street.

Beginning on October 30, 1972, a petition drive took place in the Memorial Union and Brady Commons. Signatures of 6,710 supporters were collected and information about the pedestrian campus proposal was distributed. Several student organizations including the Missouri Students Association, the Association of Women Students, the Environmental Education Organization, the Arts and Science

Student Government, and the Forestry Club endorsed the petition, and all the area newspapers publicized our efforts.



On December 11, 1972, Tim, Guy Schreck (an art education junior) and I met with Chancellor Herbert W. Schooling to discuss our proposal and that of the 6,707 others we represented. The Chancellor indicated support for the pedestrian campus plan in general and suggested that our continued pressure on and communication with his office would help initiate a street closing policy.

SFPC will try to increase the publicity about the issue and asks for support from students, faculty, staff, alumni and even the people of Missouri. Support can be shown by writing letters to the Chancellor or the editors of newspapers.

One way or the other, I can still imagine for the University of Missouri-Columbia what I've seen as reality on other campuses such as Arizona State, University of Montana, and Kansas State. I can see a walkway through a terraced garden west of the Agriculture Building (Hitt Street). I can see sidewalks protected from the wind by groves of trees to dorms and the Hearnes Multipurpose Building. I can see a creek flowing through Campus instead of through gutters. I can envision a quieter, more healthy environment. —Wade Bilbrey.

GRAPPLING WITH THE BIG TIME



By Steve Marantz

If you have had a sneaking suspicion recently that college athletics aren't what they used to be, that college sports have evolved into something more serious than mere games, and that "amateurism" can only be found at the neighborhood swim club, then a particular story now unfolding at the University of Missouri-Columbia may provide a refreshing change of pace.

This story began in 1959, when Columbia's sports scene meant football, Dan Devine, and the Orange Bowl, and after that, if all the homework was done and all the beer drunk, an absolutely desperate fan could dawdle into dusty Brewer for a basketball game. It was in 1959 that Don Faurot picked up his phone and called an old "pro" for help in re-

viving Missouri's long-dormant wrestling program.

The person he called was Marshall Esteppe, a big, burly, loquacious man who, in an earlier era, had bounced around America's brash professional wrestling circuit under the alias of Marshall Carter.

"Yes sir, I wrestled in every state in the union four or five times," says Esteppe today, retired, and living with his wife in Sturgeon, Mo. "I held the middleweight, light heavyweight, and junior heavyweight title at various times between 1934 and 1950. I was what they call the good guy today."

The "good guy," Esteppe, accepted Faurot's invitation and stepped into a situation which would be considered, by modern collegiate standards, absurd, if not bordering on the suicidal. Faurot, who

While Coach Hap Whitney cheers him on and his wife watches uncertainly, Tiger heavyweight Tom Cook (210 pounds) is mauled by Iowa State's Chris Taylor (450). Taylor won a bronze in the Olympics.



some say eliminated Missouri's wrestling program in 1936 because a few of his football players opted for the mats, wanted Esteppe to generate a program which would eventually be competitive in the Big Eight.

The problem was then (and still is) that competing in Big Eight wrestling is like competing in Big Eight football these days. The Big Eight is the best wrestling conference in the nation, and between Iowa State, Oklahoma State, and Oklahoma, it's captured the NCAA title in 18 of the last 19 years. As if this fact wasn't intimidating enough, the budgetary design of the athletic department in 1959 wasn't exactly geared to producing a national wrestling power.

"Our budget wasn't very much," says Esteppe. "We used discarded basketball warmups for our warmups. We got traveling expenses, and since we couldn't eat before a match (weight reasons), we only got money for a meal afterwards. The secretaries in the office used to kid me about my starving boys."

Esteppe persevered. Building his team with walk-ons, mainly from St. Louis, and scheduling area teachers' colleges and other lesser powers, he suffered through some lean years before producing his 9-5 squad of 1963. Nevertheless, football remained the rage in Columbia and Esteppe's men toiled in near anonymity.

"Didn't have too much of a crowd back then," recalls Esteppe. "Just friends and parents and occasionally Dan Devine showed up with his football team."

Because of Devine, indirectly, and the arrival of a new face on the scene, Esteppe's program soon grew into adolescence. By 1963, Devine's success on the field and at the gate had become a proud rallying point for the whole state. Devine's financial achievements helped support every program in the athletic department, and justifiably, wrestling got its share, meager though it was. At this time also, Vernon (Hap) Whitney came to Missouri to assist Esteppe, and in 1964 took over as head coach.

"We were helping between five and eight boys in 1963-64," says Whitney, a former Big Ten champion (at 130 pounds) from Purdue. "We helped with fees, tuition, or books, but we gave very few full scholarships."

So Whitney moved Missouri wrestling through the '60s making do with what he had, winning



consistently with a small-time schedule, but never quite forgetting Don Faurot and Marshall Esteppe's original goal. During the '60s, too, the Big Three in Big Eight wrestling, Iowa State, Oklahoma, and Oklahoma State proved as indomitable as ever. Though Whitney never scheduled the Big Three in dual meets, the gap between the programs was always apparent in the Big Eight Championships each year. Missouri never finished higher than fourth and never produced an individual champion, although Steve Cavanaugh, now Whitney's assistant, picked up a second in 1967.

This year, perhaps in keeping with the athletic department's shift to the new Hearnes Building, Whitney and Cavanaugh decided Tiger wrestling was ready to go big-time.

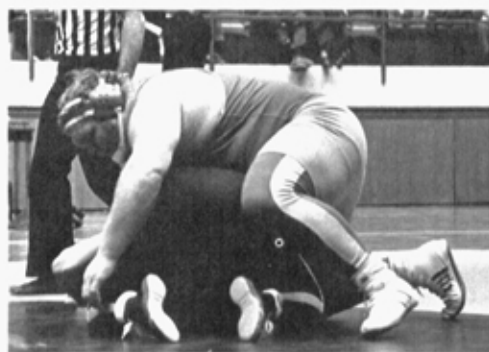
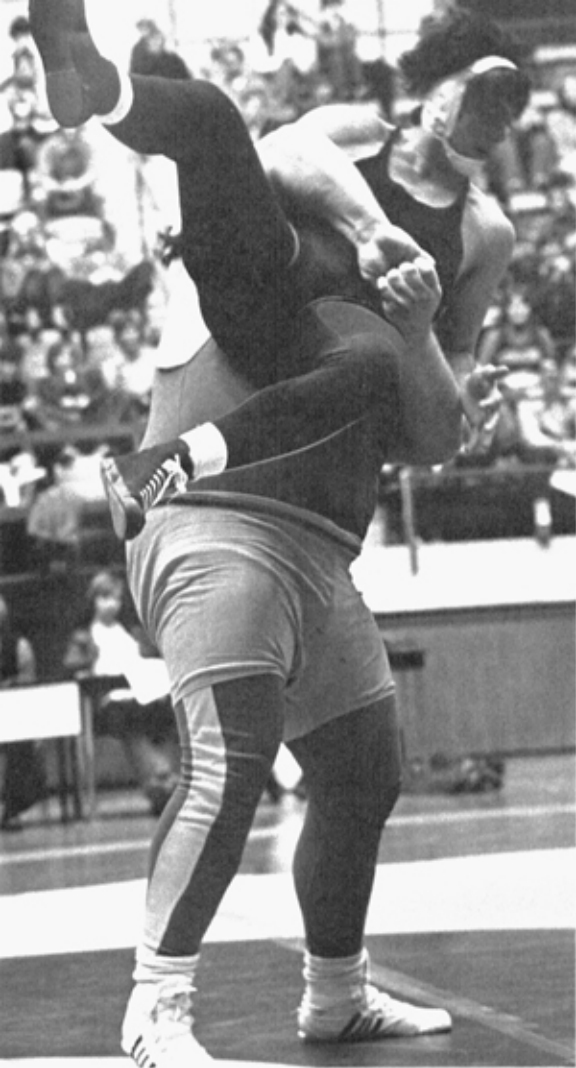
"We felt we were ready," says Whitney. "We wanted our fans to see the real good teams."

Already this season, Oklahoma and Iowa State have faced Missouri in Columbia. As Whitney realistically expected, the record crowds who turned out saw the Tigers, in a sense, get their ears pinned back. Yet, as oftentimes in defeat, there was some measure of victory.

"After the Iowa State meet," exclaims Whitney, "the controversy and interest and talk was just tremendous. Everybody was so excited. The bigger the crowd, the more enthusiasm there is."

On a more pragmatic plane, Whitney realizes that large crowds like the 1,100 at the Iowa State meet won't be satisfied long with defeats of the 42-0 variety handed the Tigers. Everybody loves a winner, or at the worst, a heady loser. But nobody, with the possible exception of doting mothers, loves wrestlers who lose 42-0.

"It's like competing with three basketball



UCLAs nationally," says Cavanaugh, who's taken over much of the coaching chores now that Whitney is director of special services in the athletic department. "They (The Big Three) have more than three times the scholarships we do. Their alumni help them tremendously."

According to Whitney's current figures, 17 wrestlers are receiving some form of aid at Missouri. Contrasted with the 30 or more full scholarships given wrestlers at the Big Three, it's obvious why Whitney and Cavanaugh must scramble desperately to score some type of reversal in the established order. At the present, there seems to be little hope of increased funding from the athletic department.

"We want to do well by each of the sports," says athletic director Mel Sheehan. "I think what we have now is reasonably acceptable. Certain schools may put all of their eggs in one basket and excel at one sport, but Missouri has never felt this way. We try to excel in all sports."

"What we have now is adequate," says Whitney. "There just is no margin for error. We feel that three factors, our new building, our schedule, and

our financial aid, will take hold in our recruiting and we'll be ready in a couple of years."

For now, both Whitney and Cavanaugh are patient, as indeed they must be. Both keep an eye to the future, for an individual champion, a team conference title, an individual national champion, and off in some murky region called infinity, a national team title. They talk of some kid in St. Louis or Kansas City, inevitably a "future champion," and hope against hope that none of the Big Three finds his way to the kid's doorstep.

They also look for the development of the state high school program to provide future Tiger wrestlers. Cavanaugh, for one, thinks the Big Eight Conference meet at Hearn's this winter will generate interest in the state.

It's been a hard road that Marshall Esteppe first traveled in 1959, and Hap Whitney followed in the '60s. Now, with Whitney and Steve Cavanaugh guiding Missouri's wrestling program together, the road seems headed for the predetermined end Don Faurot foresaw 14 years ago. That end, of course, is success. □

Roughing on it Rio the Grande

students get away from it all

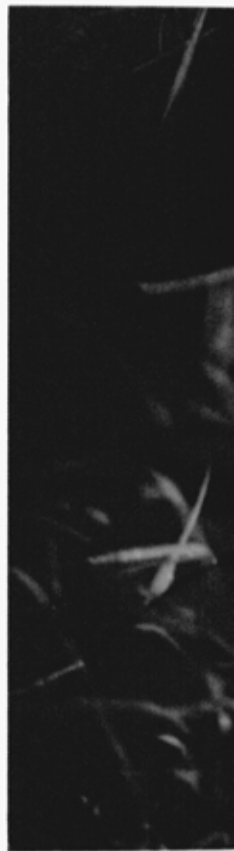
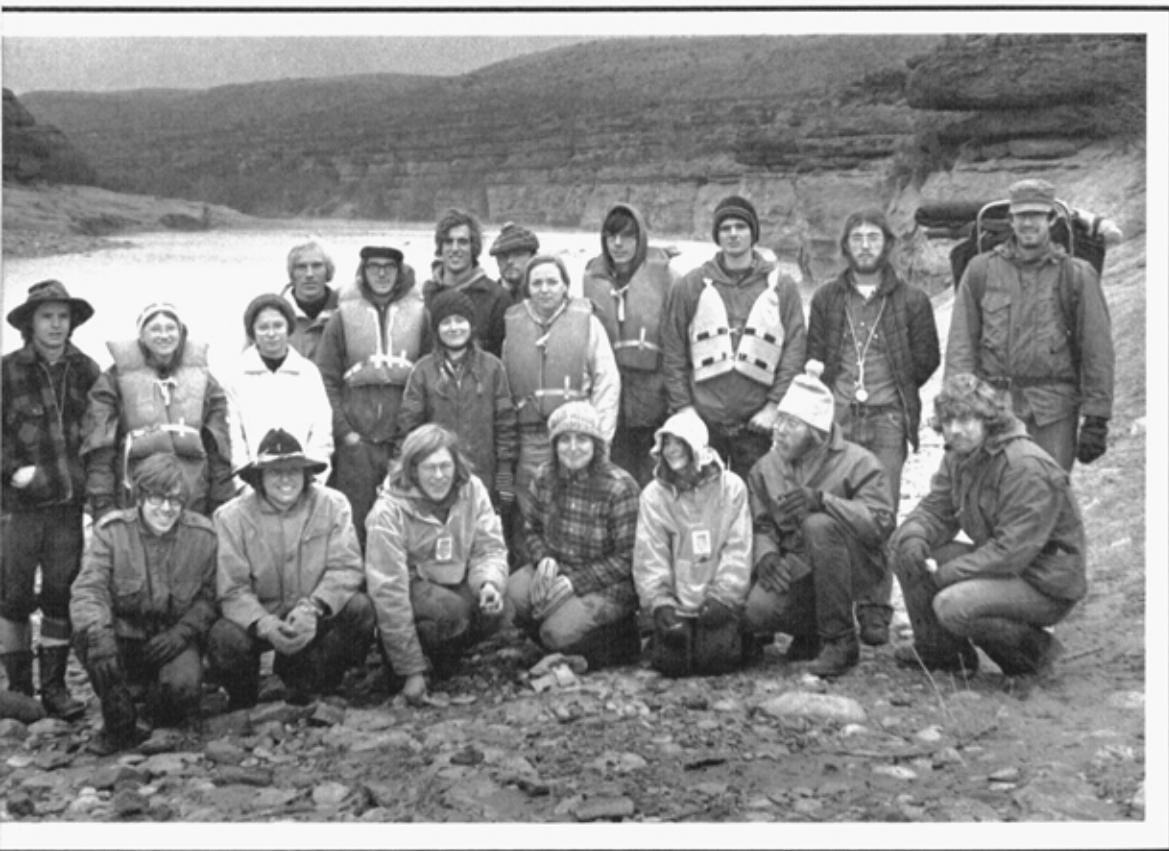
The trip—a 100-mile float of wilderness river—seemed like a bargain. For \$75 total, a Mizzou student could spend part of his semester break escaping Missouri cold and relaxing exam-frayed nerves on the sunny Rio Grande. Unfortunately, there was a lot of cold during January in South Texas and very little sun, but there were experiences that never will be forgotten by the 21 students who took advantage of the trip sponsored by the Missouri Students Association. There were sun dances to ward off further sleet and rain, an encounter with a wild pig, “sock fries” to dry clothing, and many hot springs along the route that offered respite for cold bodies. After it was all over, Dave Haubein concluded, “You know, this trip worked. I can’t remember anything about school. Columbia, where?”

Photographs by Harlan Kirgan





The river seemed no rougher than the Current, the popular Missouri float stream, but at the end of the first day a churning rapid dumped three canoes. After that the travelers repacked gear in watertight garbage bags, but as one student said sadly, "There's no way to waterproof a human."



Pictured are (kneeling, left to right), Carl Moskey, Hartford, Connecticut; Dick Kenagy, Kansas City; Dave Boehms, Webster Groves; Fran Stroesser, Independence; Donna Brockman, Rockport; Rick Anderson, Hudson, Wisconsin; Winston Buby, Webster Groves; (standing), Les Holtsman, Bowling Green; Betsy Ambra, Louisiana, Missouri; Denette Dengler, Hyattsville, Maryland; Stephen Page, Louisiana; Mark Winslow, Holland, Pennsylvania; Chris Prives, St. Louis; Dave Haubein, Lockwood; Tom Reidy, Houston, Texas; Kristin Olson, Kansas City; Bob Perry, Kansas City; Doug Brockman, Springfield; Mark Cowles, Kansas City; and Scott Schulte, Columbia.



Portaging (far left) may have been a safer way to travel than riding the rapids. At right is a picture of the daily drying-out session, while below, three adventurers relax in one of the hot springs.



New Curators

Microwave Network

Around the Columns

Cheerleaders Award

Young Alumnus Survey

Affirmative Action

Three New Curators Named by Gov. Bond

Three new Curators—including William S. Thompson Jr., 27, the UMC student body president in 1966—have been named by Governor Christopher Bond, and two were confirmed by the Senate.

Howard Woods, 56, of St. Louis, and Lee R. Schuster, 38, of St. Joseph, are the other nominees, but only Thompson and Woods have been confirmed. Schuster's nomination remains tabled in the Senate. Outgoing Curators are St. Louisians Robert G. Brady and Theodore D. McNeal. G. Fred Kling Jr., of Albany, will serve until replaced. He and Brady are alumni. McNeal, the first black ever to serve on the Board of Curators, has been named to head the St. Louis Police Commission.

Thompson, a Kirkwood Republican, is an account executive and associate of the syndicate department of I. M. Simon & Co., St. Louis. The youngest Curator ever, he graduated in 1968 with a bachelor's degree in civil engineering. In 1970 he graduated from Harvard with a master's degree in business administration. During his senior year at Columbia, Thompson worked part time in the alumni office and spoke to many meetings throughout the state and country. For the past year he also has been a vice president of the St. Louis chapter of the Alumni Association.

Woods, an independent Democrat, becomes the second black to serve on the Board. He founded the *St. Louis Metro-Sentinel* newspaper in 1969 after being editor-in-chief of the Sengstack national newspaper chain in Chicago. Woods also is a trustee of Webster College in St. Louis and a member of the

Higher Education Coordinating Council.

Schuster, a Republican, is manager of the Schuster Farms near Gower. He has a bachelor's degree in agriculture from Purdue University and is a former member of the Missouri Western College Foundation Board.

Tiger Cheerleaders Get National Ranking

Mizzou's cheerleaders are ranked fourth in the nation in a survey of collegiate squads by the International Cheerleaders Foundation of Overland Park, Kansas.

The foundation's executive director, Randy Neil, commended students and other members of the Columbia Campus community "who have succeeded in producing a school spirit and morale that serves as an example to thousands of schools and colleges across America.

"During their evaluation of your cheer unit, our evaluation committee was seriously impressed with the appearance, crowd control and demeanor of your pepsters."

Young Alumni List Wants

The results of a recent Young Alumnus Questionnaire show that obtaining desirable employment, locating fellow Mizzou grads and finding suitable housing were the major problems encountered by young alumni upon leaving the Campus. The questionnaire was suggested by the Young Alumnus Study Committee of the Alumni Association and was mailed, together with a membership appeal, to all 1972 graduates.

Ninety percent of those joining the Alumni Association responded. Thus the response of this group is an accurate reflection of the problems and needs of

young members of the Association.

In ranking those areas where the Association could aid the young alumnus, 35 percent of the respondents desired help in job placement. Making available the names of alumni with common interests in their new community was listed by 24 percent. Thirteen percent wanted the Association to strengthen the stature of the University. Seven percent were interested in participating in alumni tours, while four percent wanted information on continuing education programs. More sports oriented alumni programs were desired by six percent and three percent wanted help in locating housing in new communities.

Development Fund Stats Also Have Human Side

A national sorority on Campus sold lightbulbs, shined shoes and swept frat house floors to buy an electric braille typewriter they recently donated to the University.

The local chapter of Delta Gamma Sorority gave the \$500 typewriter to counseling services for the use of blind students.

"Behind every gift and dollar is a story of people giving to people," G. H. Entsminger, vice president for Development, said in a report to the Curators on giving to the University during the first six months of this fiscal year, July 1 through December 31, 1972.

The number of donors to the Development Fund of the University of Missouri increased approximately 15 percent over last year.

Dollar amounts given, however, were down during the same period from \$1,822,632 to \$1,352,066.

Gifts for the Columbia Campus amounted to \$935,732 in the first six months of fiscal 1971-1972 and



\$718,958 during the first half of 1972-1973.

Analysis of gifts indicates that the decrease in dollars so far this year is caused by an absence of large individual gifts.

For example, during the first six months of 1971-1972, the Columbia Campus received a \$112,000 gift and two gifts exceeding \$50,000 each.

"Statistics, of course, do tell an important part of the development story," Entsminger said. "They show the trends, enable categorical analysis and enumerate the dollars the University has available from private gift money."

"But equally important are the human contributions of time given to organizational work for the University, and advice and counsel that influence many programs."

Committee Sets Goals for Recruiting Blacks, Women

A 23-page report of the Affirmative Action Committee appointed by Chancellor Herbert W. Schooling recommends that a minimum of 23 blacks and 21 women be hired to fill some of the faculty positions expected to become vacant in the 1973-1974 academic year. By 1976-1977, according to the committee, at least 22 percent of the faculty should be women, and minorities should account for at least nine percent. At present, minorities make up three percent of the faculty, and women make up 17 percent.

The committee urged attainment of these goals "without compromising standards." Quality still must be the prime consideration in faculty recruitment, the report said. "Implementation of a 'reverse discrimination' that overlooks quality merely to satisfy the requirement

of numbers can undermine the institution," the report said.

Schooling commended the committee for a "a very comprehensive report," and promised careful consideration of the recommendations.

Mentioning a possible deterrent to implementation of the numerical goals, Schooling said, "We are concerned that because of budgetary limitations we may need to further limit the number of our academic staff, which might well make it very difficult for the Campus to meet the numerical goals the committee has projected."

University Seeks Funds For Microwave Network

With four widely separated campuses, the University of Missouri is seeking state capital improvement funds to develop a \$2 million microwave network which will link many educational resources.

"The real potential of the two-way capability of this network," said University President C. Brice Ratchford, "is that students and faculty can talk back and forth. It would closely resemble the normal classroom situation."

The microwave network would be utilized in three major areas: inter-campus teaching and interdisciplinary cooperation; linking the University's central computer to data terminals on all four campuses; and intercampus information retrieval from University libraries.

Fifth-Campus Study Asked

At the request of Missouri Western College at St. Joseph, the University's Board of Curators is studying the possibility of the College's becoming a fifth campus of the University of Missouri system.

Missouri Western has an enrollment of about 3,000 students.

MISSOURI ALUMNUS

The official publication of the Alumni Association of the University of Missouri-Columbia

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Kansas City, Missouri

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The Governor and the Tiger/2

Missouri's new governor, Christopher (Kit) Bond, talks about his ties with the University and his views on higher education in general.

One Foot in the Truth/6

Cloning, Androids, and Other Science Fiction?/8

The first novel by a UMC professor may be fantasy, but its basis is strictly scientific.

'i can see a creek flowing through the campus/14

Wayne Billbre leads a group of students who want UMC to become a pedestrian Campus.

Grappling with the Big Time/15

Roughing It on the Rio Grande/18

What do you do to forget about school during semester break? These students went to Texas for a MSA-sponsored float trip.

Around the Columns/22

COVER: Ol' Mizzou's legends may not be altogether true (what legends are?), but they are interesting reading—like the stories about the elephant, St. Patrick and the columns ivy. See Page 6.

**in
THIS
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