

UH NEWS

liberated
press

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i accept chaos. i am not sure whether it accepts me. i know
there are some people terrified of the bomb. but there are
other people terrified t be seen carrying a modern screen
magazine. experience teaches that silence terrifies the most.
— Bob Dylan

drawing by John Zanzal

U.H. News Liberated Press

Revolution

The New Constitution has been passed . . . the new cabinet has been voted in . . . election for officers is coming up this Thursday (for chairman and vice-chairman of the Senate) and Tuesday (for the commission chairman). The UH NEWS would like to recommend the following candidates for these positions: for chairman: Benedict Holden, because he has the experience and the ability and most of all the interest and drive to lead the new Senate and make our new government a success. Few people have noticed the amount of work that Ben has put into this year, work for which there is no glory attached: for vice-chairman: Barbara Ally, because she is also a hard worker and a good organizer. For chairman of the Academic Commission: Howie Gross, because his insight into the problems of, and need for, academic change has produced much this year. He is one of our strongest leaders. For Activities chairman: Kevin (Gomer) Fahey, because of his experience in the social world, because of his appointed leadership to the Gengras Campus Center and the need for integrating it with the activities commission. For Communications chairman: Bill Clement, because of his interest and work as the head of this year's publications commission. For Finance chairman: Jim Carter, because he has served the position well this year, also because of his work on the new constitution. For Judicial chairman: Peter Furman, because he also is a hard worker and can offer a cross-faction insight into the problems of the University.

The most important aspect of all these candidates is that they are all workers. We are now operating a REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT until it is passed by the Board of Regents. We cannot fail to make our new system work, yet this requires the interest of every student. We have had the best turnout ever for the elections, up to 80% in one school with the smallest percentage of 30% (the average college election draws 17%). We are on the move. Most of us are being revolutionary without even knowing it. There will be many more changes next year. We have laid the foundation, the rest is for all of us.

Love and Kisses,
the Jack of Hearts

Don't Take Me Seriously; I'm Mumbling to Myself

General Rap

by Ewart Skinner

I really wonder what everything is made out of. Love; power; revolution, freedom, liberation, intellectualism, or merely a drowsy afternoon -- at the height of biological satisfaction -- at the cafeteria.

Talk of involvement, the self, and everything else is boring. Revolutionary impetus have become vague reference -- for who could dream of revolution on such a bucolic afternoon: the talk of freedom, liberation, all have become small awariness -- for who wants to be free on such an afternoon -- if we were snowbound it would have been better.

* * * *

But it is normal now. No one would doubt that. There have been scores of such time dragging afternoons -- the campus dinner music talking to itself -- for it alone deserves that; the only revolutions around are the waiters -- the dishes of depleted utensils and the sickening abundance of victuals the only objects of scorn. The people who shuffle in and out aren't even insane. Insanity is safety. The flame which burned during the day -- is like a cigarette squelched in the refuse of an unpalatable meal. And they once spoke of revolution.

* * * *

They talk of love. Nobody can talk -- everyone is impotent, self-restrained. Communication is much the commonbond of indigestion and everyone sympathizes with each others. Everyone and his mottley friend await to move on. The fellow near me was talking of the "ode to A Nightingale," and living. The other was talking of Prufrock and "intercoursing" - all the while. (excuse the profanity). The Esoteric was alone -- he talked to his instrument. The commonbond remained indigestion.

* * * *

No black kids are around except maybe one of those "colored people" who join the "cafeteria-caterie", and talk of the "impoverished environments" have taken the place of Black Power, and the clenched fist.

* * * *

I myself wonder what the hell college change and education have come to. The entire parade of the semesters with supposedly fanfare and intellect have come to looking out of a spacious window at whatever is out there. The whole carnival of the university seems to be a half-empty calf breeding one lazy fly.

* * * *

"Time and talk go on, the rap is excremental (again excuse the profanity) and the world is flushed with embarrassment; the people swallow their sensibilities -- time goes on."

THE NEW STUDENT SENATE WILL HAVE ITS FIRST MEETING TOMORROW (THURSDAY) AT 11:30 IN THE LOUNGE TO ELECT THE CHAIRMAN AND VICE-CHAIRMAN AND ANOTHER MEETING NEXT TUESDAY TO ELECT COMMISSION HEADS.

Pass-Fail System

by Michelle Stern

Rapid-upward-progress seem to be the keywords around the UofH administrators these days. Starting next fall courses may be taken on a pass-fail basis. Those of us who know about it are becoming very excited -- but those of us who don't may have already missed out on the opportunity to elect a course without the usual stigma of grade competition attached. There are only a few minor stipulations.

Unfortunately, only Juniors and Seniors will be permitted to participate in this program. Present and entering Freshmen must wait their turns. Also, only one such course may be taken per semester. Small miracles are better than no miracles at all. The pass-fail system will not apply to any courses included in the students' major field, nor will it apply to specific required courses.

The limitations may render the plan disheartening, but one must stop to consider the possibilities for the future. Next year pass-fail is being conducted on an experimental basis. If all goes well with the system, we can perhaps expect it to be extended to encompass a wider territory some time soon. Prospects look promising. At any rate, the University of Hartford deserves a pat on the back for this surprising step in the right direction. It isn't often that a young school such as this becomes an innovator in the name of Progress.

Eligible students should indicate on their registration forms, the course they wish to take on the pass-fail basis. They should also inform their instructors in September.

The First 100 Days

Accomplishments Of The Nixon Administration

by Stanley Starsiak

Notes on the Harris Poll

by Pamela Reid

In November of 1968, Louis Harris and Associates, Inc. conducted a survey among University of Hartford undergraduates. The purpose of the study was to systematically and objectively sample the students opinions about all the aspects of their lives at the University of Hartford. In total 312 students were interviewed.

The single greatest asset of the University, according to the students is the faculty. 89% of the students feel that most of the faculty members are more concerned with teaching than in doing any research and scholarship work. A school is a place for learning, and learning is the gaining of knowledge and understanding by study, instruction and experience. In that sense, the University of Hartford is a school, but could one call it a school of "higher" learning? An education should be relevant not only to the past, but today and the future. Before it can be made relevant, there has to exist a unity between the faculty and the students. How can an interaction occur when 89% of the students are willing to be satisfied with a sociology test dated 1959?

According to Louis and Harris, the student body is intelligent and well prepared. The required reading in a course may include only the textbook and a book of readings; the student is expected to supplement the course with outside reading. Yet 73% of the students interviewed feel that just doing the required work is enough, and the majority of students spend 20 hours or less per week on required course work.

Only half the students said that they were being pushed by their professors and 74% of the students feel that the academic work required of them is light. Yet 48% of the students rated their professors as "excellent" and 40% feel their professors are "good". How can such a large percentage of students claim intellectual satisfaction with a teacher, when 55% claim that classroom discussions are only "occasionally vital" and 31% feel that discussions tend to be either "not very stimulating" or "dull?"

Although 88% of the students feel that there is a "lot" or "some awareness" of major and vital issues, only one in three feel they might sign up to work in government projects such as the War on Poverty or the Peace Corps after college.

Perhaps one reason why such a small proportion of the student body is willing to commit itself is because it feels the University of Hartford offers little if any encouragement for student involvement.

Perhaps the reason that classes are so dull is that neither faculty nor students are concerned enough about educating themselves to want to be involved in something that could benefit not only their lives, but those of others as well.

Letters To The Editor

Wake Up Mayer!

Emanuel Synagogue
160 Mohegan Drive
West Hartford, Connecticut 06117

May 1, 1969

Editor
University of Hartford News
Liberated Press
University of Hartford
200 Bloomfield Ave.
West Hartford, Conn. 06117

Dear Sir:

There is nothing so pathetic and despicable as a self-hating Jew as exemplified by Mark Persky (Mayer ben Yaakov). His sick diatribe is exactly the sort of thing used by Hitler and Stalin and the Russians.

Of course there are some Jews who fit into the categories he lists, but to condemn an entire people with such generalities goes against the laws of even sophomoric logic, let alone decency. However, he should be aware, as I am, that no ethnic group has been so involved in helping the underdog, in involvement in civil rights, in long-term support of such organizations as N.A.A.C.P. as the Jews. I call to his attention and the paper's attention the glowing tribute paid recently by the British scientist and author, C. P. Snow (not a Jew), who spoke of the tremendous leadership of the Jews in the fields of science, music, literature, government, and charity.

What sickens me even more about this editorial is the fact that the "Liberated Press," so liberal in its stance and so anti-racist, could print what in effect is one of the worst bigoted racist items I have ever read in the U.H. News. I don't know what real purpose Mark Persky had in writing this, unless it is to become the Cultural Adviser on Jewish Affairs for Mr. Nasser, since Hitler and Stalin are dead.

Cantor Arthur S. Koret

Dear Mr. Hardy,

This was written in profound dispute with Mark Persky's article "Jews Wake Up" in the U. H. NEWS LIBERATED PRESS of April 30, 1969. His article likened the American Jew to the Nazi and accused him of disinterest towards the poverty and hardships of his fellow Americans. Mark Persky thinks the Jew has become wealthy in America and simultaneously blinded to the problems of others. He is very wrong:

The Jewish people are a proud, strong, and determined people. Their culture is a tradition of scholarship and learning and a symbol of the never-ending struggle for freedom, justice, and education. Yes, they are also the "shylocks," the money-lenders, and the great businessmen -- for when they were not accepted by existing establishments, they set up small establishments of their own.

Time after time the Jews were blamed for disasters, were murdered, were turned away from their homes. Each tragic experience neither extinguished the Jewish culture nor did it weaken the Jew. He wandered from "home" to "home" and always carried with him his belief in God, his books, and his determination. Still the Jew is persecuted in what he finally considers to be his real home -- Israel. Even this, the vast desert -- the desert that he made yield him prosperity for himself and for his children -- yes, even the desert he is denied.

Has the American Jew closed his eyes to the poverty and the hatred around him? No! Is there a better way to help the poor and the pre-

judiced masses than through education? Notice how the Jews swell the ranks of our nation's educators. Our civilization depends on science, medicine, and even the arts. The list of Jewish doctors, scientists, musicians, authors and civil servants is endless. Helping the American society that has allowed him to yield its fruits? -- You bet he is!!

Don't let the mink-coats, the big cars, and the horn of plenty on his table fool you. These constitute only the material benefits that help to mark the success of Jewish struggle and hard work through the ages. The Jews have helped themselves and now they are helping others.

May the Jews continue to prosper, may their state of Israel be forever victorious, and may all the peoples of the world learn quickly to love together in peace with toleration and with understanding. May God help this to happen within our own lifetime. (amen)

Sincerely,
Bonnie Richman

Nonsense, some of my best friends are Jewish.

Geshluffen,
Mark Persky

"Snow Job"

To Dr. Darryl Baskin:

A few weeks ago the blacks made public their DEMANDS. Many whites and a few blacks here on campus were very disturbed by the blacks "show of force," and rightfully so.

Dr. Darryl Baskin reacted to this negative feeling towards the blacks attitudes and sentiments, and stated his ideas in the April 30 issue of this paper. I applaud his effort but renounce his ideas.

First, consider Dr. Baskin's statement defining segregation, "Segregation as a morally repugnant pattern of policy may be said to occur whenever separation is used as a means of imposing disadvantage and inequality." My thought concerning Dr. Baskin's definition is that he did not go far enough. Segregation refers to categoric spatial separation in the true sense of the word. Dr. Baskin may argue that he was not attempting to define segregation but attempting to point out when it occurs. I say segregation occurs when two peoples' actions or groups of peoples' actions fit its definition. So if Dr. Baskin claims he did not define it I claim he made a mistake in not doing so because it leaves the reader with partial impressions. In effect Dr. Baskin gave the reader a "SNOW JOB."

Dr. Baskin makes a grand effort in understanding the issue when he says, "Blacks are demanding separation within the university so they may be able to define and nurture their own culture free of white interference. The resulting black culture would give a greater psychic payoff to all blacks and be equally attractive to whites. . . campus blacks appear to advocate separatism. . . to lay the foundation for eventual equality." It is obvious that Dr. Baskin FORGOT to mention that the Negro has become militant. The Negro has declared compromise, and indirection, unacceptable. He wants pay-off NOW! When Angelo spoke in the student lounge he asked if any of the demands made to the University could be compromised. An abrupt "No" was his answer. Yes, the Negroes here want pay-off now not so much to be on par with the whites as Dr. Baskin so mildly put it.

When campus blacks ask for special favors and their own little cubby-hole in the University Library, I maintain they are segregating. They are asking for categoric unequal treatment which is out-and-out discrimination.

A large number of Negroes have not matched recent political gains with standards of self-restraint. Once "demands" are forgotten, and

proposals are submitted, then and only then will campus blacks make progress at this University.

Signed,
Ronald Paquette

Final Exams

Dear Editor,

In two weeks, the university, along with the majority of other universities, will undergo the ordeal of final exams. We all hate them but like obedient lemmings we accept them because they are traditional and because the educational system has managed to convince most of us that the two-hour exam somehow demonstrates how much we have learned. Some teachers seem to feel that 30 to 50% of a grade should be decided by such a two-hour "quiz."

The fact that final exams exist does not justify them. They are a representative barbarism which often demonstrates, not the scholarship or intelligence of a student, but his ability to endure inhumane pressure for something of little or no meaning. It takes no deep study to discover that students are forced by the system to cram, and to take speed in order to force themselves to digest "knowledge." Many students become physical and emotional wrecks in the rat race for the GRADE. It's old hat, so old that faculty and students too often attribute the hell of exam week to the victims themselves. "If you only drove harder during the term, digested and regurgitated more -- then the exams wouldn't be so bad."

I do not accept such facile rationalizations. They attribute the evils of the exam week to the hang-ups of the students and their inability to adjust to the routine of university existence. I decry that. When I see normal happy people turn into nervous wrecks, when I see people memorize wads of material for a final and forget 98% of it three days later, and when I see even dedicated students become overwhelmed by the pressure, then I know that final exams are a sickness, perpetrated by an educational system that, as the blacks so well expressed, is irrelevant, designed for purposes far removed from the real needs of the student.

The solution is obviously primarily to abolish the final exam, but far more important we must start examining just what the real purpose of this university is. Are we helping people to grow up and become human beings who have enough confidence to change some of the cancerous conditions of this society, or are we training students to be cowed sheep who go through four years of college only to settle into a rut of acquiescence and apathy, unable and unwilling to venture beyond the littered mud groove of normal existence?

John H. Farrar

Remember When?

Bill Baird, the man with a dream about to be fulfilled, was on this campus last year. His dream is to see that every person, rich and poor, be educated in the workings of sex education and contraception. Baird claims that literally thousands do not have any conception of birth control. His goal is to try to help these ignorant people realize the necessity of an education in contraceptive ideals. He has been on trial for dissemination of birth control devices, and has literally put his life on the line to this cause. But he needs help.

Speaking factually, he has aided at least fifty girls on this campus in obtaining abortions. Perhaps this is wrong, legally, but he feels that, morally, no person should suffer the consequences of an illegitimate child. In this respect,

I am positive that he has a large following.

He is working without salary, and relies entirely upon donations and speaking tours. A man with such fervent ideals should not have to beg for support, and this is what he is doing. Perhaps, due to our limited knowledge and inhibited societal restrictions, we can only speak of him in whispers. However, this should not be so. To support Baird is to help a man help thousands. To support him is to work toward an improvement of the antiquated abortion laws. One man alone cannot do the job. He needs your help. I have made myself available for anyone who wishes to do something to see Baird realize his goals. If there is anything anyone would like to do to help, please get in touch with me. I am sure Bill Baird can use every-one who wants to help.

Signed,
Mark Lowy

Thank You

To the Editor-

I will appreciate it if you print the following.

I don't recommend an accident such as mine for any purpose at all, but if it did have to occur, it couldn't have brought forth more solicitude and kindness; if I omit anyone, it is only because I was quite vague for quite a while -- I

want to thank the many people who have written me, sent me best wishes, and helped out with errands, etc. -- So thank you, to all the faculty and staff, Math Dept., Buildings & Grounds, and students of M316 D1 and M316 D2 and M317 D6, M355 and some from previous years. They have visited here and at the hospital and have done all sorts of errands from fixing my radio to feeding my cat.

Thank you, every one and I'll be able to help, you, the students, soon to prepare for tests. It will help me to be diverted from this apparently long bout of convalescence and will make me feel a little useful again. So don't hesitate to telephone and/or visit.

Bianche Schindelman

Sock It To 'em

May 5, 1969

Dear Jack:

Sock it to 'em, Dr. Baskin. We've had white-idolization, white-washing and black psychological debasement to the breaking point. This emotional strain on blacks has got to stop -- up with black separatism: black self-esteem, black self-knowledge, black culture, black dormitories.

Adrienne VanDyk
UofH Undergraduate

FEATURE



Yale Art Historian To Speak At UofH Commencement, June 8



Vincent J. Scully, Commencement Speaker

Stingy Alumni Scored By UH Fund Chairman

Alumni who use "campus unrest" as an excuse for withholding financial support for colleges and universities "must share responsibility if our campuses cease to function as centers of free thought and expression," the national chairman of the UofH 1968-69 Alumni Fund stated last night.

Judson F. Bellmay of West Hartford told members of the UofH School of Engineering Alumni Board of Managers that "colleges and universities must receive strong financial support if they are to survive the present era of campus revolution and academic evolution."

Noting that the UofH Alumni Fund has received \$14,500 so far this year, an increase of about five per cent over last year at this time, Bellmay emphasized that "most alumni are concerned individuals who recognize the significance of their support of alma mater."

Bellmay said that some colleges and universities, however, particularly those which have experienced major student protest incidents, find this year that some of their alumni are "deliberately withholding financial support as

the means of expressing their own distaste for campus unrest."

"The fact is that most colleges and universities in the country are undergoing significant changes in their programs to meet today's academic needs for all students," Bellmay continued, "and such institutions vitally need every bit of support they can get."

"By withholding support, an alumnus does not stop the protests. Such action only serves to slow down the progress being made by college administrators and faculty members in providing the best higher education possible for today's young men and women," Bellmay stated.

Bellmay, a 1957 graduate of the University's School of Engineering, pointed out that this year's UofH Alumni Fund, with a goal of \$35,000, is dedicated to academic enrichment, with particular emphasis on expansion of the University's library resources.

As of May 1, Bellmay reported, gifts had been received from about 40 percent of last year's Fund participants, along with 140 first-time contributors. This is slightly ahead of comparable statistics at this time last year, he said.

U of Hartford-Trinity Affiliate On Music

A cooperative program of cultural and academic significance has been announced by Trinity College and the University of Hartford. Trinity President Theodore D. Lockwood and University of Hartford Chancellor A. M. Woodruff announced Sunday the inauguration of a new music curriculum for Trinity students to be administered with the University's Hartt College of Music. Through this affiliation, Trinity will continue to offer its students a distinguished liberal arts curriculum. Trinity's major in music will be strengthened in the new affiliation through the benefits derived from collaboration with Hartt College, one of the nation's leading professional music colleges.

Dr. Lockwood said: "The cooperative arrangement with Hartt College opens to Trinity students interested in music, unusual opportunities to do advanced work and to participate in the outstanding musical organizations which so long have distinguished the programs at Hartt. It also exemplifies the kind of inter-institutional relationship which is possible in Hartford. We are very pleased to share in this program with the University of Hartford."

Dr. Moshe Paranov, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Hartford and head of Hartt College said: "Hartt College of Music welcomes this opportunity to work with Trinity College in a cooperative cultural effort which will broaden our service in music both to our students and to the community in general.

"Our joint planning of programs will be strengthened by the sharing of talents of our students and faculties and by the coordinated use of concert hall facilities. We are delighted to participate in such a mutually beneficial academic and cultural program."

Vincent Scully, Col. John Trumbull Professor of the History of Art, at Yale University, will be the commencement speaker on Sunday, June 8, when the University of Hartford holds its 12th graduation exercises.

The 6 p.m. ceremony will take place on the lawn in front of the Gengras Campus Center. Chancellor Archibald M. Woodruff will preside. A record number of academic degrees will be conferred. At the conclusion of the ceremony, a reception will be held in the Gengras Center.

Recognized as one of the nation's outstanding teachers, Prof. Scully was cited by "Time" magazine, in its issue of May 6, 1966, for his definitive lectures on architecture.

In a cover story on "great teachers," "Time" saluted ten American professors for their exceptional talents and dedication as college professors. In addition to Yale, the survey included teachers at Harvard, Columbia, Amherst College, the University of North Carolina, and four California institutions of higher learning.

Prof. Scully's lectures, "Time" reported, "seem to be spontaneous drama; yet Scully spends a full day planning each of them, selecting as many as 100 slides." The Yale art historian, "Time" said, defines his purpose as putting "the right work together with the visual fact so that all of a sudden sparks fly and a new skill is born: the ability to see."

Widely respected for his influence as an architectural scholar and critic, Prof. Scully, in a number of books and numerous articles, has written highly quotable commentaries on the good -- and the bad -- in the contemporary scene. His major interests are in urban design, particularly the relation of buildings to the natural setting.

At Yale, Prof. Scully teaches lecture courses on modern architecture and art history. He also conducts a seminar in Renaissance and baroque painting, and graduate seminars on modern architecture. He has also taught courses in Greek architecture.

In great demand as a speaker, Prof. Scully has lectured on architecture, urbanism and city planning at home and abroad. He has spoken at Harvard, Dartmouth College, the University of Pennsylvania, Brown University, Smith College, Mount Holyoke College, the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, Pratt Institute and New York University.

In May, 1965, Prof. Scully took part in the Soviet Union's Cultural Exchange Program, with lectures at the Institute of Architects and at the Hermitage, in Leningrad.

Dudley Retires As Menke Assumes Post

Ernest A. Dudley, director of University College, University of Hartford, will retire July 1. He will be succeeded by Dr. George H. Menke, dean for academic planning and assistant secretary of the university.

In making the announcement, Chancellor Archibald M. Woodruff said that Dudley would continue to serve University College, during the next academic year, as a part-time consultant.

Dudley has made his career in education since 1920, except for the war years. In 1946, he was named director of the Evening Division at Hillyer College, which became a UofH component in 1957.

Dr. Menke began his Hartford career in 1955 as associate dean of Hillyer College. Subsequently he was appointed UofH director of academic services, registrar, and assistant to the provost. In 1966 he became dean for academic planning, a position he will retain while assuming his new responsibilities.

DR. GEORGE H. MENKE is a native of Cozad, Nebraska. He

earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in sociology, 1930, from Hastings (Nebraska) College. He then studied at Yale University, where he received a Bachelor of Divinity degree in 1933 and a Doctor of Philosophy degree in 1936.

His doctoral dissertation covered a phase of the "Study of Transition from School to College," published by the Yale University Press as "From School to College," with Dr. Menke as co-author.

Dr. Menke came to Hartford from Montevideo, Uruguay, where for six years he was executive secretary of the South American Federation of YMCA's and director of its staff training college, the Instituto Tecnico.

Dr. Menke had served the YMCA previously as director of adult and informal education programs in New York City, and as regional secretary of the Middle Atlantic Student Christian Movement. From 1939 to 1941, he was assistant to the secretary of Teachers College, Columbia University.



Ernest A. Dudley



George H. Menke

Riots Ruin College Show Biz

That was the banner headline this week in Variety, trade paper for the entertainment and media industry.

College confrontations, it seems, are greatly worrying talent agents who book for the Campus Circuit. The number of school dates normally booked has dwindled considerably for next season.

Comments Variety, "The agents

have no experience in this kind of situation. Until this year, the colleges presented the quiet academic atmosphere broken only by the happy sounds of the electronic instruments and the cash register. There is also some fear that after the rioting blows over, a different atmosphere will pervade the campuses. The collegiates who once sought entertainment may find these pursuits pretty tame in the future."

Harvard Press Prints Book By UH Historian

Dr. Ann Beck, professor of history at the University of Hartford, has been notified that Harvard University Press has accepted her initial work on East Africa for publication.

The book covers the history of British medical services in East Africa, 1900-1950. Publication is expected in 1970. The work, which concerns problems of disease and government, shows the impact of the medical factor on African development.

The work, according to Dr. Beck, also deals with the more general problem of the relationship between an advanced, technological western civilization and the lesser development of an agricultural, peasant society.

Prof. Beck, who joined the UofH faculty in 1960, is now doing research for her second book. To this end, she has received a research grant from the Penrose Fund of the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia.

The grant will enable Dr. Beck to do archival research this summer in several West German libraries. The work is a comparative history of German and British medical and social services in Tanganyika between 1890 and 1930.

Prior to World War I, Tanganyika was a large German colony in East Africa. After the war, Great Britain took charge under a League of Nations mandate. The area, which became a United Nations trust territory in 1945, became the independent state of Tanzania in 1964.

Prof. Beck holds a Master of Science (physicum) degree from the University of Berlin, as well as Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy degrees from the University of Illinois. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Two Students Find Lost Bow Rostropovitch, Soviet Cellist, Recovers Gift After Two Years

Musical detective work by two students at Hartt College of Music, University of Hartford, today brought about the return of Soviet cellist Mstislav Rostropovitch's favorite bow.

About three weeks ago Hartt graduate student Glen Campbell, a cellist, heard a description of the bow, which has been missing since Rostropovitch played in concert in Cambridge, Mass. two years ago. He told his fellow student Andrea Graffam about the description, and she realized the bow had been loaned to her for a concert by Hartt student William Harper. They immediately told Hartt executive director Nathan Gottschalk of their find, and he got word of the discovery to Mr. Rostropovitch.

Today at Hartt, the famed cellist verified that the bow was his. It bears the inscription "specialement fait pour Monsieur Piatigorsky", and had been presented to Rostropovitch by Piatigorsky. The bow was made in Paris by Sartory, and the inscription is in gold on the gold mounted tortoise shell frog.

Mr. Rostropovitch plans to use the bow for at least part of his concert tonight with the Hartt Symphony Orchestra. When he leaves Hartt he will take with him his treasured bow, encased in a brand new royal blue velvet cover with his initials embroidered in white, made especially for him by Miss Graffam.

Our Board of Regents

In order to promote better communication and understanding within the University it is imperative that the student body have a comprehension of the workings of the body that governs them and empowers others to do the same. Thus, the LIBERATED PRESS in its never-ending quest for better relations within our University presents this article in order to hopefully give the students a chance to understand or possibly question the ultimate power of the University -- The Board of Regents.

The Board of Regents is the supreme governing body within the University of Hartford. Its powers as stated in Article I, Section I of the bylaws of the University of Hartford are as follows; "The Board of Regents shall determine the general, educational, and financial policy of the University, shall be responsible for the management of its affairs and shall, but without limitations thereto;

- a) authorize and direct the establishment of new schools and colleges;
- b) direct the acquisition and disposition of all property and the receipt and expenditure of all income;
- c) adopt bylaws and regulations;
- d) elect a Chancellor and determine his salary from time to time;
- e) approve appointments of all other officers and faculty members on tenure and determine their salaries from time to time;
- f) approve the salary policies and schedules for faculty members, administration, and all other employees of the University;
- g) determine the general policies, aims, and purposes of the educational program;
- h) authorize all honorary, and upon recommendation of the faculty all earned degrees;
- i) be responsible, for all matters that relate to the proper government, discipline, and in-

struction of the students; j) exercise all the powers and privileges conferred by the charter or any amendment thereto."

The Board of Regents can consist of not less than twenty-four and not more than forty members in addition to the Chancellor, all of whom are voting members, and in addition may consist of not more than five non-voting advisory members. The Chancellor is a regent ex-officio, and all other regents are elected for a term of three years. At each annual meeting, not more than one-third of the Board is elected and among these are two Regents nominated by Hartt College of Music and two by the Hartford Art School. At present, the Board consists of the maximum of both forty voting and five advisory members.

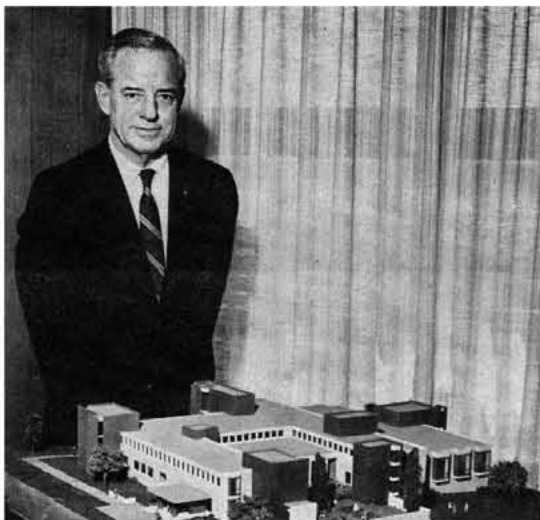
The Chairman of the Board of Regents is elected by the Regents from among the Members of the Board, and serves a term of one



Henry R. Roberts
At present, the chairman of the Board of Regents is Mr. Henry R. Roberts.

To distribute the work and decision making, the Board is divided into committees, two of which, the Executive Committee and the Finance Committee are provided for by the Bylaws of the University. The Board has the power to appoint any other committees it deems necessary.

The Executive Committee may consist of not less than nine and not more than fifteen voting mem-



E. Clayton Gengras

bers of the Board including the Chairman of the Board of Regents, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and the Chancellor, all of whom are ex-officio members of all committees. The Executive Committee has the power to transact all business which the Board may transact, with the exception of:

- 1) the power to sell tax exempt real property held for University purposes or to locate permanent buildings thereon;
- 2) the conferring of degrees;
- 3) the election of the Chancellor;
- 4) the election of officers and members of the Board.

Presently this committee is headed by Raymond A. Gibson.

The Finance Committee may consist of nine members providing at least seven shall be voting members of the Board of Regents. Very

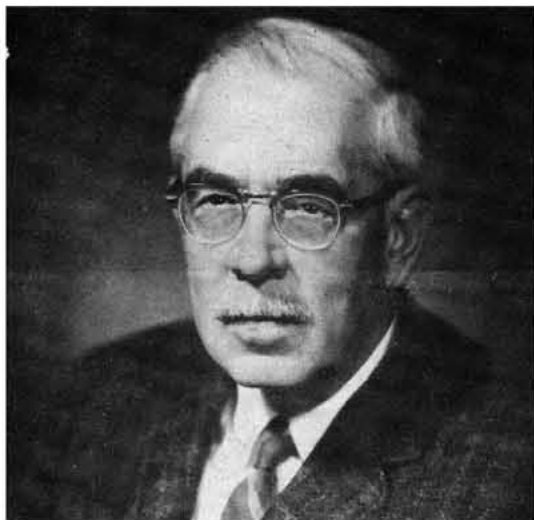
simply, the Finance Committee is empowered to transact all financial matters which the Board may transact; formulate the financial policies of the University and supervise the management of investments. This committee is headed by Mr. Wilson C. Jansen.

The remaining committees are the Building Committee, Mr. Martin H. Tenney, chairman; Educational Policy Committee, Mr. Richard M. Bissel, Jr., chairman; Development Committee, Austin D. Barney, chairman; and the Honorary Degree Committee, Abraham J. Feldman, chairman.

The Board of Regents, by its power, which it received from the State of Connecticut, House Bill No. 552, Special Act No. 3, "An Act Incorporating the University of Hartford," February 21, 1957, has complete rule over the students, administration and faculty, of the University, as well as all matters concerning financing, building and any other act of the University.

The Board of Regents as well has final rule in our member institutions; Hartford Art School and Hartt College of Music. These schools each have their own Board of Trustees, but they may be overruled or put in to motion by the University Regents.

Basically, this is the structure of the Board of Regents; the ultimate (this can't be over-stressed) decision making body on our campus. You now know the workings and the workers of the Board. Are you satisfied? dismayed? indifferent? Is this the structure and the people you want to govern you? We are open to any and all criticisms and suggestions.



John G. Lee



Robert L. Newell



Alfred C. Fuller



Raymond A. Gibson

The Board of Regents

Occupations And Committees on Which They Serve

- Russell F. Abell - Vice Chairman, Connecticut Bank and Trust Co., Development Committee
- Bernard Abrams - President, Fabrics National, Inc., Development Committee
- Julius Apter - Attorney-at-Law
- Carlyle F. Barnes - Chairman of the Board of Associated Spring, Inc.
- Austin D. Barney - Retired Chairman of the Board of Hartford Electric Co., Executive Committee; Chairman, Development Committee
- Edward B. Bates - President, Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., Executive Committee, Development Committee
- Frances Bent - Executive Vice President, Hartford Federal Savings and Loan Association, Development Committee
- Richard M. Bissel, Jr. - Director of Marketing and Planning - United Aircraft Corporation, Chairman, Educational Policy Committee
- Elizabeth Capen - Chairman, Board of Trustees, Hartford Art School, Executive Committee, Development Committee
- Herbert Chester - Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Bloomfield, Educational Policy Committee
- Atwood Collins, II - Attorney-at-Law, Educational Policy Committee
- Emilio Q. Daddario - Representative First Congressional District
- Doyle J. Dewitt - Chairman of the Board, Travellers Insurance Co., Honorary Degree Committee
- Grace Ellsworth - Board of Trustees, Hartt College of Music, Executive Committee, Building Committee
- Dr. Abraham J. Feldman - Rabbi, The Congregation Beth Israel, Trustee, Hartt College of Music, Chairman of Honorary Degree Committee
- Alfred C. Fuller - Retired Chairman of the Board - Fuller Brush Co., Chairman - Board of Trustees, Hartt Finance Committee
- Harvey R. Fuller - Administrative Assistant - Fuller Brush Co., Trustee - Hartt College of Music, Executive Committee
- E. Clayton Gengras - Chairman of the Board - Security Insurance Group
- Raymond A. Gibson - Retired Chairman of the Board, Northeast Utilities, Chairman, Executive Committee
- Ralph A. Hart - Chairman of the Board, Heublein, Inc., Building Committee, Development Committee
- Richard B. Haskell - President, Mechanics Savings Bank, Finance Committee, Building Committee
- Wilson C. Jansen - Hartford Insurance Group, Executive Committee; Chairman, Finance Committee; Development Committee; Honorary Degree Committee
- Lista Jarvis - Trustee, Hartt College of Music
- Cecilia Lasbury - Trustee, Hartford Art School, Development Committee
- John G. Lee - Retired Director of Research, United Aircraft, Trustee, Hartford Art School Executive Committee, Building Committee, Educational Policy Committee
- Dr. Blanchard W. Means - Brownell Professor of Philosophy, Trinity College, Trustee, Hartt College of Music
- Robert S. Newell - Executive Vice President, Hartford National Bank and Trust Co., Finance Committee, Building Committee
- John O. Newman - U. S. District Attorney, Educational Policy Committee
- Maurice F. O'Connell, M.D. - Trustee, Hartt College of Music
- Francis W. Perkins - Pratt & Whitney Division, United Aircraft, Finance Committee
- Theodora M. Prentice - Trustee, Hartford Art School, Educational Policy Committee
- William R. Robbins - Vice President for Finance - United Aircraft, Finance Committee
- Henry R. Roberts - President, Connecticut General Life Insurance Co., Chairman of the Board of Regents
- Dorothy Shiro - Educational Policy Committee
- Walter K. Schwinn - Consul General, U.S.A., (retired), Former associate Editor, HARTFORD COURANT
- Olcott D. Smith - Chairman, Aetna Life and Casualty, Executive Committee
- W. C. Stauble - Chairman of the Board, Veeder Industries, Development Committee
- Martin H. Tenney - Retired Vice President for Investments, Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., Trustee, Hartford Art School, Executive Committee, Chairman, Building Committee
- Henry C. White - President, Capewell Manufacturing Co., Trustee, Hartford Art School, Development Committee
- Frank S. Wilson - Vice President, J. M. Ney Co., Building Committee
- Archibald M. Woodruff - Chancellor, University of Hartford

Donald McKayle in Connecticut

by Alice Therien

When Donald McKayle was brought to Connecticut by the Keller lecture series some five years ago, his company gave an exciting performance tingling with enthusiasm and powerful with a fresh, down to earth strength. By comparison his performance at Central Connecticut State College last Tuesday was a great disappointment.

GAMES was fascinating five years ago and it still is good. Through children's street games we sensed the tension of life on the streets. The rhythm and words of the playing children and the sung accompaniment of Mr. McKayle and Sally Neal exposed a thread of fear beneath the seemingly happy games. The performance was spirited for the most part but occasionally lapsed into sloppy transitions.

The second dance was a substitution, and it looked as if the change of program was a last minute decision. The opening trio contained some delicate timing and syncopation which was marred by imprecise movement. The duet was a sentimental-physical love story which contained a great deal of trite movement which we have seen before in such semi-bold dances of love.

Law Enforcement

by Harry Brown

The resources available for law enforcement in this country are presently inadequate; people are breaking laws all the time. It is impossible with the present facilities for law enforcement regarding both police and courts to maintain a policy of apprehending every criminal everywhere all the time. Not only is enforcement sporadic, but prosecution of offenders is unstable, depending on current political trends or local paranoia.

Manpower and other law enforcement facilities, therefore, should be carefully appropriated for control of different offenses in a responsible manner; prostitution, vagrancy, murder, civil disobedience, marijuana usage, etc.

This policy of appropriating law enforcement should be public knowledge. This would make the police more responsible to the public rather than to certain influential interests or powers. It would also expose and correct the present fact that laws are not equally enforced nor are offenders equally prosecuted; the police use ancient or selectively enforced laws or statutes to "crack down" on minority groups. Their practice of arresting hippies or blacks for things like vagrancy, civil disobedience, breach of peace or resisting arrest (standing around) would be greatly curtailed. Their habit of periodically "cracking

down" on marijuana usage, prostitution, gambling, etc. to satisfy influential members of the power structure would likewise be curtailed if the public were informed enough to demand stable enforcement. Also, the public would become more aware of the actual situations and be able to respond effectively with accurate information on these social "problems."

The public would have to be more responsive to the general public, whose awareness would not only control their behavior but would serve to lessen the gap of mutual suspicion and fear that exists between the patrolman and citizen.

Edward's Lesson

by James Morini

Edward Fitzgerald had to be at the University on time. He crossed the busy street, got his new three-piece grey suit (made expressly for the occasion) from the tailor, flew home and polished his cordovan wing-tip shoes. After a hot shower, shave, he dressed to his vest, grabbed his jacket, pulled up his red, white and blue pin-striped tie, and hurried out the door.

The crowded bus was humid. Edward arrived wrinkled from the ride, late and sweating. In the boy's room he straightened his tie, combed his hair before his eyes, and walked to the "Commons."

The ceiling sparkled above purple, blue, black, and yellow banners hanging on the grey walls. Smiling friendly faces surrounded pamphlets, wooden pledge paddles, and photograph albums on tables. He walked from table to table, anxious to acquaint himself with Greek customs. The evening was going perfectly.

'Mothers To It'

by Jim O'Dell

Mothers of Invention here to spread some light and some sound to the greater Hartford area. Some light and some sound: Mothers light (Hungry Freaks, Daddy...) and jazz sound. Zappa: Music: Light: Mothers come bouncing into that fermenting new gym blowing their own horns, bouncing rocking down the aisles and up onto the stage. Some people laugh, grin, start to hear those first circus parade good time sounds, and start moving to it (the Mothers). Smoke and small talk float up around the ceiling, some nice smells in there somewhere. Zappa up front on the stage, telling us what we are about to hear is known in the trade as a "medley" -- some jazz, some rock, and some Mothers.

Onstage: horns clear and otherwise; drums, percussion vibrating tubes and cazoos; guitars (Zappa); basso profundo bass player; and a bouncing keyboard man on top of a gleaming heap of electronic noise-makers and amplifiers. All brought to you by The Greeks, breathing fumes of fire water into their air-mattresses, and burping a little too, all in harmony. Nice.

The people too are something to see, all dressed into Sunday spring afternoon smiles and happiness, come to hear the music. See what these people look like: smiling, hair, dressed handsome just like any other spring-crowds afternoon, but hungry too. HUNGRY FREAKS, DADDY.

(Continued on Page 12)

Edward always wanted to belong to a fraternity; fraternity life provided friends at a moderate price, status, and most of all security. He didn't have a car, wasn't twenty-one, but if he had a fraternity brother he could borrow his car and identification so he could get where the drinking was.

He expected beer, but there was coffee and donuts. He poured a cup. A fraternity football player bumped into him and he spilled the coffee all over himself.

"Excuse me," poor Edward said, "My new suit is ruined."

"So why didn't you get out of my way?"

"Get out of your way, you bumped into me!"

"Are you a wise guy?"

"No I am not a wise guy," Edward answered.

"Then shut that independent mouth of yours before I break it."

"Try it," proud Edward invited. When Edward got up from the floor, the fraternity football player's fraternity brothers were gathered around and laughing. A friend of Edward's helped him to the bus. His ripped white shirt, mangled tie, and bloody face attracted a lot of attention as he rode glumly home. He staggered off the bus and when he got home, took another shower, dressed his wounds, got a glass of milk from the refrigerator and drank it.

The next morning his whole body throbbed. He sat up in bed and decided he didn't have to belong to a man: When I saw him that afternoon, he said that if anyone wanted to belong, he was just a foolish little boy in an amusement park looking for a free ride. I agreed.

RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDERS contained the greatest possibility for displaying McKayle's quality of masculine strength. Again, however, unclear lines and careless timing undercut the force of the dance. The dancers looked just plain tired. Sally Neal, as the sweetheart, wife, and mother, dream brought a lyrical quality to contrast with the corps of working men. Her movement was totally feminine and beautiful to watch.

It is not really possible for a McKayle performance to be bad, but this one was disappointing. The syncopated timing and natural strength which characterizes McKayle dance was weakened by the lack of spirit of the dancers. It is true that the audience was pitifully small and perhaps unappreciative, but a half-hearted performance is not going to contribute to the development of a dance audience in Connecticut. It is time that visiting artists and residents as well stop thinking of Hartford audiences as hicks and start giving them the quality they need to develop taste in theater and dance. In the past few years Hartford has been host to such companies as Graham, Paul Taylor, Yvonne Rainer, and Merce Cunningham. Of these only Merce Cunningham gave an all-out performance, and for his effort received well-deserved appreciation. Hartford is building up a sensitivity to the theater arts, but in order to achieve a cultured discrimination, they must see the very best each performer has to offer.

A Testimony

Sign on the Dotted Line

by Bob Pierce

I have decided to join the ranks of testimony-writers and composers of mass-produced tracts, with the object of joyously inflicting my religious views on the public -- after all, all I know is what I read in the papers. A common type of tract consists of a few paragraphs exposing and developing the author's well thought-out and documented theory of salvation, followed by a recapitulation enumerating three, four, ten, or however many steps to heaven, followed in turn by a dotted line on which the newly converted and enthusiastic believer is to sign his name, in a contract of which God is the Party of the First Part.

It was a little less than a year ago that I made the beautiful discovery that God loves me, and everyone else too, for that matter. And yet, despite the fact that this happened in a Christian context and that I therefore consider myself some sort of Christian, I find myself quite unable to draw up a list of Ten Easy Steps to the Streets of (I) Gold, let alone drawing a dotted line at the end of this article. My problem is that I don't know all the answers -- in fact, I don't know any of them, except for the overwhelming truth of God's love. I begin to feel the queasiness of doubt when things get much more specific than that. "What we see now is like the dim image in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. What I know now is only partial; then it will be complete..." (1 Corinthians 13:12). I cannot shake the belief that God is also revealed in religions which are quite unrelated to Christianity. How about Vedantic Hinduism, for instance?

For that matter I don't even know what God is; certainly he is not the kind but stern old man on the marble throne. All I know is that at good times when I am not pressed by mundane worries, I receive an intimation of an over-riding Truth-Beauty - Unity - Expansiveness - Love; that life is much more than the petty concerns it becomes for so many; and that if we can somehow "open up" and let in the "expansiveness" of God, and allow this to expel the "pettiness" of mundane affairs, then life will fulfill its potential of beauty, within us and between us. I don't mean by "mundane affairs" a list of no-no's which are enjoyable as opposed to a list of "yes-yesses" which are not; I refer to fear, hate, envy, selfishness and other PETTY reactions to those around us.

To continue with my non-Bible-belt philosophy, I fail to understand how an Iowa farmwife can comprehend the totality of religious and metaphysical truth ("Just wait until your Father gets home -- then you're really gonna get it!"), when the greatest minds cannot really understand even the immed-

iate physical world (What is gravity, for instance?). On the simple subject of sin, I am coming intuitively to believe not that sin is a forbidden act, the result of which is alienation from God and bondage to self, but that things are the other way around. In Christian terms, "...A man is put right with God only through faith, and not by doing what the Law commands. . . Does this mean that we do away with the Law by this faith? No, not at all; instead, we uphold the Law (as a natural result of our union with God)." (Romans 3:28, 31).

As a conclusion I can offer the advice that if ANYTHING causes you to feel uncomfortable about God, then this is (for you, at any rate) a mundane and distorted misrepresentation of metaphysical truth. I believe that God is love, and that our natural human state is to feel this love -- God's love -- our unity -- and to express it, in our lives, through joy and through love.

Persky A Fraud-Engineers Laugh Last as told to S.A.B. Ulster

as told to S.A.B. Ulster

Mark Sabu Persky has long appeared an enigma to his readers; neither of them can understand him. Reactions to his articles have varied from "How could a nice Jewish boy write such stuff?" to "What does he mean by that?" to "Who cares?" Yet, he keeps turning out articles like a machine. How few of us realize the literalness of the simile! For Mark Sabu Persky is actually a well-built product of the UH Engineering School.

"It took years to perfect this machine called Persky," explained the school's dean. "We got the skin from a rubber ducky and the stomach from a bloated frog. For his eyes, we used two chunks of common breakfast hash -- which is why they're always so bloodshot and dilated. His dimple is the result of plastic surgery and is an exact duplication of Pinky Lee's. Yes, we've had some pretty weird results from our experiments; but, as Jack Hardy proves, so did his parents."

Cloudy Clarity concerning "Clouds"

by Pete Cunningham

Controversy frequently occurs on a college campus. Even drama presentations by university thespians can nurture potent discrepancies; such happened two weekends ago when the University Players presented Aristophanes' "The Clouds."

A portion of the audience flagrantly remarked that it was "poor theatre" to interject campus names and modern conventions into a classical Greek play.

However, Mark Wallace of the Speech and Drama Department and co-director of the Players, in an interview defended changes made in the script.

Wallace remarked that it was "very Aristophanic to interject locality; furthermore plays are for the audience, and I have thereby tried to bring drama closer to the campus through the use of locality."

It was brought out in the interview that few text changes were made to the script that the Players paid royalties.

When changes were made, they were put into a Greek context, according to Wallace. For example, the name used after Pericles wondered where the money went was Benholdenese.

Wallace further stated that since many of Aristophanes' jokes and puns dealt with obscure customs of ancient Greece. Thus, script changes were made to present the same type of joke in a

modern translation; all to make the fun clearer to the audience.

When asked how plays are chosen for the Players, the director of "The Clouds" commented that the decision is a combination of what we want to do; and what we can do. He added that "Our department is very small and we get little support from the University and students. Thus we also choose a play that will encourage students who act in it, to act well."

Four to six weeks of rehearsing are necessary for each new play presented by the Players.

Concerning Administration support of The Players, Wallace remarked that "If there was some active support by the Administration (e.g. allowing the Players to have a Technical Director, no classes in Auerbach Auditorium on

The dean foresees greater experimentation with Persky. "We intend to attempt procreation. We'll try to mate Persky with a vending machine and see what happens. We already mated him with an Underwood typewriter, but the results just weren't too kosher."

Persky thrives on grease; just looking at his friends shows that. If watered and fertilized daily, he works perfectly. Otherwise, his pistons skip and muffler backfires. Yes, nothing quite like Persky has ever been created -- which is probably why the engineers are discontinuing production. From now on, they will channel their energies into peaceful purposes.



afternoons of rehearsals, and a real theatre) things would be easier.

About critics of his presentations, Wallace said that he feels no animosity towards unfavorable reviews; however, he would like to see the reviewers have their facts straight when their comment is printed.

The New Cabinet

	At Large	Senior	Junior	Sophomore
Arts & Sciences:	Benedict M. Holden III	Wayne Fleming Claude Schleuderer	James Diamond Susan Silver	Peter Blum Angelo Lewis
Business:	Jon Rosenthal	Terrance Mears	Paul Tieger	Richard Bloch
Education:		Sue Eberle	Gayle Kelley	Barbara Ally
Engineering:	Robert Walker Robert Cascone			
Music:		Scott Campbell	Thomas Winter	John Farrar
Art:	Howard Gross Anne Pytko			

We're Pissed

The Committee For Ugly Walter

by Ugly Sabu

American democracy has suffered another blow. Yes, in the Board of Regents' own university an election has been won not by the power of the sacred ballot, but by the corrupting strength of MONEY. The widely heralded, largely ignored "Ugliest Man on Campus Contest" based victory on the amount of money collected by each ugly man's fraternity. True, the money was intended for a worthy purpose (the library fund via the Interfraternity Council), but since when has worthiness determined an American election!!!

The UH News staff, ever vigilant about other people's business, has carefully scrutinized the picture of every "Ugliest Man on Campus" candidate. We realize that every candidate is truly ugly. We realize that some of those mothers are REALLY ugly. However, that does not diminish the fact that the ugliest of the ugly, the possessor of the most unviewable face amongst them is Walter Mamlock, the ZBT candidate. If the contest were actually democratic and based on the ballot, Walter would win eyes down--nobody could stand to look at him. We must not allow such a transvestite of justice!

Chancellor Archibald Woodruff once declared, "The university is the mother of democracy!" We think that he is right. Therefore, we, the members of the Committee for Ugly Walter, demand another election, an election determined by the number of votes cast. As free Americans, we can demand no less!

Random Views on Ugly Walter Mamlock

"Oink" -- Jeffrey Roth.
"Funny how the only ugly can-



didates were from fraternities" -- Jack Hardy.

"If the season were open, I'd have shot it" -- Louie Sampliner.

"If the men's room were open, I'd have flushed it" -- David Katz.

"Philosophically speaking, he's ugly" -- Michael Drouilhet.

"He ain't so bad" -- Gomer Fahey



New Contest

Life Can Be A Two-Way Street

by NANCY NEPON

Get off the beaten path. Live your life to the beat of a different drummer and enter the UH News Drag Queen Contest. Soon to appear at the soon-to-be-raided Gengras Campus Center, the contest is open to all Greater Hartford drag queens. Detailed information will appear in next week's issue. This week, several University notables have ever so graciously consented to contribute beauty hints for prospective candidates.

Jimmy ("Luck be a Lady Tonight") Diamond suggests a light touch of rouge for brown-eyed beauties. Heavier applications are more suitable for blue and black-eyed babes. "Most important of all," says the winsome Jimmy, "be yourself."

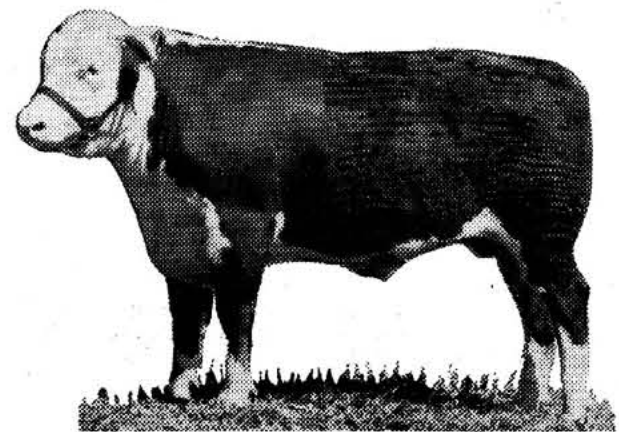
Ben ("The King of Swing") Holden realizes the importance of a good girdle: "A good girdle--uh,

excuse me please--a good corset should be just firm enough to hold you in, but should not pinch. Be careful not to breathe too deeply or you might be torn asunder!"

Sarge ("Diamond is a Girl's Best Friend") Mulligan reveals that smooth, supple thighs provide the key to beauty. "They've never let me down yet," he confesses with a twinkle in his eye.

Chancellor Archibald ("Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me") Woodruff is completely indecisive. "Like everyone else on campus, I haven't found myself yet." However, he observes that weight loss-- or "a little land reform" as he coyly puts it--never hurts.

Whatever beauty tips you decide to follow, just be sure to follow the throngs and thongs to the festive Drag Queen Contest. Remember when you view the contestants; one of those boys will make some girl a wonderful wife.



HEREFORD STEER

DYLAN

Images of Dylan:

An Introduction

by Links Booth

Cold sweat turned to hot. Look at your hands and think the worth of working with your mind. Live in a pink house if that's your honest color. And think of the honesty of the skyline no matter how depressing the city is: the honesty of a midwestern brass bed as opposed to the earlier ritual of incense New York revolution apartments. Revolutionary freedom and motorcycle riding... "Why don't you go out and rest for a while?" The fall. And the resurrection. Rest and communication. Sometimes one goes too fast to communicate.

The early era is angry—fighting the pain of a world which is merely a mirror—not to be confused with reality, for which we strive, and never attain. It is like sitting at the end of a long corridor, scanning the thin line of doors (from which you choose your exit, not knowing what is on the other side). And you only scan six feet as there is no horizon in the hall. Everything leads towards that dark light at the end (thinking it may be the dawn without the horizon).

Dylan has taken one of the doors; not the first but one well down the middle—thirty years worth of doors behind him. And death is what brings life: like the poet posthumously published, like the christ latently prophesized into life after death. Dylan's fall was the beginning of his effectiveness—starving his culture for a year while he was made strong; forcing the epic poem of JOHN WESLEY HARDING across the minds of his culture as the epitaph to his angry innocence—and bringing them the full turn around from the complication of deep images to the realization of the simplicity of life itself. And the volume of records records the transformation from the black-dust town through the cry of the angry city to the warmth of a child's breath...

Bob Dylan and Tradition

"So let us not talk falsely now,
The hour is getting late."

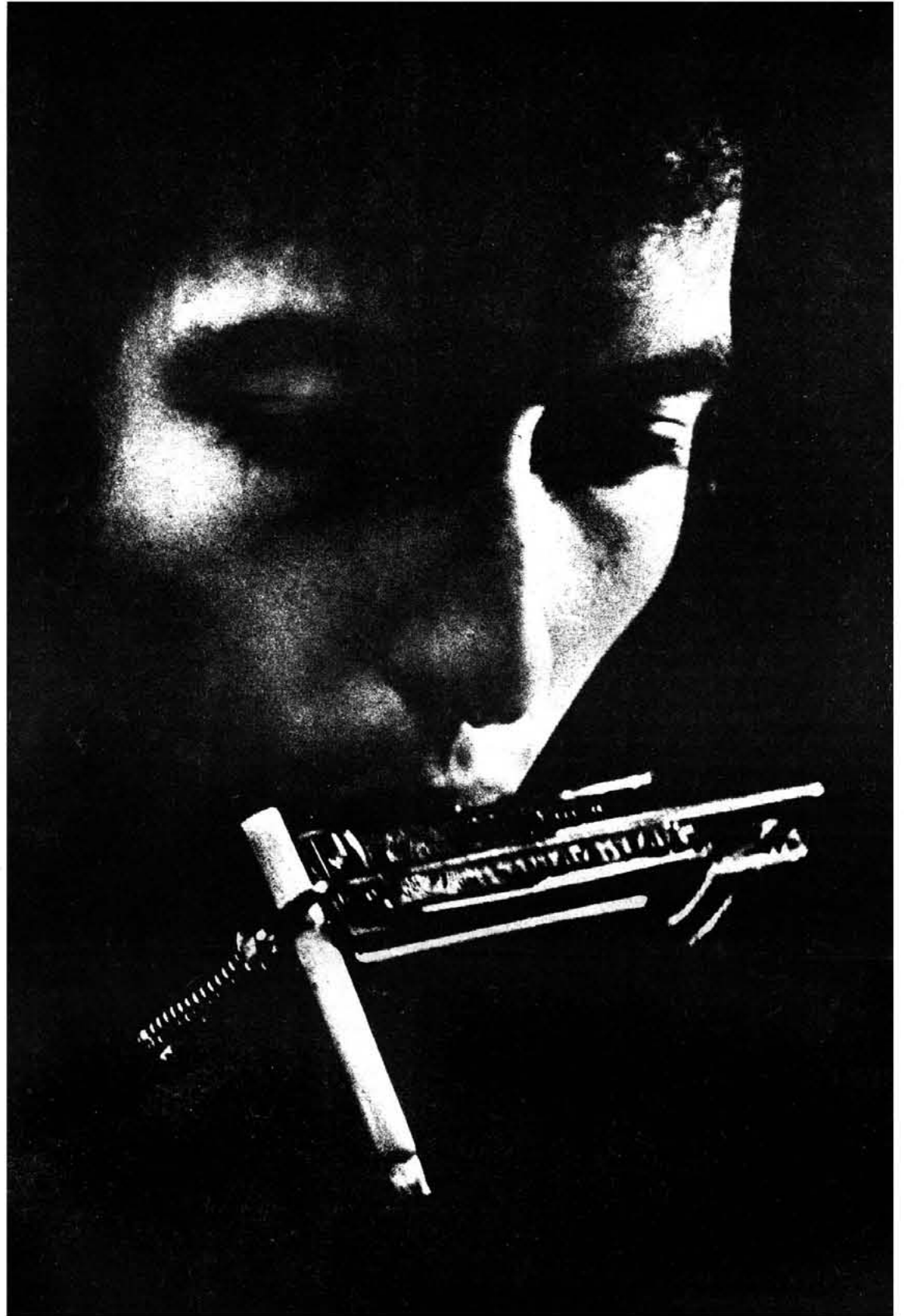
by Tom Smith

Dylan is a poet of the borderline, who talks not falsely, but with oblique truth. At its best, his art is multiple, indirect, ironic; his lyrics are precise and clear, yet their effects are elusive, suggestive of other realms, other poets. His favorite image is the wind — blowing, changing, rushing or whispering toward an ultimate finality never reached. Dylan's definition of song is instructive for its quality of movement: "a song is anything that can walk by itself."

His best album yet, I believe, is *John Wesley Harding*. It includes three of his finest songs, each of which reveals Dylan's characteristic oblique vision and techniques. "All Along The Watchtower" is most eerie, most mysterious. From the opening, "There must be some way out of here," to the inconclusive last lines, "Outside in the distance, a wildcat did growl,/Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl" such disparate artists as Walter de la Mare, Camus, and Shakespeare cast their shadowy light. Dylan's song is reminiscent of the opening scene in *Hamlet*, where "this thing...this apparition" appears to fearful watchmen in the night. Dylan's insistent musical rhythm reinforces an approaching apocalypse signalled by wildcat, horsemen, and wind. There is no protection. As Meursault says in *The Stranger*, "From the dark horizon of my future, a sort of slow, persistent breeze had been blowing toward me, all my life long, from the years that were to come."

Dylan's brilliantly deceptive "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" is far from the simple love lyric it appears to be. A painfully distorted harmonica and steel guitar set the tempo of ironic commentary on the lyrics. "Close your eyes, close the door... Shut the light, shut the shade"... but how can either of them not worry or fear with that mockingbird and mocking steel guitar? Dylan manages to suggest all the other nights, the world lurking outside that closed room. John Donne perfected that oblique technique in such poems as "The Canonization," "The Flea," and "The Sun Rising," where an ironic pose of sincerity is accompanied by witty admission of what lies outside the bounds of sonnets' pretty rooms. Both poets make the present moment all the more significant by acknowledging its limitations.

"John Wesley Harding" is in the powerful American romance tradition of the outlaw hero. Like Jesse James, the Dalton brothers, and



Clyde Barrow, "he traveled with a gun in every hand." Like Pretty Boy Floyd he was "a friend to the poor," a descendant of Robin Hood. Righteously heroic, Harding and his lady "took a stand." Like ancient heroes of epic and romance his reputation resounded — this time by telegraph. He always beat the rap, for his courage was matched by skill and guile. Harding's earliest literary ancestor is Homer's archetypal crafty man, Odysseus, "master in the ways of all contending," who taught us that strength is not enough. In Dylan's words, "And there was no man around who could track or chain him down. He was never known to make a foolish move."

In his latest album, *Nashville Skyline*, Dylan seems to have arrived home safely. But as Johnny Cash writes of him, "This man can rhyme the tick of time, the edge of pain"; he is best on the edge of art, along the borderline of experience, not in the center. Like a modern Odysseus, Dylan is a wanderer, not really at home in Nashville. That recent skyline is merely another station on the way. Nashville with its solid country music is a nice place to visit, but is not Dylan's permanent address.

"As the present now
Will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now
Will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'."

Nashville Skyline Rag: Revolution With a Smile

by Jeffrey Leigh Roth

i accept chaos. i am not
sure whether it accepts me.
i know they're some people
terrified of the bomb. but
there are other people terrified
to be seen carrying a modern
screen magazine.

Dylan's latest release, "Nashville Skyline", is genuine. It is an attitude, accept it. Take it into your soul, do not let it stray. That now smiling face, grinning at you from the shiny new album jacket tells the story.

Mr. D has grown up. That little Jewish kid who gave his I.D. to Echo Helstrom in 11th grade, is now married and has three kids. Those who expected his new album to run along the lines of "Revolution 1969" should not be disappointed. Those songs have been written, Dylan's songs from seven years ago, were the catalyst for today's revolution. He has already written of the "old folks home in the college." He has already written of today's controlled society:

The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid,
And the marshals and cops get the same,
But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like
a tool,
He's taught in his school
From the start by the rule
That the laws are with him
To protect his white skin,
To keep up his hate
So he never thinks straight,
'Bout the shape that he's in,
But it ain't him to blame,
He's only a pawn in their game.

Bob Dylan's old songs tell today's problems better than a thousand documentaries ever could. Since this early song was written, a dozen new names could be substituted in these lines:

*A bullet from the back of a bush took Medgar Evers' blood
A finger fired the trigger to his name
A handle hid out in the dark, He hand-set the spark,
Two eyes took the aim
behind a man's brain,
But he can't be blamed,
He's only a pawn in their game.*

He has written of the military power complex:

*You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly...*

*You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatenin' my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins*

*How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do...*

Dylan has matured, he has laid down his protest pen, and accepted chaos. He has found peace of mind in seclusion in Woodstock, N.Y., with his wife and children, far removed from the battles of New York City, the scene of his earlier career. In his new melodious voice, Dylan will tell you that it is "love and only love, it can't be denied". The great chain of being, along with any other facsimile of order and security is long dead. Dylan helped kill it. Follow him.

Dylan has gone through it all, fighting every cause "like a fire in the sun." It is only now, tipping his cowboy hat, holding his guitar, and finally grinning, that he has found the message:

*"Why wait any longer for the world to begin?
You can have your cake and eat it too
Why wait any longer for the one you love
When he's standing in front of you?"*



The message now is inter-personal relationships:

*"Is it really any wonder
The love a stranger might receive
You cast your spell and I went under,
I find it so very difficult to leave*

or:

*Whatever colors you have in your mind
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine
Lay Lady Lay, Lay across my big brass bed.*

The entire nature of "Nashville Skyline" is down to earth, me-to-you. It is divorced and apart from society and its ills. As Dylan announced in his last album, "John Wesley Harding:"

*The moral of this story
The moral of this song
Is simply that one should never be
Where one does not belong*

"Nashville Skyline" carries on this concept to its logical extremes. This care-free, non-involved, country-type attitude is exemplified in this cut:

*Saddle me up a big white goose
Tie me on her and turn her loose
Oh me oh my
Love that country pie.*

Dylan's ultimate message is this, his 9th album is clearly

*Love is all there is
It makes the world go round
Love and only love, it can't be denied
No matter what you think about it
you won't be able to do without it
Take a tip from one who's tried*

*If you find someone
Who gives you all of their love
Take it to your heart
Don't let it stray
One thing for certain
You'll surely be hurtin'
If you throw it all away
If you throw it all away*

This certainly isn't the end. Dylan has had nine albums (not including his Greatest Hits) and nine different directions. This is just the beginning. The unpredictable, ever-changing poet of the rock generation will continue to lead the way through the Wasteland.

The Outlaw Philosophy

by Dan Riley

The following was written some six months after John Wesley Harding was released and two months after the Chicago Convention.

Nothing has changed.

The conclusions I reached in regards to Dylan's present philosophical and political beliefs have only been reinforced by his latest album "Nashville Skyline" "John Wesley Harding" ended on the fourth cut of side 2--"The Wicked Messenger"--"Oh the leaves began a falling and the seas began to part

And the people that confronted him were many
And he was told but these few words which opened up his heart
If you cannot bring good news then don't bring any"

Nashville Skyline began with the fifth and sixth cuts--"Down along the Cove" and "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" from those two cuts and on into all of John Nashville Skyline the wicked messenger has delivered nothing but good news.

"ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER"

"There must be some way out of here,"

Said the joker to the thief,

"There's too much confusion here

I can't get no relief.

Businessmen they drink my wine

Plough men dig my earth.

None of them along the line

Knew what any of it is worth."

"No reason to get excited,

The thief he kindly spoke,

"There are many here among us

Who feel that life is but a joke.

But you and I we've been through that

And this is not our fate.

So let us not talk falsely now,

The hour is getting late."

All along the watchtower

Princes kept the view

While all the women came and went

Barefoot servants too.

Outside in the distance

A wildcat did growl.

The riders were approaching

The wind began to howl."

- Bob Dylan

I hesitate to report that this is Bob Dylan's most representative work only because he has produced so much. Yet the tone, the structure and the story are so enigmatic and Dylan is such an enigmatic character that I am led to believe that coming to terms with "All Along the Watchtower" is basic to coming to terms with Dylan.

In Jean Strouse's words, "Dylan plays on a tightrope strung out between richly religious allusive moralizing and an arch tone of complete "put on." He has evolved from "proletarian assertiveness" to anarchistic "Angst" to "pop detachment" and the high priesthood of the "put on."

In coming to terms with Dylan, we are coming to terms with an out' v-a joker, a thief. The joker and the thief in "Along the Watchtower" are amoral outlaws--truly outside the law. They are neither good guys nor bad guys--they function outside the limits of conventional codes of behavior."

"Good and bad I defined these words

Quite clear, no doubt, somehow

But I was so much older then

I'm younger than that now."

This self-realization stated in an earlier Dylan piece is one of the first very clear visions which formed the World View he offers us in "All Along the Watchtower." The joker--perhaps the younger Dylan--is caught up in life's confusion. Good versus Bad. Clean versus Dirty. Truth versus Illusion. Me versus You. We know for a fact that the younger Dylan was a socially committed person--striking out at what seemed gross injustices:

"How many roads must a man walk down

Before you call him a man?

How many seas must a white dove fly

Before he can sleep in the sand?"

The younger Dylan also confronted the businessman's ethic ("not much is really sacred") and the primitiveness of the farmer ("he puts his cigar out in your face just for kicks--his bedroom window it is made out of bricks.")

In "All Along the Watchtower" the joker is told by the thief, "No reason to get excited." There is no reason to let oneself be confused by life--life isn't a puzzle--life is a joke. One shouldn't waste his days away crusading for causes, fighting revolutions, searching for the Meaning--the Truth to existence. It is all too absurd--it is all too funny. And the apocalypse looms on the horizon. The apocalypse envisioned in "All Along the Watchtower" differs significantly from earlier Dylanesque visions of doom. In "Farewell Angelina," for example, *Machine guns are roaring*
And the puppets heave rocks
And fiends nail timebombs
To the hands of the cross.

"The sky is erupting" and the turmoil of the skies is complemented by the chaos of the earth. The two combine in a clear vision of the world's end. Early Dylan songs of doom were much like this--the agents of disaster were always recognizable--munitions makers, bigoted police, corrupt politicians acting against a background of fiery skies or hard rains.

And then, of course, Dylan tells the tale of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest, two friends who become mutually involved with helping one another. Frankie dies "and no one tried to say a thing when they carried him out in jest, except the little neighbor boy who carried him to rest/and he just walked along alone with his guilt so well concealed/and muttered underneath his breath, 'Nothing is revealed.'

Well, the moral of this story--the moral of this song--

Is simply that one should never be where one does not belong."

The outlaw is detached. He is neither of the Establishment nor is he anti-Establishment, assuming the everyday understanding of those terms. The outlaw views the entire scene--avant-garde versus old; progressiveism versus traditionalism; My version of Truth versus Your version of Truth.

Magazines and newspapers create an image of policemen--fine, upstanding men, defenders of the public good. They create an image of hippies, yuppies, militant, demonstrators--long hair, vulgar, unruly, buttons!

Television recreates the images. The police are doing their duty--perhaps over reacting a bit--but doing their duty. The "peaceniks" asked for it--they had no business there--it's about time somebody stood up for the cops.

The commission report does the images all over again. The police, in fact, "rioted"--they acted, in many instances, out of the control of authorities and, in many other instances with the encouragement of authorities. The Early Dylan songs of doom were much like this--the agents of disaster were always recognizable--munitions makers, bigoted police, corrupt politicians acting against a background of fiery skies or hard rains.

Now, along the watchtower, the vision has changed. The temporal setting is ordered. Princes keep the view--ladies come and go--barefoot servants too. Everyone is going about his business. Yet, outside in the distance a wildcat growls, a wind howls--two riders approach. The two horsemen of apocalypse? Which two of the four? Perhaps none of the four. Perhaps a joker and a thief.

The outlaws shall inherit the earth. Dylan suggests this theme in most of the works on JOHN WESLEY HARDING. John Wesley himself is an outlaw who traveled with a gun in every hand; and they couldn't track or trail him down--he was never known to make a foolish move.

"As I Went Out One Morning" is the story of a young man who comes upon a damsel locked in chains.

I offered her my hand
She took me by the arm
I knew that very instant
She meant to do me harm.
"Depart from me this moment,"
I told her with my voice.
Said she, "But I don't wish to."
Said I, "But you have no choice."

The commission report does the images all over again. The police, in fact, "rioted"--they acted, in many instances, out of the control of authorities and, in many other instances with the encouragement of authorities. The anti-war McCarthy people were a mixed bag of dissidents--definitely a provocative group to warrant the attacks of the police.

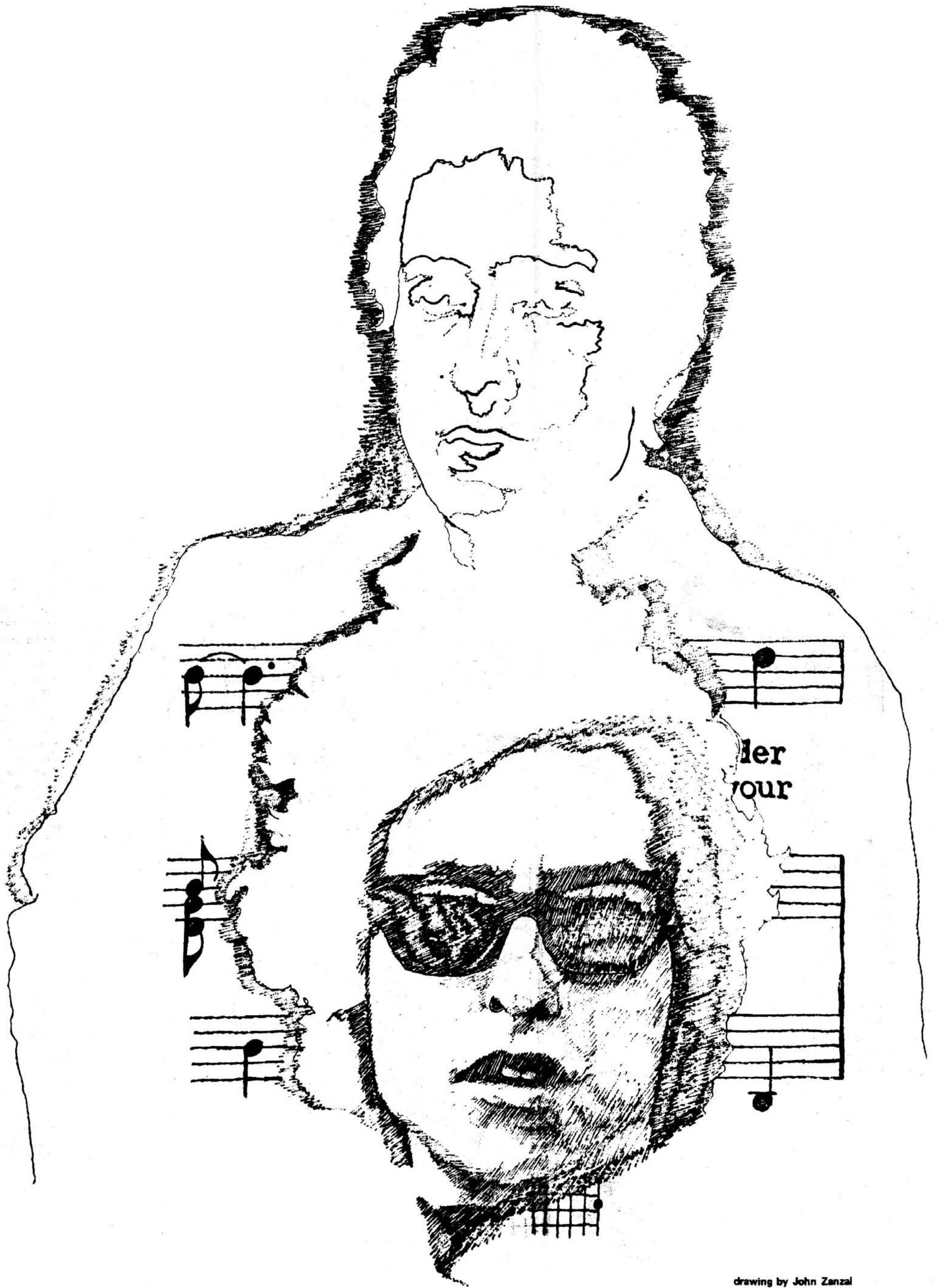
The end? The Truth? No! The Democrats and the Republicans--the activists and the "straights"--the Liberals and the Conservatives do it again. Each one creating the Truth in their own vision.

The outlaw says, "Who needs Chicago?" Chicago is a graveyard--Throw my ticket out the window--tonight I'm going to bed with my, Baby, and screw.

So you say to the outlaw, "Why that's an invitation to political anarchy! Moral bankruptcy! Philosophic nonsense!"

And the outlaw answers, "Ah, that IS truth." And the outlaw has the whole of history on his side--the wheel, hieroglyphics, the demos, the arch, Easter Sunday, Gutenberg, Columbus, "All men are created equal", "Workers of the world unite!" E=MC2 and Richard J. Daley. ("We love Mayor Daley," proclaimed the placards).

"Muttering underneath his breath, 'Nothing is revealed.'"



drawing by John Zanzal

Tomorrow is a long time (1963)

by Bob Dylan

*If today was not an endless highway;
If tonight was not a crooked trail;
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time:
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all;*

Refrain:

*Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin';
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a softly poundin';
Only if she was lyin' by me:
Then I'd lie in my bed once again.*

*I can't see my reflection in the waters;
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain;
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps:
Or can't remember the sound of my own name;*

Refrain:

*There's beauty in the silver, singin' river
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky;
But none of these, and nothing else can touch the beauty
That I remember in my true love's eyes;*

Refrain:

A Hard Rain's A Gonna Fall (1963)

by Bob Dylan

*Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, where have you been, my darling one?*

*I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,*

*I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard,
And It's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain 's a gonna fall*

*Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?*

*I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it,
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'
I saw a white ladder all covered with water,
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,*

*I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children.
And It's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.*

*And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?*

*I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,
Heard one thousand drummers whose hands were a blazin'
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin',
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,*

*Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.*

*Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, who did you meet, my darling young one?*

*I met a young child beside a dead pony,
I met a white man who walked a black dog,
I met a woman whose body was burning,
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,
I met one man who was wounded in love,*

*I met another man who was wounded with hatred,
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's gonna fall*

*Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what will you do now, my darling young one?*

*I'm a goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a fallin',
I'll walk to the depth of the deepest black forest,
Where the people are many, and their hands are all empty,
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,
Where black is the color, where none is the number,
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'*

*But I'll know my song well before I start singin',
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
It's a hard rain's a gonna fall.*

DYLAN'S*With God on Our Side (1963)*

By Bob Dylan

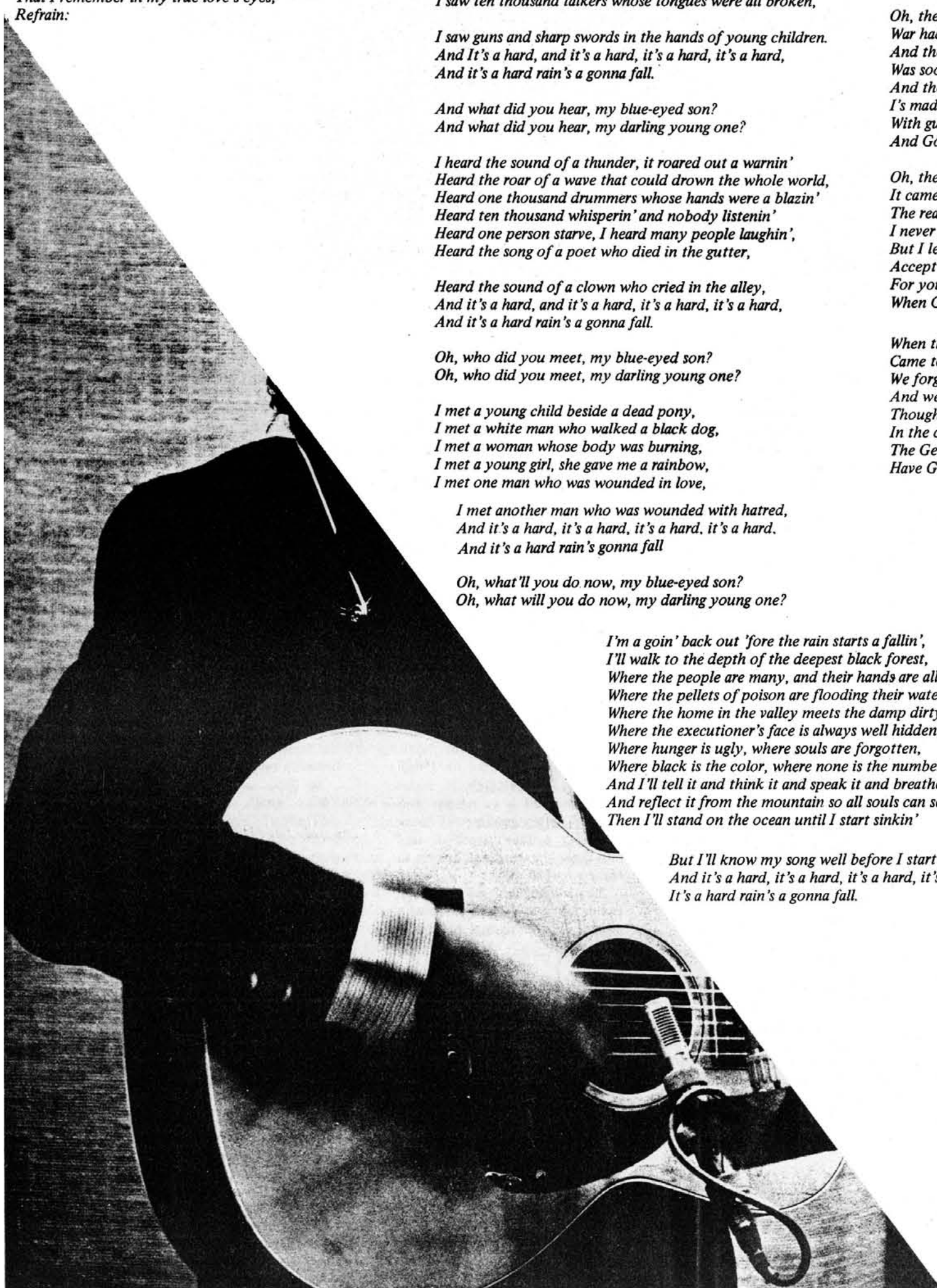
*Oh, my name it is nothin',
My age means less,
The country I come from is called the Midwest.
I's taught and brought up there,
The laws to abide,
And that land that I live in
Has God on its side.*

*Oh, the history books tell it,
They tell it so well,
The cavalries charged,
The Indians fell,
The cavalries charged,
The Indians died,
Oh the country was young
With God on its side.*

*Oh, the Spanish American
War had its day,
And the Civil War too
Was soon laid away,
And the names of the heroes
I's made to memorize,
With guns in their hands
And God on their side.*

*Oh, the first world war boys,
It came and it went,
The reason for fighting
I never did get.
But I learned to accept it,
Accept it with pride,
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side.*

*When the second world war
Came to an end,
We forgave the Germans
And we were friends.
Though they murdered six million
In the ovens they fried,
The Germans now too
Have God on their side.*



LYRICS

*I've learned to hate the Russians
All through my whole life,
If another war starts
It's them we must fight.
To hate them and fear them,
To run and to hide,
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side.*

*But now we got weapons
Of the chemical dust,
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must.
One push of the botton
And a shot the worldwide,
And you never ask questions
When God's on your side.*

*In many a dark hour
I've been thinkin' all this,
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss.
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide,
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.*

*So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell,
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no time can tell.
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor,
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.*

Love Minus Zero/No Limit (1965)

by Bob Dylan

*My love she speaks like silence
Without ideas or violence
She doesn't have to say she's faithful
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
People carry roses
And make promises by the hours
My love she laughs like the flowers
Valentines can't buy her.*

*In dime stores and bus stations
People talk of situations
Read books, repeat quotations
Draw conclusions on the wall
Some speak of the future
My love, she speaks softly
She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all.*

*The cloak and dagger dangles
Madams light the candles
In ceremonies of the horsemen
Even the pawn must hold a grudge
Statues made of match sticks
Crumble into one another
My love winks, she does not bother
She knows too much to argue or to judge.*

*The bridge at midnight trembles
The country doctor rambles
Bankers' nieces seek perfection
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring
The wind howls like a hammer
The night blocks cold an' rainy
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.*

Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands
Words and Music by Bob Dylan (1966)

1. *With your mercury mouth in the missionary times
And your eyes like smoke and your prayers like rhymes
And your silver cross, and your voice like chimes
Oh, who among them do they think could bury you?
With your pockets well protected at last
And your streetcar visions which you place on the grass
And your flesh like silk, and your face like glass
Who among them do they think could carry you?*

Chorus:

*Sad-eyed Lady Of The Lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes
My warehouse eyes my Arabian drums
Should I leave them by your gate
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?*

2. *With your sheets like metal and your belt like lace
And your deck of cards missing the jack and the ace
And your basement clothes and your hollow face
Who among them can think he could outguess you?
With your silhouette when the sunlight dims
Into your eyes where the moonlight swims
And your match-book songs and your gypsy hymns,
Who among them would try to impress you? (Chorus)*

3. *The kings of Tyrus with their convict list
Are waiting in line for their geranium kiss,
And you wouldn't know it would happen like this,
But who among them really wants just to kiss you?
With your childhood flames on your midnight rug
And your Spanish manners and your mother's drugs
And your cowboy mouth and your curfew plugs
Who among them do you think could resist you? (Chorus)*

4. *Oh, the farmers and the businessmen, they all did decide
To show you the dead angels that they used to hide
But why did they pick you to sympathize with their side
(Oh) how could they ever mistake you?
They wished you'd accepted the blame for the farm
But with the sea at your feet and the phony false alarm
And with the child of a hoodlum wrapped up in your arms
How could they ever, have persuaded you? (Chorus)*

5. *With your sheet metal memory of cannery row
And your magazine husband who one day just had to go
And your gentleness now which you just can't help but show
Oh who among them do you think would employ you?
Now you stand with your thief, you're on his parole
With your holy medallion which your fingertips fold
And your saint-like face and your ghost-like soul
Oh who among them do you think could destroy you? (Chorus)*

Lay Lady Lay (1969)

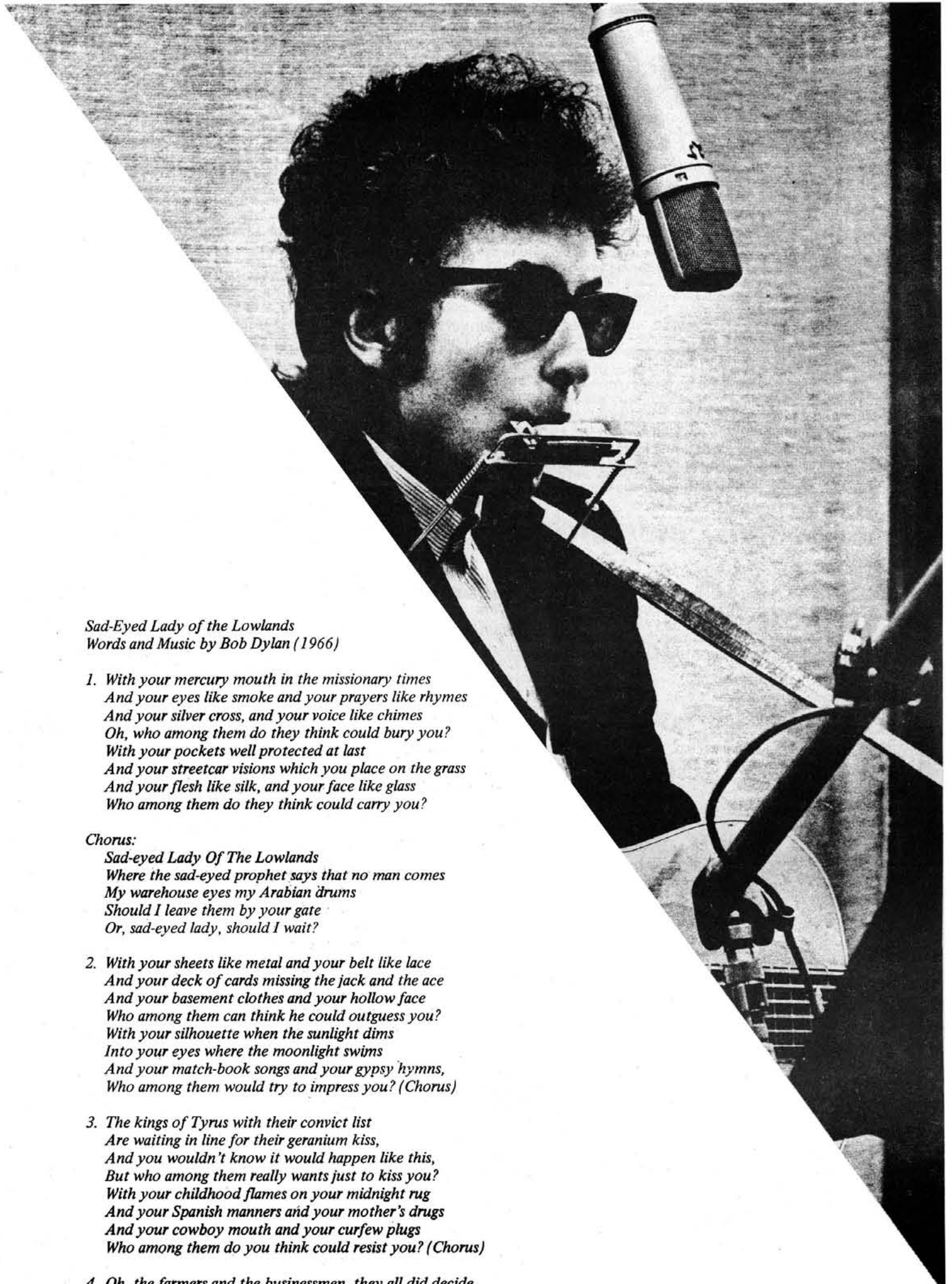
by Bob Dylan

*Lay lady lay, lay across my big brass bed.
Lay lady lay, lay across my big brass bed,
Whatever colors you have in your mind
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine
Lay lady lay, lay across my big brass bed.*

*Stay lady stay, Stay with your man awhile
Until the break of day let me see you make them smile
His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean
And your the best thing that he's ever seen
Stay lady stay, stay with your man awhile.*

*Why wait any longer for the world to begin
You can hve your cake and eat it too
Why wait any longer for the one you love
When he's standing in front of you
Lay lady lay, lay across my big brass bed*

*Stay lady stay, stay while the night is still ahead
I long to see you in the morning light
I long to reach for you in the night
Stay lady stay, stay while the night is still ahead.*



News Briefs

War Death Statistics Questioned

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- A Senator charged recently that the Pentagon is hiding the truth about Vietnam War casualties by passing off many combat deaths as "incidental" or "accidental."

Senator Stephen Young of Ohio said that many of the approximately 6,000 deaths in Vietnam described as accidental or incidental were actual combat losses, AP reported.

He gave a specific example of a boy who the Defense Department said had died from sun stroke.

"He was a farm boy who had worked in the field and his family just didn't believe sun stroke killed him," the Senator said. "I checked into it and the Pentagon reported his face and body were reddened by the sun while he waited three hours to be evacuated because he had three bullet holes in him. And they call that an incident death!"

Young said that concealing the true number of battle fatalities "is a clumsy effort to deceive the public about casualties in this most unpopular and undeclared war. The number of combat killed and wounded have become so great -- only the world wars were more deadly in recent history -- they are trying to hide it."

A Bitter Pill 'Twould Be

LONDON (LNS) -- Dr. J. V. Walker, a local health official, has urged scientists to develop a pill which would delay sexual maturity of young people until they left college and could earn their own living.

The good doctor wants us to be like we are between age 6 and puberty -- "very happy" and with adult instincts still latent. The aim of the pill, he said, is to keep young people from being aggressive and a nuisance.

Resisters Flooding The Courts

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- In spite of government repression, draft resistance continues to increase. There are nearly twice as many draft cases in Federal courts as there were a year ago. If the same rate of prosecuting holds true for the next few months, Selective Service cases will probably be the third greatest producer of criminal court business.

The government does not know what line to take on the increasing number of draft resisters. Authorities admit that neither tactics like the bombing halt nor hardline measures like the prosecution of prominent resisters seem to have any effect in discouraging young men from refusing induction.

Warning To TV Freaks

WASHINGTON (LSN) -- Don't be surprised if while sitting around stoned watching television you are confronted with some idiot on the screen telling you the nature of drugs.

The ever-protective government of this country has announced it is launching a nationwide radio and television campaign to help people resist pressure to try drugs.

This propaganda bullshit will filter through in the form of "public service" messages, which National Institute of Mental Health's Gerald N. Krutz said were prepared on a nonprofit basis by a national advertising agency.

Kurtz said, "Our primary aim is to arm young people and their parents with the facts to help them resist pressures to experiment with drugs -- marijuana and LSD."

Germ Warfare

MANILA (LNS) -- The Pentagon may have found still another way of destroying Asian people. The World Health Organization has found that venereal disease has reached near-epidemic proportions in some countries in the western Pacific, due to military mobilization in the area.

The U.N. Health Organization also reported that many strains of gonorrhea in the area had shown an increased resistance to penicillin and that substantial numbers of both civilians and soldiers were not responding to treatment.

If Only They'd Find God

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- President Nixon wants young Americans to find God again. The President, who has been holding Sunday church services in the White House, thinks that it is unfortunate that young people have abandoned religion to the "old folks." He said he hoped his Sunday services would set an example.

Dow Tell Monsanto?

NEW YORK (LNS)--The latest scuttlebutt is that Dow Chemical has lost the U. S. government contract to manufacture napalm to the Monsanto Corporation of chemical, drug and plastic fame.

Dow denies the rumor, saying it will bid on the contract when it runs out this summer. The company insists that it hasn't been "beaten out" for the contract yet.

The high-level consternation about who makes the napalm is all the more curious when one recalls Dow's famous statement that it only manufactures napalm out of patriotism -- because making napalm, it says, is not a profit-making venture.

Can it be that Dow Chemical and Monsanto are giving up on the profit motive and engaging in friendly competition to see who is more patriotic?

Grassplanter Urges Grass Planting

NEW YORK (LNS) -- A man named Ed Grassplanter has launched a campaign to urge hundreds of thousands of pot-smoking Americans to plant their own.

"Spring planting time is here," Grassplanter says. "The hundreds of seeds in every ounce are given to us by nature for one purpose: to plant so that the earth may bring forth grass in abundance for all of God's children."

Grassplanter urges the "guerilla" tactic -- sowing seeds in a public place, such as vacant lots, flower boxes in front of banks, parks, and gardens around public monuments. He suggests sowing in small patches.

Grass can also be grown in a milk case on a fire escape or rooftop -- four plants per milk case is fine, Grassplanter says.

Cleanliness

OMAHA, Neb. (LNS) -- The Keep America Beautiful Committee of Omaha has raised objections to a fountain proposed for a major intersection in that city. The fountain was designed by Father L. E. Lubbers, head of the Fine Arts Department at the Jesuit Creighton University in the form of "a cast iron bath with a towering 19-foot showerhead."

Mrs. Lester G. Anderson, chairman of the beautiful America people, has alerted the community to the threat that "hippies would be using the shower and tubs to take their baths."

"I believe in taking baths," Reuters reported her saying, "but not in the middle of 11th and Howard Streets."

Dirty Movies Are A No-No

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)-- Mrs. Nancy Reagan, wife of the California governor, says opponents of "pornography" should not in-

ON AGITATION

"Some critics mistake the function of agitation. A toothache is agitation. Is a toothache a good thing? No. Is it therefore useless? No. It is supremely useful, for it tells the body of decay and death. Without it the body would suffer unknowingly. It would think: All is well, when lo! the danger lurks."
W.E.B. DuBois, 1910

dulge themselves out of curiosity. She said that too many people who protest pornography go right ahead and see dirty movies or buy see-through blouses.

But curiosity-seeking seems to be a trend, Mrs. Reagan says that pornography is "what's most on people's mind." She said, "The women who complain of the rise of obscenity then sometimes go on to tell me that 'just out of curiosity' they saw some sensational film."

SCAVENGER HUNT

Sponsored by the Recreation Committee of The Program Board of Governors

WILL BE HELD ON THURSDAY, MAY 15
Hunt begins from the G.C.C. Patio at 7 pm

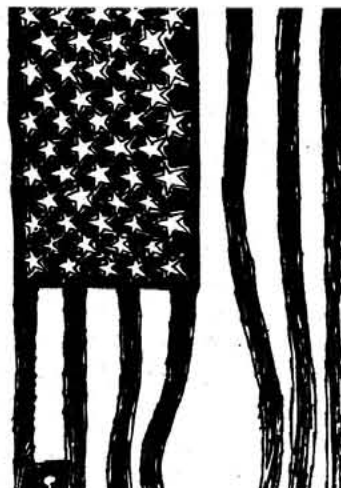
SIGN UP AT THE G.C.C. INFORMATION DESK BY NOON ON MONDAY, MAY 12

If less than 20 people sign up, the hunt will be cancelled. Watch for announcement in May 14, Liberated Press concerning whether or not the event will be held.

Remember, the hunt depends on sufficient sign-ups. Won't you join us!?

Advisors

Every fall, a new group of innocent, unknowing freshmen enter the hallowed halls of the University of Hartford. Whether their questions pertain to courses, professors or college life in general, you, the experienced students of U. H. have the knowledge to help these kids. The committee for the school year 1969-1970 needs advisors for next fall's freshmen. This means writing letters this summer to a small group of kids assigned to you for next year. There will be informative meetings within the next month for all students interested in being advisors. This is a worthwhile, even "fun" program where you can help these freshmen get going at U. H. Mark Lowy and Nancy Goldman are the new chairmen. See them for information.



ABM Trigger

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- To be effective, the ABM (Anti-Ballistic Missile) must have a "hair trigger" reaction that only military men can give it, according to testimony given by Defense Department officials at a secret Senate hearing.

In public, and in open Congressional hearings, the traditional presidential control over military weapons has been asserted, but in closed sessions, David Packard, Deputy Defense Secretary, and Dr. John Foster, Pentagon Chief of Research and Engineering, have admitted that because of the time factor, firing authority will probably be delegated, in either an accidental or deliberate attack.

Opponents of the ABM such as Rep. Nedzi (D-Mich.) have admitted after research that the efficacy of the ABM demands the "hair trigger" reaction. Nevertheless, many opponents of the ABM system are more afraid of the Pentagon "hair trigger" than of any other aspect of the system.

Obituary

Studebaker Dies

by Nancy Nepon

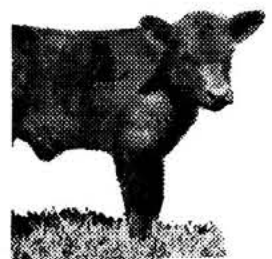
The seven-year-old brown Studebaker convertible belonging to UH News editor, John Studebaker Hardy, died early Monday evening of unknown causes. The car developed a serious cancerous growth in the fall of 1968 that was first detected in the power steering, spread to the carburetor, and eventually affected the car's entire system. Rumor says that this cancer was the cause of death, but most probably, mortality was due to an excess of beer in the main fuel line. Dr. E. T. Sweeney will perform an autopsy to determine the exact cause of death (actually, he's just looking for the last drops of booze).

The Brown Bomb was born in South Bend, Indiana, in 1962, and took up a life of traveling, living in Connecticut and Colorado, and all points in between. Until it fell ill this fall, it led a peaceful life, never having had an accident and never being stopped by a pig, even though it was missing a muffler. However, although its life was short, it was indeed full (of beer, of freaks, and of numerous other odd items).

The car's health deteriorated rapidly until, in the last week, the only working parts were the starter and the convertible top (which came through in a last fling for the spring and provided some very enjoyable moments). All those who knew this magnificent marvel of machinery will feel a great loss at its passing.

Soul survivors of this tragic occasion are John S. Hardy, beloved owner, Some Dead Bears (whose equipment it carried), UH News staff (who, in a fantastic race, beat out the WWUH news car), and thousands of other people for whom this car gave its life.

Funeral services will be conducted at the free thing in the park on Saturday. The car will then be laid to rest in the auto graveyard in Hartford. The public is invited to pay its respects.



THE REASON BEHIND IT ALL

"Communists labor ceaselessly to exploit the racial situation and to incite racial strife and violence in this country. They have been active in exploiting propagandawise the riots of recent years. One main communist goal is to alienate Negroes from established authority."
J. Edgar Hoover, ON COMMUNISM

Science is one thing and Wisdom is another. Science is an edged tool, with which men play like children, and cut their own fingers.
Thomas Love Peacock



10 hrs.	PART TIME-ANYTIME	\$40
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30 hrs.		\$120
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Hampshire House
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The doers, the shakers-up, college men proclaiming their "now" thinking, demand the ultimate in "now" shirt fashion . . . Hampshire House by Van Heusen. Featuring the wider spread Bradley collar, perfect for the "now" look of shaped clothing and wider neckwear. And with Vanopress, the last word in permanent press. All in bold new stripes, exciting new solid colors. Hampshire House by Van Heusen . . . where "now" really means "now!"

And now from Van Heusen . . . Passport 360 Men's Toiletries.

THE PRIMUS NEEDS: Photographers layout people typists writers & enthusiastic contributors from each school.

IF YOU are interested come to the meeting:

Thurs. May 8th at 11:30 in the Primus Office G.C.C.

*You are indeed like myself secure
Yet unstable also so we know ourselves as people;
hence, there is no qualm over skin beauty but our problem as people is that of becoming men an infinite task
But not worth giving up.
-Carlos Martinez*

Ban The Bra!

Why is Camaro the pace car again?



Official Indianapolis 500 Pace Car, Camaro SS Convertible with Rally Sport equipment and new Super Scoop hood.

Because it's the Hugger.

Camaro SS has been chosen to be the Indy 500 pace car for the second time in three years. That's because it has what it takes.

Engine choices start with a standard 300-hp 350-cu.-in. Turbo-Fire V8 and run up to a 325-hp 396-cu.-in. Turbo-Jet job. There's even a new Super Scoop hood you can order. It opens on acceleration, pouring cooler air into the engine for more go power.

The SS version of the Hugger grips the road with wide-oval tires on 14 x 7-inch-wide wheels, beefed-

up suspension and power disc brakes.

The transmission comes linked to a 3-speed floor shift. If you want still more, there's a 4-speed Hurst shifter available.

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When it comes to pacesetting, it's pretty clear that Camaro knows its way around.

Start setting a pace of your own. At your Chevrolet dealer's now.

Putting you first, keeps us first.

CHEVROLET Pacesetter Values at our Sports Department.

Mothers

(Continued from Page 6)

Some of us walked on by, others were there to be with the music; all were glad because Zappa was being Zappa then, leading the rhythm section in a Sunday afternoon rock and roll swing, bobbing and swaying saxophones and trumpets. Zappa putting down the chords, basso thumping away rock and rollo, and then the music fades into UNCLE MEAD, so fine, that jazz sound of theirs, and here Zappa is transformed into the Cosmic Conductor, right out of Disney's FANTASIA.

Timpani -- electric flute -- SWEET -- moaning pedal guitar -- JAZZ -- atonal horns -- SO FINE, And Zappa on top of it all, in control of all, pointing here, asking for something there, leading it all. End. Applause: Zappa leading it here, bringing a moving line of applause out of the surrounding audience. The Clap.

Cosmic Conductor calls for an

intermission, and out we are, stumbling around, still vibrating to Mothers music. The MOTHERS mothers to it. Shades again of FANTASIA. The Cosmic Conductor Frank Zappa and his finger. Brown for a Pound on a London Bus. Uncle Mead. One of the music people scissoring his legs to the crowd: open, close, open, close. Zappa's finger flashes again, and the band squeals. Finger flashes again, and the audience squeals.

The Mothers came in like a circus, and left like men who had just written the hell off of some train station wall. Guilty -- having shown us our brown eyes without anyone actually having taken off their pants. Mothers Zappa Music illuminates and enlightens, in the vocabulary of the "academic community." Enlightens. Like seeing your first madman, or getting bitten by a rabid dog, bringing knowledge of a more chaotically blinding light than any of us can produce by ourselves. Seeing the Mothers of Invention: a very Revolutionary process. Walk on by.



The Greeks: A Matter Of Irrelevance?

by Stod Nichols

A meaningful dialogue must be established between faculty members, non-Greeks and representatives of the Greek system. Through this dialogue the fraternities and sororities must realize that their actions and attitudes directly affect the welfare of this campus and they do possess the potential to make a positive contribution to the largely unexplained academic community. It is the administration's responsibility to establish effective communications with these social institutions in an attempt to include them as important and functioning elements in the intellectual community.

Every element of the University is undergoing the critical test of relevance. There is no reason to suppose that the Greek system should be excluded from this evaluation process. If the fraternities and sororities at the University of Hartford consistently continue to refuse to evaluate the goals and values which they should have, then they run the great danger of simply becoming irrelevant.

The objectives, goals, ideals, and values of UofH Greek organizations are vague. If these positive directions are not specified, it means that these organizations have no explicit standards by which they can evaluate their actions and alternatives. This would mean that the values under which they operate are implicit and have not been closely scrutinized. Again the question of relevancy.

It appears that the present Greek organizations are divisive. The charge of divisiveness is upheld by the fact that students, especially in the years after graduation, frequently show more loyalty to the fraternity than to the college itself. This is what makes the construction of palatial chapter-houses possible. The answer often given is admitting that fraternities encourage the growth of small cliques, but go on to say that human nature is made that way. There will always be better friendships among some than others, and this occurs even in institutions which permit no secret societies.

However, each Greek organization does create values and (it) changes the values of the individual members. This is in itself not detrimental if these values are positive. Obviously the fraternities and sororities at UofH are stereotyped. Do fraternities often lose sight of the value and dignity of the individual brother by demanding a certain image? Probably yes. This is not to say that a conscientious student cannot be a member of a fraternity. He can be. But he must remember that when he refuses to go to the Spigot for some beers, he may end up an outcast -- a distinguishability does exist.

Greek organizations at the University of Hartford have consistently refused to consider or admit that they have a wider responsibility to the school's other students as a whole and to the community. The actions which they take and the activities which they engage in appear to be relating exclusively to their own members. Greek organizations can be so much more and do so much more at UofH. As the author of the Upsilon Xi article states in February 19th's LIBERATED PRESS, "We are first and foremost a social fraternity and community service is only part of our social existence." The author continues and makes a very important point in "This campus is now part of your world. It will mean nothing to you if you don't involve yourself in its activities." This plea makes so much sense -- However the fraternities and sororities have alienated themselves from the rest of the school and fail to lower this degree of apathy.

To some observers the Greeks seem hypocritical and stagnant.

For guys who work night shifts a pill for the day shift.

Nothing can kill a day like a hard night. Yet every campus has its nocturnal heroes dedicated to the art of playing it cool.

If you're one of them, we'd like to offer you a little food for thought.

What we have in mind is NoDoz®. The pill that helps you shift through the day shift.

NoDoz has the strongest stimulant you can buy without a prescription. And it's not habit forming.

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Does it hurt to chill beer twice?

Not that you'd want to. Sometimes it just happens . . . like after a picnic, or when you bring home a couple of cold 6-paks and forget to put 'em in the refrigerator. Does re-chilling goof up the taste or flatten the flavor?

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A really good beer like **Yes?** Budweiser is just as good when you chill it twice. We're mighty glad about *that*. We'd hate to think of all our effort going down the drain

just because the temperature has its ups and downs.

You can understand *why* when you consider all the extra trouble and extra expense that go into brewing Bud®. For instance, Budweiser is the *only* beer in America that's Beechwood Aged.

So . . . it's absolutely okay to chill beer twice.

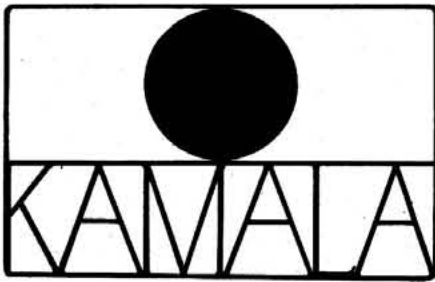
No? Enough said. (Of course, we have a lot more to say about *Budweiser*. But we'll keep it on ice for now.)



Budweiser is the King of Beers.

(But you know that.)

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noon to six most days and Thursday night



Jack Hardy

*one morning beneath the rain
I slept a lengthy hour
Thinking 'bout my life's disdain
and a love no longer ours.*
Jack Hardy

*... but I am coming
out of something...
beautiful... blind...
walking into others—
what others I cannot understand
Who others I have never seen.*
Ewart Skinner

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EWART SKINNER — poet

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You can select the college courses that can help you earn a CPA certificate soon after graduation. Or you can take them in graduate school. Ask your faculty advisor about them.

If you'll drop a card or note to us, we'll be glad to send you a booklet with the whole CPA story.

Write: Conn. Society of CPAs, 179 Allyn St., Hartford, Conn. 06103.

Read it before you decide whether your answer to our question is "G-r-r-r" or "B-a-a-a."

The Connecticut Society of
Certified Public Accountants

Matikowski Hurls School's First No-Hitter

by Mark Greenberg

David Joseph Matikowski pitched the first no-hitter in Hartford's history, as the Frosh beat the University of Connecticut (Hartford Branch) 10-0, to extend their winning streak to 4.

Matikowski, a Chicopee, Mass. protegee, struck out 22 batters and walked three on the way to his first win of the season.

Dave, a 6' 1", 190 pound fastballer, was the true master Saturday, as not one ball reached the outfield. His confidence, poise, and ability sparkled as the frosh team glided to their most decisive win of the season.

Besides his pitching prowess, Dave entered the game batting at .382, where he rapped out a couple of singles to aid his cause. Matikowski will go against Central Connecticut this Wednesday at the latter's field.

Assumption Takes Pair From Hawks

Reprinted by Courtesy of Hartford Courant

WORCESTER, Mass. (Special) —Clutch hitting by Bob Austin and John O'Reiley mixed with a pair of four hitters by Bob Horvath and Mike Wisniewski brought Assumption College wins in both ends of a Saturday doubleheader with the University of Hartford by 5-2, and 2-1.

Assumption jumped on loser Bob Siegel in the first inning of the opener for three runs. Mike Raymond and O'Reiley hit RBI singles and Austin with what proved to be the game winner, clouted an RBI double. Assumption added one more in the fourth and fifth on Ty Smith's sacrifice fly and Austin's RBI base hit. Hartford scored on an error and Stu Kat's sacrifice fly.

Mike Raymond's solo homer leading off the fourth in the second game followed by a single, an error and O'Reiley's single to drive in the deciding tally accounted for all Assumption scoring. Hartford's lone run came on an error.

Hartford is 4-6 and Assumption 8-2.

ASSUMPTION		HARTFORD	
ab	r	ab	r
DeSantis cf	4 1 2 0	Seabury ss	2 1 2 0
Smith rf	2 0 0 1	Vieja cf	4 0 0 0
Raymond lf	3 1 2 1	Gwozdz lf	4 0 0 0
Grimaldi lb	3 0 0 0	DiSanto c	1 1 0 0
Grant 3b	2 1 1 0	Driscoll lb	3 0 1 0
O'Reiley 2b	2 1 1 1	Katz 3b	2 0 0 1
Austin ss	3 0 2 2	Francoise 2b	3 0 1 0
DeFelice c	3 0 0 0	Morley p	3 0 0 0
Horvath p	3 1 2 0	Siegel p	3 0 0 0
Totals	25 5 10 5	Totals	27 2 4 1

Assumption 300 110 x-5
Hartford 100 100 0-2

E—Smith, Grant, Francoise, DP—Hartford 1. LOB—Assumption 6, Hartford 7; 2B—DeSantis, Horvath, Austin, Driscoll, SF—Katz, Smith.

PITCHING ip h r er bb so
Horvath (w) 7 4 2 1 3 1
Siegel (l) 6 10 5 4 3 2

HBP, By Seabury (Horvath).

ASSUMPTION		HARTFORD	
ab	r	ab	r
DeSantis cf	3 0 0 0	Seabury ss	4 0 1 0
Austin ss	3 0 1 0	Vieja cf	4 0 2 0
Raymond lf	3 1 1 1	Gwozdz lf	2 0 0 0
Grimaldi lb	2 0 0 0	DiSanto c	2 0 1 0
Grant 3b	2 1 1 0	Driscoll lb	2 0 0 0
O'Reiley 2b	2 0 1 1	Katz 3b	2 0 1 0
Smith rf	2 0 0 0	Francoise 2b	3 0 0 0
DeFelice c	2 0 1 0	Morley p	3 0 0 0
Wisniewski p	2 0 0 0	Pavia p	1 0 0 0
Connell lf	1 0 0 0	Lambert p	1 0 0 0
Totals	22 2 5 1	Totals	25 1 4 0

Assumption 000 200 x-2
Hartford 400 100 0-1

E—Austin 3, Francoise, DiSanto, LOB—Assumption 2, Hartford 5, 2B—DeFelice, Vieja, HR—Raymond, SF—Vieja, S—Katz.

PITCHING ip h r er bb so
Wisniewski (w) 7 4 1 0 3 3
Pavia (l) 3 2 3 2 1 0
Lambert 2 1 3 2 0 0
WP—Wisniewski 2.

Hawk Golfers 6-4-1



The Hawks' golf team ended the regular season's play with six wins, four losses and a tie. The winning tee-to-green linksmen will go into the New England Intercollegiate Golf Championships to be held this coming Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at Williamstown, Mass. Pictured left to right (front row) Ken Tibbells, James Sullivan (captain), Bruce Reid, Steve Schwartz, and back row (L-R) Steve Bencher, Dick Aldinger, Rich Carlson, Bill Dokas, and Coach Gordon McCullough.

Lake U-Har-Becoming Outrageous

It would seem that the Administration here at the University is making a strong bid to make West Hartford a seaport. Lake U-Har (the athletic fields behind the gym) is a vast, or rather WAS a vast stretch of land which was to be used for athletic contests here at U of H, but now the Administration seems to have changed its mind because of a drainage problem which will cost several hundreds of thousands of dollars to redress. The ducks are having a good time, as are the normal inhabitants

of swamps, and the fraternities will probably put it to good use on their perspective "Hell Nights." Actually the Baseball team would like to find a field to play their home games on. Colt Park and Dillon Stadium are on the other side of town and many of the local high schools play on surrounding fields at Colt and sometimes our outfielders find themselves "shooting the breeze" with outfielders concerned in other games. The Basketball team and the wrestling team have found a "home" in the gym -

why shouldn't Coach Wickman's team have the same opportunity? If baseball games were played on campus it would help attendance fantastically. Though several hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money, it could be and should be raised. Campus apathy is as bad as the Administration makes it, and they most definitely are aiding it in this case. Baseball, in regards to other University sports, is hardly better than it was in the Hillyer College days. Thank you Administration, thank you for your concern.

Bits & Pieces

by NICK MITSOS, sports editor

The "Red Face" Award has got to go to the Red Sox... they traded Hawk Harrelson because they had Billy Conigliaro and a surplus of long ball hitters... so they dropped Billy to the minors and picked up Don Lock, a .239 hitter from the Phils... a strange crew up there in Boston... Joe Pepitone and Ed Kranepool, biggest surprises of the young season, along with Bob Murcer of the Yanks... Don Drysdale on the disabled list... could be a signal for the end of the fireballing right hander... Apologies to the varsity baseball team for my shoddy coverage of their games... Personnel problems on the staff

are the reason... Cubs have been purring it on... Washington Senators are playing like champs for Ted Williams... it can't last... Orioles look like the team to beat in the Eastern Division... they are strong in all departments needed for winning a pennant... also they have Frank Robinson... What's happened to the Reds?... and for that matter, the Cardinals?... Neither team is as bad as all that... it's a matter of putting it all together... Yankees seek a youth movement, but Tom Tresh, veteran shortstop, is still batting under .200... Ted Sizemore, Dodger rookie, whom the Sports Staff is high on, is batting around .350... Football Club expects to finish in the top ten in the country next season... I think they can do it... Joe Namath, asked about his reaction to the mixing of AFL and NFL teams in the same division replied, "If they put New Orleans, Atlanta, and Philadelphia in our division, they'll get killed; if it's Baltimore, Los Angeles, and Dallas, they'll do as well as the NFL." Broadway Joe certainly has a lot of... money... and talent... Though I won't be able to discuss the seventh and deciding game of the NBA Championship until next week, the series so far has been far from dull, as both L.A. and Boston have provided thrills beyond all expectation... Jerry West has to be the greatest, but Hondo Havlichek isn't far behind... Bill Russel made a fool out of Chamberlain in the sixth game... I can't figure out what the problem is with Elgin Baylor... if he had been playing up to par, the series might have ended last week... Boston has to be the best team no matter what happens...

Reilly, PaVadino Basketball School

We feel that your son can make the best of his vacation by learning more about the game of basketball. Our basic idea for holding the school is to provide younger students of the game with individual attention with regard to the basic fundamentals needed to further their basketball know-how. We feel participating in sports is a strong character builder and our staff plans to develop the essential skills and attitudes for success in basketball.

The clinic will be open to all boys who have completed grades 5 through 11. You may choose either a morning or afternoon session, Monday through Friday. Morning session from 8:30 A.M. to 12:00 noon and 1:00 P.M. to 4:30 P.M. All boys should bring sneakers, gym shorts, two pair of socks, a tee-shirt, an athletic supporter and a towel.

Final Registration will be the first Monday of the week you select. At this time a \$25.00 tuition is due.

Applications may be obtained at Herb's Sports Shop, Asylum Ave., South Catholic High School, 215 South St., Hartford, or write to Joseph E. Reilly, 18 Dale Rd., Wethersfield, Connecticut, telephone 529-5159.

Fairfield Tops Hartford, 7-2

Reprinted by Courtesy of Hartford Courant

FAIRFIELD (Special) — Six consecutive singles off Gerry Pavia in the seventh inning wiped out a 1-0 Hartford U. lead and gave Fairfield a 7-2 baseball victory Thursday. Pavia had been coasting along until the sixth, when suddenly hot Stag bats knocked him out and put the game out of reach.

Fairfield is 7-6, the Hawks, 4-4.

Jim Hock had three hits to lead a 13-hit attack for the winners. Ken Gwozdz and Bob Siegel rapped two safeties apiece for Hartford.

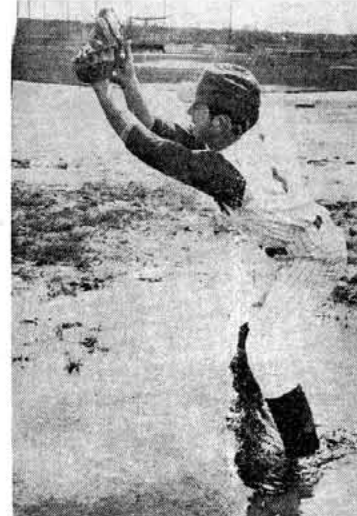
FAIRFIELD		HARTFORD	
ab	r	ab	r
Hock 2b	5 2 3 2	Seabury ss	4 1 0 0
Castrigno	4 1 2 0	Biega cf	3 0 1 0
Bolgen lf	4 1 2 1	Gwozdz rf	4 0 2 1
Granata lb	5 1 2 1	DiSanto c	4 0 1 0
Finch c	4 0 0 0	Driscoll lb	4 0 0 0
Norman cf	3 0 1 1	Katz 3b	4 1 1 0
Azzara rf	4 0 1 1	Siegel lf	4 0 2 1
Mango ss	4 1 1 0	Francoise 2b	3 0 1 0
Wilcox p	2 0 0 0	Pavia p	2 0 0 0
D'Amore p	1 1 1 0	Lambert p	1 0 0 0
Tully ph	1 0 1 0	Morley ph	1 0 0 0
Totals	36 7 13 6	Totals	34 2 2 2

Fairfield 000 000 61x-7
Hartford 100 000 001-2

E. Pavia, Seabury, Granata, Lambert, Castrigno, dp, Vargo, Castrigno, Granata, lb, Fairfield 10, Hartford 7; 2b, Azzara, Hock, Biega, s, Norman, Finch, Biega.

PITCHING ip h r er bb so
Wilcox (w) 7 6 1 0 0 2
D'Amore 2 2 1 0 0 3
Pavia (l) 6 2 3 12 6 6 0 2
Lambert 1 1 3 2 1 1 2 0

Hbp, by D'Amore (Francoise); balk, Pavia; l, 2:05.



Yavener of Varsity Harbor Patrol

New Officers Selected

New Officers for the University of Hartford Football Club are Craig Miller, president; Dick Aldinger, vice president; Chris Lenck, secretary; and Dennis Portsmouth, treasurer.

The grid Hawks, winners of five of six games and a New England Club Football Championship last year; have a tentative schedule of six games against Rutgers-Newark Univ. (Sept. 27); New Haven College (Oct. 3); Georgetown University (Oct. 11-Parent's Weekend); St. Francis College of New York (Oct. 17); Pace College (Oct. 24); and Assumption College (Nov. 7 Homecoming Game). Home contests are against Rutgers, Georgetown, St. Francis, and Assumption College.

Doc—(about the waterlogged athletic fields) "I've tried to be patient, but nothing is being done."

The University will be running a ferry service across Lake U-Har effective as soon as a ferry-boat can be stolen. The Doc will be in charge of all operations.