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Connecticut College

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Conn. College To Lose American Dance Festival

By Tracy Duhamel

The American Dance Festival, in its thirtieth year at Conn College, announced this week that they are presently seeking a new site for the festival’s activities because they are unable to accept the proposed terms of their 1977 contract.

The American Dance Festival was first formed at Bennington College in 1934 and moved to Conn. in 1948 with a commitment to serve dance as an art form and to provide a place where student and artist could collaborate in an active working relationship for study and new production of student and professional works. Many major dance artists, including Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, Jose Limon, Alvin Alley, Paul Taylor, Twyla Tharp, Alwin Nikolais, and Murray Louis have participated in the Festival.

The disagreement between the college administration and the festival involves the expense of operating the campus during the six-week summer session. During this past summer, the operating costs were reported to be about $50,000. Of this, the Festival paid $5,500 while the college subsidized the remaining $44,500.

Festival students paid room, board, and tuition, which was used to pay faculty salaries and to help meet performing artists fees. In the past the Festival has paid neither rent, nor overhead costs. The college is now asking for a net rent of $15,000 for 1977, but would continue supporting students and to the community at large.

The Festival, in previous years, has been required to pay up to $5,000 of their profit; some years the college absorbed any costs which they could not afford, and yearly has paid full overhead. This includes hiring custodians, safety patrol, technical staff and also the cost of utilities and switchboard. Last month, the college initially requested that the Festival contribute $27,400 but the figure was then lowered to $15,000.

In a recent news release President Ames stated that, “Given our current financial limitations, we feel we must ask everyone using the campus to share in its operational expense. We cannot expect the tuition income from our regular undergraduates to bear the extra cost of the summer Festival. At the same time we recognize the value of the dance program to our students and to the community at large and are willing to contribute significantly to insure its continuation.”

Last year the dance Festival became a private, nonprofit corporation in New York, thus becoming an independent body from Conn’s department of dance and requiring that a new contract be drawn up with the school.

Charles Reinhart, the festival director, was cited in the New York Times as saying, “Although the immediate issue was whether the college will pay the college $15,000 in rent next summer, the whole disagreement is based on a change in the college’s priorities.”

The question is, where does the college stand vis-a-vis the arts? The administration felt the festival should be run as a department of the college. But there has been a tremendous change in the growth of the arts. Obviously, there is a change in priorities.”

Reinhart did not dispute the college’s proposed figures, but said that, “The truth is that it hasn’t cost the college more to have us than in recent years. A controller can make figures come out as you want them. If they say it costs them $50,000 for the square feet we use, I can say we give them $35,000. As I have said, for several months, we have sought to find a...
Letters To The Editors

Cars or Dancers

Letter to the Editors,

How can this college afford to lease a brand new Pinkymobile because, I, Campus Safety Petrol Car — and not afford to keep the American Dance Festival at Connecticut College? How many students will be encouraged to apply to Conn by the fact that we now have a supercharged, red-lighted police car on campus? Or, getting down to the nitty-gritty, how many prospective freshmen will be turned off by the fact that we no longer want the Dance Festival as a part of our community?

The Festival attracts hundreds of new applicants to this school each year, not to mention the free advertising the college receives every week of the summer in the New York Times by way of American Dance Festival ads. Does anyone know what is wrong with the old Pinky wagon? The last time I looked, it was moving under its own power.

Alan Goodwin '78

Return the ADF

To the Editor:

The American Dance Festival is about to be forced to leave Connecticut College because of financial pressure from the college's administration. The ADF has brought great prestige and recognition to Conn. Surely the fact that we are forcing it to leave for purely financial reasons paints a very sorry picture of our present goals and priorities. The news of our pending loss of the festival and the reasons for it have already been prominently displayed in the N.Y. Times. Is this the kind of face we want to show potential students; one of callous expediency?

Our college's drift away from the ideals of a liberal arts education is now clearer than ever. We close this letter by making a direct plea to the administration to reverse its decision about the ADF and to rethink its misguided priorities.

Eric Fehrburg
Louis Fine

Urbanization?

Dear Editor,

I wanted to publicly congratulate Walter Palmer for his article, "Crozier-Williams Next Exit?" And to register my own concerns about the gentrification of urban landscaping now going on around campus.

I would agree that certain kinds of campus urbanization are an unavoidable part of the age in which we live. Accordingly, although it bothers me that the environmental consciousness is as low as it seems, I applaud the recent appearance of greater numbers of garbage cans for recycling paper.

After 40 years of Conn. existence however, I find it hard to believe that it is necessary to now have staff signs, stop signs, fire zone signs (and maybe street signs?), appearing all over campus.

Having worked on Physical Plant, I will admit that the old system of fewer and less obtrusive signs wasn't foolproof nor 'drunk' proof. And as a result cars got parked in the wrong places and many of the signs were pulled out of the ground. To me, however, there seemed something human about the whole thing; and to now allow the automobile to intrude upon our campus any more than is necessary, is to invite needless urbanization.

I would advocate that we return to the old system of urban landscaping—with the same number, size and location of signs as we had before Campus Safety and the Parking Appeals Committee went to work. And that the College "write off" the financial loss of the signs and sign posts, as simply a bad idea. Anyway, at least Campus Safety will have salvaged a new street corner with a flashing red light out of the entire bad episode.

The campus has always struck me as a pleasant oasis in the midst of what has become rather concrete surroundings. It would be a shame to go the urban way unnecessarily.

Tom JulJus '77

Weaving as Art

Dear Editors:

Since "day one" freshmen year I have been trying to convince people that weaving is a legitimate art form. I thought I was making headway when the art department granted me permission to pursue in-house economics. Although when Conn. was a nice finishing school for young ladies it did have weaving—and yes, it was part of the home economics department. But that was a dog's age ago.

Perhaps, then, I should take this opportune time to explain what weaving is. The piece is worked out on a wooden loom. The threads running vertically are the "warp" and those running horizontally are the "weft." It is the manipulation of these two sets of threads that creates a "woven" piece. Knitting needles never make the same. Once again disappointed, I went to Barbette Brewer's studio and saw her create a "woven" piece. Knitting needles never make the same.
CONVERSATIONS

Vivre La
Knowlton Libre!

by William D. Beascher

A controversy has arisen concerning the Language Dorm (or International House) on campus, and it is clear that most of the opinions and ideas concerning what Knowlton is all about are not founded on correct information. Objections are perpetuated based on a small number of negative emotions and rumors, and is often the case, the benefits and the positive aspects remain obscured by the quite successful day-to-day routine of the institution in question.

The purpose of the Language Dorm is to approach as closely as possible the total environment of a foreign language. To use a foreign language for 190 minutes a week is not necessarily to speak English instead of some other time does not permit a continuity of thought and habit which are necessary to learn a language well. Those students who are seriously interested in developing utility with their second or third language are aided immeasurably by the extensive and continuous environment found in a Language Dorm. At Middlebury College Summer School, if a student is caught speaking English instead of his or her foreign language, they are asked to leave. This extreme example serves to illustrate the academic importance of immersion in a subject to learn it as well as possible.

Because Connecticut College is not specifically a language school, there is only one language dorm for as many languages as are taught here. French, Spanish, German, Russian, and Chinese speaking students share thirty-seven rooms on three corridors, and are姑娘es who, so that there are several foreign environments side by side.

Although this variety, in addition to the 'down the purlit ideal, the common goal of learning a foreign language is for everybody's mind, and creates the desired international atmosphere.

Each language is represented in the dining room by a table of its own. In addition, there are two "English" tables so that guests, friends, and visitors who choose to practice speaking English may do so, in which case a Knowlton resident may join these people to keep them company in English. Students who study a language but live elsewhere on campus come to Knowlton to eat with those who can speak the foreign language with them. For these people, the International House opportunities and atmosphere are particularly valuable because they are the only foreign language experiences offered outside the classroom. They depend on mealtime and social visits for a relaxed immersion in the use of their second tongue; and the unity of Knowlton— all of the elements of foreign life brought together under one roof - offers them the opportunity.

It is particularly important to note that this integration of academic life with personal and social life creates an ideal situation for getting acquainted with professors outside of the classroom. In their own home, students become the hosts for: their teachers (it is the reverse in class); thus they each can escape any academic pressures which might be found in class and cultivate a relaxed and enjoyable acquaintance from the starting language atmosphere. For these foreign language professors (as well as students) find themselves socially and academically quite productive.

This unified atmosphere is a good background for foreign language clubs on campus, and makes it possible for language students (as well as others) to come together to participate in events such as International Diner, foreign film showings, classes in a home environment, etc.

Despite administrative difficulties (which result from a misunderstanding of the purposes and success of the Language Dorm), Knowlton is continued on page four

continued on page four

continued on page four

A Summer of Tongues

The following piece is an excerpt from Lauren Kingsley's novel-in-progress. A Summer of Tongues.

The heat will overtake us all; the summer heat which obscures every afternoon and wakes us in late mornings with nightmares. The summer is an outstint which cannot be wiped away; the voluptuous overhanging greens outside steaming windows, the little pets who breathe with effort, even in their shudy sleep coves, under a shrub, a lawn chair, or on cookin kitchen lire. At night the attic fan whirs us into a bass sleep and in the morning we reopen to tense insects among last night's drinking glasses of the nightfall.

The tennis nets, which strategically located air conditioners, the light cologne, and body talcs, the menthol cigarettes half smoked, another morning, It lies before me like a schedule when I wake, roll over and groan at the east side of my room. The sun leaks back. Outside the windows the crazy monster bees are working over the screaming-bright slate roof. The house is cooking.

Perry covered an exposed breast and pushed to remember the previous night, but a black and greasy cloud loomed up before her and hovered in her pounding brains. Where had she been? No, no one answered. Instead that cloud opened up and she blew to the door of a house she had just woken up from dreaming. She was sweating.

It was houses. Company milled in here, but as she looked out the windows into the world where the neighbors' houses stood, she saw that the houses were all on fire, or about to be. Some windows in some houses stared back at her with great black eyes until they could see no longer and soon, they too coughed up timid quales of flame. The people poured out in snake-like tears which dissolved and fooled the air. The air was being sucked out of every thing, and suddenly it occurred to her that they were under nuclear attack. She ran into the streets, the city street which was constipated with market carts, trolleys, buses, horse and buggies. The people, taxicabs, everything. It looked like the Chicago fire. But it was the end of the world there were lots of metscases and hats, hats popping up and down, arms out and down, they are none away the dogs. She stopped a man wearing a derby, and asked him what to do. He pleaded with Perry for the sum of eighty-seven dollars and seventy cents, and she promptly reached into her pocket and handed it over. But then she realized that she had to get to Denver. She went with her father, who was away on a business trip. She had to be with him when they all crashed, and her father would drop the first syllable of every word it is convenient for them to do so. Sample sentence: "I can't light my white without words or phrases. To wit: when one is calm, relaxed, peaceful, tranquil or serene, none of these words is employed around here to describe that particular state of mind. The word, friends, is Mellow, and she continued her journey anyway, waving madly at everybody.
continued from page three
passing vehicle and screaming for them to stop.
She couldn't move or try to stop her car anymore which would prevent her from falling back into the horror of that dream. So she lay there, clutching the sides of her eyes wide open, drooling on her pillow.
It was a while before she moved and when she did she had to drop back onto the pillow, her head felt like a Civil War monument. You might suppose she had gotten pretty drunk last night. She dully recalled the drive back, the grating of the wheels in the freshly graveled road, the missing yellow line. She must have been going around fifty on Highland Ridge Road. That road she knew like a book, fifty on Highland Ridge Road.

No, it's you too," he said with a wide and dimly smile. "I've been looking for you, Kaylan."
"You wanna leave?" asked Jeffrey.
"Yes, there's some girl in there who I knew from last semester who once made an awful fool of me by pretending that I had given her the clap. She's ready to kill me.

They started off across the street, Perry taking a few steps with them until she stopped. "You guys gonna be around?"
They stopped and looked at her, "I mean this weekend and all?"
"Pants. Or are you going into New York or something?" She heard her own voice die out. She looked at her feet. She was standing right in the middle of Route 119, on the double yellow line.
"I'll be here and there," she heard Jeffrey say in a quiet voice. "But Maddy, aren't you going to..."
"No, I'm going away, Perry, for the weekend."

She had squinted up into his face. It was smirking, as she had expected. He never was 180 per cent serious, and most of the time you couldn't even be sure if he wanted to know the answer to his question.
"Jeff, even though you may not approve, I come here to drink with my friends." He looked away. "And if they leave, then I come here to drink, and sometimes I stay and sometimes I don't, and sometimes I bring other friends with me."
"Yes, but... Well, I guess that's your business. I just wonder what you're up to, but don't... I dunno, look here comes Matthew."
"Oh God," she muttered, looking at the door through which Matty was stepping with several goody-byes behind him.
"Oh, it's you too," he said with a wide and dimly smile. "I've been looking for you, Kaylan."
"You wanna leave?" said Jeffrey.

What do you come here so many nights?..."

That road she knew like a book, fifty on Highland Ridge Road.

...her li...
Knowlton Debate Re-opened

By Rose Ellen Scalfilippo

The Student Assembly has sent a letter to President Ames urging him to present a final policy statement on the future of the language dorms during the debate break, so as to ‘encourage and leave time for thoughtful discussion and compromise’ on the issue.

According to Student Government President Leslie Margolin this early administrative decision would avoid the ‘crisis situation’ which occurs in the spring because issues such as the confirmation of the general dorm and coops traditionally come up when students are either taking exams or in the membership of SG’s executive board.

Almost all of the residents of the present International house, Knowlton, attended the SG meeting, and endorsed the letter, which calls for the retention to the annual question of whether or not such specialized housing be continued at Connecticut College.

Specifically the letter, which also was endorsed by College Council, states that the college maintain both a language dorm and the restricted language dining; though the two do not have to occur in the same building.

The decision was decided upon temporarily last year when Dean of Student Affairs Philip M. Turnham assumed the responsibility of Knowlton’s housing arrangements over to the house president Allison Davison. Ms. Margolin said the issue was still alive because a member of the administration had expressed feelings against specialized housing. According to Ms. Margolin’s information it was difficult to find enough interested students to fill the dorm each year, and that the space in Knowlton may be more efficiently used if it were a regular dorm.

Although only financial considerations were discussed, the feeling that Knowlton had excluded itself from the rest of the campus was mentioned.

Students living in Knowlton said that they couldn’t understand what the problem is because all of the available space in Knowlton is being used. They claim they already have a waiting list of students wanting to live there.

Knowlton has 37 rooms and now houses 50 people, which has 12 doubles including three upperclassmen live in.

The students also said that a language dorm is a vital part of the community because ‘to use a foreign language’ for 150 minutes a week in a classroom and at no other time permit a continuity of thought and habit which are necessary to learn a language well.’

They said that the feeling that Knowlton was exclusive was unfounded and that those who live in Knowlton do not entertain elitist feelings or notions.

The problem as of now is that the student who live to be reached for comment at the time this article was printed, will be difficult to clarify the problem in the Pandit issue following Thanksgiving break.

JB Debates     Fink Clause Dilemma

Picture yourself studying for finals with two close friends. One turns to the other and says, “Don’t study Chapter Six. It wasn’t on the exam.” Would you tell them to report themselves to JB, and if they did not, turn them in yourself?

Judiciary Board had an open policy meeting to discuss whether to retain the “fink” clause in the Honor Code, on Sunday night Nov. 14. Under this clause any student witnessing an infraction of the academic, or social honor code is obligated to report the violation to JB.

The fundamental question this boils down to is whether observing an infraction is the proper method of reporting it should itself be a violation.

Consideration of this question is the result of a JB forum held a few weeks ago. There the prevailing sentiment was that although students generally support the Honor Code, they doubt their own willingness to turn someone in, or there is a lack of confidence.

Arguments for dropping the clause include its actual ineffectiveness and the hypocrisy of retaining a clause which is used to pledge, but do not really believe or follow.

An additional problem Mr. ChairmanTammy Kagan raised is that during matriculation students may sign the pledge without understanding its meaning, or realizing the responsibility behind it.

No one attacked JB without signing the Honor Code. Therefore, theoretically, no one can be here without agreeing to turn in someone they suspect of cheating.

In turning to reasons for keeping the clause, JB stressed its primary purpose of protecting students. If students did not turn fellow students in, the watchdog burden would lie on the faculty’s shoulders.

New London Shorts

Near Accident at Millstone

An accidental start-up of the Millstone nuclear plant during a refueling process has been termed “extremely unusual.” The event was triggered when an employee simply ‘pushed the wrong button,’ according to the New London Daily. Although no one was injured and no harm to the public occurred, the incident is under investigation by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. The Commission plans to examine the plant’s refueling process to ensure that employees are totally familiar with.

Leesington in New London

Mayor Ruby Turner Morris of New London was quoted in the day as being “very optimistic about the possibility of acquiring the aircraft carrier Lexington as a tourist attraction. The Lexington will be decommissioned by the Navy after two years. By then Mayor Morris hopes to have ironed out the many details involved in procurement of the vessel and its eventual location. Potential sites for the 900 foot, 10 story tall carrier stretch north from Ocean Beach to the Thames River.

Druggist bashed

A major drug ring was busted. The New Haven State Police arrested 10 men, some of whom reside in Mystic and Groton. After a long investigation, state troopers raided and found 33 pounds of marijuana valued at approximately $7,000. Police also found .442, pistol, and hundreds of dollars in cash. Police say that the investigation is still under way, and that they plan on more arrests.

E.B. striker electrocuted

A worker at the General Dynamics Electric Boat Plant was electrocuted just before noon last Friday. Eugene Miller, 46, was working on an air circulating device when he evidently made contact with a bare wire. Miller was pronounced dead on arrival at Pequot Medical Hospital as approximately 2:45 p.m. Miller had just returned to E.B. three weeks prior to his death after an eight week absence following a strike in 1973. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

Dialing For Dollars

By Nancy Slager

With one week of fund raising completed and one to go, the annual Connecticut College Telethon is rapidly accumulating alumni pledges.

The benefit of dropping the clause and making the reporting of violations optional were also discussed. If students questioned their ability to report infractions when it is an obligation, it was felt there would be more reluctance to report violations.

JB Rep. Michael Colines pointed out the selfishness of not reporting the student, especially in a case not involving a binding duty. JB Rep. Michael Colines said that he realized how difficult turning in a violation could be, but when not reporting to JB, the witness takes the easy way out and puts his interests above his fellow students.

After the meeting, the Judiciary Board voted unanimously to keep the "fink" clause. Added to the list of advantages was this clause’s contribution to Comi’s ideal enforcement of mutual trust and cooperation.

Elimination of the “fink” clause would show student unwillingness to handle the responsibility of reporting others. In this event, Kagan anticipates that the faculty would revoke the privilege of self-scheduled exams.

The benefits of dropping the clause and making the reporting of violations optional were also discussed. If students questioned their ability to report infractions when it is an obligation, it was felt there would be more reluctance to report violations.

According to Debbie Zilly, one of the Telethon’s volunteers, the call process has been excellent, with 22 student volunteers. The token faculty volunteer is Antoinette Wagner, assistant professor from the physical education department.

At this point in the Telethon 132 alumni have been phoned, 27 of them giving specific pledges which have amounted to $770. The remaining 106 alumni have agreed to donate funds, but have not yet specified the amount of their contributions.

"The fund raising is not specifically for the library," Zilly said, but rather for "unrestricted purposes." However, a contributing alumni volunteered to give to a specific area in which area of the college he wishes his donation to be used.

When asked whether she anticipated as successful an outcome as in previous years, Zilly said that it is difficult to say at this point because as many alumni have agreed to donate money to the college, but have not yet specified the amount.

Holmey’s 10% total of accumulated funds resulting from the Telethon will either equal or surpass last year’s profits which totalled roughly $2,200.

The telethon continues from Nov. 15 through Thursday night, Nov. 19.

Loco-Motion Circus

The Loco-Motion Circus starring Bounce the Clown and Crys P. Koki III will perform to delight children of all ages. Performances will be held Thursday, November 20, at Connecticut College.

The program at 8:00 p.m. in the gymnasium is sponsored by the Williams-Lee Center promises a facet-paced melding of acrobating gymnastics, juggling, hand balancing, unicycling, puppeteering, and mime.

The two young clowns who create and perform this "movement experience" have enchanted audiences throughout the United States and Canada with their dexterity and body coordination. Their performances involving portions of the comedy vaudeville era, has been featured at shopping malls, art festivals, school systems, and over television.

Children under 12 will be admitted for 25 cents, adults for 50 cents. Tickets will be on sale at the gymnasium door on the evening of the performances.

ANTED:

Black-White couples (Black woman-White man only) to participate in research project. All couples must be college students, and must supply a police, do not agree to turn in someone they suspect of cheating.

In turning to reasons for keeping the clause, JB stressed its primary purpose of protecting students. If students did not turn fellow students in, the watchdog burden would lie on the faculty’s shoulders.

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Happy's Prediction

Beaver, Parmenter, and Deedy ARE Freeman. All three had games together for the first time against K.B. The result was a 42 point victory margin. If Morrisson Thought Harkness was intense, wait until they meet Deedy and the Beave. Add Parmenter and the rest of the boys, subtract Gale from Morrisson and Freeman will bring the championship back to the South. Deedy and Parmenter have been close to the championship before, only to fall. This is Parmenter's last quest.

Freeman wants the championship more than anyone else. They have bounced back from defeats and upsets to slaughter a favored K.B. team. The Freeman slogan is "The South's Gonna Do It," and I agree.

Freeman

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Mark Wyatt  CBve Gosnell Golden Boy T.D. Deedy Harpo Mike Tulin Josh Stern Trae Anderson Ricky Shrier Steve Antoinetti Beaver

6'0"  174  DE  Beer Distribution
6'2"  177  TE-DE Necrophilia
5'11" 169  Palm Beach-QB Male Modeling
5'7"  146  HB-Safety Pharmacology
5'10" 152  SE Marxism
5'11" 153  DB Import-Export
6'0"  161  MG Architecture
6'0"  170  Goalie Soccer
5'8"  146  HB Massage Parlor Owner
5'9"  15  C Driver's Ed
6'0"  183  G-LB Mixology
On "Super Bowl Saturday"

**Biff's Prediction**

Freeman's only loss during the regular season was to Harkness. Morrisson beat Harkness twice. Freeman's only tie this year was to Hamilton. Morrisson beat Hamilton also. The Fisklo-Wilgus connection is unbeatable. Either Fisklo or Miami can handle Beaver, especially a wounded Beaver. Deedy is hobbling around on a cane.

Individual players do not win a championship. Teams win championships and Morrisson is the team that will win this year.

All Photos by Powell

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**Morrison**

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<td>Peter Gale</td>
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PAGE SEVEN, PUNDIT, 18 NOVEMBER 1976
Roots, Rock, Reggae!

There’s no question that there are a lot of talented people working in the world of contemporary music. But there are many very few true innovators. Jimmy Cliff, master of song, keeper of rhythm, and king of reggae, is one of those. It is no surprise that what has come to be known as reggae is an innovation. No one can say that venting reggae—as with all music, it is a synthesis of different elements from many more than any other single figure. Throughout the doors to its inevitable rhythm in the pop market place and is today a living symbol of modern Jamaican music-reggae music.

As with anyone in the vanguard of a given moment, Cliff has had to surround more of his share of obstacles which circumstance has placed in the path of his career. The son of a tailor, Cliff grew up in a small village near Montego Bay on the north coast of Jamaica. By the age of 14 he went to study at a technical school in Kingston. The main source of entertainment for Jamaica was radio and among the favorite stations were those broadcasting from Miami and Havana. When the US moved to the Gulf of Mexico, Cliff particularly liked those from New York and lists Stan Coates, Louis Jordan, Fats Domino, Little Richard and Smiley Lewis among his early musical idols.

Unique to Jamaica are the sound systems—portable disc jockey systems that play records on dance halls. P. A. systems powerful enough to send the music vibrating through the bodies of the dancers. When American R and B records became overladen with excessive production techniques, the Jamaican sound system DJ’s began recording their own records exclusively. The DJ’s took on the role of the early American musicians’ imitations of the earlier backbeat brand of R and B records. Although the number of homegrown versions ranged from ska to rock steady to reggae; at this point Jimmy Cliff decided to drop out of school to become a professional singer.

Cliff recorded his first song, “Daisy Got Me Crazy”, for Count Bovase in 1961 at Ken Gouris’ Federal Records studio—the first recording he ever made. Bovase offered him the sum of one shilling (10 cents) for his efforts; Cliff turned down the offer. The pride he could muster. (That bitter incident was replayed by actor James Earl Jones in the role of the film The Harder They Come, in which Cliff, as the character of Mr. Hendricks, said of himself, ‘I refuse your request of one shilling.’)

That night he went home, and sold everything from ice cream to records, Cliff had a brainstorm and went in to see a friend who could convince one of the disc jockeys.

brothers who owned the store to help him make a record which they could sell. He made up a song on the spot—‘Dear Beverly’.

Two of the brothers found the audition comical; one, Leslie King, the other, Cliff. He agreed to take Cliff into the studio.

His next recording, “Hurricane.” was immediately the talk of the town. Kingston hit parade: Cliff, at the age of 15, had become a celebrity and Leslie King had established himself as the country’s most successful record producer.

For the next year, Cliff’s records, such as ‘King of Kings’ and Miss Jamaica’ (in the then popular ska mode), made the chart charts in England buoyed hit: a hit of Wonderful World, Beautiful People, ‘as well as’ ‘Sain’ (called the best protest song ever written’ by Bob Dylan) and ‘Many Rivers to Cross’ the yarn-like song that induced film maker Peter Hemell to offer Cliff the lead in The Harder They Come. Cliff soon discovered the theatrical opening night, forcing him to change his attire; he wore a young man’s suit with a bow tie. (“I’ll tear you up like a hurricane”) immediately went to the top of display, Kingston hit parade: Cliff, at the age of 15, had become a celebrity and Leslie King had established himself as the country’s most successful record producer.

The Department of Music at Connecticut College will present a student recital Thursday (Nov. 18) at 8 p.m., which will include performances by over 20 undergraduate musicians and the premier performances of Eclogue, composed by Charles Shackford, professor of music. The recital will be held in Dana Hall in the Cummings Arts Center.

A brass quintet playing Henry Purcell’s Two Trumpet Tunes and Ayre and Daniel Speer’s Sonata from Die Bankel-sangerleiter will open the program.

Following the opening piece will be Concerto for Two Flutes in C Major by Vivaldi and two pieces of Bach: Sonata in C Major for Flute and Continuo and Partita in D minor.

Franz Danzi’s Sonate; Jour d’ete on la Montagne by Bozza; and Schumann’s Intermezzo, Op. 4, No. 5 and Three Fantasy Pieces for Clarinet and Piano will also be on the program.

The finale for the recital will be the premiere of Prof. Shackford’s Eclogue for alto and tenor saxophones, four violincellos, and harp, with Prof. Shackford conducting.

The audience is invited to meet the performers in the lobby after the recital which is open to the public at no charge.
**Herr's Directorial Debut Proves a Resounding Success**

By Robert Markowitz

"This is great," bubbled Dean Johnson to her friend, "There's nothing better than classical porn."

It was intermission at 'The Mandrake' directed by Niccolo Machiavelli and directed by Linda Herr. The audience approved. Linda Herr's 'Mandrake' is an audacious production. The actors use comic techniques such as exaggerated expression, doubling and chilling effects asides. The risk in playing for the laugh is that the characters can be reduced to caricatures. Yet although most of the characters were two-dimensional, the stereotypes were interesting as they played to the horror genre. If each actor was wearing a mask. When the curtain opens for the first act, a girl is arranging and admiring a bouquet of flowers. It is a very simple action, but it draws the audience's concentration.

The bold and beautiful costume design of Herr are another magnetic attraction. They serve as a major feature of the set, since the brightly girded ladies of Renaissance gowns.

The plot is revealed almost immediately. A young, wealthy, charismatic stud, Callimaco (Erik Sleteland) is determined to win a Helen-of-Troy type, Lucrezia (Nancy Martin). His fortune, however, is virtually Props. The risk in playing for the laugh is that the characters can be reduced to caricatures. Yet although most of the characters were two-dimensional, the stereotypes were interesting as they played to the horror genre.

"The Front" at Groton UA

By John Azarow

I have just seen "The Front," a film starring Woody Allen, one of my favorite comedians, a man whose performances and films have had me in hysterics for years. Going to a film starring Woody Allen, for me, was something like going to a party, full of happy energy and laughter. Movie houses were transformed into comfortable living rooms, as endless streams of one-liners and sight gags kept the audience rolling in the aisles.

As the film progressed, the theatre is uncomfortably silent. No one has moved from their seat, the rolling of jokes just heard, or palm-slapping over favorite scenes is evidence that the audience is in shock after viewing director Martin Ritt's graphic indictment of one of the entertainment industry's, indeed our nation's, darkest moments. I'm talking about Joe McCarthy's House Un-American Activities Committee and Blacklist.

"The Front" focuses on the Blacklisting that halted — and in some cases ended — the careers of some of America's finest actors, writers and directors during the post-WWII "Communist Scare." Ritt himself was Blacklisted from 1951 through 1967, and Walter Bernstein, who wrote the original screenplay for "The Front" was Blacklisted from 1951 through 1968. Ritt has directed several successful films over his 20-year career, "(Hud), "The Long Hot Summer," "Sounder," "Pete's Testament" but describes "The Front" as "the film I've always wanted to make."

Having been Blacklist victims, Ritt and Bernstein could have recursively lashed out at the industry and government committees, probably producing a boring, documentary-type film. But instead of a documentary, they have produced a serious and often humorous story of real people's reactions to intimidation and pressure, with great effectiveness.

Allen, in his first straight dramatic film role, lends a fine cast. As Howard Prince, Allen is a small, bookie and restaurant cashier (describing his childhood: "The biggest sin in my family was to buy retail") who is persuaded to "front" for a trio of Blacklisted television writers (says Prince: "I can't even write a grocery list") and achieves fame and fortune as television's hottest young talent.

The film is a natural comic, his performance in "The Front" accents Allen's sensitivity and strength as an actor. Allen responds with a powerful and moving performance.

Zero Mostel, as a different side of Allen, is a strong character, a Blacklisted actor turned informer for a private investigator, and Her- schei Bernski, in a rare film appearance as a network employee who covers up the Blacklist policies of the networks, add personal experience to the film, in addition to their obvious talents as actors. Remember Caskey gives a cold character- ization as the head of an investigative firm. Freedom, in his own words, "I am a woman of the people, my philosophy is that 'Singing the side of freedom is an honor' embodies the mania of the times."

Ritt's editing and camera work are precise and to the point, helping the viewer move easily through some highly flammable subject matter. Particularly impressive were the "talking heads" and "off screen" aspects of the film, as I felt comfortable with a time period close to my own childhood, without overdose costumes and tacky sets a la "Happy Days." "The Front," a different side of "The way we were."

**Thanks Diane**

by Audrey Anderson

Last Saturday night was an amazing evening. Diane Argryis sang at The Mandrake. It's hard, virtually impossible, to express through words a moving experience. I think, though, that it would suffice to say that Diane was incredible. I'm sure anyone who was fortunate enough to have been there will agree.

Diane sang to a chapel basement packed to capacity. After her first set of songs, tables had to be folded in order to make enough room for continuous streams of newcomers.

By the end of the night she had the entire audience singing along and on their feet with appreciation. Tell me when that has ever happened before at a Con College performance.

Not only does Diane have an incredibly strong and beautiful voice, she can also become one with her song and to share it with her audience. She reached down to her innermost feelings and engaged us Saturday night with her song and presence. There are no pretensions when Diane sings, only honesty.

Diane really knows how to sing the blues. And just as easily all

San Francisco Chronicle

**Chapelwatch for Diane**

by Suzanne Melhado

The sky

in evening breath,

seeps slowly the blush of sun

touching into the birches that skirt my vision.

Cool rose

fingertipped across the dusk

drift into the reaches of the treeline.

My eyes

trace the outline of nightshade against
your sweet cleats

your stone face chiseled

into the body of Christ

the wittled God,

in shades of day dying in bleeding hue of hope.

San Francisco Chronicle

Scene from Mandrake
Dance Festival cont.

continued from page one

common ground on which to
continue our long-standing
relationship with the American
Dance Festival. Our offer to host
the Festival next summer
remains open. If, however, they
succeed in relocating their
program, we will begin im-
mediately to plan for a School of
the Dance and the Connecticut
College Dance Festival on our
campus next summer. We are
firmly dedicated to maintaining
our traditional strength in the
dance.

Ames stressed that if the
festival does leave, a different
kind of festival could be
organized: a festival not only
dedicated to dance, but also to
other arts, including drama and
music. The school could hire
additional faculty and build a
comparable reputation over
time.

Initial plans for a revived
program at Corn are still de-
definite, but President Ames
indicated that the strength and
quality of the institution's present
dance program would provide a
strong base for future develop-
ment.

The Festival is looking into the
feasibility of moving to Newport,
where they held a series of
performances this past summer.
This, however, poses obvious
problems of housing and space
because there is no central
campus in the area which could
provide as good a setting as Con.
does.

Other institutions have ex-
pressed an interest in hosting the
Festival but these plans are still
in the making. Reinhart says
that he hopes to have chosen a new
location for the Festival by Jan. 1.

Mary Jane Ingram, festival
administrator, said that this year
"the community had just started
making a real attempt in
assisting the festival," and that,
"it's and when you come up to
your thirtieth anniversary in a
place, to pull up roots and move."

This summer there were 300
students from 40 states and
foreign countries attending, and
17 different dance troops visited
during the six week period.
Currently, the Festival offers
other dance programs such as a
four week Dance Television
Workshop for professional
television directors, Project:
Music and Dance which com-
misions new works from
composers and choreographers,
Dance Educators' Workshops,
Dance Therapy Workshops,
experimental theatre company
residencies. It also commissions
new works by prominent and
emerging choreographers. The
Festival holds a year-round
Community Outreach Program
of movement classes, workshops
and concerts in Southeastern
Conn. and Rhode Island.

Cliff cont.

continued from page eight
respectable middle-class
Jamaicans to sit two and three
to a seat. Cliff, the star of the
movie, was unable to get in.

The Harder They Come served
to introduce Cliff and the reggae
idol to the world. Since the film,
Cliff's songs have been covered
by a wide array of pop artists
running from Harry Nilsson to
Brownsville Station, from Johnny
Rivers to Three Dog Night and
Cher.

Cliff has experimented with
a wide variety of musical ap-
proaches, but the fact remains
that reggae, with its innovative
rhythms and arrangements and
its freedom for poetic expres-
sion of real ideas and feelings,
has allowed him more latitude for
artistic creation than any con-
temporary musical form. And
Cliff, in turn, has given reggae
recognition to Jamaica's
problems and potential, as well
as to its wealth of creative talent.

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Cummings cont.

verdure of the hillsides. The
image created in my mind was
that of a place of infinite,
voluptuous hills and endless sand
mazes.

Lastly, in the midst of the great
hall of Cummings lay the
sculptures of William Travis.
Although he spent thirteen years
of his life in Africa, Mr. Travis
did not hesitate to mention that
he has detached himself from
sculpturing along the lines of the
African motif. When queried as to
what he is trying to convey, he
stated that he is concerned with
"implied space-space that
continues beyond the piece." Mr.
Travis, who has exhibited at the
Philadelphia Art Alliance and
Fogler Shakespeare Library in
Washington, D.C., sees his
message as that of universal
appeal where the viewer can
"just appreciate what physical
tings are doing."

It was only by chance that I
managed to procure a few
statements from an observing
critic in the vicinity of the show.
His comment on painted
photography was, "it is used to
call emphasis to an area with
color — why don't they just take
up painting?" Another comment
that was made concerned
minimal sculptures. He decided
that they were worthwhile to
spectators who usually just see
things at eye level, and who now
would notice the objects lying on
ground level.

The exhibit was diverse enough
to be quite stimulating, especially
since the artists appeared
to be very much involved in
their work. Although not a
discerning connoisseur, I would
like to add in concluding that the
wine, which was of decent
caliber, caused me to recognize
the ground level art via the art of
stumbling!

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The Semi-Finals - And Then There Were Two

By ruff and Happy Lomax

This past Saturday Mrs. Natural blessed us with ideal weather for the start of the annual pig and brew ritual known as the Flag Football Playoffs. The first place team from the Northern half to win the championship, Morrisson, met Harkness, who emerged from the pastoral Southern backcountry as the number two ranked team. It was Gettysburg all over again. The battle surged on for three hours, holes bow down and up Mervs Field, with neither side conceding defeat nor proclaiming victory. At last the smoke cleared and the war hots died with fifty seconds left in the sudden-death overtime period. Morrisson had scored a safety, making the final score 23-21.

Just to stop and reflect on what an effort was put forth by both teams is too much for the brain to comprehend. It was one of the most exciting and best executed games in flag football history, it even temporarily shocked ruff and Flag out of their state of known consciousness. Spectacular individual performances abounded all day. Buckwheat pulled more flags while lying flat out on his back than most players do standing upright. Pablo scored more points than swimming pool full of grain alcohol could. Before we began our scoring recap it is advisable for those with a weak heart not to read beyond this point.

Early in the first quarter, Morrison lost the services of running back Peter Gale who pulled up lame and was forced to exit the game. This hurt their running game significantly. For the only score in the first quarter, Harkness QB Andy Kreuvlin hit center Pablo Fitzmaurice for a 45-yard touchdown pass. The score was Harkness 7, Morrisson 0, at the end of the first period.

The first play of the second quarter by Morrisson into scoring position when Harkness was hit with a pass interference penalty. Morrisson QB Mark Fiskio lofted a thirty yard T.D. pass to split-end Larry Wilgus, who made a tough catch while being guarded as if he was a Spanish virgin. Kreuvlin set up Harkness next score with a 50-yard quarterback-back screen.

By exactly 3 seconds left in the half, Pablo pulled in an off target Kreuvlin pass to score his second field goal of the game in favor of Harkness.

Fiskio started throwing short, medium and long passes in an offensive guard David Watkins, who scored to tie it up again at 14. In the third period, Fiskio picked off another pass and on the next play hit Miami who ran unnoticed into the end zone to put Morrisson ahead 21-14.

In the fourth quarter, Harkness came back with some rather dazzy. The old flea-flicker play was called, and Kreuvlin threw a screen pass to split end Keith Green who hit tight end Paul Sanford in God's Country to tie it up again at 21 points all. Harkness got control on Morrison's ten yard line with a first and down and looked into the Harkness huddle to see if it was time to score. However, Fiskio herself intercepted and a Harkness fumble was recovered by Morrison's fullback Mike Misur. It looked as if Harkness might have another chance when Paul DeCunzo caught a pass out of Wilgus' hand, but an official made a dubious call and Mike was once again in scoring position. Time ran out however, and the game was fumbled into sudden death overtime, the second in flag football history.

Morrison won the coin toss after a coin pull with Harkness to end the tie game. The game continued from page twelve basketball and then the final of either the game or the teams. K.B. did not play badly, Freeman was just amazed and amazed more awesome offensively and defensively. The quality of Freeman's personnel was never in question, but it was hard to believe our eyes when Parmenter, Touchdown Deedy, and the Beaver played the best individual performances abounded against both the sweep and the pass rush.

K.B. vs Freeman

K.B. over Freeman by seven points! That was the limb the Lomax prediction went out on. For most of the first half, the prediction looked good with K.B. leading Freeman 14-7 on successful screen passes. Then the boys from Freeman ran the sweep right out of under ole and Happy at Happy as Golden Boy plunged for a touchdown. Smith gave K.B. possession of the ball again with his second interception of the game. Freeman then scored a 23-yard bomb from T.K. to Gereely put K.B. ahead in the winning moments of the first half. The game went down hill for K.B. from there as Freeman began to assemble its act with a totally devastating offensive game. K.B. scored another 23-yard bomb for a final score of 28-7.

The Freeman comeback began with the Golden Boy weathering his way uphill on a 27-yard bomb for a 35-yard gain. The game began to roll downhill for K.B. from there as Freeman began to assemble its act with a totally devastating offensive game. K.B. scored another 23-yard bomb for a final score of 28-7.

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**Volleyball Tournament Saturday**

with Holy Cross, Assumption and U. New Haven

A Preview Of Varsity Hoops

by Alan Goodwin

Sally Burrows on beam in gymnastics practice.

**Sports View:**

**We Could Be Even Better**

by Alan Goodwin

Isn't it unfortunate that our intercollegiate athletic teams are not as good as they should be. The reasons for this are numerous. Most are understandable, such as monetary restrictions or lack of adequate facilities. But there is one cause of our too often inept attempts at varsity competition which is, to me, unacceptable. Mayer Kravitz playing women’s field hockey: the fact that there are a number of gifted athletes on this campus who will not participate.

Now before all you “I don’t have the time” and “Ya mutta wears combat boots” people come down at me from all angles, come up to my tangent for a while and let me clarify myself. I’m talking about the people who tell you “I don’t have time to play basketball” but spend two hours a night in the gym shooting around and certainly be on their dorm room’s roster. There are at least ten men on campus who could make the varsity basketball team but who did not want to “take the time” to try out. Three or four probably would be in the starting line-up. You doubt me? Watch the caliber of ball played in the intramural league this winter and see the improvement.

I know it’s not considered hip to be competitive and to “win one for the ole’ Gipper”, and to even show a little school spirit. But why not? Some of the people who complain about our too often poor showing on the court, the field, or in the pool are the same people who could be out there perhaps doing a better job.

A great deal of credit should be given to our varsity athletes who do take the time and energy to participate. Let them know that you appreciate their efforts by making your presence felt, loudly if it's in you, or spiritually if you're into some sort of meditation. The attendance at sporting events here is at an all time low. A crowd of 200 and over might have come to see the hospiters scrimmage Trinity, and Dr. Scotch was always talking on how large an aggregation we had present. Come on, you've got to be kidding. Let's raise our standards and expectations a little.

**Conn Swimmers Improve... But Lose Again**

Bubbling with spirit and enthusiasm, nine sexy Conn. College swimmers traveled to Central Conn. State College to take on the team's fourth rival of the season. Every swimmer bettered her own previous record, despite the team’s overall defeat. Team captain Kathy Dickson placed first in the 100 yd. Breaststroke, improving her time from 1:33.0 to 1:31.9 minutes. Debbie Siatkowski lowered her time in the 100 yd. Butterfly from a previous 1:35.5 to 1:31.9 minutes. Newcomer to the team, Lesley Whitcomb, put in an excellent performance in the 60 yd. Butterfly with a time of 30.3 seconds. The 50 yd. Freestyle Relay Team, composed of Cathy Wrigley, Cindy Yande, Kathy Dickson, and Lesley Whitcomb, challenged by a powerful Central Conn. team, cut their time down from 2:23.4 to 2:00.9 minutes, although only placing a close 2nd.

One of the highlights of the meet was the 200 yd. Freestyle event. Conn. College swimmer Cathy Wrigley displayed a superb effort in rivaling her Central Conn. opponents from the outset of the 20-length competition through to the end. Cathy placed second in an extremely close race, finishing only .04 of a second from the winner. The outcome was a true indication of how large an aggregation we had present. Come on, you've got to be kidding. Let's raise our standards and expectations a little.

A great deal of credit goes to both of these men. In an era where dominating centers are paid exorbitant salaries to unreasonably slow down an offense, and front office men are all getting as hard-headed as Charlie Finley and Wellington Mara, both men were incredibly level-headed and reasonable. More players should make decisions as Conn did (because of lack of performance and desire) rather than subject the fans to their half-hearted play. Because he feels he's not earning his salary, Conn is sacrificing $250,000 a year, none of whom outplayed him in the long run. It is a definite display of character that he was able to walk away from all this money.

Like Conn, Red Auerbach, the Celtics General Manager, showed a great deal of character throughout the entire affair. Auerbach's man was, displayed through inaction rather than action. When Conn came to his decision, the cigar-chewing executive never questioned it. He realized that when Conn hit the court he always gave his all to the team and the organization, so when he made up his mind, it was not to be discussed. It was Conn's personal matter.

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