

UH NEWS

liberated press

Vol. 2, No. 24

April 22, 1970

Decision At Credibility Gap

During the course of this year, the University of Hartford under the direction of Chancellor Woodruff has made many irresponsible important decisions. The latest of these to date was that of accepting an agreement cooperating with the state of Pennsylvania, in sending them records of disciplined Pennsylvania students. These records are to be used by the state of Pennsylvania to cut off state financial aid from certain undesirable elements in the academic community. The Chancellor made a hasty decision on the advise of a member of his North House staff. This point was made by Bruce Hyndman, ass't to the Chancellor. However, when the Chancellor was confronted with this question last evening, he stated that the decision was made with the advise of the University's counsel Atwood Collins. This seems in itself to indicate the lack of credibility in the statements and decisions made in North House.

The issue has now been raised, and the university has moved to cover itself without changing the initial decision. A carbon copy of a letter allegedly sent to the state of Pennsylvania was hand carried to the newspaper just prior to going to press. This letter made no essential change in the University's decision, or the way in which this decision was made. It merely postponed the problem, until the heat of initial confrontation was over. The question now must be raised: how are the important decisions of this university made. This decision was made without consulting any of the university community; the administrative council, the faculty senate, the student senate and the regents were all left out of this decision. Isn't it about time that the University of Hartford takes a good long look at the people it has making decisions and the process by which these decisions are made?



Pennsylvania Higher Education Assistance Agency
Towne House
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17102

Gentlemen:

I wrote to you on March 17, 1970 enclosing an agreement regarding Pennsylvania Acts No. 116 and 169 of 1969.

Our agreement was prompted by concern to keep open the sources of financial aid for Pennsylvania students attending our University, and our initial conclusion was that the reporting provisions would not violate the confidential relationship between students and the University which is general in the academic world.

Meanwhile, a considerable number of other Connecticut colleges and universities have objected to the agreement, on the ground that reports to your Agency might violate confidentiality and would involve them in judgements on whether a particular student did or did not fall within certain categories, all, in the context of Pennsylvania legislation with which Connecticut institutions are unfamiliar.

Because of these uncertainties we wish to cancel the agreement until our counsel has an opportunity to study it further.

Sincerely yours
A.M. Woodruff
Chancellor

Arbitrary Discrimination

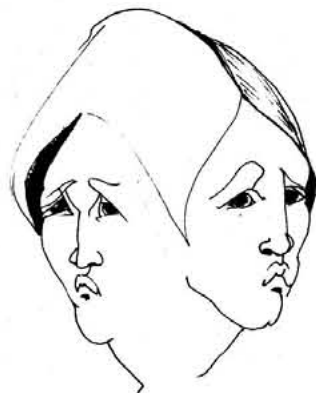
by Norm Wilson

It appears that the campus center and indeed the campus in general is using the selective enforcement of certain rules for the purpose of racial discrimination. The particular rule in question is that of the necessity of all persons to show ID cards before they are admitted to on campus events. In the past, in reference to concerts, mixers, and plays, blacks have been turned away and asked to leave the campus if they could not produce an ID card to legitimize their presence. It is becoming increasingly apparent that this rule is not being used to ensure that students are the only ones attending school functions, but rather to arbitrarily exclude groups which security or the administration finds "distasteful." This was highlighted at the concert given by Up With People on Sunday, April 19th in the campus center. This show, billed as a special student performance, was heavily attended by the senior citizenry. When asked to check these outsiders for student ID cards, the Head of security, Frank Shay, merely walked away. It is interesting to note that although any organization which puts on a function in the Campus Center Cafeteria which is not free to all students is billed \$100 for the use of the facilities. This fee was waived for the Up With People concert which had an admission charge of \$1.00.

This situation is deplorable and should be rectified.

Why Is The Chancellor Releasing Students' Records Without Their Consent?

Chancellor Woodruff has signed an agreement with the State of Pennsylvania calling for UH to notify Penn. of any student against whom certain types of disciplinary action have been taken. Penn. wants this information so they can cut off state financial aid to so-called student activists. In light of the facts that a) this agreement may be unconstitutional, b) the Connecticut State Colleges and many other schools in Conn. have rejected the agreement, and c) the agreement seems to be in direct violation of AAUP (American Association of University Professors) guidelines, the Chancellor has agreed to consider rescinding the agreement if the Student Senate requests such action. If we allow this agreement to stand, no student can ever be certain that his or her records will be kept as confidential.



WE CANNOT SEE EACH OTHER
FOR OUR OWN TEARS BLIND
US.

Nakedness of Freedom

by Chopper

And a new day dawns and the sun shines radiantly.

We are once again awakened from the death we felt from the night before the day. And we feel the wind blowing forceful gusts, chilling the paths we walk among the concrete monsters. And we find a pocket of warmth so we sit in it and wonder what the day will bring. And we hear a new born baby's cry and an old man's dying gasp. But the old man will be born again into another world. A world which we can never comprehend.

And Autumn falls beneath the frigid sword of a winter's night. We lurk in the shadows of the winter, anticipating the coming of the spring. The spring that will once again bring us life. But for now we walk shadowless in the shadows, as there will be no new day for many hours to come.

So we sit and watch the clock. Waiting for a time when we will be able to escape. And seconds turn to hours, hours turn to days, and days turn to years; all accumulate and define eternity. We quietly speculate to ourselves, when will we see an end?

For some the end is very near but for others the road to the end is just beginning. And we soon realize that we must walk on the lonesome road alone. We are frightened. We cry out loud and tears we shed drop into a puddle with the tears of all the other lost souls.

The ebb-tide drains forth all the feelings that we once shared with one another. But we remain unaffected by our brothers and sisters who are being slaughtered by the black death of our unconscionous spirit. And still we feel the uncontrollable desire to release our emotions but the man takes control of us and decides our fate. The man has our heads on the guillotine. And we still hand him our sweat on a silver

(Continued on page 11)

Letters To The Editor

Who Will Pay?

Dear Sir:

It is regrettable that the activities connected with the upcoming Earth Day studiously avoid a concern for one of the most important and perhaps the most difficult of the problems connected with efforts to improve our environment.

Everyone prefers a good to a bad environment. But, in what appears to be a moral fervor for the elimination of pollution have we stopped to consider the costs of eliminating the causes of this pollution? Or is it an invalid question to ask who and how we should pay for this desirable state of affairs?

Let us say, for example, that an effective pollution control program would cost 10 per cent of our national product for the next ten years. That would amount to about \$100,000,000,000 per year. If it were paid for through income taxes it would represent an average increase of about 70 per cent per year. 30,000,000 people in the United States are considered to be living at a poverty level now. Should these people be expected to sink deeper into poverty to help clean up the environment? If not, who should pick up their share of the cost?

Some products of industry generate far more environmental pollution and waste than do others. Should we ascribe a greater cost to these products to reflect the actual cost of their production? This will drastically change the structure of demand for various products and will have consequences in resource allocation and employment. How do we plan to shift this manpower from one industry to another? Do we expect to count on the private sector or is all of this through governmental manipulation?

Why don't we ask the average citizen how much he is willing to pay to eliminate pollution and then see how much we could do with that amount of money.

Edward F. McDonough

Reply To The Reply

Editor
Liberated Press

It is difficult to respond to the letter addressed to me in the Liberated Press of April 15, 1970 ("Reply to Komisar's Quality of Education at the University of Hartford"). Again, there is no way to contact the author so as to discuss, at length, the questions he raised. I would appreciate such an opportunity. Perhaps this anonymous "Spokesman of the Committee" and others who are interested, be they faculty or students, could come to one of my weekly coffee hours.

I do want to set down some facts that may clarify the central issue raised in the letter.

1. Departments and schools vary in their emphases on graduate degrees and other credentials of applicants. Obviously, the evaluation of candidates for positions in the History Department would not involve the same criteria as would be used for those seeking employment in music or art.

2. The Faculty Policy Manual refers to the "terminal degree" or "equivalent," to "superior teaching ability," and to "high professional attainments" as criteria for promotion to the ranks usually associated with tenure. There is no general University policy that faculty members be dismissed after a few years if they do not have Ph.D.s. There never has been such a policy.

3. We do have faculty members in all ranks who do not possess Ph.D.s. This year, for example, there were faculty members without Ph.D.s who were promoted to the rank of full professor.

I believe the record is clear on my desire to have students

participate in an effective, fair, and productive system of evaluation of instruction. I am most interested in such a process, and I feel that this year we have made progress in creating a comprehensive system.

There is much more to discuss concerning the employment of faculty. To begin to do justice to this vital topic a full exchange of questions and answers, in depth, is needed. If my weekly coffee hours do not offer enough time, I would be glad to meet at any time convenient to students and faculty for a comprehensive review of our faculty personnel procedures and practices.

David D. Komisar
Dean of Faculties

Art Work?

To the brothers of TEP fraternity, and any others to whom this may apply:

Are fraternity boys (and I mean boys) so terribly concerned that they may not be noticed on this campus? Or do they feel they are noticed, yet perhaps want to insure their immortality in future years?

Let me assure you not only that you are being noticed but also that you will undoubtedly be remembered — particularly for your aesthetic talents. It is a shame that those of you who are not directly responsible for the "artwork" on the boardwalk and on Nature's good earth must be associated with your childish brothers in this act. Unfortunately, however, the responsibility for such immature behavior is as much yours as it is theirs, for the only person who can reach a "fratboy" is his brother.

It is a pity (I suppose) that TEP fraternity (and how many others?) will be remembered as destructive rather than as constructive members of this University. I and many others are shamed and disgusted at such blatant symptoms of immaturity.

Then again, perhaps the TEP insignia is at last where it truly belongs — under our feet.

Angrily,
Linda Pavlech

Needed Addition

Dear TEP,

I'd personally like to thank you for the beautiful bit of landscaping you've done to the bridge area of Hog River. White paint blaring out your name is a well needed addition to the scenery. I was getting tired of just looking at ducks, water, trees, and nature in general.

There's only one complaint I have. Why couldn't you have waited until April 22, Earth Day, to shit on the earth.

Very disappointed,
Your friend Linda

Real Pollutants

Dear Jack,

I catch your rag whenever I can. For "Earth Day" you should bitch about the real pollutants in our environment, — war, racism, militarism, fascism. For real air pollution catch "Trickie Dickie" on television some time. The dead over in Vietnam and Laos aren't worrying about pollution any more.

Peace and Freedom,
Bill Anderson

Up With Fascism

Editor,

This University has created a new admissions policy, namely by allowing a group of government subsidized singers to obtain credit for work they don't even stay here to do. The administration, by admitting the "Up With People" cast, failed in their duties to

consult the students and the faculty. When asked why these young fascists were admitted the only reply was that, "they were government sponsored." This was the sole reason. It seems their academic record was not taken into consideration as it was when you and I were admitted. When you look at this and other things such as rising tuition, new dorms, this admission policy, it becomes apparent that the university is more concerned with the students that are going to be here than we who are here now. In effect the school is saying, "You are already here, too bad, let's see how many more suckers we can lure in!"

"Up with People" at 6:30 Sunday night ate a meal paid for by the U.S. Government (as all their meals are). Why is the government feeding them when people in our own community are starving? After listening to the "Up with People" rehearsal, I found that these fifty people could put out the same sound that five fairly talented musicians could. It is just the idea that 50 Americans are more radiant than 5.

After talking with a few members of the cast, it was learned that the idea of the organization is to fight communist freaks. They see it as a war, the "Up with People" americans against the campus communist freaks.

People, can they be considered people? I doubt it. They all are trained to react to any stimulus by saying "Hi, how are you?" I asked one non-person if he really cared how I was, to which I received no answer. These are typical american non-people used by the administration for moral re-education.

The time has come to end such fascism on this campus. The "Up with People" show should be dropped from the calendar and the cast should not be given credit for their courses. Also it is felt that their qualifications should be looked at by everyone. It is time to rid our campus of this filth and let the real people get up.

Dennis Rider

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... and a special thanks
to the Turkingtons.

Misprint and Apology

Because of false information supplied the UH NEWS, a statement was printed in yesterday's special Ecology edition that classes were cancelled by the chancellor for today. It was later learned that this statement had not been made by the chancellor, and that in fact, he did not even have the power or authority to call off classes. The UH NEWS extends its most humble apology to the university community and to the chancellor for any inconvenience that they suffered because of this announcement. The UH NEWS is investigating into where the original announcement came from.

Another Great— Where Were You?

by Erica Bramesco

Well, kiddies, you've done it again. One of the most amazing aspects of this campus is the Friday-afternoon-exodus. In this natural phenomenon, we see hordes of U.H. students streaming home to Mommy for the weekend, where they get to spend two whole days complaining about the lack of activity on campus. The most remarkable point is, however, that this emigration occurs even when there is weekend activity on campus. And how do I know this? I went to another University Players presentation. Professor John Balmer produced an excellent evening of Reader's Theater, which was presented to a fortunate audience of (at most) forty people.

Professor Balmer, has made full use of theatrical effects to enhance readings of some works not often seen on stage. The selection was widely varied and cut across a vast span of time, but the pieces were unified by good use of lighting, music, and set design.

The first selection was a scene from Sheridan's THE RIVALS, in which Sir Lucius O'Trigger, played by John Quinn, convinces a somewhat reluctant Bob Acres, played by Neil Moss, to duel with his rival Mr. Quinn's performance was good, but as should be expected, he was overshadowed by Mr. Moss, whose broad comic interpretation of Bob was hilarious.

The next piece was The Hollow Crown by John Barton. The outstanding performance of this section was given by Peter Pobat, who played King Charles I. His demeanor was properly indignant as the King of England who was being tried by his people for crimes against the nation.

The best part of the evening was a reading from Jean Anouilh's Antigone. The deciding factor was the superlative acting of Peter Pobat and Collette Gray as King Creon and Antigone. Pobat was very convincing in his interpretation of Creon's tortured wisdom. Miss Gray's performance was the best of the evening. She was idealistic youth personified, and magnificently noble in her acceptance of death.

The selection from Mark Twain's The Diaries of Adam and Eve was the second highest point in the evening. Twain's twin monologues lend themselves well to the stage. Sharon Sadoff, in the role of Eve, was true to Twain's image of women: syrupy sweet, dumb, and devoted to her man. Neil Moss gave another fine performance as Adam. This was the first time I have ever seen him in a non-comic role, and he handled it very well. His terse eulogy at Eve's grave had a girl behind me dabbing a handkerchief at her eyes.

A series of poems from Lawrence Ferlinghetti's A Coney Island of the Mind was given the full measure of theatrical effect and became legitimate theatre.

Mr. Balmer made excellent use of music and lighting in the production. The musical selections introduced the mood of each piece well, as did the various lighting effects.

I can only reiterate that the University Players are one of the few manifestations of creativity on this campus, and should be supported by anybody who pretends to the title of "concerned student."

From Sea To Shining Sea

by Tim Michaels

Reginald and Gladys Laubin performed part of their Indian dance program in Auerbach Auditorium last Wednesday afternoon. The Laubins are experts in Indian traditions, having lived and worked with various tribes for over thirty years. They were brought by the Speech and Drama Department to educate us to a part of American history which the "Up With People" concert does not normally include in their program.

About 3,500 UofH students missed the show, which is too bad, because the thirty or so who made it were very impressed.

The Laubins are single-handedly preserving many aspects of Indian culture, such as dance, which were actually banned by law during the purification of the West by white men. The stage performance, which included a conversation in sign language, (generally regarded as the best in the world), dance, and chants, was authentic; not at all resembling the Bonanza-esque image most of us have. Also included were hand-made implements of a wider and more practical range than the typical blankets and beads display. The Laubins emphasized the pride and dignity possessed by the American Indian and noted that the only word they have for white man is more accurately translated as "barbarian."

It was hoped that at least an anthropology class or two might have shown up, considering that it was to have been announced in most Arts and Sciences classes. However, the Speech and Drama department is well advised to advertise a little more should they bother to bring in any more special interest shows.



Armed and dangerous?

Tom Young



John Quinn

Tom Young

Administrative Council Open Meeting

When: Thursday, April 23, 1970, 9:40 a.m.

Where: Millard Auditorium

Purpose: To explain the 1970-'71 University Budget and the 1970-'71 tuition and dorm fees.

What is it?: The old Administrative Council had its last meeting on March 6. At that time Dr. Woodruff announced plans to create a new council of more representative composition. Since that time the new Council has met on the 9th and 14th of April and has made the following recommendations to the Board of Regents:

VOTED: To recommend approval of the \$1,800 tuition fee for the Schools of Education, Arts and Sciences, Business and Engineering, with an appropriately different fee for the other schools. (Misses Ally and Dana, and Mr. Mastrianni and Mr. Holden voted against the motion.)

VOTED: (1) Information should be distributed prior to, (2) an open meeting to explain the 1970-'71 budget, and the 1970-'71 fee schedule. (That's what this meeting is all about.)

VOTED: That the proposed dorm fee schedule and the principle of tripling for 1970-'71 be accepted.

VOTED: Un-tripling of students during 1970-'71 should be arranged such that seniors would be given first choice, to be followed by juniors, and then sophomores.

VOTED: Whatever housing policies are established, their impact on the academic program should be studied.

VOTED: That the housing office representative of the University be urged to re-double his efforts to find off-campus housing and work with Student Services toward this end.

Obviously the above raises some significant questions. If you want them answered and if you want some insight into the processes which developed these decisions — show up!

Up With People

"The Whole World Is Your Hometown"

Last Sunday night, UH students were presented, for the price of one dollar, a two hour glimpse of "Up With People". This musical group, consisting of forty young people (also students "of" not "at" UofH) gave a singing, clapping, fingersnapping, American salute to the world. It is not a uniformly regimented group.

It is not a uniformly regimented group. The kids were loose, except for their smiles which appeared a bit forced, no doubt due to the rousing welcome given them by the newspaper last Wednesday, and a bawdy group of pistol-swinging students singing and swearing and cahooting outside their dressing room. The girls wore pretty mini dresses (a few looked better when they wore the matching pants). The boys dressed in clean, pressed "mod" suits from Philadelphia.

Musically, the group is tight. It is obvious that they devote a great deal of time to practicing. Technically, the guitar work was unimaginative, although the bass player was good. One fault may lie with the group's choice of instruments. The treble sound of a Fender bass is very displeasing to the ear: A Fender acoustic guitar, built like a battleship, musically sinks like a battleship, as does the Fender electric which smacks of 1959 "Ventures." But you can't really complain when somebody hands you a free guitar. However the drummer and the whole of percussion was quite excellent.

Vocally, their harmony was good, particularly with the smaller groups. At times the style fringed on musical comedy (although I don't think they were trying to be funny). One of the best songs performed by the group was "a simple song" or something like that which was tight, not over-produced, melodious and had good genuine lyrics. Best of all, it was not repetitious, as were so many of

the songs in their repertoire. Choreography was tight but typical.

Their narration was there. The blonde lead singer who also helped narrate was cute. The other narrator from New Jersey was an obnoxious imitation of Brad Davis of WTIC, only he was pushing people instead of milk.

So many people accuse the group of singing propagandist songs, but it's done in a very subtle way, appealing in the Nixon theme to the Silent Majority, where freedom is in the home. One of their hang-ups is in their obvious push of the space program, where they hope to find the answers to the world's program.

The whole idea of the show as summed up thirty years ago by that great Middle American from the Wizard of Oz, Dorothy, who so aptly said "I'll never go searching for my heart's desire any further than my own backyard in Kansas, because if it isn't there, I never really lost it."



The Apple Pie Conspiracy

Tom Young

WWUH Elections Held

Last Wednesday, April 15, 1970, Ken Kalish, a sophomore in the School of Engineering, was elected general manager of WWUH, the University's 1800 watt stereo FM radio station. Kalish replaces Clark Smidt, a speech major in the School of Arts and Sciences, who graduates in June. Smidt was first appointed manager of the radio station March of 1967. He has been in charge of the physical construction, organization and operation of WWUH for the past three years. This fall, Smidt enters a Master of Science program in Boston University. WWUH first signed on the air on July 15, 1968. Kalish was one of the original staff members of WWUH preparing the station for air as a member of the technical staff and later as chief engineer for two terms.

The station's operating policies are derived from the WWUH executive committee, consisting of seven University of Hartford students elected from the active membership of WWUH. In addition to general manager, Kalish, 21, the board now consists of: William Crepeau, JUNIOR, Business, who has worked with WWUH since 1968 and held the position of business manager during the station's first year and a half of operation. Charles Horowitz, senior, Business, is the program director. Involved in station programming for the past year, Horowitz is now responsible for all programming, announcers and auditions. Phil Cabot, frosh., Business has been reelected as business manager. Charles Allen, frosh, Engineering, joined WWUH last semester and holds a first class radio-telephone license, necessary for the legal

I Want To Die Naturally

by Mark A. Bauman

When people talk of suicide as being an unnatural way to die, I wonder if dying at the hand of POLLUTION was any more natural. When we philosophize on how life should be we see those who are optimistic spending their lives pleading to the masses, saying, "life can and will be better." So... life, that word which encompasses so much, that for a layman to understand its entire scope is virtually impossible ... yet as we all know, we are expected to live it.

Activists scream, "live your LIFE now," this would be a fine thought — if we as individuals could only admit to the fact that the life we have lived is the only one we are sure of. Then, with the death rate increasing from our pollution — we should not be too disappointed if we don't have a future. This statement can be proven by one scientific explanation and that is — we are slaughtering ourselves. To me this act is one of perversion.

Why must we, as a nation, react only to events that have reached a crisis stage? Why can't we recognize the need for change before people die? Is this because we are willingly blind to these atrocities? It seems to be sad but true, that the taste of death must be sweet upon our lips. Have you ever asked yourself why change

comes so hard to us?

It is true people of our nation are different, but yet, there is one common bond; we are all human beings and we all must breathe the same air, and it is obvious that if the air is bad for one it is going to be bad for all.

I have no idea how you feel about dying this way, but I can honestly say that I'm afraid of dying any way whether it be naturally or otherwise. If I had my way, I would like to die of old age (which is very natural). I cry when I think of all the people who have died and all those who will die soon. I get sick to my stomach when I think that we (USA) have the means and most definitely have the minds to avoid this undesirable end.

"...And all he asked was to die naturally."

Dr. Potter Resigns As Associate Dean

The Rev. Dr. Robert A. Potter resigned as Associate Dean of Student Relations effective September 1, 1970. He will return to his full-time teaching duties in the Sociology Department here at the University.

On Gaining Perspective

Revolution And Environmental Pollution

by Peter Sklar

The height of my resentment of the current level of air and water pollution was reached when I was informed that I was consuming in poisonous gases and substances the equivalent of two or three packs of cigarettes per day. I was then, as I am now, spending some time body-building and weight lifting; I was frustrated and angered to learn that my efforts at physical hygiene were being undermined simply by breathing New York City's air. Yet, I reacted to this new awareness much the same as did most Americans. I suppressed the knowledge as effectively as possible and every time the act of suppression proved too great a task, I dwelled on the thought of leaving the city permanently.

I have changed much over the last few years, largely because of an increased awareness of the American government's role in the oppression and exploitation of millions of individuals here and abroad. As of late, I have begun to earnestly consider revolution....

I originally found it hard to throw my support behind the anti-pollution campaign. It seemed to me that since it got under way largely after the President's speech, it was in some way condoned by the Federal Government. Also, in realizing that environmental pollution is only one facet, a symbolic symptom if you will, of an exploitative oppressive capitalistic system and society, I could not grant support to a movement that declines to deal with more than just that one facet. Recently, however, I have come to believe that any movement in opposition to any form of oppression is worthy of support. I have also come to believe that it is essential for all movements engaged in such opposition to seek unity with one another and have thus added the anti-pollution campaign to the number of activities in which I am actively engaged. It is interesting to note that while several students on this campus who openly espouse revolution have criticized my support of the anti-pollution campaign, I believe that my stand is more indicative of a revolutionary ideology, and, more importantly, will prove more effective in bringing about the destruction of the American government and society as we know it.

It is important to realize that revolution in America cannot occur unless the social and political consciousness of a considerable amount of citizens has been drastically expanded. While the vast majority of Americans cannot see their way clear to an out and out confrontation with the Federal Government either physically or ideologically, there are many who are quite willing to sublimate whatever opposition they feel into support for a relatively conservative opposition movement such as the anti-pollution campaign. These persons should not be discounted from having a role in effecting revolution. Concerning the various atrocities committed by the Federal Government and its business allies, even limited activity by supporters of the anti-pollution campaign constitutes a gap between compliance and opposition and places such supporters on the side of the latter. While those who consider themselves revolutionaries may tend to view the involvement of people in such a campaign as effecting or indicative of a polarization between those in support of the present administration and system and those in opposition. This latter view should be kept in mind and "consulted" when considering the merit of one opposition group or another.

There is another consideration to make regarding the anti-pollution campaign. Because this is a capitalistic nation, the finding of means to effect an end to pollution

have been assigned to various private corporations and industries—inevitably the very corporations and industries responsible for the pollution. Surely, the Federal Government with its massive resources and relative objectivity would prove more effective in conducting such research. Those who are sincere in their desire for clean air and water will soon realize that one of their primary obstacles is American capitalism and will be compelled to either withdraw from or increase their level of opposition to the Federal Government and its business allies. The fact that some will withdraw from the struggle is inconsequential in that all will have increased their political awareness.

I would define my role in causing a revolution in the United States in terms of enlightening as many citizens as possible and of furthering whatever polarization already exists between the Federal Government and its subjects. I believe the current anti-pollution campaign can be viewed as both an instrument of enlightenment and polarization.

Help Drug Addicts Under Sixteen

To: All Students Who Would Like to be of Help to Drug Addicted Teen-Agers Under Sixteen:

You are aware of the various established programs for the treatment of drug dependent youth sixteen and older, but you may not be aware of the lack of programs for youngsters who are under sixteen.

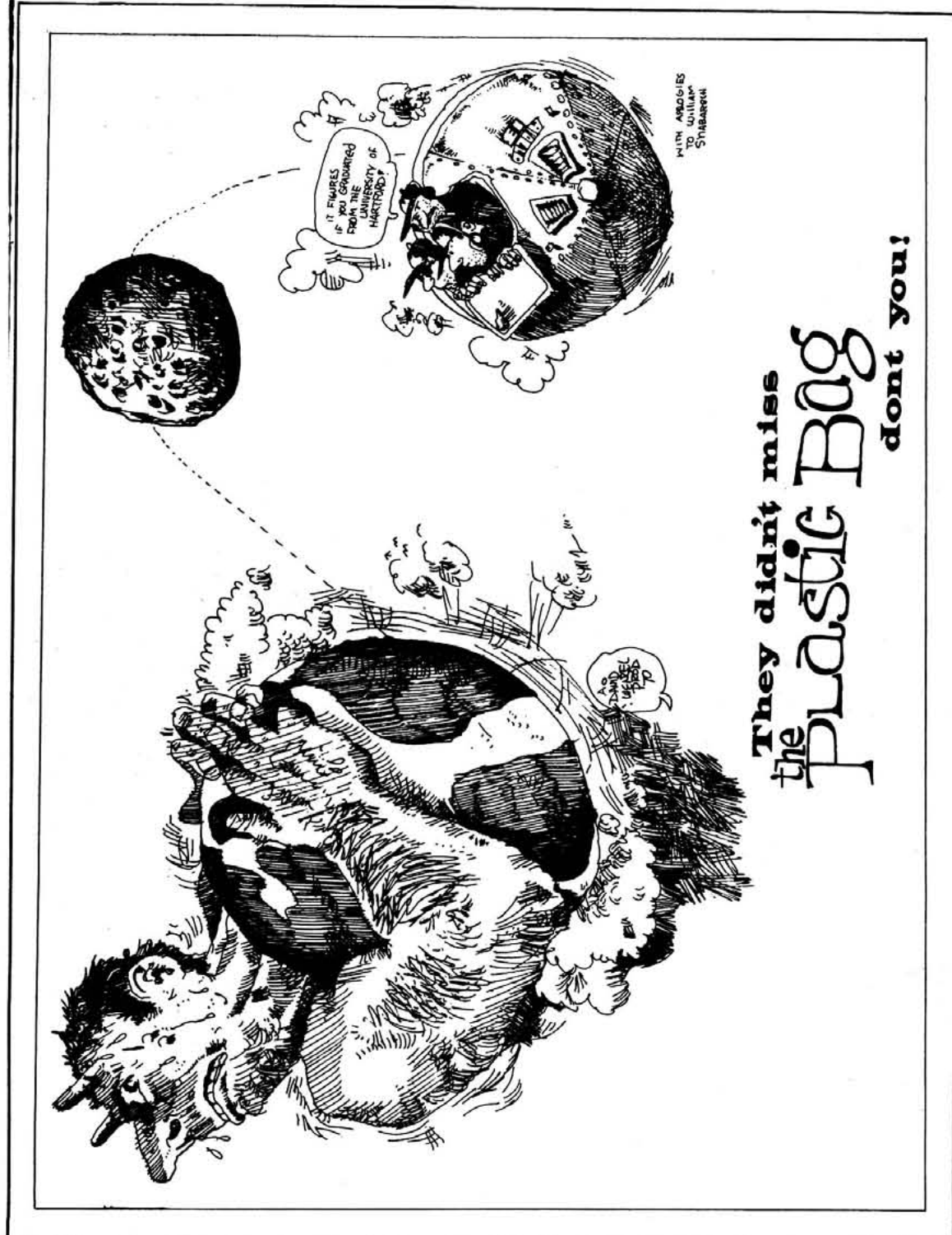
We would like to meet with those U of H students who have an interest in helping the below sixteen years of age drug addict. At our meeting, we will outline the ADDIP program which has been in existence for two months at the University of Connecticut Hospital. We will also propose that a corps of volunteer college students be created to become role models in a big brother or sister fashion to these adolescents. We will share our ideas with you and hope you will share your ideas with us.

Please meet with us on Tuesday, April 28, at 8 p.m. in Rm. 302, DANA Hall.

Sincerely yours,

Mel Goldstein
Assoc. Prof. of English
U of H

Robert A. Kramer, M.D.
Associate Professor
Department of Pediatrics
The University of Connecticut
Health Center



They didn't miss
the Plastic Bag
don't you!

Why Weeping Willows Weep

by Marlene Rosenfield

A childhood ago, (when only children inhabited this earth), a beautiful little girl named Tanya went out in the forest to play. The sun was shining brightly, the sky was a lovely blue-violet, and the blades of grass were still whispering their morning secrets. All the birds chatted gaily with one another; music filled the air. Tanya smiled to herself, said "Good Morning" to all the blades of grass, waved hello to the sun, whistled to the birds, and sighed: "What a lovely day! Today, no one can be unhappy!"

Just then, Tanya felt a drop of water upon her lovely blonde head. Plop! Another one—and then another! "Oh, dear! why must the angels cry today? I thought everything so beautiful, and everyone so happy—oh, why oh why, must it rain?" Tanya looked up at the sun (who still smiled), and looked up at the sky (still dressed in purple), and still—still—she felt drops of water all over her pretty little face. Suddenly, Tanya saw it was not the raindrops at all, but teardrops (yes, teardrops) falling from the eyes of all the trees in front of her!!! Tanya ran quickly to the lovely willows to learn why they were weeping.

A large puddle of tears stood between Tanya and the willows. Suddenly, the largest tree, took out a giant-size hanky, wiped his eyes and said: "Tanya, careful—do not stop into our tears. We do not ever want children to be drenched by The Sea of Sadness. Never!" "But, Father Willow, I only want to know what makes you weep," said Tanya, as she moved a little closer to the edge of the Sea. "Stop!" cried all the other willows. Go play with the other children. Forget you ever saw us cry!" Father Willow motioned the other willows to be silent, and clearing his throat, he said: "Tanya has seen our tears, and no one can ignore tears. Like it or not, Tanya shall learn for herself why we weep. Tanya, listen to me carefully, and do everything I say. Walk through these woods until nightfall: listen to the grass, smile upon the sun, talk gently to every little animal or child you come across, and then return to me. Only then will you be able to understand our sadness." Tanya was very confused, but she set out on her way to do exactly what Father Willow asked of her.

The sun smiled down upon her, and Tanya exclaimed: "Dearest Sun, if you are so warm and powerful, then why can't you dry

up the tears of the willows? "Oh Tanya, sweet Tanya," cried the sun, "no one should ever dry up anyone else's tears—especially the tears of the willows. Why don't you forget them, and have fun like everyone else?" But Tanya couldn't have fun when such lovely trees were so very unhappy!

"Oh, dear, I smiled at the sun, and I do not know why willows weep." Just then, she saw two squirrels, a woodchuck, a racoon, and a rabbit seated in a circle, eating lunch, and chatting gaily. Tanya said "Good Afternoon" to them, and began: "My dear little friends, how can you enjoy lunch when the poor willows have only the Sea of Sadness to drink from." The animals looked at one another, whispered among themselves, and replied: "Tanya, we think you should go play with your friends. Don't worry your pretty little head about the willows!" With that, the animals went back to their meal. Tanya, even more confused than when she began, just stood there and shook her head with disbelief.

Suddenly, Tanya heard the grass beneath her feet talking to her: "Tanya, sweet Tanya, we make a lovely green blanket for the earth. In the beginning of the world, God asked us to make a nice place for children and animals to play upon. The willows have a job to do, also, everyone should accept their job gracefully. Now, return to Father Willow, but make sure you do not step into the Sea of Sadness." Tanya stroked the grass affectionately, said "thank you," and ran all the way back to the willows!

The willows (all of them except for Father Willow) were waiting for Tanya to return, and they exclaimed: "Ha! You've finally given up. Good little girl—now, run along and play with your friends." Tanya said that she didn't want to play right now; she wanted to know why weeping willows wept, and if

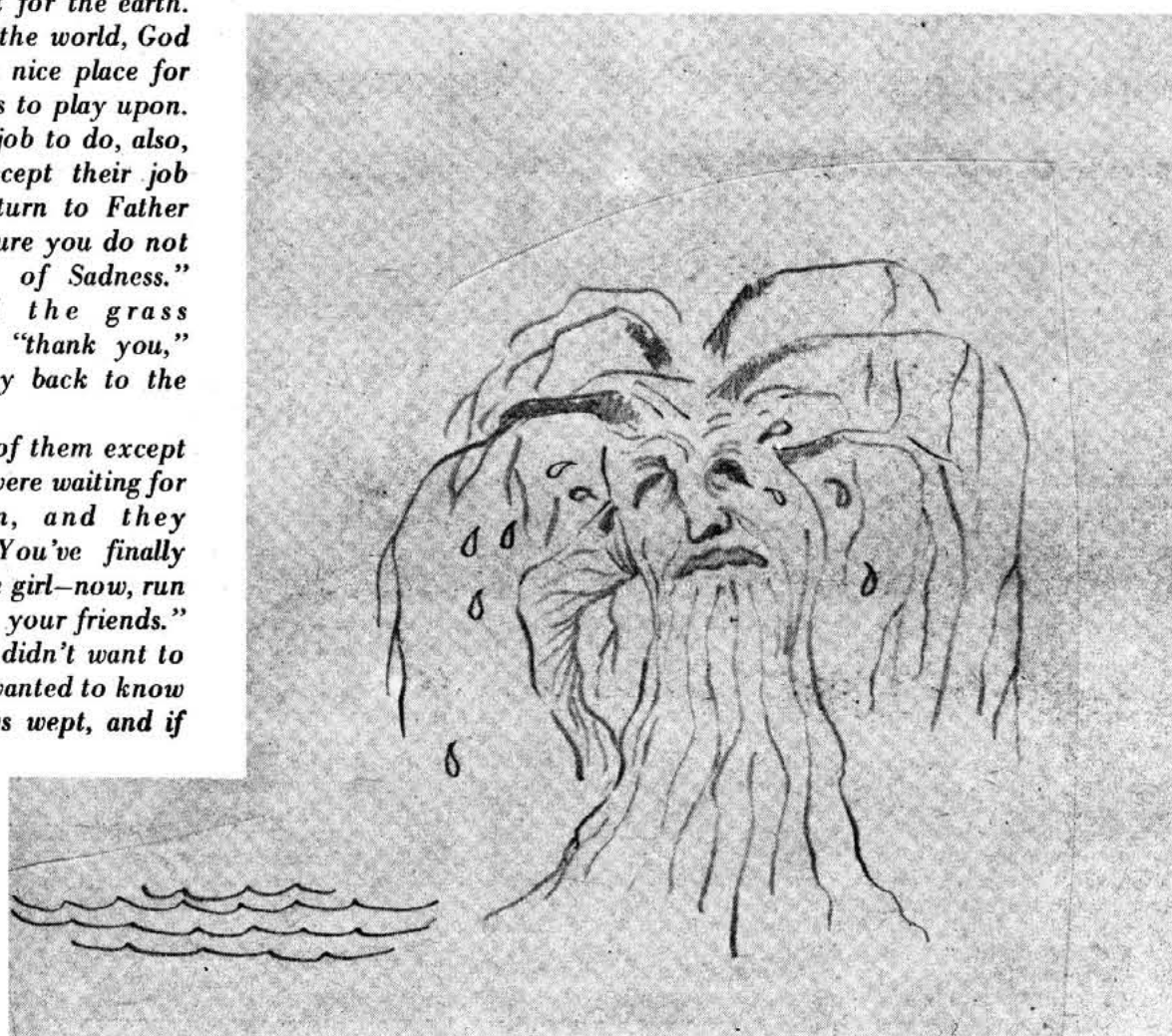
she didn't find out, she may never have fun again! Father Willow remained silent, stretched out his longest limb to Tanya, placed it around her waist, and lifted her small body above the Sea of Sadness. Tanya now sat upon his shoulder, and waited patiently for him to begin. "Tanya, my sweet child, what did you learn today?" "OH!", she cried, "almost nothing! Everyone says I should play with my friends and forget your tears! The sun keeps everything warm, but she can't dry up your tears! The grass protects the earth and gives everyone a place to play on, and they said crying was your job, and you must do it. Oh, dear, dear, Father Willow, even the animals sat around telling stories and eating their lunch! Doesn't anyone care about you?" And she began to cry.

And the willows cried with her. Father Willow hushed the others, and said to Tanya: "Now, now, Tanya, since you want to know why we weep, then you shall know. And when you do, you will be a very different little girl. But you shall know what no other child will ever be told... Tanya, these woods

are full of happiness, and the sun, the grass, the animals, and all the children are content because we willows know something they shall never know. Long ago, when God made the earth, He gave us long, slender branches, and fat, healthy trunks, and big heavy roots to wear upon our feet instead of shoes." "But, Father Willow, why would that make you weep?" Father Willow continued as if he hadn't heard her question (and maybe he hadn't.) "Our branches were made to absorb all the secrets of the sky: our trunks and roots were made to absorb all the secrets of the earth. We and we alone, know what the world is and shall be some day, some day when you are no longer a little girl. We know that happiness won't always be a part of these woods, and we know that pretty little girls must become big girls some day..."

And, at that remark, Tanya hugged Father Willow as hard as she could, while he wept and wept and wept. And that is why weeping willows wept then, and that's why they've been weeping ever since.

—Father Willow



Mailer's "Beyond The Law" To Resume Series

Norman Mailer's "Beyond the Law" will resume the Grove Press Film Series Wednesday, April 29, at the Avery Theatre in Hartford's Wadsworth Athenaeum. The feature-length film will be shown twice, at 7 and 9 p.m.

Mailer produced, directed, and stars in "Beyond the Law", which probes the world of the big city policeman. Filmed in cinema verite style by D.A. Pennebaker, the film focusses upon the problems and tactics of city policemen and is both sympathetic and biting in its treatment.

In "Armies of the Night", the book for which he won the Pulitzer Prize, Mailer describes his theory behind the film: "That many people who had never acted, and could never begin to act on stage without training, still had several extraordinary characterizations they could bring to a film provided they spoke their own words and had no script to remember."

With the exception of Rip Torn,

most of the people who appear in "Beyond the Law" are not professional actors. They include such colorful friends of Norman Mailer as: writer George Plimpton, boxer Jose Torres, playwright Michael McClure, and poet Edward Bonnetti. Mailer even recruited his real-life wife, Beverly Bentley, to play his wife in the film.

When the film was first shown at the New York Film Festival in 1968, it was greeted with enthusiastic praise from the critics. Vincent Canby, of the N.Y. Times, wrote: "Beyond the Law" is a movie of faces, black, white, and brown, all touched by real life, photographed in fearful intimacy." Newsday's Joseph Gelmis called the film "a cockeyed marvel, a brutal, hilarious chunk of imaginative improvisation."

The Grove Press Film Series will conclude on May 6 with Jean-Luc Godard's "Weekend." Information about either film can be obtained at 236-1949 or, after 6 p.m., at 278-2937.

KINETIC ART

PROGRAM III

Monday
April 27, 1970
8:30 p.m.
South Cafe.

\$1.00
admission

Return Your Trays

Ogden Foods, in cooperation with The Environmental Offensive to curtail its bussing services for one week (effective Monday 27 April, 1970). This means that if the student body, faculty, administration and guests fail to return food trays to the proper areas we must all live in our own mess.

Environment Day is a movement, not a day. Corporations and cars pollute. Some people hope to change that. People run corporations and drive cars. People litter. People pollute. You are a "people." You pollute our cafeteria and you can prevent this pollution without spending a penny. This may even save some money that is currently being spent to clean up your pollution.

Stop your own pollution before you tell others what to do about their pollution.

The Earth is our Mother—
The Cafeteria is her (and our's) umbilical cord—
Let us keep it clean — maybe the food will get better.

Stay healthy so you can stay happy — give a pint and pick up a REAL High at the Physical Education Center Bloodmobile on May 5th, Tuesday, between 10:45 and 3:30. Sign up at Gengras Campus Information Desk.

Jack Hardy will perform his senior recital at the U of H on Saturday, May 8, 1970, at 8:30 p.m. in the South Cafeteria.

Top Executive In Commerce Post To Give U of H Talk

Larry A. Jobe, CPA, U.S. assistant secretary of commerce, will be the guest speaker Tuesday evening, April 28, at the 1970 Awards Dinner given by the Society of Accounting Students at the University of Hartford.

The 6 p.m. event will take place at the Gengras Campus Center. Two main awards will be made. Gordon W. Tasker, CPA, Hartford partner of Price Waterhouse & Company, will be honored for distinguished service in the accounting field on the local level.

Reservations for the 1970 Awards Dinner may be made in Room 406 at Auerbach Hall, on the UofH campus. Call in person, or phone (Hartford) 523-4811, Ext. 213.

NEWS

FLASH!

Tough Broad Saves Lives Of Harmless Hippie and Young Stud

As the dawn broke on the morn of April 14, 1970, the lives of two members of UofH plus many innocent-by-standers, who also lived in the rundown tenement dwelling, were almost lost to a two alarm fire on Evergreen Avenue.

Our heroine awoke with the premonition that an ominous danger was at hand. Thinking only of others, she went to the window and there beheld the flaming

dwelling. Without a moment to lose she called in the alarm as her roommate ran out to try to wake-up their two friends, the gents on the bottom floor next door.

Finally after persistent calling she managed to arouse the stud and relayed his plight. He awoke Harmless and they made it out without even a singed facial hair.

To this day they express their gratitude to the dames who cared!!

The Annual Student Association Senate Banquet will take place Friday, May 1, 1970 at 6:00 p.m. at the Avon Old Farms Inn. Will all past and present members of the Senate and those who have worked on S.A. Committees during the year please contact Ben Holden in the S.A. office about a reservation and menu choice.

World's Most Wanted Woman

The woman who chooses a secretarial career plunks herself right into the mainstream of excitement. Why should you include shorthand and typing in your college program? Secretarial skills serve as career stepping stones to important positions in every field. Your own Division of Secretarial Science offers these opportunities.

The program requires two years of full-time study or four years part-time, culminating in an Associate in Science Degree, majoring in either the executive or medical program. Courses are open to all students. Think of the time and energy saved by taking notes in shorthand and knocking them out on a typewriter! Also, college graduates use stenographic skills as an entering wedge into some hard-to-crash fields such as advertising, publishing, personnel, and U.S. foreign service, just to mention a few.

Today's secretary is busy

waging high-level diplomacy, meeting clients, juggling the boss's schedule, arranging his trips and his business conferences. Now she is more than a secretary — she is a management "insider" capable of preparing surveys, conducting research, writing and editing her employer's reports, letters and speeches. According to Sylvia Porter, one of America's foremost financial authorities, the salary of the executive secretary of the seventies will skyrocket from today's \$8,000 to \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year.

Registration time is almost here. Why not include typing or shorthand in your next semester's program? Don't be like some young college women who upon graduation imagine the world is their oyster and haunt employment offices until they are rudely awakened to the need for marketable skills and for business and economic understanding. Act NOW!!!

KELLY GREEN RETURNS!

Bert, Gordy, Gayle, Denny, Jay

PLUS Two Folk Acts

Friday, April 24, 1970

7:30 So. Cafe.

Admission 75 cents

TEACHER EVALUATION

A&S students wanted to help implement UH's first teacher evaluation program!

ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING

Thursday April 23
3 p.m. Room D

Campus Clean-Up

by Chris van der Veen

On Thursday, 23 April, 1970, members of the Environmental Offensive will be sponsoring a campus clean-up. It will begin promptly at 9:30 a.m. in front of the Gym—and hopefully enough students will show up to canvass the entire campus by 4:00 p.m.

The student body of the University of Hartford is responsible for most of the campus litter—so let us clean it up. Apathy

reigns supreme on this campus and constructive student involvement remains at a minimum. The clean-up is a chance for all of us to come together and do something to change our environment.

However, the Project will not end at 4:00 o'clock. Possibly it will bring an awareness to the student body concerning that "single coke cup" or "little beer can" that "will not offend Mother Earth." Our litter does offend her. Mother Earth has cared for us so now in her old age we must care for her. Don't litter, don't pollute and remember the old saying: "If you're not a part of the solution, you're a part of the problem." Give Earth a Chance.

Jack Anderson To Discuss Carswell Case In UofH Talk

Jack Anderson, Washington columnist and successor to the late Drew Pearson, will speak on the topic, "Inside Washington," when he addresses University of Hartford students this month.

Anderson's talk will be given at 8:30 p.m. Wednesday evening, April 29, at the Physical Education Center.

The talk is being sponsored by the Forum Committee of the Board of GOVERNORS, Gengras Campus Center. UofH students will be admitted on presentation of their I.D. cards. A batch of 300 tickets, at \$1 each, earmarked for the general public, will go on sale Monday, April 20 at the Information Desk of the Gengras Center.

In his UofH appearance, Anderson is expected to discuss, among other items, the political infighting which led this past week to the senatorial rejection of Judge G. Harrold Carswell, President Nixon's nominee to the U.S. Supreme Court.

CPS Examination At UofH May 1-2

The University of Hartford will again serve as an examination center for the annual Certified Professional Secretary Examination.

The 1970 examination will be administered Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 8:30 a.m. in University Hall, in Rooms 319 and 327. Mrs. Lee C. Caputo, chairman, UofH Division of Secretarial Science, will be in charge.

The UofH will be one of 116 centers for the two-day, six-part examination, which is to be taken by about 2,200 secretaries in this country, Puerto Rico and Canada.

To date, according to Mrs. Caputo, 4,638 persons have earned the right to use the CPS designation by passing the six parts of the examination — personal adjustment and human relations, business law, business administration, secretarial accounting, communications and decision making, and secretarial procedures.

The CPS examination is open to all secretaries who meet certain educational requirements in combination with specified years of verified secretarial experience. Applications for the 1971 examination are now being accepted by the Institute of Certifying Secretaries, 1103 Grand Ave., Suite 410, Kansas City, Mo. 64106.

Spring Meeting

The annual spring meeting of the Connecticut Public Health Association will open April 29 at the University of Bridgeport, Dr. John Atwater, CPHA president said today.

Several hundred association members, health professionals and students are expected to attend the one day conference at Alumni Hall Student center.

Theme of the morning session will be "The Environment and the Person." Afternoon speakers and panelists will explore the subject:

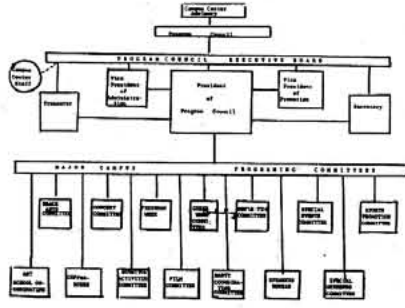
"The Person in the Environment." Registration fee for the conference is \$2.50 for non-members. Students and CPHA members may attend any of the sessions without charge.

Luncheon reservations made before April 24 will be \$3.25. An additional dollar is charged for reservations made at registration time, officials said.

All activities will be held at the University of Bridgeport Alumni Hall Student center, University and Myrtle Avenues.

BRIEFS

Program Council Positions Still Open



PROGRAM COUNCIL 1970-71 APPLICATION

(applications for all positions EXCEPT Hartt, Art, Black and Greek Coordinating Committees)

NAME:
 ADDRESS:
 PHONE:
 FOR (position):

Return applications to Room 307-C, Student Services Office

(Ed. note) for Program Council Constitution (and revisions) see UH News 4-8-'70, 4-15-'70)

Blood Donation Time

Under 21? Then have your parent or guardian sign the release and bring the release with you to the Physical Education Building on May 5th between 10:45 and 3:30. The Red Cross will take care of you and you will make a friend. Just clip the release below and send it to Papa to sign. Don't send the whole Liberated Press, just this release!

CONSENT AND RELEASE FOR PERSONS UNDER TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE

(This form is required for blood donations by a person 18 years of age or over who has not yet reached the age of legal majority as defined by the laws of the state in which he makes the blood donations, EXCEPT when such person is a member of the Armed Forces of the United States.)

son
 My daughter
 ward
 being under the age of twenty-one (21) years, has my permission

during the period of one year from this date to make voluntary donations of blood to The American National Red Cross for civilian or military use in such way as The American National Red Cross deems advisable.

I release and discharge The American National Red Cross, its agents, and others connected therewith, from all claims for damages arising directly or indirectly from such blood donations.

Date Signature of parent or guardian

Address of parent or guardian (City and State)

Sign up at the Gengras Campus Center Information Desk to save a life on May 5th with a blood donation.

COFFEE HOUSE COMMITTEE

We need your help—
 For this year
 And next

There will be a meeting
 Thursday, April 23 at
 4 P.M. In the PBOG
 Room. If interested Please
 Come.

*Jesus Christ
 died for your sins;
 at least have the
 common courtesy
 to commit them.*

Fat Dog Blues Band
 and Mark Barman
 In Concert
 So. Cafe
 Saturday May 2
 Admission
 50 cents

PROGRAM COUNCIL DAY Thursday, April 30th

FREE FOOD,
 MOVIES!!
 LIVE BAND!
 GCC Lobby and Patio
 Happy Hours, 9-11

XPO 2000 TAURUS

Tuesday
 April 28, 1970
 8:30 p.m.
 South Cafe

50 cents
 admission

John Murphy To Run For Town Committee

John Murphy, a young Hartford lawyer, will be running for a seat on the Democratic Town Committee on May 5. A fighter in the tradition of John Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy, John Murphy has helped a number of UoffH students in their dealing with the canons of justice. John Murphy is a good man and deserves to be elected. John Murphy is an independent spirit and will not get

elected unless he gets help from students. His district is the 6th A.D. which runs from Farmington Ave. to Albany Ave. one side and Main St. to Prospect Ave. on the other. Most of us live in this district. He is running "to give all Democrats a chance to nominate the men who run for Mayor and City Council in Hartford." The Town Committee nominated Joe

Adinolphi in the last election by a vote of 48-0. No dissenter. Something was obviously rotten in the state of Denmark. The job of Town Committee is to nominate the men who run for office in Hartford and to then run the election. John Murphy: "We feel we are running in the best tradition of the Democratic Party."

events of the week

WEDNESDAY, April 22

Music: "Up With People," Bushnell, 8:15 p.m.
 Dance: Community Folk Dancers, American School for the Deaf, West Hartford, 8 p.m.
 Theatre: "Luv" by Murray Schisgal. Presented by the Little Theater of Manchester. Manchester High School, 8:30 p.m. Information: 646-0657 or 649-1564.
 "The Trial of A. Lincoln" presented by the Hartford Stage Company. 2 & 8 p.m.

EARTH DAY

Lecture Series. Auerbach Auditorium. 9 a.m. - noon.
 Films. Auerbach Auditorium. 1-4 p.m.
 Earth Day Program. West Hartford Green. 1 p.m.
 Bicycle Parade from W.H. Green to Bushnell Park. 4 p.m.
 Panel Discussion. 8:30 p.m.
 Camp-out and Ecology Discussions. By the Hog River. 11 p.m.

THURSDAY, April 23

Films and Theatre: "See How They Run" presented by the South Windsor Community Players. Timothy Edwards Middle School. 8:30 p.m.
 "A. Lincoln" (see April 22)
 Poetry Reading: Anthony Hecht. Trinity College Goodwin Theater. 7:30 p.m.
 Meetings: Dean Komisar's Coffee Hour. 9:30-11 a.m. G.C.C.
 Teacher Evaluation Organizational Meeting. 3 p.m. Rm. D
 Coffee House Committee, PBOG Room. 4 p.m.
 Environmental Offensive. Reeves House. 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, April 23 add

Meeting: Administrative Council. OPEN MEETING. To discuss tuition and dorm fees. Millard Auditorium. 9:40 a.m.
 Program Council Day: FREE food, movies, band. G.C.C. Lounge and patio.

FRIDAY, April 24

Music: Senior Recital. James Richard Patton. 8:30 p.m.
 Coffee House. "Kelley Green." So. Cafe. 7:30 p.m. 75 cents
 Films and Theatre: Film Classic "L'Aventura." 7 & 9 p.m. Auerbach Auditorium. FREE.
 "A. Lincoln" (see April 22)
 "See How They Run" (see April 23).
 Lecture: "Form and Formlessness in Contemporary Poetry." By Anthony Hecht. Trinity College Goodwin Theater. 7:30 p.m.

Sports: Golf-Away.

SATURDAY, April 25

Music: Hartford Symphony Orchestra with Daniel Pollack, piano. Bartok, Liszt, Moussorgsky. Bushnell. 7:30 p.m.
 Coffee House. 8 p.m. FDR.
 Films and Theatre: "The Innocent Sorcerers." Trinity College. Kriebel Auditorium. 8 p.m.
 "A. Lincoln" (see April 22).
 "See How They Run" (see April 23).

Sports: Baseball-Home. HAWKS vs RPI.

SUNDAY, April 26

Sports (?): Baseball—UH NEWS liberated press vs Trinity TRIPOD. Trinity Quad. 1 p.m.

MONDAY, April 27

Film: Kinetic Art Part III. So. Cafe. 8:30 p.m. \$1.
 Sports: Baseball—Away

TUESDAY, April 28

Film: XPO 2000-Taurus. So. Cafe. 8:30 p.m. 50 cents

Sports: Golf-Away

SATURDAY, May 9

Concert: THE DOORS, JOHN SEBASTIAN, Lighthouse. Fairfield Stadium. 7:30 p.m.
 Tickets \$5 in advance, \$6 at the door. Available at UFO Hartford.

THURSDAY NIGHT

AT THE MOVIES:

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

Thursday, April 23rd
 8:30 pm, South Cafeteria
 Only 50 cents

ed. note — The following editorials were written by the candidates running for editor of next year's U.H. News. They are printed in alphabetical order.

Flowers, Wish They May

by Mark Bauman

*While I sat in Liz's park, I watched the flowers play.
Dancing to, swaying from, the tree beneath which I lay.
The grass was green, the clouds did roll,
the sun set down a carpet of gold.*

*Time passed and the clouds did strangely grow.
Making it dark, the sun's rays could not show.
The clouds I said, "Know," and the flowers showed fear.
Standing still to listen, waiting, anticipating to bear.*

*Then, without warning it happened; Rain.
The flowers with pronounced dignity, showed pain.
The wetness of the rain continued on,
caring not, the ground sucked upon.*

*"Stop!" cried the flowers all but in vain,
"We protest," they murmured into the rain.
"We want the kind sun,
with all of its warmth for everyone."*

Towards A New Psychology

by Robert Clement

anti-aircraft. Up With People. earthday. Demonstrations are a drag. Demonstrations, once a distinct political factor of our youth culture, has now evolved solely into a cultural manifesto aimed at the inter-relationships of experience. Between the fan fare of anti-war/pigs/ establishment shouts and slogans, the development of demonstrations has aligned itself with the inherent need of the young to solicit meaningful and lasting identity with their peers — to gain a transcended identity of experience in which "I" and "we" are one and inseparable. Political demonstrations today are an attempt to gain an experience of psychological inter-dependency, rather than fostering any political direction. Woodstock Nation is not the nation of political activists, it is rather aimed at healing the human degradation which is the result of this society's aim to "normalize" everyone.

war seemed far from everyone's mind at bushnell's anti-aircraft demonstration last week. it must have been dampened by the late spring, and scattered about like loose leaves by the chilled breeze. everyone had come dressed for the occasion, flags, peace symbols, the whole gig. but the war wasn't there. the people were. wandering through the curious mixture of on-lookers, i came across a group doing sensory training. here they were happy; it was the real thing. they called me in, and centered me in the middle of the group, all were sitting down, knees up, their feet pressuring down on mine to hold me in place. i fell to one side, suddenly i was being spun around. eyes closed, the sensation paced quicker, and quicker, falling, spun around, the sensation of the jerks that forced me around. then as quickly as it had begun, we all left. abbie hoffman was still roaring in the background, but abbie is great, he hates seriousness. he's lenny bruce.

When there was McCarthy and Kennedy, there was

political activism on the surface, but more importantly, underneath, riding just as relative, there was the experience of human identification, especially with RFK. It was the successful fusion of man and his goals, the experience of man participating in his goal orientated drive, of others with him, fused into his being, his drives, his consciousness. It was the transcended experience, of I in him, and he in us. His success would be ours, we were one. Now they are dead, as they in us has been tarnished. The New Mobe has left Washington; Nixon's green political thumb is delving in ecology. There are only the skeletons of the movements left, not the experience. Out of this dissatisfaction has come a distaste of those political actions in which the political participation is of greater presence than the human experience. Experience. Alive. What is evolving is a new psychology of experience to combat the drive to "normalcy" of our present system.

we sat around & sang with helen songs of our culture. inside up with people were doing their bag, their version of normalcy. one cop asked me why we were so disruptive, i said we were a new culture—the Porno culture. he replied back that all generations were once like us, & we would outgrow it. but he was wrong, we already have peter max in madison ave.

The definitions of abnormalities have always run in alignment with those qualities necessary to run a technological society, those qualities of submission, of lost identity, of angst. The success of the technological society depends on those human factors which will operate subservient to the greater function, that of producing capital and goods. All through our lives we are bent, twisted, and dulled to become "normal," that is to become subservient to the greater whole, to operate outside of our consciousness and experiences, and to participate only in the GNP. This process is quite complete in the elementary grades. The teacher will cunningly phrase a question so as to emphasize the need for social solidarity in behavior, such as, "Which of you young gentlemen will open the door for our guest?" In their social pressure to be aligned, no young boy could possibly consider not being a "gentlemen."

*The trees, full of wisdom old,
lifted their arms to behold.
To taste sweet waters — rain.
A sigh was heard, as this gift caressed their grain.*

*Yet the flowers continued to complain.
Trying fruitlessly to reason with the rain.
Saying, "Can't you see what you have done,
you've robbed all the beauty from the sun."*

*The RAIN then spoke unto the flowers,
"A day will come when you shall cower."
And as abruptly as it began the rain stopped.
The flowers danced as the last water dropped.*

*The sun came out, but different it did seem,
knowing not why, the flowers still did beam.
The sun shone and the temperature did rise.
The heat continued until the flowers began to die.*

*And die they did in utter confusion,
the kindness they had wished for brought this conclusion.
And as I wiped the sweat from my brow,
I walked away, and all I could say was, WHY?*

The process is complete. Even worse than this is the school's role is demanding that form of overt competition which divorces any possible form of close friendship. If a teacher directs a question to a particular pupil, and at first he or she responds negatively, the teacher will harp on him to try again. Tense, nervous, the child isn't in control of his thought process because all the other students, his peers and potential identity figures, have their hands raised, ready to strike the last blow against him. The embarrassment, the cruelty, the training of children for competition, to fight against each other, to strive to be better. What is lost is the "I" and "we" experience factor.

Out of what once were political demonstrations has come the birth of renewed group experience. It is time to direct the energy of our culture into a new psychology, one based on that which we are all fundamentally striving for—the oneness of you and I. We must learn from our drug experiences and those who are now labeled abnormal to create the new state of awareness. We must learn how to experience the "I"—"WE" state. We must force our psychology department to think abnormal.

The Ruined Wall

by Fred Joy

As morning began to grace the hills of Sanaria, two footsore but determined travellers plodded silently up the last hill before the city. Balaric, who bent his gaze on the wisps of black smoke that rose above the hill, noiselessly moved his pursed lips in an old Sanarian curse and tightly grasped the hilt of his sheathed sword. Omegan walked at ease with downcast eyes, his thoughts his own as he foremeasured each step with a swing of his staff. They reached the stony summit and below in the growing morning, the once strong and fair city of Sanar lay broken and bloody. Smoke wreathed the tower of Victor and here and there, peasants from the neighboring hills scurried about with bits of treasure like flies on a yet warm corpse. Barlaric stood motionless and silent for an instant as if watching the distant movement of a whip but hearing no sound.

Crack. The city he had loved as a father and

defended as a son, shed blood and gut and tears, for, lived in, with, around and for, lay dead.

"Rakim, Rakim, it is as we had heard, it is done." He shouted through clenched teeth and trembled in a rage.

"Snar, what foul doing has laid down and shed your blood? A mountain of heads and a river of blood shall pay this." His sword was raised a foot and slammed helplessly back in its scabbard.

"Sanar, if I had but been here with you, if I had been here." Omegan followed the smoke as it left



the rubble. Out of the city, into the sky, a column to a trail to a wisp to smoke not seen but there, floating on the wind.

"What would you have done?" Omegan asked.

"I would have cut limbs and torn throats."

"Whose?"

"Those of the wretched mongrels who have done this, had I not been off on an errand of fools with you." Omegan watched the corpse of Sanar, the final remains of the giant he had seen tottering about for years.

"But our city was strong," he said to Balaric.

"Yes, Sanar the mighty."

"Her walls unbreachable?"

"Yes, no enemy could ever pass into the city. I tire of your riddles Omegan, speak your muddled thoughts and have it out." Omegan at last turned his eyes from the city and looked deep into the angered face of Balaric.

"You have been my friend from childhood. If my thoughts were such that you would understand, you would have known them long before this moment. When as a child you believed that the Remmins from the hills came in the night and carried off the naughty children of Sanar, you ran frightened through the streets at dusk lest you be caught out in the dark. And one night, too late at play too far from the city, you passed along the lonely trail in terror till you knew the Remmins never were. You are yet a child my friend, and I took you away within the city of my soul to keep you from death on the dark night of your discovery. Let us go down to the city, you will be a child no longer.

Balaric puzzled over these words as they went down to the city. He had passed them off as nonsense as they approached the gates. Omegan walked at ease with downcast eyes, his thoughts his own as he foremeasured each step with a swing of his staff. They passed through the gate and grimaced as they saw the familiar faces of friends on the bloodied corpses that lay strewn about.

"They died bravely defending the gate." Balaric said hoarsely. Omegan was silent. They walked with heads bowed now, each naming to himself the men once known or loved before death. Suddenly Balaric stood still and a profound uneasiness passed over his face. He had seen the bloodied battlefield before, but something here was wrong.

"Where lies the enemy?" Omegan said.

Balaric looked among the faces of the dead, all friends, all friends. He saw in the distance a huge whip snap, and when the sound reached him it cracked across his chest and laid him crying among the corpses. Omegan looked down at him sorrowfully and said, "This day is your night away from the city, for the Remmins have come with truth and desolation."

The next morning Omegan sat by a ruined wall and watched his friend stir in his bed of pain. Balaric sat and took notice of nothing around him, but rather, looked up and remained so for some time. Omegan saw the thoughtful stare with which his friend comprehended the sky, and smiled as he saw the object of his friend's eyes.

Out of the city, into the sky, a column to a trail to a wisp to smoke not seen but there, floating on the wind.

Games We Can Play Move The Molecules Or Admit You're A Spectator

by James O'dell

Everybody complains about the way things are (present economic and political systems included) but who the hell is trying anything different? Some of the communities that pop up now and again in off the wall places revisit tribal democracy and barter economy, but they cannot extend their vision into a larger society.

What we need is a scene where we can try things that have never been done, things that relate to our society and our civilization. Things that we as individuals have never done before.

A new area with an energy all its own.

As the Earth. People call it, an Outlaw Area, where a new life force and energy force may evolve.

*"The strategy of game change is: You don't change a game by winning it or observing it or losing it or refereeing it. You change it by going somewhere else and starting a new game from scratch. If it has appeal, it will gather its own energy. (Fighting a system, however, merely strengthens the system, which accounts for a lot of bitter revolutionaries)."

I am not talking about blasé mental games either. The game is played on the field of the physical (says the Outlaw). Things got to happen physically. Energy evolves physically as do cultures. Let's move the molecules.

This university could exist as an Outlaw Area, a scene for the trying of new games. We must, as a necessity, think of it as a community, as a tribe. You add to the well and you get something back. The dynamics of our society operate in the context where everybody takes for himself. In an Outlaw Area, we can define our own dynamics. We can define the context that we will take our education in.

We must start to use this scene to learn life-affirming games (creative arts and social change). Games taught at the Business School are not life affirming. Spiritually, they waste the life that is in men, and they ultimately feed the monster Greed that is poisoning our planet.

We can start with insuring our own survival—the whole ecology game that we all must play if we're going to spend more than 30 years on this Big Apple.

We can all be outrageously creative. — If not artistically then socially.

The alternative to America as it is today must be explored. In the art and in the social sciences. Out of this life-affirming energy, we can shake the world. Let's move the molecules. Or admit that we are spectators.

*Buckminster Fuller

A Prometheus Bound

by Stan Starsiak

"We are the hollow men

We are the stuffed men

Meaning together

Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!

Our dried voices, when

We whisper together

Are quiet and meaningless

As wind in dry grass

Or rat's feet over broken glass

In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,

Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed

With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom

Remember us—if at all—not as lost

Violent souls, but only

As the hollow men

The stuffed men."

—T.S. Eliot

Our heads are filled with straw. This straw is our ego. Man must eliminate his ego if he is to live. Man must be for life is. Man must be himself and not what others make him. Ego involves the idea that man must satisfy other men's concept of what he is. Ego makes a Narcissus of man. Narcissus looks at his reflection in a pool. He sees but a reflection. It is but an image not the real thing. Man must throw off

(Continued on page 13)

But you can take a crosstown bus if it's raining or it's cold and the animals will love it if you do. The monkey stands for honesty

just a fine and fancy ramble to the zoo.

It's a light and tumble journey from the east side to the park,

I do believe it, I do believe it's true.

Something tells me it's all happening at the zoo.

POETRY

Simon and Garfunkel

At the zoo 00 00.

What a g a s.

and hansters turn on frequently

pigeons plot in secrecy

the mokey is one of us
(maybe)

or are we one of them
(possibly)

pass me another banana.
Sara

The camel is a thump-thump back
Bob Clement

The giraffe is a climber, but there's little beyond his reach.
Fred Joy

once there was an elephant
who tried to use the telephane,
no, no i mean an elephone
who tried to use the telephane
(dear me, i am not certain quite
that even now i've got it right.)
how e'er it was he got his trunk
entangled in the telephunk
the more he tried to get it free,
the louder buzzed the telepiece
i fear i'd better drop the song
of elephop and telephong

an elephant wears green sneakers
so he can hide in the grass

An impala of quicksilver and grace
to bound away like a dream.
Sara Owen

I'm a spotted, long legged, extremely long necked
animal, and stand high above my fellow
animals. I hope I can keep my statuesque
body that way. I love to stay high.

A zebra is black and white
It is very integrated
Fancy that
Peter Furrhar

a leopard without its spots is soon dead

kingly ion sleeps all day, (s)
while lioness on waterbuffaloe pray
jim

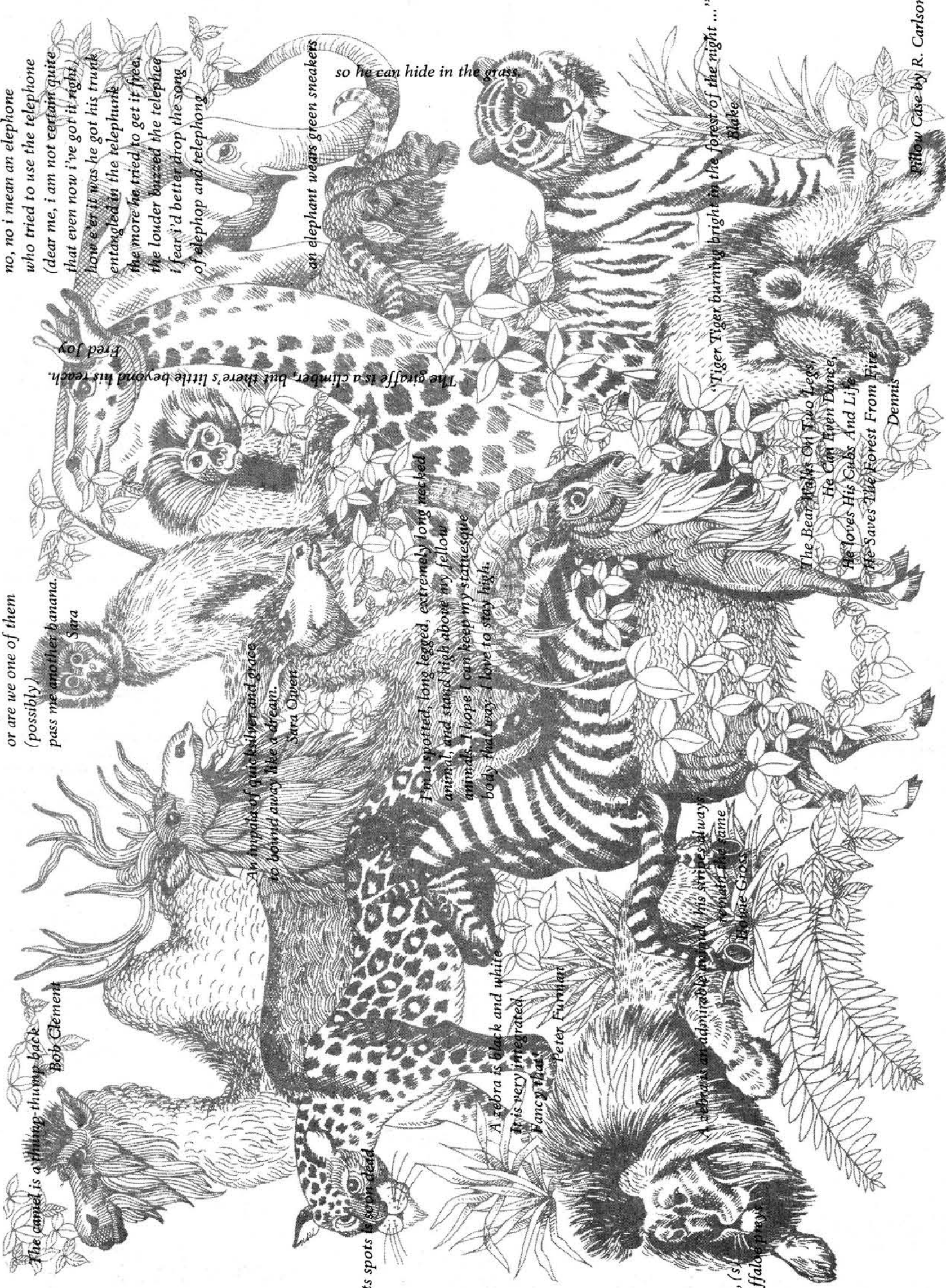
A cheetah is an admirable animal, his stripes always
remain the same
How nice Gross

The Bear Walks On Two Legs
He Can Even Dance,
He Loves His Cubs And Lije
He Saves The Forest From Fire
Dennis

'Tiger Tiger burning bright in the forest of the night ...'
Blake

Pillow Case by R. Carlson

giraffes are insincere and the elephants are kindly but they're dumb. Orangutans are skeptical of changes in there cages and the zoo keeper is very fond of rum. Zebras are reactionary antelopes are missionaries



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9)

the Freudian ideas of ego, id, sub-conscious. Man has but one thing-consciousness. Consciousness is existence. Man need not ask why he exists because he is.

Man must be himself. Face himself everyday. It is the hollow men that cannot be themselves. They will be the ones found because they themselves did not know how to be. The stuffed men escape from finding themselves and ask others to help them find themselves. When others are unable to fulfill their demands they escape away not only from others but from themselves.

The hollow, stuffed men are various and sundry. They are the suitcase scholars, fraternity brothers, and sorority sisters, the drug freaks, the administrators that do not administer, the faculty that do not teach, the liquor drinkers, and those who drug themselves on reading and studying what they are told to. These men do not reach out. For reaching out is looking for truth. But each man must find the truth of his existence only within himself.

The suitcase scholar believes that searching for truth is a part time affair. He feels the need to do only the minimum of what he is asked to do as long as it is enough to get by. That is all he needs. On the weekend he can escape home. Back to his parents. Back to those that have always told him what to do. Back to the womb. Taking instead of sharing and giving of self. Back to a non-existence.

The Greeks also escape the truth. By their very names they are extended families. They are always brothers and sisters, never men and women that have recognized who they are and matured. The impress each other—tell each other how great they are. They are incapable of knowing that each man finds his own greatness within himself. They merely share each others emptiness. Their love is a non-love. There is a love for each other that comes from being together and then is gone when they leave one another. They know not love that increases by distance. To them love is sex. Love is fucking. But love is more than that. Love is more than being loved. Love is loving. Love is sharing.

Tripping is another escape. Drug taking creates a non-existing existence. Tripping is death. Man does not realize himself or truth by turning off his consciousness but only by turning it on. Man finds himself only when he confronts reality with consciousness. Reality is found by facing it not in daydreams, acid trips, or highs. Tripping is what others tell us is cool and a thing we should do. But the man who finds the truth of himself needs no one to tell him where to find it.

Drinking liquor is the same as tripping. The only difference is one of legality.

The administrators should fear to find themselves. They are content with what they do. They keep books balanced. But they balance only money. They do not balance lives. They see we fill the expected requirements of a college student. They see each of us only as stereotype to fill our little niche. They do not see us as a person only a cog in a machine. They are not able to see what they are doing wrong. They do not want to change but stay the same.

The faculty that do not teach are the greatest artists of escape of all. They remain within their field within their train of thought very unable to see it is they have not. To teach is to relate. To learn is to relate. To teach is to learn. Everyone must learn. Learning is relating to oneself and to reality. Learning is not remembering specific things at specific times. Learning is existing. Learning is not memorizing. Learning is not regurgitating facts. Learning is relating facts to ones life to help him know himself better.

But the final group of students that read and learn what they are told know the least about themselves. They are told what to do. They are machines. They see learning as only what takes place in the classes they attend and the books that they read for them. They do not realize that this learning will prepare them for reality. For themselves. They sit and contemplate a period on page 79. They never ask what has this to do with their existence.

These, the hollow men, fit into holes that others have placed them in. They must find their own wholes for themselves. They are unable to realize this absurdity of their existence in an insane world. They must become the lost violent men.

A lost violent man is a man that has found his individuality. He knows he is one and not part of a group. He is violent in that he will do everything within his power to preserve his self-discovered existence and becomes violent when men tell who he is and how he should act.

The lost violent man is the only man who is free. Free to be himself, unbounded by what he is to do and why he has to do it. But this man must work within these limits. The only limits he has are those that would end his existence. The last violent man is the rebel. This is the rebel that Gamus writes about in THE REBEL. To exist is to recognize that life is. To commit suicide is to violate ones existence and view of himself.

As Oedipus had the will to discover the meaning of his existence. He could not remain static but had to search and find his true origin no matter what the consequences. Similarly, Jesus Christ told us to reject the rules of good and evil found in the Old Testament. Christ told us that it is up to we ourselves to decide what is right and wrong for us.

Our recognition of our being is the same as the rock of Sisyphus. As the rock of Sisyphus is moved

by him up the hill only to roll to the foot of the hill as he reaches the top, is the whole of Sisyphus' existence. He does not question why he moves the rock up the hill—he just does it and accepts it as his existence. In the same way we need not justify our existence for we are.

We must be like the god Prometheus who fashioned man out of clay. There is no reason why he did so—he just did it. Prometheus also gave Man the gift of fire which angered the other gods. In anger the gods created woman. For his act of creation Jupiter chained Prometheus to Mount Caucasus where the vulture comes each day to feed on his liver only for his liver to immediately grow back again. We must resist as Prometheus did any attempt by others to limit what our existence is. Even as Prometheus is chained he accepts that he cannot change his situation but still resists to give up his existence.

If we find ourselves we have found several things we have found truth. We have found freedom because we found our truth and not someone else's. But most of all we have found love. We have the relation between and man and his neighbor. When we have all these things we have a goal for ourselves. A goal that cannot ever be reached because each does not have complete control over himself just as Prometheus did not have complete control over his destiny. He created man and the gods punished him for doing so. With this unattainable goal one must live for the moment and live each moment in trying to attain this goal. Time therefore will not be linear but horizontal in which there are peak experiences in which man is able to attain a great amount of knowledge of himself he did not have before.

We must do this to exist and not lead a dead life. For if we do not,

"This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

Not with a bang but a whimper."

T.S. Eliot

A Revival In Washington, D.C.

by John Thornell

The college student today can no longer be satisfied with speaking out on local issues or issues formerly relegated to discussion by erstwhile "second class citizens." The strong push by many of our representatives in Congress for voting privileges of the youth between 18 and 21 years of age, would seem to verify the trend for our youth to become more involved in national issues, more involved in decision making, and more involved with mankind intra-nationally as well as inter-nationally. Yet to become more involved means to become more informed and more aware of our responsibilities. As one who is being dealt information and constantly told of responsibilities I have incurred by virtue of being HOMO SPAEN AMERICANUS, I thought I should enter the focal point of American decision making—the "ripping burg" of Washington, D.C.

Disguising myself as an ordinary middle class, short-haired tourist, oo-ing and aw-ing at the appropriate times, I was swept along by a tide of humanity toward my destination of...who knew where. Actually no one cared for as long as I saw

what SHOULD be seen, the trip was worthwhile. To share with you my feelings upon seeing the Lincoln Memorial, Arlington National Cemetery, J.F.K.'s burial site, George Washington Memorial, the White House, etc., would be to share something a trifle phony for I really felt nothing. I was impressed, but these seemed somehow artificial TO ME. They, or I, failed to relate.

But by leaving the mainstream of humanity gaping at all around them, I noticed something a little more appropriate to myself. There were actually trees in Washington, D.C. and in these trees were birds, squirrels, and whatever else is best considered natural. Amidst the tension and political back-stabbing, not to mention concrete and steel, a little squirrel, severely scarred and minus its tail, became a fast friend. And he trusted me. On no less than four occasions he came up and ate from my hand, looking into my eyes with his (or hers?) and a strange bond developed. Here amidst the often-attacked bureaucratic machine running this country, a wild animal placed his trust in man. More was offered than food; a little love, a little concern, and momentarily a little protection from all around him. A strange peace overcame my inner thoughts and, in reflection, have become a little better for it. The little missionary from Mother Earth blessed me with his trust. Should I not return this trust? Should not man? What greater mark of man than to have as an epitaph, "...and he fed the squirrels."

Humanism Begins Here

by John Zanzal

Saturday night was spent in the company of two dear people. One was three years old. She was sleeping feverishly on the mattress; and coughing. Her beraths were labored and she would kick off her blankets in her sleep.

The other was a woman of twenty involved in the little one's suffering in a mixture of memory and reality. Memories of children past and future; none of them her own. Still she loved and cared for this one's, covering the child when ever it kicked off the blanket.

My reality was the involvement I feel for these two people and the anguish that I could do so little for the physical suffering of the child and the mental suffering of the woman.

With all the sickness in the world, I asked, where does one begin? My answer was, begin where ever you are. Where ever you can touch and talk. Begin with your self; be as well and as strong as you can, then work out. If you are sick what good can you do?

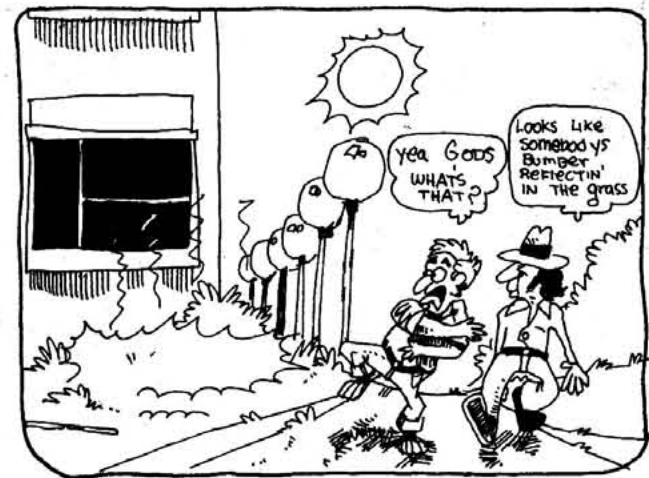
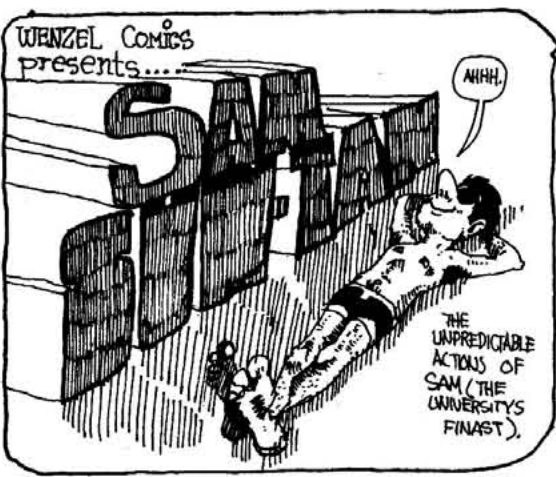
At a time when everything feels at a point of collapse; outside rules weaken until you no longer feel the safety of limitation. In desperation you seek to forget, to lose yourself in frantic good-times and fanatic causes.

It is time to think basic. All societies are human, but not all are humane. Each begins with the individual.

The individual is the building block for all societies. When he is healthy the society is that much more healthy. When he is humane the society is that much more humane.

Look around; people are suffering. You don't have to go ten thousand miles. It begins where you are now, the people around you and in yourself.

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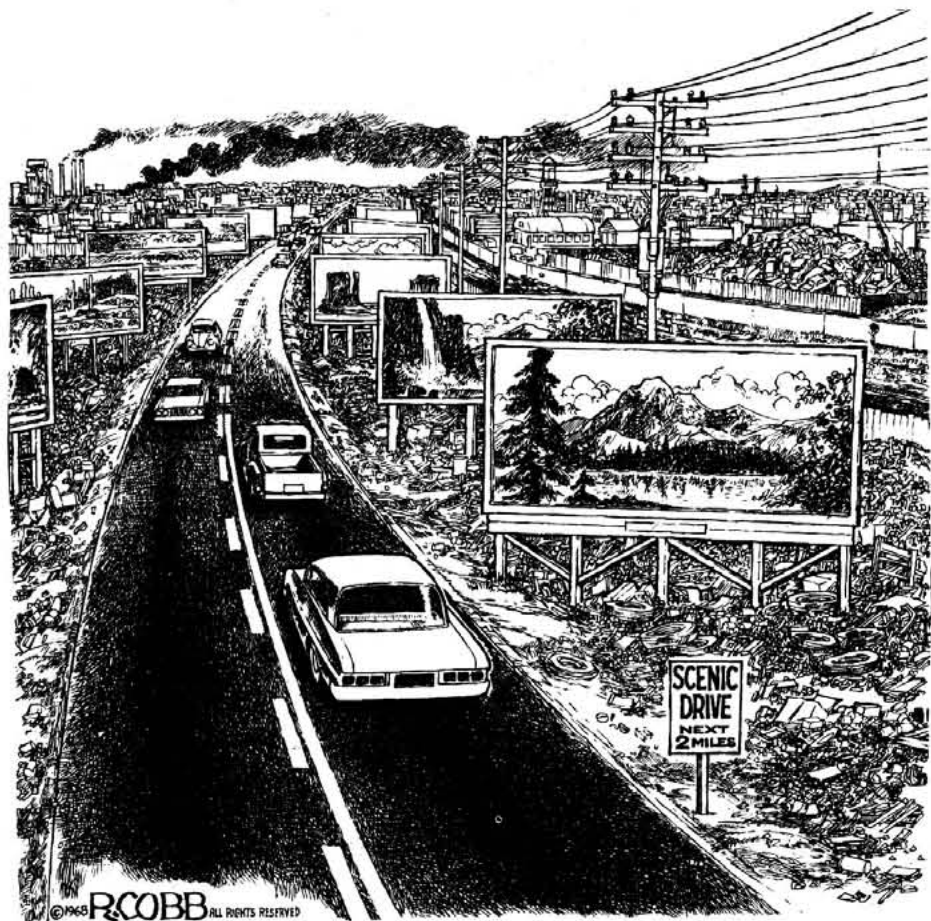
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(Continued from Page 8)



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

platter for fear of what he can do to our souls.

And they hand our children new toys which they joyfully accept. The unassuming children who do not know how to play with the toys of destruction. So a game is discovered and the children are told to play for real. And a reality develops out of the fantasy of a child's playfulness. And the children play to the end.

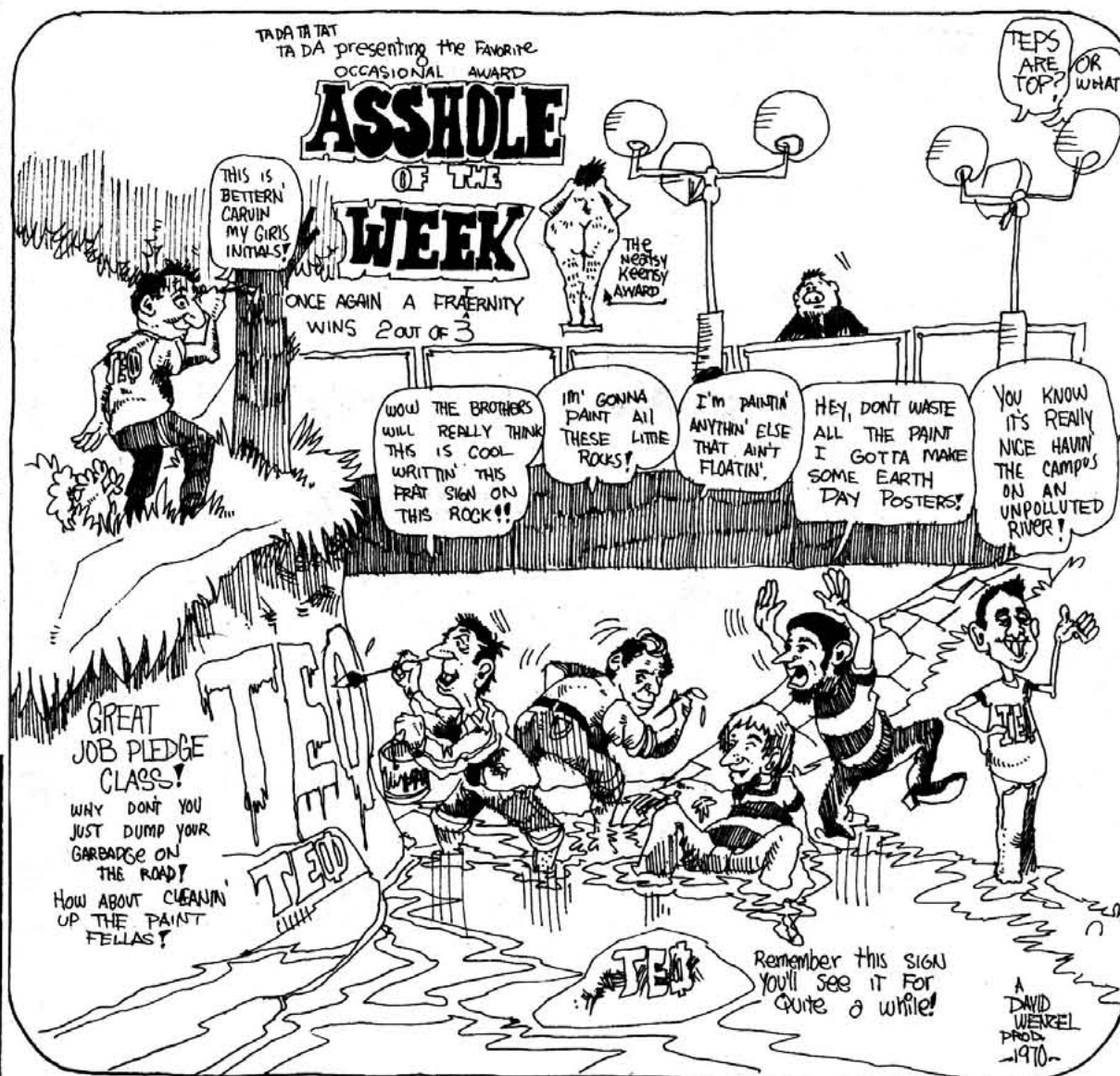
Now we begin to buy and sell ourselves to a world which holds us prisoners. Our epitaphs are written by the roles we play. We are born to the world and the world decides our death. It may be a slow tortuous death or a sudden useless death. But we have no choice of which one to choose.

And the sound of music enters our bodies; an undefined sounding sound. We follow its rhythms in and out as it changes. It's a sound of happiness mixed with sorrow and all the chords echo and re-echo in our minds.

Raindrops fall uselessly on the ground, soaked up by the earth, put to use by the men of the man-made kingdom to satisfy their own needs. The rain is no longer free. But the rain retaliates and rises out of the ground and a fog blankets the earth. And we are blinded until the rage of the rain ceases and the sun brings back its warmth. The sun once again performs its task and pacifies us. We are thankful for this appeasement and deep within the sanctuary of our minds we know the sun will help us burn the filth we invariably cope with every day of our existence.

So over and over again we run through our lines. The knowledge which we've accumulated constitutes and defines our mistakes. And the vengeful whip of our character will soon overcome our feelings of repression and destitution. The calm before the storm's fury lies in our subconscious self. Inside, we know that the tide will rise and we will wash over the scum that corrodes the earth. The will of our existence and the will to survive keeps us going as it kept the history of freedom going. The man is slowly degenerating. He no longer feels the confidence and superiority that the mass had once attributed to him. The mountains of warmth are being beaten down by the sun, the sea, the wind and the freedom of the mind.

Soon there will be no more repression of emotions, no more threats to the being. The end of senseless discrimination, hate, corruption will be washed away. And the nakedness of freedom will inspire us never to be enslaved by the mass again. We will no longer wear the ugliness of masks. And we will no longer care about death for we will no longer be apprehensive about it nor its mysterious darkness.



SPORTS OF THE WEEK	
Baseball:	
Thurs.	at Southern Conn. 3 p.m.
Sat.	R.P.I. (2) 1 p.m.
Mon.	at Holy Cross 3 p.m.
Tennis	
Wed.	at Southern Conn. 3 p.m.
Sat.	at Clark 1 p.m.
Tues.	at Central Conn. 3 p.m.
Golf	
Fri.	Springfield and Clark 1:30 p.m.
Tues.	at Bridgeport 1 p.m.

"Kecia's Awakening"

By Daniel Sargis

A One Act Play

Editor's Note:

This play is reprinted from the student newspaper at the Robinson School in West Hartford.

Actors: Daniel Porter - a college senior

Kecia Read - Daniel Porter's girl friend (also a college senior)
Robert Lyons - radical student leader, (a college senior)
Mr. Carington - college president (also male and female college students).

Scene I: In front of an administration building at Washburn College, a long-established, eastern, co-educational college.

(The students are talking among themselves as the sound of a car door closing is heard and Mr. Carington walks on stage carrying a bullhorn. He wears a conservative suit and an Anthony Eden hat.)

CARINGTON: (Talking into the bullhorn) It has come to my attention that you have taken it upon yourselves to occupy a school administration building in protest of the college's refusal to honor the last moratorium day. Let me remind you of something; it was on your own initiative that you came to this institution. We did not ask you to approve of us; you asked us to approve of you. Would you like it if I went into your home and told you how to run it? Therefore, if this building is not vacated immediately, I shall consider this as an act of gross insubordination. (There is accompanying jeering and yelling by the students grouped outside. Suddenly, Robert Lyons sticks his head out of an already open window on the second floor of the administration building.)

ROBERT: (Speaking to Mr. Carington) Let me inform you of something. This is our home and you are telling us how to run it, so why don't you go somewhere else to build your Military Industrial Complex.

CARINGTON: That's enough of that, Lyons. I've warned you once! Now you know the score. Either vacate the building at once — or suffer the penalties.

ROBERT: (Angrily shouting) Listen to that! He wants us to vacate the building. I guess he thinks it's wrong for us to be in his building but not for him to be in our minds. Well, listen Mr. Carington. We're not going to vacate your building but I'll tell you what we are going to do. We're going to tell you and all others like you to mess up this world all you can while you have the chance because, believe me, your time is running out.

CARINGTON: (Walking off stage) Lyons, I have no further time to waste on you. Either the building is completely vacated when I get back here in one hour or you should be prepared to suffer the consequences.

(The crowd jeers at Carington and Lyons slams the window.)

DANIEL: (Aside from the crowd to Kecia only) I don't believe it.

KECIA: (Inquisitively) Believe what, Dan?

DANIEL: Believe the way that Lyons talks to Carington. And worst of all, he'll get away with it! I mean, why doesn't Carington do something?

KECIA: (Quickly) Oh, I don't know. Anyway, let's forget about them; it doesn't concern (softly) us.

DANIEL: (In a quick snapping

tone) What do you mean "It doesn't concern us?" Don't you realize what's happening? (slowly and in an explanatory tone) What you just saw is a small part of a universal move for the systematic breakdown of authority; right or wrong, good or bad. What's it going to solve?

KECIA: (Exhaling) Oh well, I guess... (Suddenly the window opens and Robert sticks his head out.)

(all look up at Robert.)
ROBERT: Hello, misguided children... and how do we find ourselves today? Are we all happy members of the silent majority ... or of the vocal minority?

(All laugh except Daniel)
ROBERT: Listen to me, brothers and sisters. Next time Carington shows up, if he tries to get in, all of you lock arms. We'll show him that this isn't his private kingdom ... right?

CROWD: (In unison) Right.
ROBERT: (Giving the peace sign with his hand) May peace be with you until the time comes.

(Robert closes the window)
KECIA: This is all so exciting isn't it, Dan?

DANIEL: (Sarcastically) Oh yea, sure. Why don't you go up (Pointing at the window) and join him?

KECIA: (Warmly) Please Dan, don't be mad at me, I only meant ... (Carington walks onto the stage.)

(As Carington nears the door of the building, all lock arms and form a human chain except Daniel and Kecia.)

CARINGTON: I order all of you to disperse immediately.

(Robert raises the window and sticks his head out.)

ROBERT: Disperse he says. He wants us to disperse. Well, Heil Hitler! Listen Carington, you Nazi scum. We're not going to disperse, because we're sick of you, your hypocrisy, your lousy anarchy, and your whole damned establishment! (Pounding on the window sill.) Sick! Sick! Sick!

(As the crowd is stirred close to riot pitch, Carington moves closer to the human chain.)

ROBERT: (Pointing at Carington.) Stay back Carington, or they won't be responsible for their actions!

CARINGTON: Listen, you have violated every rule of the school. If you break it up now, I'll consider ... (Suddenly)

(Carington is encircled by the students.)

ROBERT: (Victoriously) Now, Adolf, which way are you going to split; out or in half?

CARINGTON: Lyons, for this infraction, I'll personally see to it that you...

ROBERT: (Interrupting) You'll see to nothing. I think we've listened to you just a little too long.

(Dan who has been standing off to the side with Kecia suddenly breaks through the crowd and runs to the top of the administration building stairs.)

DAN: (Shouting) Wait a minute! (Everything falls quiet and all stare at Dan.)

DAN: Wait, w-wait... just listen to me for a minute now... (Interrupting)

ROBERT: That's it Daniel, or should I say Mr. Porter, ... one minute that's all! Then we'll give you the same treatment as Carington.

CROWD: (All groan.)

DANIEL: To Robert) Just who do you think you are?

ROBERT: You seem to be the one with all the answers. Why don't you tell me?

DANIEL: Lyons, analyzing a person's one thing — but with you, well, it's a different story.

CROWD: (Some laughter.)

DANIEL: (To the crowd) What are

you laughing about? You're worse than Lyons. You're so stupid; he talked you into doing his dirty work.

CROWD: (Angry and turning on him.)

ROBERT: Are we going to stand here and let Porter waste our time, or are we going to do what we must!

DANIEL: And what must you do Bob?

ROBERT: (Screaming hysterically) I...them...all of us...must rid this world of the pigs and establishments which have held us down for so long. We must...

DANIEL: You must be crazy!

ROBERT: We'll show you... you crazy Fascist pig!

(The crowd releases Carington and centers their attention on Daniel. They approach Daniel menacingly. Kecia jumps to the top of the stairs.)

KECIA: O God, please stop this! (Everything goes quiet and all stare at Kecia.)

KECIA: You know when I first read about college disruptions, I thought they'd be fun. As a matter of fact, up until about fifteen minutes ago, I thought this was all very exciting, but now I see how wrong I was. This is madness ... sheer madness. Would somebody tell me what force drives someone to be blind enough not to see a friend's gesture as one of help? I feel sorry for you, really sorry.

Right now you're destroying the only true friend and leader that any of you've ever had. (Pointing at a boy in the crowd.) How about it John? ...Gee, I heard you flunked out... Oh, No!... That's right... Daniel coached you for a week before the final and you passed it. Now I remember... you did tell me that if it wasn't for Daniel you wouldn't be here ... And how are you Steve? ... I hope you feel better now that you know you are a senior instead of a junior. It was Dan who informed you that the credits from your last college counted here ... I hope you're feeling fine too. How about you Robert? (looking up at the window) How's your car after Dan helped you get it fixed for half price? Running fine I hope. I guess Dan has helped all of you at one time or another ... and look what you're doing in return. It's nice to know your friends appreciate you.

Trinity Tripod Responds To News Challenge

by Erica Bramasco

In a brilliant display of bravery in the face of insurmountable odds, the baseball team of the Trinity Tripod (the "Tripes") has accepted the challenge of the undefeated Liberated Press team. Said Tripod Editor John Doe (or whatever his name is. They change editors so often, I can't tell the players without a scorecard) when Liberated Press captain Jack Hardy threw down his gauntlet, "This is sure going to be one swell baseball game. Golly! I can hardly wait to tee up and wallop that old pigskin out of the court!" Directly after this stirring speech, the team janitor had to be called in. Mr. Doe often makes a mess when he gets excited, and this was no exception.

The team has been furiously working at preparing themselves for the big event. Their training sessions are magnificent spectacles to behold. I went to one of these meetings disguised as a U.H. News reporter and was witness to these treats for eye and ear:

— star typist Prudence Portnoy refusing to swing a bat because in her Intro. to Psych. course, she learned that it was a phallic symbol. "I won't be a party to such a filthy sport," she said as she



(ALL back away from Dan and look rather embarrassed. Making the most of this opportunity Dan runs to the top of the stairs.)

DANIEL: (Standing side by side with Kecia) Now, if you'll only listen to me for a few minutes you'll see how right I am and how right you could be.

CROWD: (They give him their full attention, Robert backs off. In the meantime, Carington has wandered to the other side of the stage.)

DANIEL: (Almost to himself.) You know I'll never quite understand what happened here today. You say that something is wrong with the establishment. Maybe something is. In fact, I'm sure a lot of things are, but is this really the way to handle them? What I mean is that if you condensed everything said today into one sentence, that sentence would read, "Something is rotten, but I don't know what it is or where it's at or how to take care of it." What you've accomplished so far today is nothing more than adding a lot of new rot to some of the old rot ... is this what you wanted to accomplish? I'm sure it isn't, I'm sure it isn't because I know you, I know what you're striving for. Take Robert for example. In Bob I see a little of you, a little of myself ... and yes even a little of Mr. Carington. I'll tell you what Bob is. Robert Lyons is what this country needs. That's right, Robert Lyons and all others like him are this country's greatest natural resource. Just look at him. He's bubbling with ability: scholastic

ability, oratorical ability, and yes, even leadership ability. Trouble is, Bob, somewhere along the way you picked up a low pressure safety valve. (Addressing crowd again)

I'll tell you one thing — if Bob ever finds a way of harnessing this, what shall we call it.. steam... yea... I guess so... if Bob ever finds a way of really harnessing this steam, there'll be no stopping him or any of the things he stands for.

I'm not saying that everybody should be a leader. Some must be followers. Even the leaders must follow someone or something. Just remember this. No matter what you ever follow, never lose the ability to lead yourself. I don't know. Maybe I've done an awful lot of talking in these few minutes. Maybe I've talked an awful lot and said nothing. I don't know.

Everyone will have to answer that question for himself. I know some years ago I was asked this same question and never have I regretted my answer or swayed from its path. I'm sorry I've wasted your time. Maybe some of you think I'm a little crazy. Maybe I am, but thanks an awful lot just for listening and giving me my chance.

ROBERT: (Visibly moved) It's funny you know, all these years I've known the answer ... it's just that nobody ever asked me the question. I guess somebody only needed to drag it out of me. Thanks Dan.

(At this the crowd becomes joyful, people start filing out of the administration building, Kecia walks out hand-in-hand with Dan.)

washed her hands.

— ace middle-field man Buck Rogers refusing to swing at the ball because in his Intro. to Psych. course, he learned that such action was an obvious indication of self-emasculation wishes. "I will not be party to such an obscene perversion," he said as he washed his mouth out.

— Professor Sigmund Schweinhunt, team doctor and Intro. to Psych. professor, bandaging team members with Mickey Mouse Band-Aids.

— Tripe cheerleaders in action. Ripping off their support stockings in favor of more sporty support bobby-sox, the girls threw caution to the winds as they donned their daring and sexy uniforms. The team members were in a frothing frenzy at the sight of their normally drab co-workers in skirts which actually grazed the tops of their dimpled knees, and tight, form-fitting "I Like Ike" sweatshirts. Of course, some doubt still exists as to whether these buxom beauties were actually bona-fide females. This is Trinity's first co-ed year, and it's entirely possible that Dr. Schweinhunt got some of his more interesting patients to volunteer their services in place of the supposed co-eds.

— Band director Larry Welk

rehearsing his performers in a stirring rendition of "The Stars and Tripes Forever."

— A sneak thief stealing all athletic equipment and leaving the players in distress. Said captain Doe "Oh, dear, what happened to our balls?"

Speaking of spectacles, I should say a word about what promises to be the most original half-time show of the century. In honor of their reputation and attitude, U.H. bandmen will march out and form a hand with extended middle finger. They will then remain in place as the Tripod band, in honor of their reputation as Honkeys of the Year, marches out with black cardboard squares and cover up the Liberated Press finger.

The game should be fantastic. Aside from the heart-warming sight of team members in uniform (UHar in T-shirts and jeans; Trinity in suits and ties), and the opportunity to cheer for those you love, we have come up against worthy opponents. In their last game, the Tripes whipped the Hartford College for Women team 4-3.

Be there, Trinity quad, 1:00 this Sunday. In the words of dynamic Captain Doe "It'll be the bee's knees."

Rambling On

with Russ Pottle

Seen any ducks swimming on the "baseball field" beside the gym yet? Neither have I. Man, the school goes out and spends half a million dollars to build the classiest duck pond in Connecticut and those lousy birds don't even take advantage of it. Ingrates.

Tell you what; there will be a prize awarded to the first one who reports seeing one or more of our feathered friends doing their thing on our baseball field. That lucky first bird watcher will be the recipient of an all-expenses paid trip from the campus center to the gym to shake Doc LoMaglio's hand. As an added bonus, the first prize winner, upon shaking Doc LoMaglio's hand, will also qualify for Riply's "Believe It Or Not." Second prize will be a conversation with the good doctor.

Comes the spring and a young man's thoughts turn to baseball. It's not overly popular these days to pick what would appear to be the best team in each league to win the pennant. People pick anyone from the Astros to the Yankees to be top banana at season's end. Me, I go

with the Cards in the National League and Baltimore in the American. Come to think of it, though, with the Red Sox ending up number one in the American League in '67 and the Mets acting very unMet-like last season, perhaps I'd be better off finding out who the 100-1 shot is for this year and putting my money on them!

Those Bruin fans are really something. If the Black Hawks take the B's in the Stanley Cup playoffs I just hope, for the Chicagoans and their insurance company's sake, that they don't win the film game in Boston Garden. Those fans would never let them out of town alive.

Back to the local scene. Moon Seabury's two homeruns against Lowell Tech ties him with freshman Tim Barth for the team's round-trip lead with two apiece. Both have an excellent shot at the University of Hartford's three homerun season record. The funny part of it is, you would have to put Barth on Seabury's shoulders to make a ball player who looked like he was a long-ball threat.

Tennis Team

The net squad, under new coach Patxi Pastor, opened the season with a 5-4 win over Assumption. Oswaldo Torres, a junior, and Mark Holdrich, a soph, leading the victory in the doubles finale. Next match: hosting Bridgeport Univ. (Fri. April 17); at Southern (April 22).

UH News Clobbers Art School

The Art School was led by 'team hero' Howard Gross and Liberated Press traitor-cartoonist, David Wenzel. A by-stander was quoted as saying, "the Artists sure did play a fine game." This statement was acquired before the game began. Now to more important information.

The Liberated Press' team consisted of Pam and Sara (they were awarded the best hitters award by David Wenzel), Whipo (won his first run batted in, by tipping the ball — fair.), Gentle Ben (spent most of the game smoking a funny little twisted cigarette, and offered as a reward any member of the Press' team who hit a home run would be given free the same brand — mild tasting Acapulco Gold). Jack Hardy played second base, but most of his time was spent holding hands with the first baseman (James Morini). Alex Leslie played catcher and every time the ball was pitched, Alex would call out to Jack asking him which hand to catch it with, and by the time Jack thought of something the ball would hit Alex in his big mouth. Norm Wilson played pitcher. He stood in the same spot for four innings saying, "I came out here to play baseball not to run and get any exercise." Bob Clement and Mark Bauman

spent most of their afternoon chasing balls in the woods. The rest of their time was spent yelling out — "I've got it," then reconsidering saying to each other, "No, be my guest, you catch it." They both caught only two balls all afternoon.

Now back to the Art School. They were leading 16 to 10 at the end of the sixth inning, when one of those talented All-American Boys hit the ball on the Art School roof. The same individual refused to go and get the ball, pleading that he was afraid of heights. But he offered the services of his hero, Howie Gross. Howie refused graciously by throwing a temper tantrum, screaming, "Why me? Send someone else for a change, I'm tired of doing everything for everybody." Because of this the game was called in favor of the Liberated Mess and upon hearing this announcement, the entire Baseball team fell on the ground and began to ball (cry!).

Maybe next year the Art School will have enough balls to play the BIG BAD BULLIES from the Liberated Press.

Intramural Report

by Walt Knightes

On Tuesday, April 14th, the fraternity-independent softball league opened its season with twelve teams battling for top spot.

In their opener, the Theta Chi softball team got off to a bad start against TKE. The OX jumped to a 1-0 first inning lead, but couldn't hold back the powerful TKE's who went on to win 7-1.

Joe's Bar and Grill were winners of their first game by forfeit. Meanwhile, the league favorite Cack-a-ways won an impressive victory over SAM, 17-2. Dorm "J", another independent team, showed their ability to score runs as they trounced the Art School, 23-3. SAE

showed a many faceted offense in beating Phi Sigma Kappa, 19-2. Rounding out the opening day games was Pi Lambda Phi's victory over TEP in a wild one, 17-12.

On Thursday, the teams came out again and the results were as follows: The Cack-a-ways, in a game that should have been a close one, dominated SAE by the score of 16-1.

Theta Chi got in the winning column, but only by pulling out a squeaker in the seventh inning over Dorm "J", 4-3. Phi Sigma Kappa also entered the winning ranks by beating the independent South End team, 15-10.

TKE continued its winning ways, but found a little trouble in downing Pi Lambda Phi, 16-5. SAM evened their record by blasting hapless TEP, 26-3. Ending the day's activity was Joe's Bar's 15-1 romp over the Art School.

STANDINGS:

	WINS	LOSSES
Cack-a-ways	2	0
TKE	2	0
Joe's Bar	2	0
SAE	1	1
Dorm "J"	1	1
Theta Chi	1	1
Pi Lambda Phi	1	1
Phi Sigma Kappa	1	1
SAM	1	1
South End	0	1
TEP	0	2
Art School	0	2

Explanation of Tuition and Dorm Fees

Administrative council
Open Meeting
Thursday April 23

Millard Auditorium
9:40 p.m.

Golf Team

The links team under Coach Gordon McCullough is off to its best start in many years with wins over Coast Guard (5-2), Western Conn. State (7-0), Fairfield University (4-3) and Southern Conn. State (4-3). A single loss was a 4-3 match against Wesleyan University. In three matches to date the Hawks have taken medalist honors with Ray Stull, a junior, posting 75 at the Manchester Country Club vs Wesleyan and Coast Guard; Dick Aldinger, a senior, scored a 76 at Tumble Brook Country Club vs Western Conn. State; and Bill

Dokas, a junior, scoring a 75 at Grassy Hills C.C. vs Fairfield and Southern.

Next matches: Tri-match at A.I.C. with Central Conn. State (Fri. April 17); at Trinity College (April 21); Tri-match at Cliffside C.C. (Simsbury) vs Springfield and Clark (April 24).

"Greatness doesn't come from playing the game."
Dr. Potter

DO YOU LIKE HARD WORK?

Are you concerned? Are you involved? Do you care about what happens to this school? How about the world? Have you ever asked what can I do? The problem is that you have got to put your body where your mouth is. You have got to work. One way, perhaps, of starting to solve some of our problems is by becoming involved in our own government. In doing that you start at the bottom. At the bottom of the structure that is this University's government is the least sophisticated, most totally vulnerable, and most completely accessible organization, the Student Association Senate. One Senator is elected to represent each hundred people in each class in each school. The Senators then gather to elect a Chairman and Vice Chairman and Commission (permanent committees) Chairmen. The Student Association Senate Elections will be held May 6-8. All you need to do to get elected is: A. fill out the form at the bottom of this page, B. get your friends to vote for you (this usually entails explaining what you'll do if you get elected), C. winning the election, and D. being prepared to work hard to make this a better place for all of us.

Representation is assigned to each class of each school on the basis of one vote per hundred people. Art Senior, Junior and Sophomore; Engineering, Senior, Junior, and Sophomore; C.B.S. Sophomore; Hartt, Senior and Junior; Education, Senior and Junior; and Business, Senior and Junior; elect one representative per class. Education Sophomore elects two, as does Arts and Sciences Senior class and Business Sophomore. The Hartt Sophomore class also elects two. Arts and Sciences Junior class elects three and the Sophomore class gets five. Both Arts and Sciences and Education have at large representatives; A&S has two, Education, one.

Five People Could Probably Take Over The School

volunteers:

Name -----School-----Class-----

School Address-----Phone-----

Home Address-----ZIP-----

THE DEADLINE FOR FILING YOUR APPLICATION IS APRIL 30.

McDonald, Seabury Star

Hawks Beat Lowell Tech 10-7 Tie 6-6

by Russ Pottle, sports editor

Injured catcher Mike McDonald and co-captain John Seabury led a 21-hit attack last Saturday as the UHa baseball team overpowered Lowell Tech 10-7 in the first game of a doubleheader and then held on for a 6-6 deadlock in the nightcap. The Hawk's amazing strength at the plate was once again evident as Seabury clubbed two two-run homers, one in each game, and McDonald, who was still feeling a pitch that caught his leg during the Fairfield game, hit one round-tripper in the first contest along with two other hits.

The Hawks' second victory of the young season went to reliever Rick Lambert who was also credited with the team's first win. He came on in relief of starter Bob Siegel in the fourth inning and allowed only two Tech runners across the plate.

The first of the Saturday afternoon encounters was a come from behind affair for the visiting Hawks as they trailed the Baystate Engineers in the first three innings, knotted the score at 7-all in the fifth, and then came up with three runs in the final two frames to put it away.

Mike McDonald's sixth inning single drove in the go ahead run for the Hartford nine and then Seabury's first two-run homer in the seventh gave Lambert and the Hawks a little breathing room.

The second game would have been an even more satisfying victory for the Hawks had they been able to bring it home. The Engineers jumped on Hartford starter Gerry Baruno for five runs in the first two innings and it was only Seabury's second two-run shot that kept the visitors in contention.

Bob Siegel was once again called upon and delivered a shutout effort until the seventh and final inning when the home team reached him for their sixth and tying run. The

game was eventually called in the eighth because of darkness.

In between the second and seventh innings, the Hawk bats, led by co-captain Vic Biega who had two hits, driving in one run and scoring one himself, came alive. Three runs in the fifth inning and a lone tally in the sixth vaulted the Hawks into the lead 6-5, but then came the fateful seventh and instead of a sweep, the boys from UHa were forced to settle for a win and a half.

The two games left the Hawks at 2 wins, 2 losses, and a tie overall.

Earlier in the week the Hawks ventured to Springfield College where they were dealt their second setback of the year, 5-2. The inability of the Hartford pitchers to put the ball over the plate was very evident in this one as the grateful Chiefs reached first base ten times via walks.

The strength of the Hartford lineup took a day off against Springfield College where they were dealt their second setback of

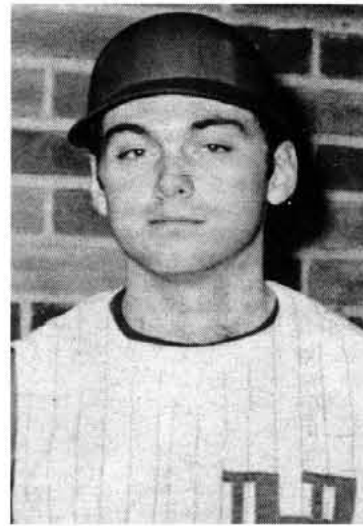
the year, 5-2.

The strength of the Hartford lineup took a day off against Springfield as the UHa diamondmen could record only six hits, all coming from the first four batters (McDonald 2, Rick Huleatt 1, Vic Biega 1, and Bob Pawloski 2).

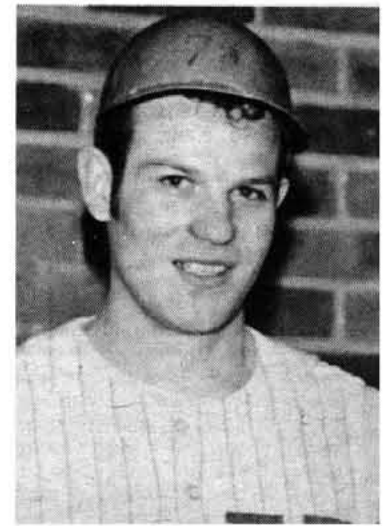
Sophomore Dave Matikowski, who was sorking on a no-hitter for the first five innings, suffered his second loss of the year.

To date, the Hawks have averaged a strong 7.5 runs per game average to their opponents 5.5. If the Hawk hurlers can rise to the level of the Hawk batsmen then there is still hope for an outstanding UHa baseball season.

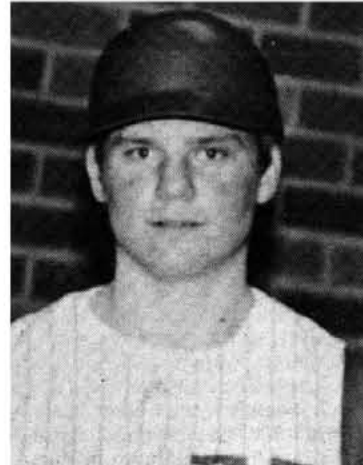
The next home game for the team is a double-header against R.P.I. at St. Thomas Seminary this Saturday. Thursday they journey to face a tough Southern Conn. nine and next Monday they man the buses to visit Holy Cross. Starting time for Saturday's game is 1 p.m.



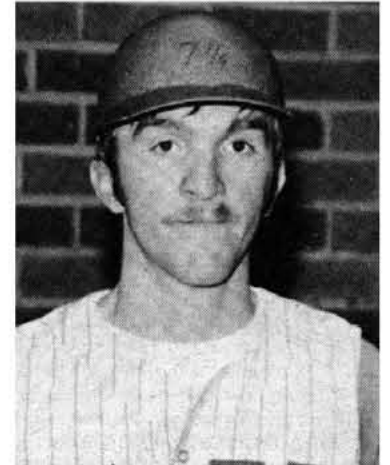
John Seabury — back to back home runs sets record



Mike McDonald — Field Days at Lowell Tech



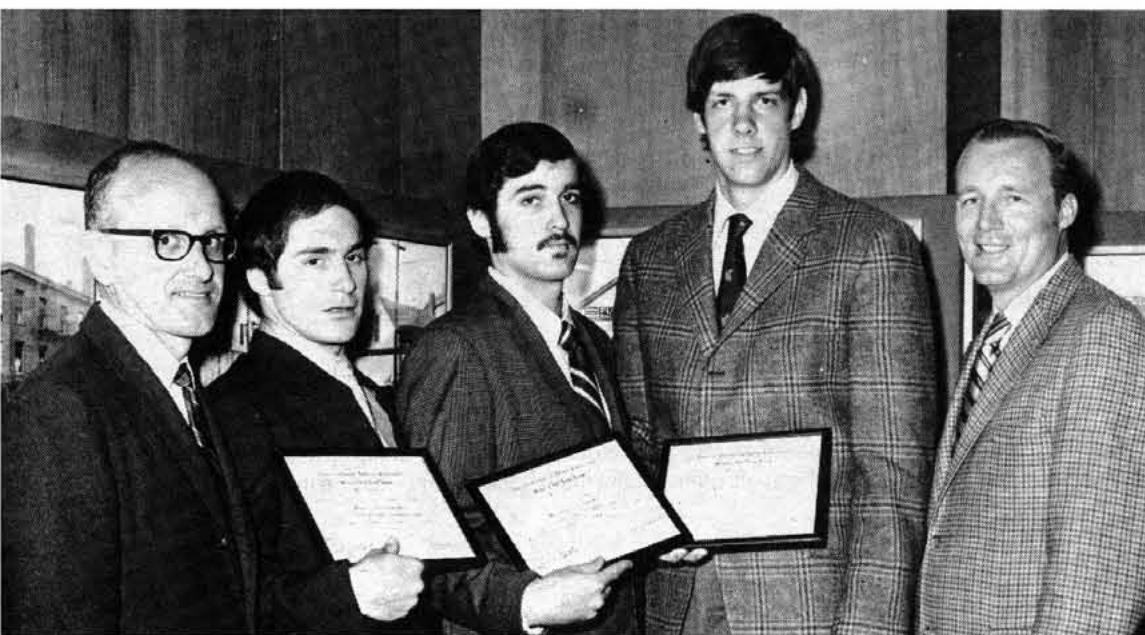
Rich Lambert — two wins for control artist



Bob Pawloski gave Hawks 6-6 ties



BASKETBALL AWARDS TO UoFH HAWKS — L-R: Ed Dunn (William Loder Defense Award), Wayne Augustine (Vincent B. Coffin Rebounding Award), Rich Kuhlbars (Desire Award), and Co-captain Dave Brunelle (Foul Shooting Award). April 16 at Scoler's Restaurant.



ECAC AWARDS TO COURT TRIP—Three members of the 1969-70 Hawks court squad (19-3) received citations honoring them on making the Eastern College Athletic Conference All-East Weekly teams during the past season. Scene at annual basketball luncheon held at Scoler's Restaurant April 16 shows (L-R) Assistant Coach Roger Wickman, Co-captain Larry Franciose (one week), Mike Meade (three weeks), Wayne Augustine (one week), and Coach Gordon McCullough.

Cagers Pick Most Deadly Opponents

Two seniors (both All-Americans), two juniors, and a sophomore were named Thursday (April 16, to the University of Hartford Hawks' All-Opponent basketball team for the 1969-70 court season.

Top selections in a UoFH 13-player poll were Greg Hill, All-American senior, and Mike White, a sophomore, both of American International College, NCAA College Division Champions in New England.

Hill, at center, and White, at forward, each scored 39 points in the Yellow Jackets 118-101 win over Hartford's Hawks. The duo also picked off 31 of 49 team rebounds to lead their team to a record scoring effort against any UoFH court team.

Howie Greenblatt, junior guard from Trinity College, was named to a guard post based on his 34-point effort — 22 in the second half — in the Hawks 98-86 win over the Bantams.

Junior forward Bill Reeves of Central Connecticut State College was picked for his outstanding play against the Hawks who defeated the Central Blue Devils 100-90 for the C.C.S.C. Holiday Classic Championship. Reeves scored 27 points and had 14 rebounds as he gained an MVP Tourney tie with Hartford's Mike Meade.

All-American Dennis Clark of Springfield, a senior guard, completed the star-studded opponents quintet. Clark scored 22 points, many on key baskets in the closing minutes to give the Chiefs an 89-82 season opener win over UoFH — one of three losses by the 19-3 Hawks last season.

The selections for the All-Opponent team was made at the Hawks' annual season-ending luncheon.

Spotlight On Intramurals?

For the past semester and a half we have sat by and watched our intramural department run its program under what it considers maximum efficiency. However this leaves much to be desired.

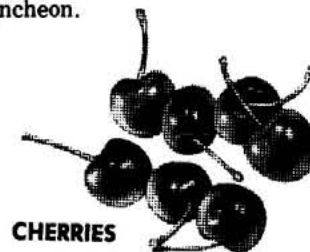
Football and basketball ran their ragged tracks and have been over for quite some time. No trophies have been presented in these two of the three major sports. The question is whether or not these trophies have ever been ordered and will the hard working winners ever receive their reward. It seems the easy way out would be for the intramural department to order all necessary trophies at the beginning of the year and keep them on hand. It's not too hard to figure out that there will be a first place finisher in each sport.

Volleyball and softball have proved to be a complete mixup. For the first time in intramural competition the independent and fraternity leagues were combined. To add to the confusion varsity lettermen have been allowed to play on an independent team against the fraternities. Softball has become even more confusing being played two mornings a week in an attempt to fit in a tennis tournament.

The directors of the department seem to have their own problems. One man is doing the work of three. The weekly intramural newsletter has not been printed since the middle of November. There hasn't been a publication of overall standings since this time.

One outstanding improvement the department lacks is the people who referee the games. The best player of any sport does not necessarily make the best nor even a good referee. Mandatory clinics are held for the participants of sports but any Tom, Dick, or Harry can get to ref a game. There are no clinics not to mention tryouts or requirements for a ref.

The intramural department is headed in the right direction but let's see it get there faster. At the beginning of next year there should be a meeting with a representative of the I.F.C. and the department directors. Let's run a first class program.



CHERRIES