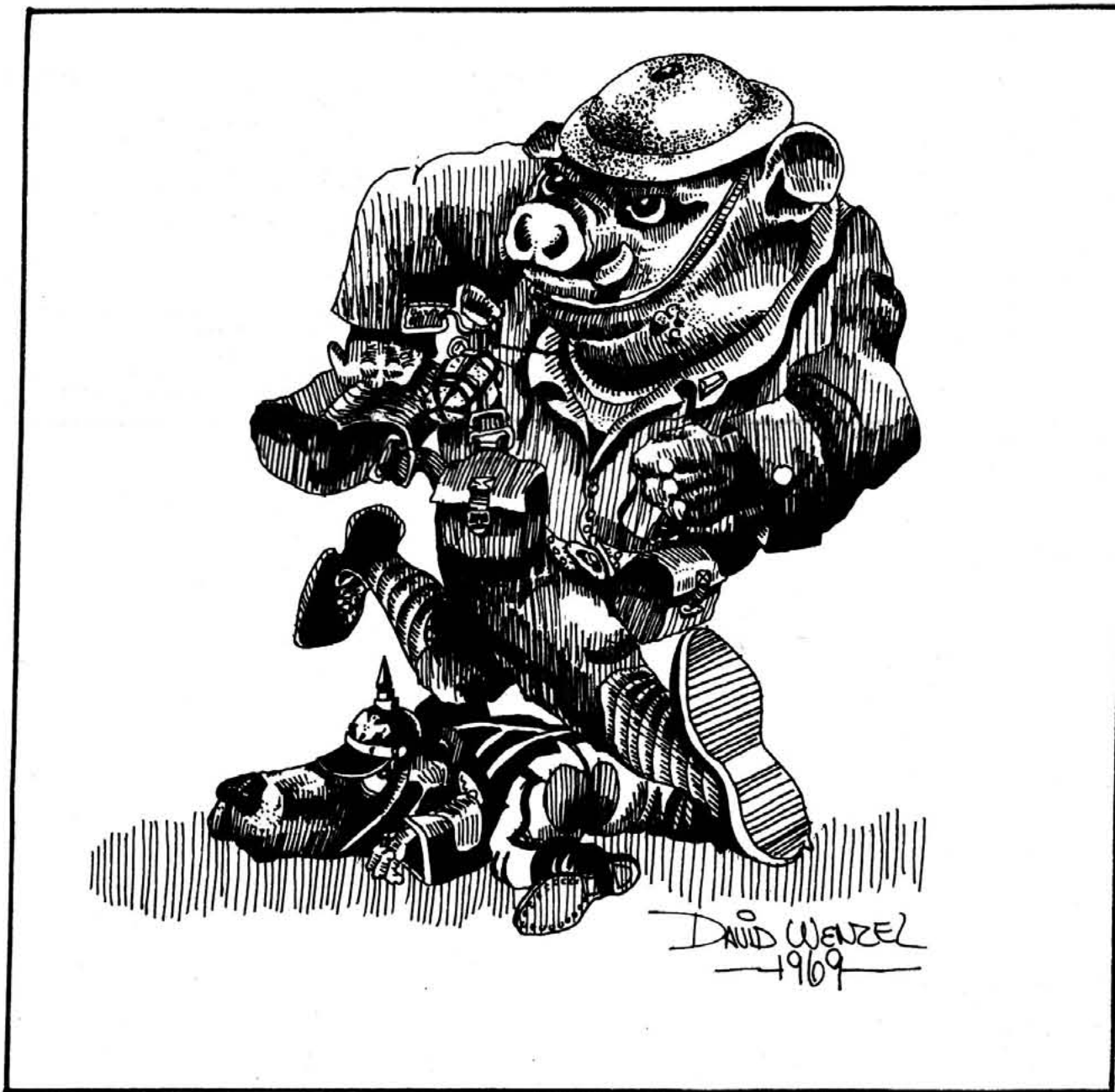


UH NEWS

liberated
press

December 17, 1969
Vol. 2, No. 14

*my friend . . . my friend
what is time and why?
i brought you a gift today,
a perfect snowflake.
but you had no time to look at it.
and when you did, it was gone...
what is time, my friend, and why?
—suzan*



MERRY CHRISTMAS

LETTERS to the Editor

Good Grief

Dear Folk in Charge
of the Campus Center,

I could almost understand when the campus center was air-conditioned during forty degree weather in September. It figured that it would take some time to get all the mechanisms adjusted. But good grief, it's the middle of December, the first snow has fallen, and I'm still forced to wear a heavy coat and mittens in this lovely building. I wouldn't mind so much, it's just that I've got furry mittens, and the hair keeps falling in my dinner, making the meat even more of a mystery . . .

Please turn on the heat, or I shall be forced to start construction on The Holcomb Commons Barbecue Pit.

Hopefully,
A Frozen Mushroom

Greeting Card

To "The Human Race"

Thank you for your cordial invitation to join your group. Thank you also for spending 25¢ on a greeting card; it's the thought that counts and simple things amuse simple minds.

After having thought it over we have decided that we will remain an entity unto itself; there's no hassles that way. Being malicious is no fun. We hope you grow up soon.

Love,
Cheryl (Sheryl)
Wendi (Wendy)
Marlene

Linen Please

To Ed Massa, (If there is such a person)

Two weeks ago, my linen locker was broken into and the clean linen was stolen. The same misfortune was handed to my roommate. So from Thursday to Thursday until next Thursday, we will have no linen. We may not EVER get our linen. Yet we have paid thirty dollars or so, so that we will be supplied with clean linen each week.

We have been notified that if ever a linen problem should arise: Contact ED MASSA, CRANDALL HOUSE, ROOM 304. So that's just what we did. But alas, no ED MASSA. Try and try again; still no Ed Massa (we even left our phone no., in case Ed Massa should come back to his room. And because there is no Ed Massa, there are no sheets, towels, or pillowcases. This presents many problems; sleeping on a bare mattress with a pillow with no case, or taking a shower and drying off with a borrowed towel to then sleep on a dirty, coverless mattress.

It looks like we have one of three courses of action. Those being: 1) Find out if there is a real Ed Massa, 2) If there is we would like him to stick to his responsibility and find us our linen, 3) If we can't find him we will contact the college linen service and inform them of Ed's lack of responsibility.

So, if anyone knows the whereabouts of Ed Massa, ask him to be where he is supposed to be so we can find out about our linen. And if Ed Massa should read this, you have our number -- please call. Oh, Eddy Massa, please get off your assa.

Mattress Man
and
The sheetless Wonder

Not Alone

Dear Administration,

After being forced to take John J. Sullivan's economics class (no one else offered), we, as well as other students in the class have become accustomed and tired of being ridiculed when trying to ask

a sincere question. Since when has making fun of students' dress, speech, and thoughts been acceptable behavior for a University of Hartford "professor?"

Mr. Sullivan has no right to be called a man, never mind a professor when he tells his class, "don't bother wasting time on your textbook" at the beginning of the term, and then gives an exam based entirely on the book.

Mr. Sullivan should not be "teaching" here when he forces students to take an exam on Moratorium Day, or when he forces students to take their FINAL EXAM on Friday, December 19. We know better than to ask for a make-up exam in January because Mr. Sullivan will be on vacation during regular exam times, as he is every semester.

Mr. Sullivan has squashed dissent from his ruling authority in the past by leaving complainers and people he doesn't like, out of the highly necessary curve on his ridiculous exams, so we have written this letter in hope that someone in the University cares enough to correct the hypocritical acts of this "man."

In short (he sure is) we seek relief from a "man" who does not even try to make it appear that he gives a damn about his students. We would like a teacher who does not waste class time ripping apart students, other professors and the administration of his department and the school. We would like to learn economics and with Mr. Sullivan it is nearly impossible. We would like to sign this letter, but because of Mr. Sullivan's policy that would mean dropping the course at this late date.

Signed,
Several Business Students

On Several Points

Jack (although I guess you don't really need it),

First of all, let me congratulate those gutsy boys on the fourth floor of R House on their courageous stand against the tyrannical forces which provide a place for them to live. They have proven, once again, that you can be a college student despite a total lack of intelligence. I've seen better thought out and more logical arguments from third graders, and THEY didn't know what they were talking about either. If Mr. Moore was as big a bastard as they make him out to be, he wouldn't be a member of the administration, he'd be a student, probably living on the fourth floor of R House.

Unlike Sad Sam, who has the blessings of a pessimistic humor and an optimistic viewpoint, or Angelo, who can fall back onto his hatred and disgust of everything not black, I can only be disappointed and confused by what I see happening here on the campus of a supposedly higher education institution. If I weren't afraid of criticism from my peers, I'd say the students are headed down the same path their parents took; the same path they condemn so religiously.

Isn't it amazing? In a school whose students are generally proud of the numbers of "beautiful people" that attend it, you can't hang your coat in the coatroom because one of those "beautiful people" will steal it. Isn't it funny how we put down our parents' materialistic attitudes, and then bitch because there isn't a TV in the GCC lounge? Isn't it weird how freaks put down frats because they destroy individuality, but wouldn't dare show up one day with a butch and no dungarees because then they wouldn't be a freak any more? It seems to me that if there are any real "beautiful" people or true "freaks" around, they better be put on a reserve before they become

extinct. We, young and not quite young, are murdering these species with our single-minded attitude of not giving a damn about anyone but us. The problem of student inactivity on campus isn't due to apathy. Apathy is not caring about ANYTHING. Our problem is we only care about one thing: ourselves. Selfishness, that hackneyed, worn out, Sunday preacher-damnation term, is what it's all about.

If I don't have a point, or you're too self-enraptured and indignant to understand what I'm saying, I'll bring it right down close to home: when was the last time you stopped before cutting someone down and considered the possibility that you JUST MIGHT BE WRONG? I hope you've got guts enough to answer honestly to yourself.

--gilles
P.S. Tell Mr. White and Miss Banazak that it's not so much what you feel when he gets you but rather what you DO.

Whose Honor

To Selection Committee
for Who's Who:

Last week some of us were alarmed at some of the selections made concerning this honor(?). To be specific we would like to know what the hell a jerk like Mr. Dan Brocho has done to deserve this distinction. Being members of the Engineering school we see many deserving students and would like to make it known that at least some of us are pissed to say the least that this no good son-of-a-bitch was named. We would like to thank the editor for the space to air our views.

Some concerned
Engineering Students

In A Search

Dear Administrators and such,

I have a complaint about one of the facets of the inefficiency of this school's communication system, and for the benefit of all students and faculty, I request prompt action be taken to amend this situation.

Last Friday I wanted to get in touch with a university full-time day student from my home town in the hopes that I might get a ride home for the Christmas recess. I knew his name, that was all. I called the university operator and was connected to student information. The secretary after a few minutes of investigation told me he lived in Olmstead House. I called there and he was not a dorm student. So I called again and found that he was in the Engineering school and I was connected there. He was no longer a student there, but had transferred to the Business school. The secretary gave the additional information that he lived in Olmstead, but when I told her that he wasn't, she connected me to Housing Information. No, he did not live in the dorms, but they had no record of his present address or phone number. My call was then transferred to the Business school. I now know that he has no classes after one o'clock, but they could not tell me his number. So, through a now very angry university operator, my call was again transferred to the registrar's office. "I'm sorry, we don't give this information out unless it is an emergency." Could someone please tell me why? (It turned out that they didn't have it either). You can go to Boston and in a matter of a minute or two have the phone number and address of any student at B.U., which is many, many times larger than University of Hartford. I was on the phone for twenty minutes and I still don't have the number.

Later that evening I wanted to call a student who I knew lived in the dorms but I didn't know which one. After 4:30 when the offices close it is virtually impossible to trace even a dorm student. Suppose a friend from out of town comes to Hartford and wants to contact a student. He cannot locate that student through the university.

Therefore, I suggest that list of ALL students and their phone numbers, or dorm numbers, and addresses be available to an information operator, possibly twenty-four hours a day. It would save a lot of people valuable time, and anxiety if a system such as this or one adequately similar were to be instituted.

Thank you to all the secretaries of Student Services, the Engineering School, Housing Information, and the Business School who were so patient with me. I hope next time I won't have to bother you.

Still uninformed,
Susan 'Otis' Olenwine

P.S. I still need a ride home to Allentown, Pennsylvania. Can anybody help me?

Dear Jack,

Question of the week: Did you know that it costs 32,500 Lirot to attend school here? (That's the coinage in Israel)

Peace, Love,
and Truth,
El Wipo

A New Show

Dear Jack of Hearts,

This Thursday night, the FLORY-DORY boys (of R dorm) will present its Christmas season special presentation with two shows at 10:00 p.m. and 12 midnight. This presentation has a new choreographer. So watch the lounge windows in R Dorm for the great show.

The Boa
P.S. There will be more than one full moon out that night.

Subtlety Please

Dear Russ:

Congratulations! The Sports Page of the U.H. Liberated Press, December 10 issue, displays coverage of our athletic program in a highly professional manner. It's fine reporting, and hope it continues.

Thanks for the plug for a trainer. Year after year a trainer has been requested for our athletic program and though always supported by our faculty committee on athletics, the result obviously has been negative. A few more SUBTLE remarks in subsequent issues might be of some help, as my annual request for a trainer has recently been submitted.

Again, my heartiest thanks for your felicitous articles on our athletic events.

Sincerely,
Peter LoMaglio

Reach Out

Kevin,

Your bitterness reveals a deep need for the healing love which is Christ.

Betty B.

Can You Write

Dear Students,

For a while there I was conducting a Write-In against the war in Viet Nam. The object in mind was to send a deluge of mail to various congressmen and senators urging them to raise their voices in Congress and demand an immediate end to the President's damnable policies in Southeast Asia. The Write-In produced, in a three-week period, just over 60 letters; hardly a deluge. The Write-In, as such, is over, although the reasoning behind it remains valid. While everyone knows that writing to the President at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is a worthless gesture, (he rarely reads his mail and probably couldn't give a shit anyhow), writing to congressmen and senators most certainly IS worth the time. Your representatives to Congress, more than any other elected officials excepting local magistrates, are influenced

directly by the people they represent, i.e. YOU. You, alone, have the power to vote them in or out of office. Being under the age of 21 doesn't change that; they'll be running for office again when your time comes. I urge you to participate in this constructive endeavor and thereby consider yourself responsible for bringing peace a little closer to Viet Nam.

In Hopes of Peace,
Peter Sklar

Dear Santa

dear santa claus,

I am a good boy for the last year. this christmas please bring me the things that i ask you for and not those that my mommy and daddy want me to have, i want a army helmet, some tanks, some burned babies, some medals, some slaves, and a lot of real official like guns and things. you really dont have to give me anything but the weapons because then i can take all of the rest for myself like my brother does. also if you can bring my brothers home from that playground over in azia so they can teach me some more neet tricks.

thaxx

Ulyssus Samuel Gary Ion
p.s. dont send me any more of those raindeer sweaters

Dear Santa

dear santa,

after completing a whole year with only one arrest, one conviction and one suspension, we feel that we have been good enough to deserve a good christmas this year. Please bring us a new chancellor, (to replace the one rumored to live in north house), a new dean of students, peace, a new government, a new library, understanding, a new social ethic, Dr. Brody, Mike Drouilhet, love, constitutional guarantees, justice and anything that can be given to anyone who needs anything.

staff uh news liberated press

My God hears me. And I hear my God. My God speaks to me. And I speak to my God. He tells me when to turn to the left and when to turn to the right. My God tells me when there's a pitfall around the corner and when it's safe.

My God will not let my foot stumble when I walk with him. He leads me one step at a time toward the kingdom of glory. He makes my enemies footstools at my feet.

He gives me joy when the world around me is dark. He floods me with light when I stand in the midst of darkness.

My God loves me and holds me in the palm of his hand. My God never leaves me. When all else has forsaken me, he still stands. And there is my joy -- he is always at my side.

He loves to have his children lean on him -- for all things. He delights in giving good things to his children. He delights in bringing joy to his children when others round about are weeping and walling and gnashing their teeth. He delights in flooding a cell with the light of angels for those who are persecuted for his name.

My God is a god of joy -- joy in the dark hours and joy in the light.

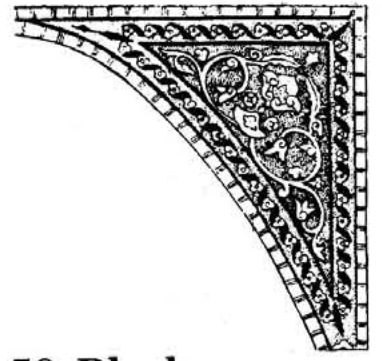
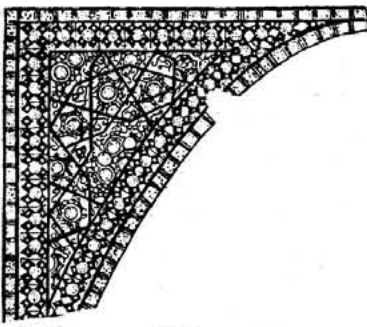
My God is real. His presence is real. His presence is like no other presence. And when that presence speaks -- you know it's from God. His voice is real. His words are real. The ear heareth not, yet the spirit knoweth with certainty. The spirit knows with every fiber of the body that God has spoken.

And when God speaks, we jump -- we jump one more step toward his kingdom: his heaven on earth.

God's words have only but one direction in our hearts -- toward him. Obedience to that word brings us one more step INTO him, into his reality, into LIFE, the life of the SPIRIT. God is spirit. And there is no life except in the spirit -- the spirit of God.

(Continued on page 15)

News Briefs



Two Hartt Students Win Scholarships

Two students of opera at Hartt College of Music, University of Hartford, have been named recipients of the first annual Frances R. Cassarino memorial scholarships.

Patricia Ann Zaccardo, sophomore, of Commack, New York and Thomas Sullivan, senior, of Trumbull, Conn., have been named by a three-member committee to receive the newly established scholarships.

The Cassarino endowment of more than \$45,000 enables two opera students, a male and female, annually to receive scholarships up to a maximum of \$500.00 each, at the discretion of a committee comprised of the University vice-chancellor for performing arts, the dean of Hartt College and the chairman of the opera department.

Miss Zaccardo formerly attended New York State College at Oneonta. She has been soloist with the New York State All-County Choir, a member of the All-State Choir and of the American Youth Performing Choir.

Mr. Sullivan has appeared in leading roles in several Hartt Opera-Theater productions including a double role in "Ariadne of Naxos", the title role in "Tales of Hoffmann", Wagner in "Mephistopheles" and Paco in "The Short Life".

Concert At Trinity

Immanuel Wilhelm directs the Hartt Baroque Collegium and Joseph Iadone directs the Hartt Renaissance Collegium Sunday evening, December 14 at 8:15 p.m. in the Austin Arts Center of Trinity College.

Dr. Wilhelm and Prof. Iadone are both members of the faculty of Hartt College of Music, University of Hartford, where Dr. Wilhelm heads the music history and literature department, and Prof. Iadone teaches lute, early music and theory. Considered one of America's foremost lutenists, Iadone is also a member of the Renaissance Quartet, Pro Musica Antiqua of New York and the New York Chamber Soloists.

The Baroque Collegium opens Sunday's program with Corelli's "Concertino in B Major for Two Trumpets and Strings", with Craig Randall and Eugene Crissafulli as soloists. Dr. Wilhelm and Ann Oberle will be violin soloists, Barbara Miller, cello soloist, and Frank Argento, harpsichord soloist in Handel's "Concerto Grosso, Op. 6 No. 1 in G Major". Soloists for Vivaldi's "Concerto in E Minor for Cello, Bassoon and Strings" will be Miss Miller, cello and Frank Grosso, bassoon.

Following intermission Prof. Iadone will direct the Hartt Renaissance Collegium in such works as di Lasso's "Sibylla Cumana", Solage's "Fumeux fume parfume", the dance "La Volta" by William Byrd, Thomas Morley's "Joyne Hands" and the galliard "Can She Excuse?" by John Dowland.

Members of the Renaissance ensemble are Leonard Bangezak, Lucy Cross, Mr. Iadone, lutes; Louise Schulman, viola da braccio; Gordon Smith, recorders and Richard Tameskin, viola da gamba.

There is no admission charge and the public is invited to attend.

Louis Peterson Orchestra Performance

Louis Peterson, well-known Hartford playwright, will be teaching a new evening course in the Speech and Drama department at the University of Hartford, University College, this coming semester.

The course, entitled "The Black Experience in American Theatre," will meet each Wednesday in a three-hour session at 6:30 p.m.

Louis Peterson is a professional writer with many theater, television, and film scripts to his credit. His best-known play "Take a Giant Step," was given a full-scale Broadway production in 1953, and was judged among the year's ten best.

At present, Peterson is adding finishing touches to his screenplay for the forthcoming film, "The Confessions of Nat Turner," adapted from William Styron's Pulitzer Prize winning novel. Peterson joined the U of H adjunct faculty this fall and is teaching a course in playwriting.

Holiday Programs

The Boston Ballet Company will present special holiday programs at the Center for the Performing Arts at Smith College on Monday, December 29 at 8:30 p.m., Thursday, January 1 at 2:30 p.m., and Friday, January 2 at 8:30 p.m. The program is presented by The Dance Concert Series.

The program features two famous ballets from the classical repertoire: THE NUTCRACKER, Act II, and SWAN LAKE, Act II, both by Tchaikovsky, with choreography for the THE NUTCRACKER after the original of Petipa and Ivanov, and choreography for SWAN LAKE after Petipa.

The two ballet favorites are intended to provide an attractive holiday program with special appeal for both adults and children. Tickets are available at the Center for the Performing Arts box office beginning December 8 through December 19.

The Boston Ballet's next appearance in Northampton will be in next April's Dance Concert Series presentation, which features Edward Villella and Patricia McBride.

President's Message

Last week over thirty students participated in the Second Annual University of Hartford tournaments sponsored by the Recreation Committee of the Program Board of Governors. This event selected the representatives for the University for the forthcoming Association of College Unions Conference to be held this February at Boston University. We are sure that the people selected will represent the University well and return with victory. In the billiards tournament Bill Anderson won in the final round in a close game with Richard Bloom who took second place. The ping pong tournament, another favorite on campus, was

Robert Vodnoy, a senior at Hartt College of Music, University of Hartford, conducts a 28-member student chamber orchestra, Friday, December 19 at 8:30 p.m. in Millard Auditorium.

Vodnoy, has studied conducting at Hartt with Vytautas Marijosius and Nathan Gottschalk.

The program opens with Haydn's "Le Matin" Symphony (No. 6), with Cyrus Stevens, violin; Deborah Davis, cello and Salvatore Macchia, bass.

In Bach's "Cantata No. 202", soloists will be Elaine Freedman, soprano; Robert Schubert, violin; Richard Noyes, cello; Louise Brown, oboe; Dennis Godburn, bassoon and James Marra, harpsichord.

The orchestra will be heard also in Mozart's "Symphony No. 29" and in excerpts from the "Marriage of Figaro", with Elaine Freedman as Susanna, Pamela Kucenic as Countess Almaviva and Daniel Parker as the Count.

The public is invited. There is no admission charge.

Election

Nathan Gottschalk, executive director of Hartt College of Music, University of Hartford, was recently elected to his 2nd term as regional chairman of the National Association of Schools of Music.

Forty-four music schools and departments of music make up the 13-state region headed by Gottschalk, who was cited at the November national conference of NASM for his continuing efforts to bring the all-important region into major involvement in educational activities.

Dr. Gottschalk is a graduate of Dartmouth College. He did graduate work at the Juilliard School of Music, and holds a master's degree from Yale. He earned his doctorate at Boston University. Before joining the Hartt faculty and administration in 1956 he taught violin and ensemble at Oberlin College and was visiting lecturer at Dartmouth. He was assistant concertmaster of the Pittsburgh Symphony under Fritz Reiner.

He is a co-conductor of the Hartt Symphony Orchestra, music director and conductor of the Pioneer Valley (Mass.) Symphony Orchestra and an active director of All-State orchestras.

won by Bill Morabito who represented the University last year, and second place honors went to Morris Jackson. In the chess tournament a scarcity of players resulted in a contest between several very good opponents. Marc Gehring received first place honors with Angelo Lewis taking the second award and Wayne Ginsburg received the third place honors.

This series of tournaments selecting the best indoors champions for the Campus Center will be repeated again in the spring and it is hoped that more people will sign up in advance and participate in the contests.

Works Taped

Ten composition students at Hartt College of Music, University of Hartford, will have the opportunity of hearing their works performed before a live audience Tuesday, December 16 at 11:00 a.m. concert in the Allen Music Library.

Faculty and students will participate in the program, which is of great educational value to the aspiring composer. It lets him hear his own work played, helps him determine how a performing musician approaches his work, and allows him to gauge audience reaction.

Works will include "Sonata No. 2" by Joseph Del Principe, played by Caren Dee Goodin, piano, "Something from Nowhere" by Edward Kaspar with Kenneth Dorn, saxophone and Vincent Badala, piano, and "Movement for Lower Brass" by James Theobald, played by Thomas Foulds, Dennis Washburn, Thomas Winter, trombones and Dane Marion, tuba.

David Kuperman and Bruce Harmon will play their own piano compositions, while Richard DeRosa will be at the piano for Jay Gach's "A War and Peace."

Other works include "Reflections" by Timothy Pitt, "Admonitions" by Pauline Izdebski, a piece for flute, violin cello and piano by David Roszczewski, and "P.C.S." for clarinet and strings by Walter Mamlock.

Faculty member Alvin Epstein, who arranged the 1969-'70 series of library concerts by student composers will speak, and a special offering will be presented by Henry Larsen's Improvisational Ensemble.

The public is invited to attend.

50 Black Studies Courses

More than 50 courses in Black Studies and related subject matter are now available to college students attending five major Hartford institutions as part of an intercollegiate Registration Program.

Students regularly enrolled at the Hartford Seminary Foundation, R.P.I. Graduate Center, St. Joseph College, Trinity College or the University of Hartford may now take one or more courses per semester at any of the other participating institutions.

The intercollegiate Registration Program, established last year as an experimental endeavor, is designed to accomplish two major goals:

1. Provide broader educational opportunities for the full-time students at each institution by enabling them to enroll for credit without extra charge in courses at schools other than their own; and
2. Complement existing academic programs at each school and minimize costly duplication of curricula.

More than 60 students are taking advantage of the program this semester, and a larger participation is anticipated during the second semester. Advance registration begins this week at the University of Hartford.

Editor Named

With fresh insights and a new approach, the student-oriented literary magazine at the University of Hartford will resume publication next spring.

Gloria Jean Lafleur, a senior psychology major, School of Arts and Sciences, has been named editor. The appointment stems from the Communications Commission, a unit of the Student Association. The commission is in charge of U of H student publications.

Title of the literary venture will be "Nexus"-- primarily, a link between writers and readers. The student magazine will feature original creative works in the fields of prose, poetry, plays and photography.

The first issue under Miss Lafleur's editorship will double the usual number of pages, since there was no issue this fall.

Prior U of H literary magazines have included publications entitled "Touchstone," "Hog River Review" and "Golgotha." "Nexus," also student edited, is now considering material submitted mainly by U of H collegians.

The "Nexus" staff, now being recruited, presently includes Frederick Bowden Joy as assistant editor; Lawrence I. Glass, photography editor, and Adrian Meyer-Kessler, managing editor.

Joan Bance
Can You Dance

I'm in desperate need of a roommate (roommates) and/or apartment for second semester. If you can live in peace and harmony with a mushroom, please leave a message for erica bramesco in the UH News office.

Register Early For Nite School

With shoppers now making the rounds for Christmas purchases, officials at University College, University of Hartford, have initiated a policy which they feel will be of special benefit to Spring Semester evening students.

Advance registration for 224 spring courses, according to Dr. George H. Menke, director of University College, will take place Dec. 15 - Jan. 21. Of this total, 212 courses may be taken for UNDERGRADUATE credit. Twelve courses are being offered on the GRADUATE level, in a variety of disciplines.

Applicants may register in advance in Room 216 at University Hall -- headquarters for University College -- on the UofH campus at 200 Bloomfield Ave., West Hartford. Final registration will be held Jan. 22-31.

Current registration hours are 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., Monday through Friday. Staff advisors will help plan individual programs. For further information, phone (area code 203) 236-5411, Ext. 274, 291, 388 or 389. Spring Semester classes begin Feb. 2.

OPEN HOUSE

Dr. and Mrs. Potter invite all returning students to an Open House upon your arrival back on campus after the holidays.

The Potters live in "C" Dorm, Rosa Parks House.

Sunday, January 4th, 7:00 - 12:00

Most things provided. Just bring yourself and your friends.

JUST 30 SECONDS OF YOUR TIME ...

REGISTRATION. AN EXPERIENCE. DISAPPOINTMENT... SOME PEOPLE WERE CLOSED OUT. COMPROMISE ... THEY HAD TO SETTLE FOR OTHER COURSES.

CHORUS: BLESSED BE THE FOOL, WHO SETTLES FOR WHAT HE IS GOING TO LEARN!!!

CHEKOV'S CORNER

H.A. News Liberated Press

the views of this newspaper
don't represent the university,
thank god!

The Revolution Cometh

Sir:

This is written Armistice Day when the war is no more than a memory of privations and the cutting down of the young. There were women who had "lost" their sons, though where they had lost them and why they could not find them, we, who were children born out of blood into blood, could never tell. The state was a murderer, and every country in this rumour-ridden world, peopled by the unsuccessful suicides left over by the...mad years, is branded like Cain across the forehead. What was Christ in us was stuck with a bayonet to the sky, and what was Judas we feed and sheltered, rewarding, at the end, with thirty hanks of flesh. Civilization is a murderer. We, with the cross of a castrated Saviour cut on our brows, sink deeper and deeper with the days into the pit of the West. The head of Christ is to be inspected in the museum, dry as a mole's hand in its glass case. And all the dominions of heaven have their calculated limits; the stars move to man's arithmetic; and the sun, leering like a fool over the valleys of Europe, sinks as the drops in a test-tube dry and are gone.

This is a lament on the death of the West. Your bones and mine shall manure an empty island set in a waste sea. The stars shall shine...but the darkness...and the sarcophagus of a spoonfed nation, and the pitch in the slain souls of our children, will never be lit.

"And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." The old buffers of this world still cling to chaos, believing it to be Order. The day will come when the old Dis-Order changeth, yeilding to a new Order. Genius is being strangled every day by the legion of old Buffers, by the last long line of the Edwardians, clinging for God and capital, to an outgrown and decaying system. Light is being turned to darkness by the capitalist and industrialists. There is only one thing you and I, who are of this generation, must look forward to, must work for, and pray for, and because, as we fondly hope, we are poets and voicers not only of our personal selves but of our social selves, we must pray for it all the more vehemently. It is Revolution. There is no need for it to be a revolution of blood. We do not ask that. All that we ask for is that the present Dis-Order, this medieval machine which is grinding into powder the bones and guts of the postwar generation shall be broken in two and that all that is in us of godliness and strength, of happiness and genius, shall be allowed to exult in the sun. We are said to be faithless because our God is not a capitalist God, to be unpatriotic because we do not believe in the...Government. We are said to be immoral because we know that marriage is a dead institution, that the old rigid monogamous lifelong union of male and female-the exceptions are exceptions of beauty-is a corrupted thought.

The hope of Revolution, even though all of us will not admit it, is uppermost in all our minds. If there were not the revolutionary spark within us, the faith in a new faith, and that belief in our power to squash the chaos surrounding us like a belt of weeds, we would turn on the tap of war and drown ourselves in its gasses.

EVERYTHING is wrong that forbids the freedom of the individual. The governments are wrong because they are the committees of prohibitors; the presses are wrong, because they feed us what they desire to feed us, and not what we desire to eat; the churches are wrong, because they laud the death of a vanished Christ, and fear the crying of the new Christ in the wilderness; the poets are wrong, because their vision is not a vision but a squint; they look at our world, and yet their eyes are staring back along the roads of the past centuries, never into the huge electric promise of the future.

There is injustice, muddleheadedness, criminal ignorance, corrupted and inverted virtue, hypocrisy and stone blindness, in every sphere of life. If only for one moment the Western world could drop the veils that, ever since the Reformation, have clung around it like the films of a disease, and look, with lightened eyes, upon the cess it has created, on the greatness it has spilt and strangled, on the starvation it has fostered, on the perversions and ignorances it has taught, then it would die of shame. And we, who have not been long enough alive to be corrupted utterly, could build out of its manuring bones the base of an equal and sensible civilization.

I will not bore you with any more propaganda, though why it should bore you God knows, for it is near to you as it is to me. Later, in another letter, I will give you a more reasoned outline of Revolution, the hard facts of communism—which is above communism for it holds the individual above everything else—and hope that you too may do the scarlet tie.

Dylan Thomas

Yule Tides, Flow

In the darkened room the long hairs from the rug reached up around us all and warmed us further. In the stillness between the songs, flecked lightly by scratches on the record, I could hear my active heart pulsing to many excitements. Other hearts were working too, and we could hear those close to us and believe those farther away. Small waves of our warmth lapped against the wall, wet the rug and met the red waves from the red light weakly, fused, and together bravely met the frosty window pane. Many, as crystals go, melted and ran down to the wood and waited in pools till we couldn't match the cold, and froze.

"Hello darkness my old friend", but we had other friends too, pulse among us pulse. "I've come to talk to you again", and we were quiet for we had talked many times before, and the singers said it right. Only a smile skipped from lip to lip, leaving here and there a tear for the sad among us, pulse again among us pulse.

Though we didn't say so, did we bless what we passed from one to another, or in passing blessing make? We had some red cushions a year ago, but they were lost or stolen. We all sat quietly on the one big fur.

"And the vision that was planted in my brain, still remains" Beat and only frost will stain our windows. Pulse and lay easy. Kneel and you will sway. We are the evergreens, warm sap flow, warm glow. Pulse, no tinsel, beat, no bulbs.

Gathered in your name, beat, be there among us also, pulse among us, pulse.

Fred Joy

No Saints In Seminary

The University of Hartford does not have a Department of Religious Studies. You might lament the fact if you are sensitive to the real issues of the day. However, we do have alternative programs in the field of religion which are unique.

The three groups on campus representing the major faiths have much to offer. In addition, the philosophy department has a popular course in the philosophy of religion. Next year the sociology department will have a course in the sociology of religion. These programs and courses speak well for the increasing sensitivity in the so-called secular university to the shaping of concerns in the context of the great historical faiths inspite of their inadequate institutionalized forms.

Of even greater significance for the University is the availability of the excellent resources at the near-by Hartford Seminary Foundation and other institutions with which we are affiliated. The Seminary has a library which in many fields is superior to any in the country. The faculty is made up of young, sharp, critical minds which are vibrant with an awareness of what is really happening in ourselves and the world. Increasingly our students are taking courses at the Seminary, and many are doing graduate work there from the University of Hartford.

If you are concerned, and not feeling very saintly, take a course or two next semester at the Seminary.

Bob Potter

Religion And The Revolution

One of the great thinkers of this century, Paul Tillich, once described religion as "ultimate concern." Implicit here is the religious man who is hung up on what is ultimate, or upon what really matters. There is a freedom in this man which relieves him to some extent of the burden of the trivial. One of the reasons that so many are attracted to Tillich is that religion is redefined and reshaped in terms of the present and future imperative, namely, that an ultimate perspective be applied to the concerns of everyday. The old hang ups about the local church or synagogue are no longer stumbling blocks, and the old denominational arguments become irrelevant. No one has a corner on truth. The ultimate can not be confined to the immediate...but the immediate can be a clue to the ultimate.

The revolutionary thrust of religion as a means not only of social change but of genuine human renewal is evident to the concerned man not because he has the answers but because he is intrigued by the questions. The important question of life are essentially religious because they are urgent. No religion and no revolution is viable unless there is a sense of ultimate concern—something more than mere survival.

It is both a significant and sobering fact of our life at the University of Hartford to note that religion and revolution are frowned upon by so many in our so-called "community of the concerned."

Bob Potter

Birth Of God

by EWART C. SKINNER

Excerpts from—*The Birth of God*

It was not wild!
There was nothing
until the seeds of grey
engendered space and Fraternal
time,
whose voices were silent and
asleep—
and Then they spoke.

They called from all the waste
disrupted voices; wild, insane
seeking loose comfort of eternity
hurried, stirred the "face of
the deep"

seeking unborn Gaea
unborn Uranus as
"Black Winged Night"
from Chaos born with
Erebus of the deep
strove in dumb answer
to the void in order to create.

From the tangled dark and dead
"Earth the beautiful rose up"
Gaea's soft wide membranes
fell into fissures deep, and ridges
of the globe; guarded by
the soft mother of love and
the hard mother of war
for they came with her
and with the glare and Grace of
rising up.

And the voice called the
Light away from the darkness
as the face of the waters trickled
into cisterns and divided
lobe from lobe, central and
sideways from up and down
churning, stirring and regenerating
in Herself bringing

Gods and mysteries—and the
hands of the winds were Gods,
and the voices of the seas were Gods,
as the moods rolled into time,
causing seasons to elapse;
And fear and love and cold
and warm were breathing

on the regions of creation.
Above; Gaea drew o'er herself,
So as to beautify the Night and
Glorify the Day, Uranus;

whose fluid was enrapturing
to her in return, hemispheres
without end and lights without
number,
and they were warm together
as the world was young,
where everything was spawned
in their regeneration.

Deep from the centre of Her
where the fluids churned
in motion;
through the ventricles of the mind there
began the first tremble of man.

In Beautiful awakening,
blazing dawn
reamed the daylight to/
the rims of the endless sky;
Who celebrated the dawn
blasting thunder of trumpets,
giving prolific birth to life itself;
The heroine of "dewy youth" and
"greying age."

Deep in her profound
cerebration quaked eager
to evolve, to lay waste
again and to mellow.
Then violent she was
borne with the fire of life
into time, and her fluids
hot—pressured the
arteries of life; convulsions
in her caused all her
shaking self for she was
a woman without help,
giving natural child:
but hers was powerful
as the Gods in her;
concussive that life was to decay,
caressing that life was also to be nurtured;
all going into the outer realms
of her pain, into the dark
which was to be illuminated.
And from her labors deep
she felt her bosoms grow, the
womb deep within her stirred
like the Vesuvius in power
brewing molten spread to be
a bed of life the world over;
and so she shook with heavy burden,
for this was the mutation of the mind;
conceived as to embody the Gods,
and the poets, the devils and the
artists, the magician, the weary,
and the heavy burdened, those to
secure the ripe and those to
drink of it and all manner of man
all in a tangle of eternity.
From within her was formed the
fetus of Adam, the carpentry of man
and the seeds of life were spewed

all over,
from her rhythmic, pulsing
form the world lay young,
from the contraction of her vessels
where she bore rivers, songs
were being made, and sweet
streams to heal time's scars,
The storms to upheave it
and she settled in her rest
by the Zephyrs carrying
the songs of flutes and lyres of the
Gods which she had created;
and in the minuendo of their
horns; then she slept.

Contemplation

when a hammer bangs nails in wood
and the boy forces his eyes from
closing at the sound....

A man?
What is—
A beard? Male genitals?
A subscription
to Esquire?
A birthday?

A woman?
What is—
breasts, nipples,
tears?

When a boy
stops crying
after he's
cried for love,
doesn't this mean
A woman is Love.

A woman is tears,
a man feels pain
without wincing,
She cries,
a man is a pair
of eyes thinking.
J. Morini



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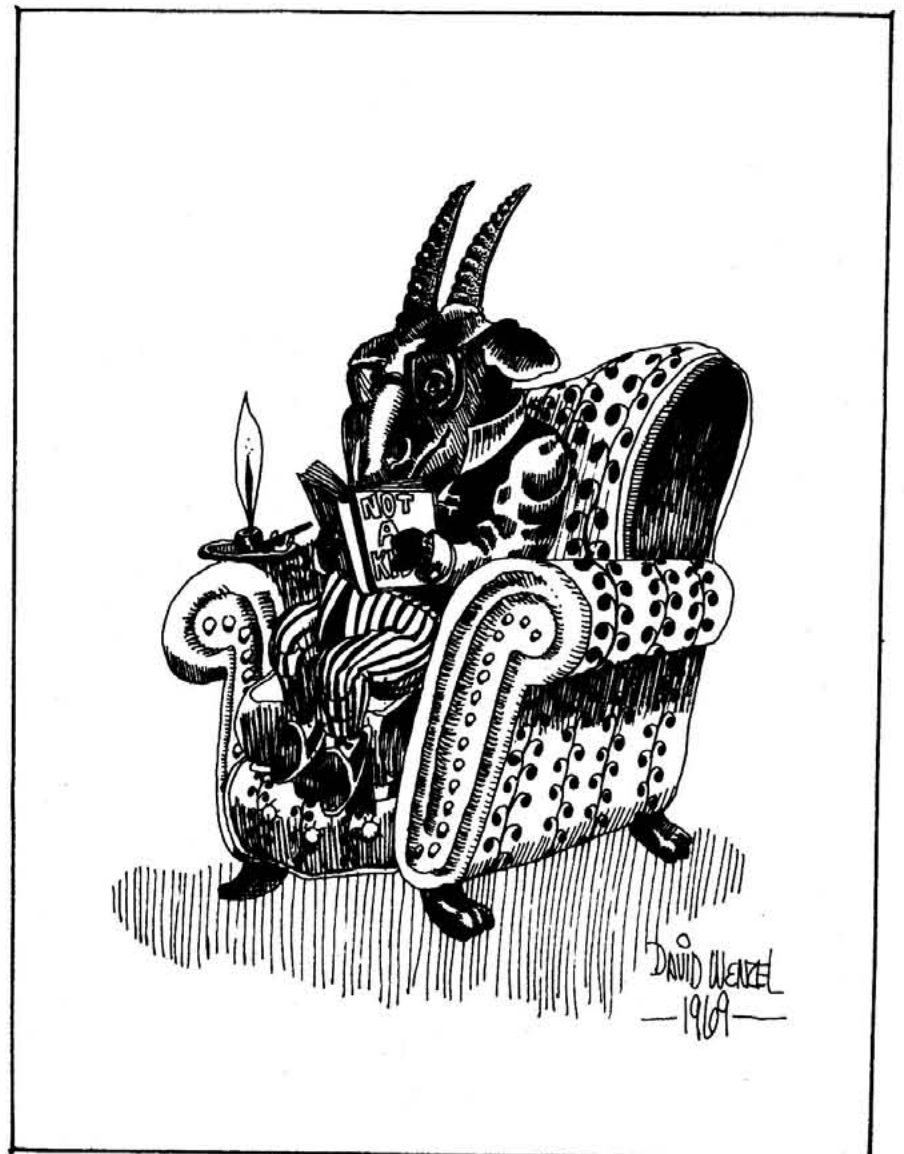
Michael Rubenstein,

Adrienne Harris

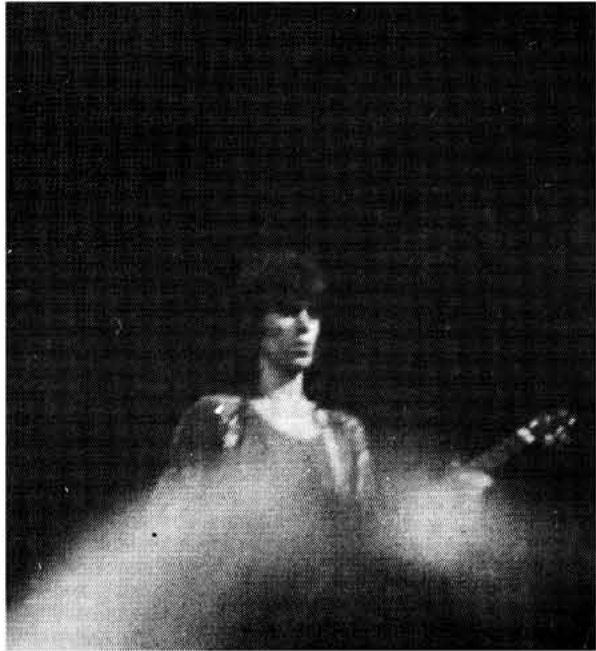
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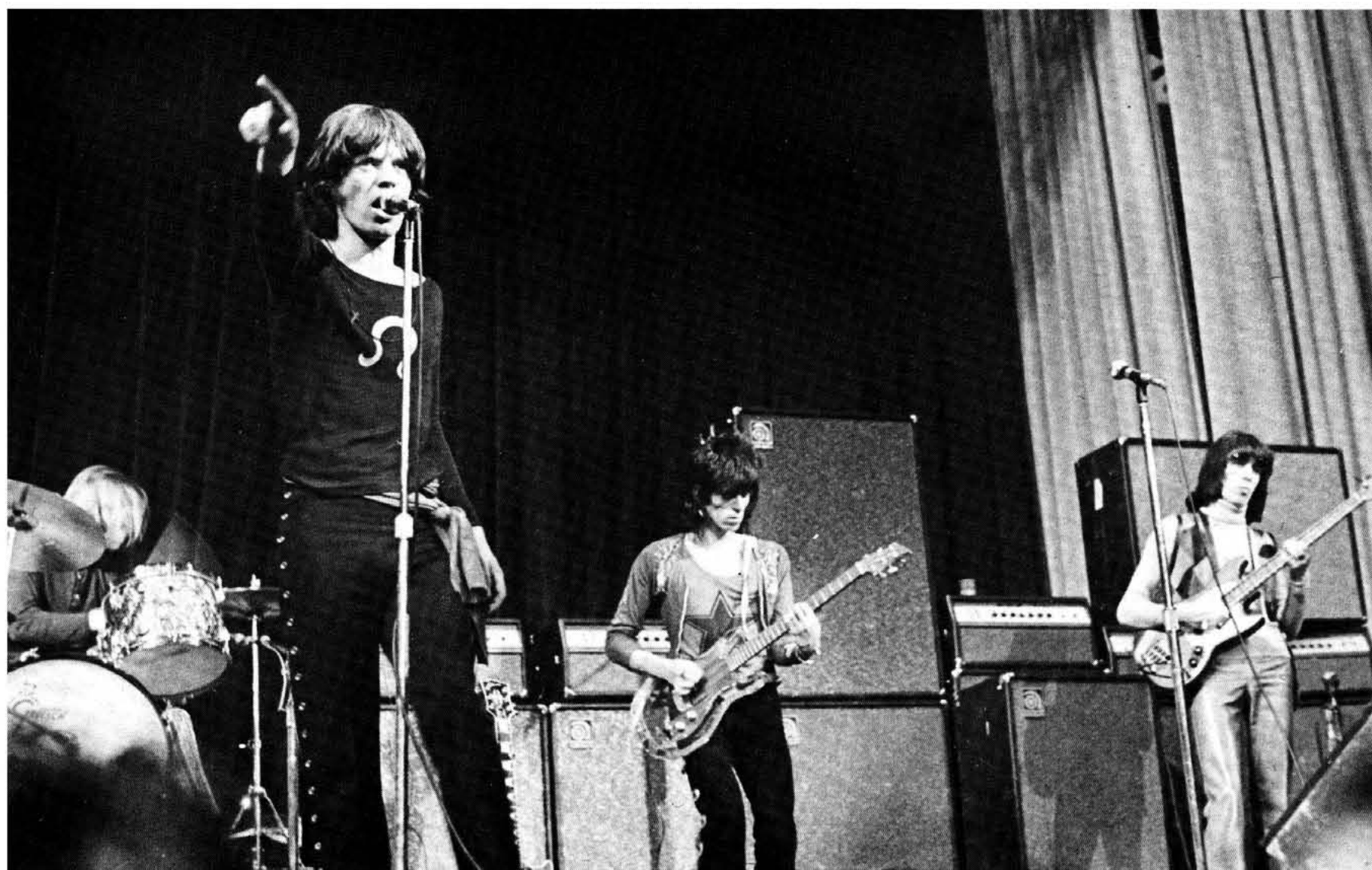
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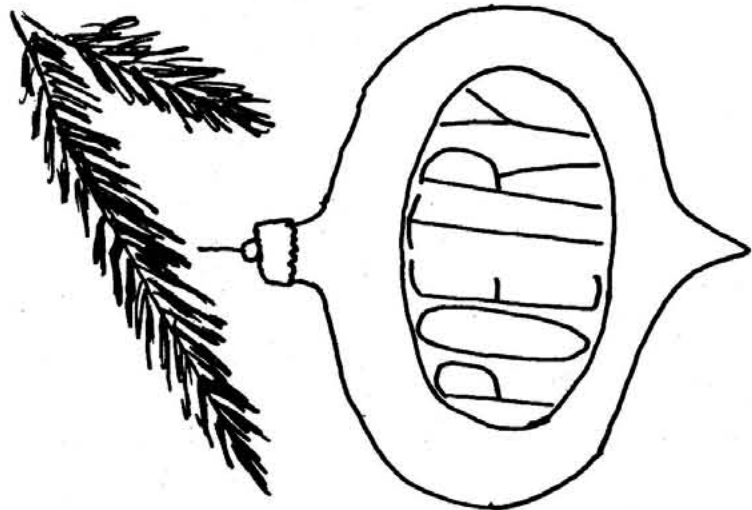
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Twas the Night Before Recess

*Twas the night before recess, and all through the school
 Not a creature was stirring, except in the food.
 Chancellor Woodruff crept through Gengras Center with care
 Making sure that no one knew he was there.
 When out from the third floor, there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang down from my high to see what was the matter.
 There was no need to worry, no need to fear,
 'Twas only the UH News staff tripping on beer.
 'Twas then that I saw who was holding the party:
 From his walrus mustache, I saw it was Hardy.
 His eyes, how they dilated, his lips were so merry
 For they had just tasted a bit of a cherry.
 He said not a word, but then he saw Holden.
 So he turned with a jerk, and I heard him exclaim
 With some words that were trite,
 "I am too drunk to put out a newspaper tonight."
 by Michael Steiner*

*I see you every day but I rarely look
 I know you're around and it's nice
 I could talk to you for a long time
 but I know you too well
 We both know a lot
 but we can't teach each other
 Ride a big white horse and smile
 that's you my friend
 I look around and see
 for enough has been said
 You're really close so fight for it.
 Next year seems like tomorrow.*

Peter Scott Furman

The Nightly Feast

*Walking on the paper wire
 Balancing little vacuum of black white and red
 I am suspended between two walls.
 Turn to the blinding chrome.
 Turn to the knitted flowers.
 No support.
 Suddenly my legs told lies, and
 I'm falling.
 The wire catches my skull at the base, and
 A frightened cat is spitting.
 Neatly two halves are freed.
 I'm gone.
 Zap. Zap. Jekyll and Hyde, Dorian Grey,
 Floating, screaming, falling, falling,
 Each clutches, clutches, there are no breaks, and
 Then, one begins eating the Face off the other.
 Oh, Christ.
 It's me.
 Body of the faceless one now rising, and
 as Dorian falls he vomits forth a flower.*

P. Carey

*Did you see the old woman on the corner
 Rare beauty there
 Notice the bird in the tree
 Rare beauty there
 See the little boy strapped to his mother
 Now that's together
 The leaf I'm holding is withered
 So is my best friend
 He's my father
 and I love him.*

Peter Scott Furman

*A child is a lot of fun
 Blonde hair, lollypops
 Grandma's knee, Grandpa's hat
 Frolic in the park
 and, of course my box kite
 Loads of marbles, toy Soldiers
 Shorts with suspenders, Joan Amsterdam
 Spitballs, erasers, and bubble gum
 my first bicycle, tons of dirt, my dog
 laugh, bark, pounce, jump, run Jed Simon
 I fell asleep and now I'm twenty-two*

Peter Scott Furman

Conceivability of a Revolting Possibility

*As one united pulsating orgasm of thought
 they who try to stop us are stopping life
 Leaving what once could be called truth
 they who preach it now are liars
 Tearing hairs and browning them with anxiety
 they who cut them making artificial life an entity
 Moving mountains of ignorance with faith
 they who burn us with scorn belong in Salem
 Scattered phrases of different meanings
 they taking them as one, being our egocentric oppressors
 We who will conceive tomorrow's newness
 they who try to crush us with decrepit oldness
 The song of happiness from our vocal chords
 they try to drown it out with their dirge
 We who see for miles and miles and hear for ages
 they who are blind with contempt for what they can't hear
 We who are called devil's children — by —
 they who are our parents — — — making them —
 Satan's deceivers
 Truth's molten mess will melt the merchants of Hell*

Michael Steiner

*End on a Cement Bench
 I just remembered
 The times
 We walked together
 In the park.
 What would we have done
 If we'd known the end
 Of the story.*

Reyna

*Our eyes met.
 We laughed.
 We cried.
 We loved.
 And then suddenly,
 As if waking up from a beautiful dream only to
 find it never happened,
 Your eyes departed from mine.
 You wanted to be free to explore
 to visualize
 to experience
 other eyes.
 I hope the winter is short
 So that Spring comes early.
 S.F. Margolis*

S.F. Margolis

Track 154

*Newspapers, typewriters
 All night long —
 Working 'till dawn
 With but an hour's sleep.
 Time near dawn
 Seems to stand
 almost still.
 Lord, why don't people think?
 I've been doing this for years.
 Still I don't know why
 Nobody wants to think any more.
 People just revolve
 in their own little voids,
 Not giving a damn
 about what is next door.
 Oh God, give them eyes
 to read what we write.*

Alex Leslie

*When people listen
 And yet don't hear,
 When one says,
 "Tell me,"
 But does not care.
 When you look
 And find poverty
 In the eyes
 Of a child's face,
 There's little hope left,
 And no more faith.
 When war is around you
 As you cry for peace,
 And the soldier lies dead
 In the street.
 When a bird can no longer fly
 And a voice can no longer sing,
 When a bell is struck
 But can no longer ring.
 When art is abstract
 And music is sad,
 When a boy steals a dime
 You label him "bad,"
 When you want to laugh
 But no joke is told,
 When you walk through the park
 And you find the people old
 When the sun goes in
 And the sky is grey,
 You think it's not worth living
 Another day.*

Allyson Roth

Panthers Are American

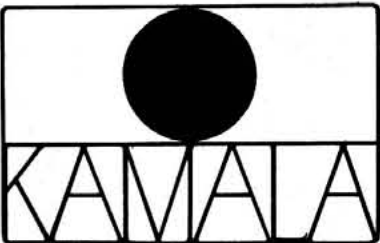
by PETER SKLAR

Because there has been so much violence and court action centered around the Black Panther Party, I felt that an article explaining the Panther's predicament was necessary. To add to my limited knowledge of the Panthers, I met with Robert Webb, Field Lieutenant for the Connecticut Black Panthers.

The Panther party constitutes a nationwide organization with 48 local branches. The minimum age of the Panthers is 16. The Party's ultimate goal is the liberation of all oppressed people. The Panther's primary concern is the condition of the black masses in America. Because they believe in self-determination, no white people are allowed into the Party. To quote Mr. Webb, "Although black people can work together with whites, it must not be for each other, it must be with each other for the liberation of the masses." The Party has implemented several programs calculated to bring relief into the black ghettos. Among these is the Free Breakfast Program for School Children. The Panthers who participate must solicit money during the day from businessmen and workers, then rise at 5:00 a.m. to prepare and bring the food into the ghetto. Mr. Webb told me that several times the police have attempted to disrupt this program simply because the Panthers had instituted it. The Panthers have also sponsored various clothing drives and free medical clinics throughout the country. In these endeavors, too, the Panthers have met opposition from the police.

A while ago, several of the Party leaders made a tour of some of the nation's worst ghettos to talk and find out what the people wanted specifically. From this, the Panthers drew up and publicized a list of ten demands. They are as follows:

- 1) Freedom from oppression: the power to determine one's own destiny.
- 2) The unbiased employment of all black people.
- 3) An end to the robbery of ghetto people by white capitalists.
- 4) Decent housing for all people.
- 5) Education that is relevant to American society.
- 6) All black people to be exempt from military service.
- 7) An end to police brutality and murder in the ghetto.
- 8) Freedom for all black political prisoners.
- 9) All black people to be tried by a jury of their peers.
- 10) Land, bread, housing, clothes and peace for all people.



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INSTRUCTION, HAND-
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opening the front door to the building, while Hampton, a Party leader, was slain while lying in bed. Dozens of Panthers have been jailed on what the Party considers unjust charges. An example of this is Bobby Seale, National Chairman of the Panthers, who, in the trial of the "Chicago 8," received a sentence of four years in prison for the charge of contempt of court. Incidentally, that sentence is the longest ever meted out for such a charge. Another important Panther official now in prison is Huey Newton, Minister of Defense, who is serving a life term for what the Party feels is an unjust charge of murder. Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther Minister of Information and author of "Soul on Ice," was sought by the F.B.I. for "questioning" but has successfully fled the country where he must remain in exile.

I asked Mr. Webb what the Party's thoughts were on cultural nationalism. He said that while the Panthers feel it is important for black people to know of their African heritage, it is not essentially the means by which they are going to win their freedom; "A dashiki isn't going to stop a bullet." In short, the Panthers feel that before they can open up the history books, there is a revolution to be fought.

HARTFORDS MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR FALLS

As of Tuesday Dec. 16 when Bill Toth applies for a marriage license in New Hampshire, another fair soul falls into life's greatest abyss. On Dec. 27th the marriage rights will be performed in Manchester, New Hampshire. Alas he fought and alas he fell, as do all great men when their time comes. Condolenses may be sent to B. Toth, c/o J. Bengiovi, 360 Laurel St. Hartford, Conn. Good Luck B.T.

-P.S. Good Luck
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Dear Irving...

Presented as a public service by the UH News Liberated Press. Address all inquiries to DEAR IRVING c/o The Liberated Press, University of Hartford, 200 Bloomfield Ave., W. Hartford, Conn. 06117, or bring to the Liberated Press office in the Gengras Campus Center. All correspondence marked "confidential" will be kept in the strictest confidence (more or less).

Q. DEAR IRVING:

Imagine my dismay upon arriving back in my dorm from New Jersey last Sunday night. I found out, from reliable sources, that I had just missed a concert by Joni Mitchell. How angry I was, you shouldn't want to know from! I mean, really now, why have a concert on weekends when you know that at least half the kids have gone home. I think all events of any importance should be held during the week, when all the students are still on campus. It's very disturbing, Irving, to come back on Sunday night and hear about all the things I've missed. How can I stop this from happening?

SAM SUITCASE

A. DEAR SAM:

Next time you go home, stay home.

Q. DEAR IRVING:

I have a very sensitive stomach, and need a well-balanced diet to maintain my health. As a dorm student, I am forced to eat in the school cafeteria. The diet there is daring (how they dare serve such garbage is beyond me), but hardly balanced. As a result, I am now in bed with a severe upset stomach. What can I do to change this situation?

BETTY BARF

A. DEAR BETTY:

Take two Alka-Seltzer, drink plenty of fluids, get lots of rest, and call me in the morning.

Q. DEAR IRVING:

A very strange thing happened to me yesterday, and I was hoping you might be able to help explain it to me. I was eating at a table by the window in the cafeteria when suddenly this strange man whom I had never seen before walked up to me. Speaking with a very slight Chinese accent, he ordered me to give him my seat, so he could have a place to sit and drink his milk. When I refused, he stamped his feet and started crying. Before he sulked off, I heard him mumble something about nobody ever listening to him. I asked everybody in the cafeteria who the man was, but nobody had ever seen him before. Could you shed some light on this curious occurrence?

PUZZLED PETE

A. DEAR PETE:

That strange man was none other than Chancellor Woodruff, the "Phantom of the University." The Chancellor, on his infrequent journeys onto our campus, often vainly attempts to assert his authority. For further information, write to the Chancellor, c/o the Chiang Hilton in Taiwan.

Q. DEAR IRVING:

As a dorm student, I am FORCED to pay an outrageous sum for the dubious privilege of having the management of the cafeteria allow me to eat their food at certain restricted times in certain restricted amounts. I have often wondered why our so-called "student-leaders" have done nothing to change the situation, and I think I may have found out. I have heard that the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Student Senate, the Chairman of the Judicial Commission, and the editor of the newspaper, none of whom are dorm students, all have cards which allow them to have ALL the food they want WHENEVER they want it. I think it's a disgraceful situation that these four students should have this special privilege. Can you do anything about this?

MARION MUCKRAKER

A. DEAR MARION:

I had a long talk with the manager of the food service in the cafeteria. I have decided that the situation isn't nearly as bad as you describe it. And now, if you'll excuse me, I have to head down to the cafeteria to try out my new card.

CONFIDENTIAL TO DARRELL DOPE: \$25!! Cut it down to \$20 and I'll consider it.

Note: Despite the semi-facetious tone of this first column, DEAR IRVING is deadly serious. If you would like something explained or straightened out, whether it is a personal, social, academic problem, etc., drop DEAR IRVING a line.

Dr. Leslie Nims noted Radiation Biologist will be the guest speaker on WWUH 91.3 F.M. Thursday night at 9:30 p.m. December 18, 1969. The topic will be MAN & HIS ENVIRONMENT. Norm Henges will host the program.



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The Week Before Christmas

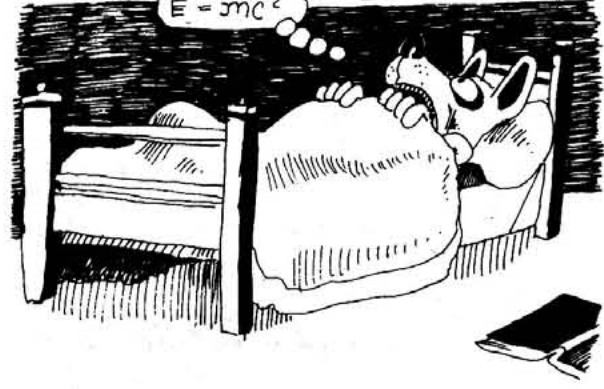
It was the week before Christmas and all through the dorms. All of the children were in rare form.



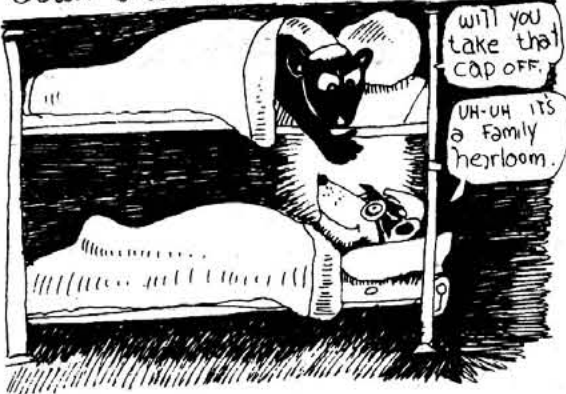
The suitcases were packed with a special care. Along with the appropriate bus fare.



The children were all smuggled in in their beds. While visions of finals rumbled through their heads.



Chip, in his scivies and I in my my cap. We'd just settled down after I'd taken a crap.



When up on the roof there arose such a clatter I sprang up to the roof ladder.



But before I could tug open the door, A man came down and fell on the floor.



As he stood up it was clear he was boozed. Probably from drinking warm milk that was juiced.



Not speaking to us and in great form. Santa was heading towards the girls dorm.



He blew us a kiss and gave us a wink As he paused for a short drink.



He gave a laugh and went through the door, and we figured we wouldn't see him anymore.



We turned and were about to go when a security guard came through the snow.



Santa was in the dorm after it was time to close. So the guard was dragging him out by the nose.



But as they were dragging him away Santa hit the guard and jumped in his sleigh.



He yelled like a rumble as he rose out of sight "If I went to your school I'd get up-tight."



Well, chicky sweets, so begins the holiday season!

Next Year BAZOOKA Pete!

HE KNOCKED 'EM DEAD IN THE BOX THE ONE EYE MARVEL watch AS he twists his body into the shape of a BAZOOKA!

DAVID WENZEL PRODUCTION unlimited 1969

THE UNJEWISH ISSUE

PANTHER RALLY TONITE

3 Speakers
8:30 p.m. So. Cafe

SUPPORT FREEDOM!

RESULTS OF GAMES PLAYED DECEMBER 4

SAE	39	PLP	20
TKE	34	TC	22
PSK	32	TEP	16

RESULTS OF GAMES PLAYED DECEMBER 11

SAE	33	TEP	18
TC	36	PSK	23
TKE	42	SAM	19

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The "I" in IRS could be you!

(Continued from page 2)

And only those who know the Spirit of God really know the death which is outside of God. Only those who know the Spirit of God really know the death in that part of their being which is still attached to the things which are outside of God. Only those who know the Spirit of God can see the hideousness of the sin which envelopes this earth.

My God makes his presence clear to me because he knows I need that presence to know that he's real. He knows I need to be able to touch him and feel him and hear him and see him in order to believe in him.

My God knows I can't believe in an idea, in a word flat on a page, in a name that is dead as soon as it's spoken. He knows I need more than that!

And he is more than that! He's real. And he's alive and his voice can be heard. It is the voice of the spirit, the touch of the spirit, the hearing of the spirit, and the seeing of the spirit, which is more real than any experience of the five physical senses, and more constant, and more sure, and more alive with love than anything the body could ever know, or the mind could ever conceive.

God is real. And he loves. And he hears. And he speaks. And he lives!

Betty Banaszak



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Revenue Officer
Special Agent
Tax Auditor**

A wide range of opportunities are offered to college graduates by the Internal Revenue Service. These positions enable you to enjoy a sense of real purpose and satisfaction and prepare you for a productive future.

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Special Agents . . . are men who investigate suspected or alleged tax fraud and related criminal violations, then document, evaluate and organize evidence, file reports on their findings, and often appear in court as key Government witnesses. A bachelor's degree with at least 12 hours of accounting (or a law degree) will qualify you.

Tax Auditors . . . identify and explain tax issues to taxpayers by correspondence or in person and act as specialists in resolving a variety of Federal income tax questions. A bachelor's degree in any major will qualify you.

Visit the Internal Revenue Service Offices during the Christmas Recess in

Hartford	Danbury
Waterbury	Bridgeport
New Haven	Stamford

These offices will be open from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. on two Saturdays — December 27, 1969 and January 3, 1970. Representatives will be on hand to interview you. For further information or a special appointment on another day, telephone Hartford 244-2760 or 2761.



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We will be on campus February 5, 1970 to talk to interested students and also to administer our Career Entry Examination.

REMEMBER

DATE: February 5, 1970

GROUP DISCUSSIONS: 1:00 &

2:00 P.M., Rm. G.,

Gengras Center

QUALIFYING EXAMINATION:

3:30 P.M. in Rm. G.,

Gengras Center

If you aren't sure Connecticut has what you want, stop by and find out. Equal Opportunity Employer.

5 Wins 1 Loss

Hawks Take Fifth Straight

by Russ Pottle, sports editor

Building momentum since their opening loss to Springfield, the U of H basketball team reeled off three easy wins in the past week's action to take a 5-1 record into Tuesday's game against King's. The Hawks first knocked off the Mighty Mites of Yeshiva last Tuesday and then in a northern swing took back to back weekend clashes against Norwich and Middlebury. The Hawks now boast wins in ten of their last fourteen encounters dating back to last year.



In the first of the two Vermont games over the weekend the Hawks conquered hapless Norwich University, losers of eighteen of twenty games last season by an 89-66 margin. Big Wayne Augustine, coming alive in the second half, muscled his 6-7 frame under the boards for 18 rebounds and 24 points. But the biggest star for the Hawks, however, was 5-10 guard Larry Francoise who sparked a run-away Hartford rally midway through the second half.

Joining Augustine in the double figures scoring column were Francoise with 16, Tom Meade 14, Ron Berger 13, and Dave Brunelle 10.

Saturday night the Hartford gang met the slow down 'n set up Middlebury College squad and handed the Vermonters a decisive 67-54 set back.

This game found the home town forces executing a ball control strategy often holding the ball for a full minute before sending it toward the hoop. It worked in the first half as they held the Hawks to only a 21-19 halftime advantage. But in the second, Coach Gordie McCullough switched his players from a zone to a pressing man-to-man defense and the Hawks began to fly. Scoring the first three second half baskets, the Hawks quickly built on to their scant lead and the pace of the game

quicken. Within a few minutes after the second half whistle had sounded the pride of Hartford had the win in their pocket and Middlebury coach, Gary Walters, was looking to his next game.

Once again Wayne Augustine led the Hawk scoring parade, this time with 26 points. Following him were co-captains Francoise 14 and Brunelle 11.

High man for Middlebury was Jim Cartmill with 18 points.

In a game played earlier in the week, the Hawks dealt the 'Mighty Mites' of Yeshiva an 86-66 blow in the Hawk's Nest. The Mighty Mites weren't so mighty in this lack-luster affair as the hometown Hawks dominated from the outset.

The Mites' Dave Gettinger kept the game relatively close in the early going with his shots from downtown, but late in the half the Hawks went on a scoring spree and went into the locker room with a 39-25 lead and Yeshiva wondering if they could sneak out the back door.

They couldn't and were forced to face the hot hand of Tom Meade and a tenacious Hawk defense for another long twenty minutes which finally ended with Hartford on top by the 86-66 margin.

Game scoring honors went to Yeshiva's Rich Salit with 31 points most scored against the Hawks this season.



Wayne Augustine has been the spark plug of the Hawk Machine since the beginning of the season.

Wrestling Htfd. vs. Brandeis

by B. Ohmen

A severely weakened University of Hartford wrestling squad took to the mats Saturday afternoon and came off with a bitter defeat at the hands of Brandeis sixteen to twenty-two.

Lacking two key performers, Walter Knights and Henry Napoleon the Hawks came out with a new line-up to face the strong Brandeis team. Gaetano Fazio, slowly recovering from an ankle injury, went down to a discouraging seven to four defeat. Fazio, who has not been able to work out to the fullest extent in the past three weeks, showed the effects of lack of conditioning as he tired late in the second period and could not regain his momentum as the third period began. However he did

make a gallant effort in the last minutes as he outscored his opponent three to nothing only to be beaten by the clock in his effort to win. Rich Fowler, a freshman and a newcomer to the lineup, tried his best to hold his own through the match only to lose it by riding time, going down to defeat four to two. About the only gamble that paid off for the Hawks was moving Ted Wethje one weight class up from 167 to 177. Wethje, about the most consistent wrestler on the team, took control of his match early in the second period and ten finished his opponent off in the third period with a pin which came seven minutes and forty seconds into the match.

Other good performances came from Tom Getler and Chuck Beers. Getler wrestled his man to a brutal

seven to nothing decision while Beers took his match in hand early and came away with an impressive eight to nothing shutout. Pancho Perez's match was an exciting one as both men took the advantage within seconds of each other. Perez was also beaten by the clock as he was making a rush for the lead only to fall four points short in the buzzer losing a well fought ten to six decision.

The Hawks now have a month and a half interim before they go on the mats again. With this time span it will allow them to lick their wounds and get in shape for the second half of the season. Going into the break two and three, and with the expectation of all members being healthy the squad has an excellent chance of completing its season a winning team.

Rambling On with Russ Pottle

Cast Tom
Dick
and
Harry

(The setting is Sulsman Lounge. Seated at one of the double chairs is Harry who has open book in lap. Enter Tom, a friend of Harry, who, noticing Harry sitting in chair, stops to talk for a moment.)

Tom: Hey whaddya say, Harry?
Harry: Oh, hi, Tom, nothing much.

T: Whatcha been up to?
H: Oh nothin' I went to the basketball game the other day.
T: Yeah? Me too; what didja think?

H: Oh they looked pretty good. Say, I don't remember seeing you there.

T: I didn't see you either. That's surprising. There weren't that many people there.

H: Yeah, I know. It's kinda funny. We win all these games and yet there still aren't very good crowds. I wonder why they don't pack the place?

T: I don't know, maybe it's the apathy around here or maybe it's the coach. A lot of the guys around me were really yelling at him.

H: Well, maybe, but I don't know.

(Enter Dick, friend of Tom and

Harry. He stops where the two guys are talking.)

D: How's it going Harry, Tom?
H & T: Oh, not too bad Dick.

T: Harry and I were just tryin' to figure out why so many people around here don't go to the basketball games.

D: Hey I think I might know why that is. Last night I was looking through this booklet that my roommate has. It tells all about every team in the E.C.A.C. They divide schools into three divisions, I, II and III, according to size. We're division II, but over half the teams we play are in division III. How can you expect people to come to games against schools that you never knew existed until you saw them on the U of H Schedule. We only play one division I team, CCNY, and they were something like three and seventeen last year. Maybe if we played some of the good schools, the division I schools and more of the division II schools, then we'd fill that gym.

H: (Excitedly) Yeah, yeah, can you imagine if we played some teams like Providence or maybe UConn on our schedule? Then the games with Springfield and A.I.C. wouldn't be the big games we play. They'd only be somewhere in the middle.

T: Man, then you'd see the gym packed I bet.

D: Probably, but I think the athletic department's afraid to schedule more of the top teams in the area.

H: Yeah, that's probably true.

T: No 'probably' about it. (There is a hushed moment.)

D: Well...I was suppose to meet Nancy in the caf ten minutes ago. I'll talk to you guys later.

T & H: Yeah, okay, Dick.

T: I've got to take off too, Harry. I've gotta get to class. I'll see ya later.

H: Take it easy, Tom.

(Harry stares pensively for a moment and then sighs deeply and returns to his book.)

H: Oh well.



FRATERNITY BASKETBALL LEAGUE

	W	L
Tau Kappa Epsilon	2	0
Sigma Alpha Epsilon	2	0
Theta Chi	1	1
Phi Sigma Kappa	1	1
Sigma Alpha Mu	0	1
Pi Lambda Phi	0	1
Tau Epsilon Phi	0	2

Greenberg Named All-American

by Jack Repass

Mark Greenberg, junior linebacker for the University of Hartford Club Football Team was selected top man in his position on the 1969 Club Football Association at New York.

Players from such Club Football teams as Fordham, Georgetown, St. Louis, and St. Peter's dominated first team selections.

Greenberg, a product of Yonkers High School, Yonkers, N.Y., is one of the few men selected who is a Dean's List student.

Greenberg, co-captain of his high school team, while playing fullback and linebacker, was named All-City first string linebacker in Yonkers 1967. He was a two year letter winner in high school football. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Greenberg of 2 Sunnyside Dr., Yonkers.

In the 1968 season of U of H, as a sophomore, Greenberg had 84 tackles, blocked two PAT and one punt--intercepted four passes. The 174 pound, 5'9" gridster had 175 tackles in two years as a Hawk and boasts seven defensive records: Tackles in most game, 18 vs. Pace College, 1968; unassisted tackles, 13 vs. Georgetown



1969; most tackles in a season, 84; most tackles in two years, 174; most pass interceptions in one game, 3 vs. Assumption College 1969; and two safeties, one in 1969 vs. Pace College, with 32 second play to give Hartford a 10-8 victory.

Anyone who wants to write sports for the paper inquire within.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
HAPPY CHANUKA
P.B.O.G.

Sports for the Week
Basketball, Fri., Pratt Institute, 8 p.m.
HOME