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Satyahogwash

CONN COLLEGE



Vol. 54, No. 15

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

Tuesday, March 23, 1971



National Political Chiefs Discuss Presidential Race

Conversations conducted last week in Washington revealed that the race to lose the presidency in 1972 was shaping up to be a close contest. Neither side seemed convinced that they could avoid winning the presidency, but both appeared confident that the awful burden could be avoided. In a joint interview, the National Committee Chairmen of the two major parties agreed that both sides were doing their best to avoid putting anyone from their respective party into the White House.

"Neither side wants the presidency," said Senator Robert Dole, Republican, "the job is too tough, and the country is in such a mess that the presidency is a rather painful form of slavery. And there's so much visibility that goes with the job, nobody really wants to be incompetent in front of the whole world."

Larry O'Brien, Dole's counterpart for the Democrats nodded assent. "It's becoming a drag on the individuals themselves," he said, "and it's a real burden on the party to have to have someone in the White House. This has been coming on for a few years now. Lyndon Johnson saw it coming in 1964, and wasn't going to run again. Then Lady Bird convinced him otherwise. But you didn't notice him making the same mistake twice, no sir. The presidency is becoming like a prison sentence on the party which is unlucky enough to get more votes every four years."

Later on, when interviewed separately, O'Brien chuckled over memories of 1968. "We thought we had it in the bag, all we had to do was run LBJ again and we'd be beaten as badly as Hoover was in 1932. But then LBJ told us he wouldn't risk it. Gene McCarthy was a big help, dividing the party, but we almost gave it all up when the Republicans nominated Nixon, that

proverbial and perennial loser. Someone in the Republican party told me, 'we figure if Dick can't lose the race, then the race just can't be lost.'" A frown covered O'Brien's face at the memory. "Still we didn't give up," he recalled. The convention, with the Chicago Police helping out hurt, I mean helped, us a lot. And we were pleased as punch with the job Hubert Humphrey did. Finally, we just managed to lose, but it was close call. We almost ended up inheriting the mess we had made out of things."

Senator Dole was somewhat pained by the memory. "We tried everything in '68. We had the most boring convention we could come up with, and we nominated two surefire losers. We ran a campaign that was as phony and non-issue oriented as the media experts could come up with. Let me tell you, though, if we'd had just another week, just a few more days, we still might have managed to lose it. It's just too bad."

The Republican chairman went on, "But you won't catch us making the same mistakes twice either. Nixon's win in '68 was a fluke, and we're pretty sure he'll be able to lose it in '72, just as we'd hoped in '68. A few mistakes have been made, but by and large we figure that by election day next year the people will be so disgusted with us that we'll get tossed out with the greatest of ease. Look at what we've done. The war got expanded, and that resulted in a drop in the polls. The economy has gone from bad to worse to rotten. The inflation is out of hand. How can people possibly vote for us?"

Asked about future plans for the campaign, Dole was evasive. "Sure we've got ideas up our sleeves, but we won't tip our hand now. But if you want an example, look at what Nixon said a couple weeks ago, about this being the last war. That

lost us so many votes in the military-industrial complex establishment, why it'll probably throw a couple of wavering states right into the Democrat's lap, and I don't think the Democrats will be able to alienate them better than we have. We figure we don't lose—that is we figure we can lose, and by golly, we'll do it."

Chairman O'Brien of the Democrats was also optimistic. "It's our notion that the divided party stunt we pulled in '68 will work for us again," he asserted. "Look, I've already got George McGovern working on it, and his counterpart, Scoop Jackson, is coming along fine. I don't know that we'll ever do as good a job at splitting the party as we did last time, but we'll have a damn good try, believe you me. We're not sure about candidates yet. We haven't decided if we want an obscure face that no one will vote for because they never heard of the guy before, or if we want to try to run a proverbial loser like the Republicans tried with Nixon. That strategy does make sense, you know, even if it backfired on them in '68."

"But, hell, even Ted Kennedy proved he could lose when he let Bobby Byrd beat him out for the whip job last January. Just think, strange as it may seem, we could lose an election by nominating a Kennedy, and wouldn't that be something to bring off!"

Candidates, O'Brien said, weren't the only way to lose an election. "There are issues that we have to avoid dealing with," he said, "like the war and the economy and pollution. We figure that we're doing just little enough so that people won't start to respect our ideas and actions in those areas. Another disastrous convention might not be a bad idea again, but I'm looking into the idea the Republicans had last time about boring people to tears. You never know, that might work for us where it didn't work for them. We'll have to wait on that till next summer rolls around."

"Actually, the Republicans are making it easy on us. Look at that Silent Majority speech about eighteen months ago. Nixon's ratings went way up, and they still haven't stopped hearing about it. Another mistake like that one, and we'll be in clover, and the Republicans will still be in the White House."

Dean Watson Tells Of Student Housing Plan

by Allen Carroll

Margaret Watson, Dean of Student Affairs, has announced housing procedures for the semester beginning in September of 1971. The final plan was arrived at after fourteen hours of negotiations with the militant group Tearful Sophomores and Juniors for Housing OUR Way.

At the close of the meeting, Dean Watson mumbled exhaustedly, "We hope our plan will be acceptable to as many cliques as possible. If not, too bad."

The plan is as follows: No action will be taken until students arrive next September. At that time, students will arrive in the normal manner, but will be temporarily housed in Crozier-Williams and Palmer Library. After freshmen orientation period and the arrival of upperclassmen, the entire student body will be requested to assemble at the north end of the campus.

All those seeking housing on the Connecticut College campus will then line up along Benham Avenue with all their personal possessions. At exactly one o'clock p.m., a cannon on loan from the Coast Guard Academy will be fired, and students will proceed to the room of their choice by whatever means they choose.

After reaching a room, a large red tag shall be placed by the student on the door. If a red tag is already on the door and the room is not a double, the student must make haste to another room. Upon staking claim to a room, the person must proceed immediately to the main desk in Crozier-Williams, where he must file his claim.

In order for the above to proceed smoothly and without injury to participants, certain simple rules must be followed. No physical conflict beyond pushing and shoving is allowed. Any violations should be reported immediately to Tom Havens or Jay Levin, whichever

happens to be in power at the time. First aid stations will be set up in Harkness dining room, Smith-Burdick dining room, and Harris Refectory to handle injuries from trampling or fighting.

Every person is on his own, i.e. a particularly fast person is not permitted to stake claims for an entire clique. Any cooperation among students for the acquisition of groups of rooms will result in their immediate banishment to Oneco.

When asked about the problem of males seeking rooms on all-female floors, Dean Watson stated, "We would assume that the men on this campus would naturally want to live apart from women. We feel that this

Journalists Gain Entrance To Tempestuous Faculty Meeting

by Allen Carroll and Mary Ann Sill

On Wednesday, March 3rd these valiant members of the fourth estate were able to gain access to a faculty meeting. By crawling on our stomachs through the labyrinth ducts which make up the bowels of Cummings Art Center, we caught the faculty unaware in the midst of a heated discussion.

Peering through the register, we were able to make out the entire faculty huddled in the last four rows of Oliva Hall. At the front of the hall were President Shain and Peter Seng, crouched over his tape recorder pushing buttons. As we tuned in on the debate, we realized that Mr. Lorish, Mr. Seng and President Shain were arguing over one of the finer points of Robert's Rules of Order.

"But he's not tenured," bellowed Shain, "He can't address me without saying Your Majesty."

A voice called from the rear of the hall, "Point of order!"

"Yes ma'am."

"May I request that the President

and the Secretary move up a few rows so we can hear you?"

"Is it out of order for me to ask you to move down?"

"Let's vote on that," said Mr. Havens.

"If we vote," said Oliver Brown hopefully, "could we use my little box?" There was scattered applause.

Ruby Morris broke in with, "But we must have discussion first."

"Let's move on to more important discussion. It's almost quarter to six," President Sain said.

"What?" several voices chimed. "We can't hear you, Rufus is barking."

"Let's get back to our discussion of letting students take tests in their rooms."

An older faculty member asked to be recognized by the chair. "I'm sure most of you agree that students as a rule are not quite mature enough to resist the temptation to use notes during the taking of a test."

At this point, an unidentified young faculty member stood to offer

a suggestion. A murmur swept the rear of the hall. A few people gasped. "But he doesn't even have tenure!" someone said in an audible whisper.

"Go ahead, son," encouraged President Shain.

With a slight tremble in his voice, the young man said, "I disagree. The vast majority of students have more integrity than most of the people in this hall." The murmur changed suddenly into a roar.

"It doesn't matter," someone said, "he won't be here next year anyway."

"I'm sure we are all itching for our cocktails," President Shain injected. "Let's first vote on the Summer Study Committee Report and then we can all get out of here." Over half the faculty hastily got to their feet. One of them was overheard saying, "I think he said the meeting was adjourned."

In two minutes flat the hall was empty except for Oliver Brown, his head bowed, he said forlornly, "My box, but we didn't use my box."

ATTENTION ALL BUDDING JOURNALISTS, ARTISTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS!!

A meeting will be held

TONIGHT

for all those interested in working for the new newspaper.

Come to the Newspaper Office in Cro at 7:00.

Satyagraha Is Dead

Satyagraha is dead, after a long illness.

After spring vacation, the campus newspaper will return, but with a new name, a new format, and new ideas. We hope that by introducing several specific changes, the transition will be more than a superficial one.

(1) We need a new name for our paper. Suggestions will be welcomed and a prize of two bottles of Boone's Farm Apple Wine will be awarded to the lucky winner. The decision of the editors will be final.

(2) We want to enlarge the staff both in the sense of increasing the number of contributors and involving a greater number of people in actual publication.

(3) We wish to emphasize creativity; poems and creative photography will be sought and used much more.

(4) We encourage the contribution of essays and Controversy columns.

(5) We hope to include long-range investigative articles and exposes.

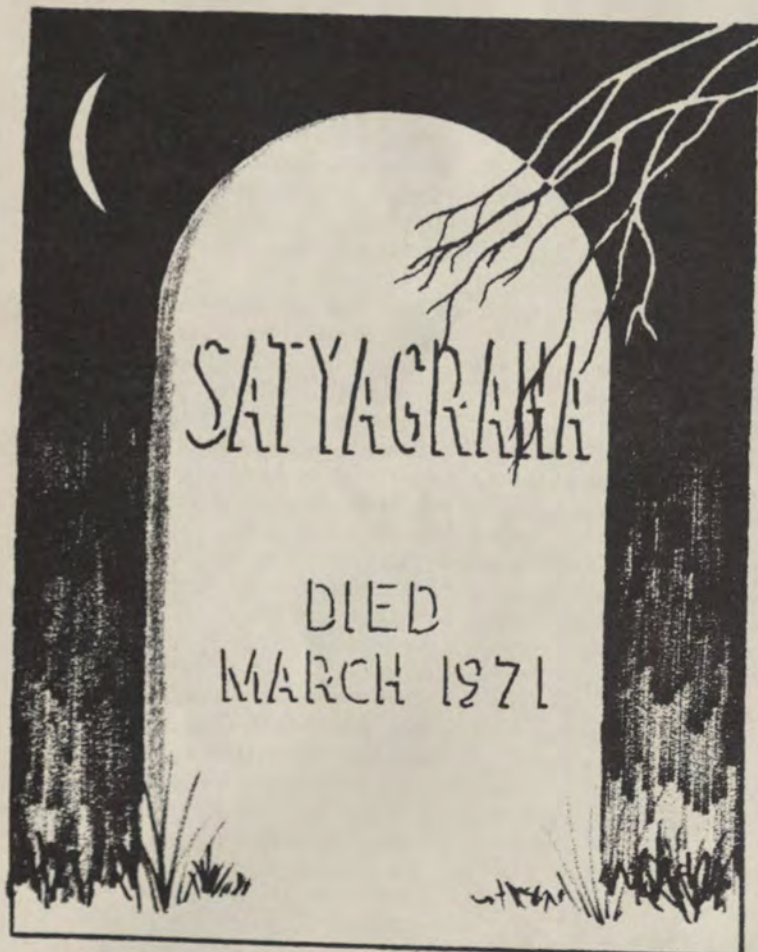
Satyahogwash is our first step—our break with the old.

In order to make our goals a reality, we need increased participation from the entire campus. We are more than willing to change the newspaper—we have made the initial move—but we can not do it alone. We need people to not only contribute but to give us new and fresh ideas.

We encourage all those who are even remotely interested in working for the newspaper to attend a meeting tonight at 7:00 in the newspaper office in Cro (across from the water fountain and next to the Coke machine). Help us.

Satyahogwash?

This issue of **Satyahogwash** was meant only in good clean fun. Any references to actual situations are purely coincidental, though intentional.



Satyahogwash

ESTABLISHED IN 1916 AND PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF CONNECTICUT COLLEGE EVERY TUESDAY WHILE THE COLLEGE IS IN SESSION EXCEPT DURING EXAMINATION AND VACATION PERIODS. SECOND CLASS ENTRY AUTHORIZED AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

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Letter

To the Editors:

During the tumultuous Spring of 1970 when unrest on the campus became the foremost phase of the College curriculum, a group of New England parents met in Boston largely because of their total dissatisfaction with the handling of Parent's Weekend. A group such as this, although limited in its geographical makeup, will usually represent a cross-section of that body of which it is a part, in this case, the parents of Connecticut College undergraduates. It was only natural for them to wonder if their concerns were similar to those of parents from other parts of the country, causing them to offer their now famous "Questionnaire".

A substantial portion of parents, country-wide, strongly disapproved of what was going on at Connecticut College. This parents group, at all times dedicating itself to the perpetuation of the finest traditions and ideals of this College, met with the Board of Trustees of the College and submitted its findings. We made recommendations that if fully implemented would have improved the confidence and trust of the parents in the College Administration. The Administration, however, did not see fit to weigh and consider this effort and instead through means at times devious set out to arrest a momentum developed only for the benefit of a college in trouble.

In taking the action they did the Administration did not stifle the hue or cry but instead divided the troubled parent and the student. In spite of this, the Parents Association still made their voice heard to the Administration and Trustees while refusing to submit their detailed findings to a national news publication. The results of such action might have proved a terminal blow to a fine institution.

The handling of these situations proved to all concerned that a group of dedicated parents were actually a threat to an Administration whose permissiveness and lack of understanding of the issues were becoming instrumental in the dangerous breakdown of the school's social order at a time when it needed the undivided trust and support of all parents.

In spite of continued disregard, when the role of the Parents Fund Committee was expanded to the areas which the Parents Association represents, we suggested to the Chairman of the Parents Fund that a cooperative effort be considered. We have received no acknowledgment.

The time has come for all segments of the Connecticut College community to take note. Many goals are common to both groups, in which case the best interests of Connecticut College must prevail.

The dissolution of the Parents Association is not in order. The experience it has undergone, the total effect it has achieved, the information it has acquired and the financial support and value it can offer are far too positive to terminate by either dissolution or default.

The Administration should encourage the unification of these two efforts, thereby producing a common effort that will add a much needed stability to the College while by their example becoming a model undertaking for the betterment of all education.

Sincerely,
PARENTS ASSOCIATION OF
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
STUDENTS

TWO (2)  (full bottles)



of

Will Be Awarded To:

He who most successfully renames the newspaper.

BOX 1351

**SUGGESTED NAME:
YOUR NAME:**

Newsy Nuggets

The Placement Office has recently announced a work-study program in South Vietnam. Only male students 18 or over need apply. Possible options for Laos, Cambodia, and North Vietnam.

The books for last semester's Sociology 211 course have arrived in the Bookstore.

Mail service has been cancelled today because the Bookstore is now in the Post Office. News sources have informed us that it will be at least three days before the personnel will be removed from the debris. President Nixon has declared the site a disaster area, and Vice President Agnew will view the scene from the Presidential Helicopter tomorrow.

The Trustees threw President Shain a dinner and missed.

Bus service to Wesleyan University has been cancelled due to the recent hijacking of the bus by militant male students. It has been reported that the bus was last seen heading toward Newton College of the Sacred Heart at a speed in excess of 80 miles per hour.

The Child Development Department, under the auspices of the Capt. Kangaroo Fellowship, intends to sponsor a colloquium delivered by Big Bird, star of "Sesame Street," concerning "The Effects of Peanut Butter on the Unborn Fetus." Munchies will be served!

All those interested in petitioning against the Administration's removal of "Dark Shadows" from televisions across campus should watch this space for further
(cont'd on page 5, col. 3)

ATTENTION ECOLOGY FREAKS: SURVIVAL

will meet tonight at 7:00 p.m. in the Student Lounge of Crozier-Williams.

Recycling, outings, etc. will be discussed. COME

SPRING FEVER VICTIMS!

with your help, a **KITE-FLYING CONTEST** will occur on the main green this afternoon at 2:30 p.m., weather permitting.

A small number of kites will be on sale.

COME AND CELEBRATE SPRING!

WCNI

650 on your AM dial

**RUFUS!
RUFUS!
BAD DOG!
COME HERE
RIGHT NOW**

Pinkie Shack Floats Into Thames As Geyser Gushes

by Mary Ann Sill

President Shain announced this morning that "all the financial problems of the College have been solved." With the joyous proclamation of "The College is saved!", he told a WCNI on-the-spot correspondent that although the College still is confronted by certain problems, the overriding financial troubles have been wiped out: "I knew all we really needed was a spurt of good luck."

The surge of events began at 3:00 this morning. Elmore and Charlie were lounging in the pinkie shack guzzling Old Crow when Elmore's keen sense of smell detected a strange odor. He wriggled his nose in an attempt to determine the source of the mysterious scent. "Hey Charlie..."

"Yeah?"
"What schmells?" he slobbered.
"I dunno. What's all over da floor?"

"Mebbee the car's leakin' antifreeze."

Charlie leaned over to inspect the slimy substance. "Elmore, this ain't antifreeze. It's not green."

"You're right! The car must be leakin' OIL! What'll we do?"

Luckily, Elmore never had to deal with this question for as soon as he stepped outside of the cubicle to inspect the leakage, both he and Charlie were swept off their feet by a jet of oil gushing from beneath the floor of the pinkie station and were promptly deposited on the roof of

President Shain's house.

President Shain awoke with a start. "Who's on the roof?" he pondered. Donning his bathrobe he peered out the window only to see Charlie and Elmore now sprawled in his backyard, unable to be recognized in the darkness, and looking very suspicious. "It could be two members of the Parent's Committee," he thought. "At any rate, I'll call Campus Security and have these greasy characters taken care of." He reached for the nearby phone. "Let's see, 3...7...9... Hmm. Why isn't the phone ringing... and... what is that funny gushing noise? I had better find out what is going on." Pulling his topcoat over his bathrobe, he took a left at the back door and a right at the door at the back and stepped outside. Elmore and Charlie clambered to their feet and, reeling from side to side in drunken stupors, managed to communicate to President Shain who they were. "Is that you under there, Charlie? What IS all that strange black liquid?"

"I dunno," answered Charlie.

"Well, Mr. Shain, sir," babbled Elmore, "it seems our car was leakin' oil."

"But what is that weird roaring noise?" President Shain turned toward the south and his eyes were met by an unctuous geyser climbing into the sky! "AAHIEEYEE!" he screamed. He ran into the house, banged his nose and then tried again by opening the door. Grabbing the

telephone, he called John Falcone and the Trustees, "Listen, Falcone, the most marvelous thing just happened... come over immediately... and bring a bucket." They spent the rest of the night filling every available container with oil and damming up the front driveway to keep the greasy substance from escaping and flowing down Mohegan Avenue.

At daybreak however, Survival got wind of the freak occurrence and quickly organized to combat the disaster. "Save the birds!" was the cry sounding across campus. Racing to the stables, they gathered straw and fought the gushing oil by this crude method. Birds harmed by the advancing oil were taken to a makeshift wildlife sanctuary in the arboretum and confined indefinitely.

President Shain went on WCNI late this morning and announced certain changes in the future of Connecticut College. "Conn College is now, for the first time since 1915, finally in the black. We are now able to proceed with many plans that we had otherwise placed far in the future. Needless to say, construction on the new library begins tomorrow. Also, there will be an increase in faculty salaries by 20% and a decrease in tuition by \$2,000. But the most important addition to our community will be a football stadium fashioned after the Astrodome in Houston, complete with AstroTurf..."



Librarian Defends Plans For Addition

by Allen Carroll

Through no small amount of string pulling and pressuring, Satyahogwash was able to obtain an exclusive interview with the head librarian. The interview was confined to the subject of the proposed library expansion. (It was also confined to the office of the head librarian, which is in the northwest corner of the second floor broom closet.) Portions of the interview have been printed here.

REPORTER: Good morning.

LIBRARIAN: Oh, it is? I haven't been outside in three days. Just move that dustpan, and have a seat on top of the wastebasket. OK, fire away.

REPORTER: Thank you. First of all, would you explain to us the need for a new library?

LIBRARIAN: It is our belief that a fifteen-million-dollar library is an absolute must for Connecticut College. These pictures will illustrate my point. Notice the despicably overcrowded conditions for studying. This is due to the horrible lack of seating for students.

I don't know how anybody can possibly get any work done in such close proximity to other people.

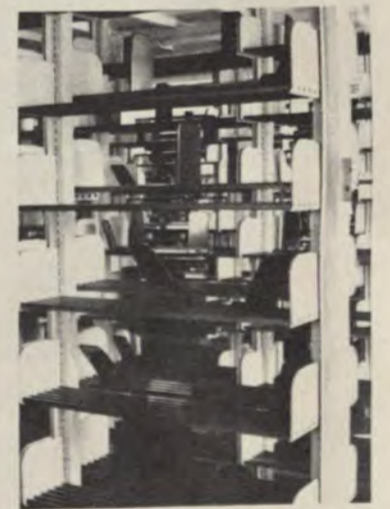
The second picture shows our crowded shelf space. Some of the books on these shelves have been checked out, and look how crammed they still are!

Q: What kind of improvements will we see with the construction of a new library?

A: The new library should be able to seat, and yes, even sleep every student on campus—along with all the boyfriends from Wesleyan. Shelf space will quadruple.

Q: Did you say sleep?

A: Yes, we have just signed a contract with Castro Convertibles for sixteen hundred hideaway Carrel-beds. In just one easy step you will be able to convert your own personal carrel into your own personal twin bed. We hope these remarkable new carrels will encourage our students to spend more time in the library—studying.



Q: What do you plan to do with all the shelf space?

A: We hope to buy books to our heart's content. We are desperately short of volumes on the history of rubber tree cultivation and the territorial activities of *Streptococcus*. We are proud to announce that these serious shortages will soon be eliminated.

Levin, Champion of Proleteriat, Plots to Take Over College

by Allen Carroll

(MARCH 15) Undisclosed sources have today revealed an ambitious and far-reaching plot by student government president Jay Levin to take over Connecticut College.

Levin has plans, the sources stated, to single-handedly gain total control over the entire academic and administrative structure of the college before the end of this semester. His efforts have been partially obstructed by the similar aspirations of Thomas R.H. Havens, who has used the Asian History Department as a base for gaining widespread power.

Levin is still entertaining plans to take over the school, it is reported. He plans to first gain absolute control over student government, the campus radio station, and yes, even the SATYAHOGWASH. Using these as tools for propoganda, he intends to crush student opposition to revolutionary-Marxist thought, and thus "liberate" Connecticut College from the "shackles of bourgeoisie dogmas."

After gaining control over the minds of students and faculty, achieving total power is a relatively simple step, Levin reasons. Charles Shain would be president in title only, and would serve as an instrument in subduing alumnae protests. Once the school is in his power, Levin may consider a takeover of New London. After that, the possibilities are enormous, although Jay prefers to "cross that bridge when he gets to it".

The reasons for Levin's attempt at a takeover are vague, although it is generally believed by those close to the president that he eventually plans to relinquish his power to the proletariat. "Jay feels that power should be in the hands of the people," said an informant able to

infiltrate the close circle of Levin's aides and advisors. "But he also feels that it would be unwise to relinquish his power to them before he graduates. A good two years' adjustment period is necessary to familiarize the proletariat to the problems of wielding power."

Resistance to Levin's planned takeover has already started to organize. A number of the more capitalist-oriented disc jockeys of radio station WCNI are planning a counter-revolutionary broadcast system called WRFC (Radio Free Connecticut College), over which they plan to play filthy, disgusting

anti-Marxist songs. They also plan to jam WCNI.

A group of journalistically-inclined students plan to put out a slightly-right-of-center newspaper of traditional format and modeled after the New York Times, in opposition to the soon-to-be-revolutionized SATYAHOGWASH. In addition, several faculty members are planning to rent a helicopter to drop pro-capitalist pamphlets onto the campus. This action is being opposed by members of the Botany and Zoology department as environmentally detrimental, however.

Attention! Connecticut Now Hep To The Military Step!

by Marjorie Lawrence '45

"Attention!" Seventy-five Connecticut College students snap to as military drill commences for the day. This is a new course on our campus and is being received with eagerness and enthusiasm. Should you happen to stroll by the parking area some afternoon about 4:20, you will see a smart company, drilling for precision and efficiency as a unit, under the command of Lieut. j.g. Norman Horton, graduate of the Coast Guard Academy.

This drill seems to be gaining precedence over all other campus activities. One afternoon this week, a member of the squad was in conference with one of the faculty (no names mentioned) and when the 4:20 bell rang, the student jumped up and rushed off to drill saying, "I must go to military drill, that's one class where you can't be late." The class where you can't be late. The company is divided into three platoons, and all three are subjected not only to the able leadership of Lieut. Horton, but also to his dry

humor. On commenting on the class, in the presence of two Yale boys, the instructor said that the girls looked much better than many civilians he had seen. Your reporter has decided that the company must be pretty good, because judging from the appearance of the uniforms—various colored skirts, shirts in or out, and other campus specials, there is no unity, similarity, or completeness in the group.

Watching our future Wacs and Waves under command, however, one sees them demonstrate the skills of drilling. The class is learning drills as given in "The Lanyard Force Manual of the United States Navy" under the section of "Taking up tactics without arms." This course has been added to our curriculum with absolutely no idea of militarism at all. It has been added so girls may, as President Blunt expressed it, "toughen up"—not toughen up in the physical sense of the word, but rather to become accustomed and toughened to the

idea of receiving and obeying commands instantaneously.

Miss Stanwood, physical education director in charge of the group, is highly pleased with the attitude and enthusiasm shown by the girls. Lieut. Horton is "delighted and amazed" with their progress. Here is an opportunity to act as a member of a trained company and at the same time be intensely aware of oneself as an individual. One false step or one disregarded command, spoils the continuity of the group. Such training is good for the morale; physical exercise always helps the figure.

Even the cadets pause on their jaunts up to C.C. dorms to watch the progress of their newest competitors!

SMOKEY THE BEAR Warns:

Burning candles in your dormitory room may be hazardous to your health.

Phys. Ed. Informer Dispels False Rumors

by Steve Bergen

A lot of nasty rumors have been circulating recently about our Physical Education department. One rumor has it that starting next year, there will be an option given. Everyone will have the choice of taking gym three sessions a week for 2 hours a session or 2 sessions a week for 3 hours a session. This is totally untrue. There will be no option involved. Instead, we will have 5 sessions a week for 5 hours a session. Each student will be given the option of taking one or two academic classes.

Another rumor has it that due to the financial crisis the school is currently undergoing, the phys. ed. department will be forced to take on only 3 additional members next year, instead of the proposed 5. This rumor is absolutely false. The department has maintained its request for 5 new members. Furthermore, they have proven to President Shain that this will help to save money. The reasoning is that by enlarging the present staff, the college will be insuring that all its graduates will be more physically fit. Since healthy bodies means healthy minds, then Conn graduates will get better jobs, make more money, and thus give larger donations back to the school. So the college will be making money by spending it on the phys. ed. department.

Several other rumors which are currently circulating also have to be

dispelled. There is no truth to the hearsay that Ms. Merson is planning to lock President Shain in the squash courts until he doubles her salary. This is absolutely false. To prove the nonsense of the rumor, Ms. Merson has even locked President Shain OUT of the court several times.

The other, equally scandalous rumor is that Mr. Zimmerman has ordered Hamilton dormitory to be evacuated, torn down and demolished. This rumor sprang from the fact that Hamilton used a non-resident student in the intramural basketball tournament last week. There is absolutely no truth to this at all. Except for the fact that Hamilton will be excluded from all intramural participation for the rest of the century, there will be no additional repercussions.

There is one rumor around, however, that does seem to have some truth to it. This rumor is the one which has been related recently by an anonymous phys. ed. member. This rumor has it that all of these other rumors have been spread by some unstructured non-athletic type with Communist leanings, who has never participated in a gym class. Don't anybody worry, though. The department has devised a plan to find him out. By requiring all students to take strenuous personal fitness tests, all undesirables will be weeded out. As a result, the college will rid itself of this nasty rumor-spreader — whoever he is. Its all as simple as g-y-m.

JUST BEING FOR
PEACE ISN'T ENOUGH!



WE CAN'T DODGE
OUR RESPON-
SIBILITIES.



VIETNAM ISN'T GOING
TO BE A GOOD
POLITICAL ISSUE NEXT
YEAR.



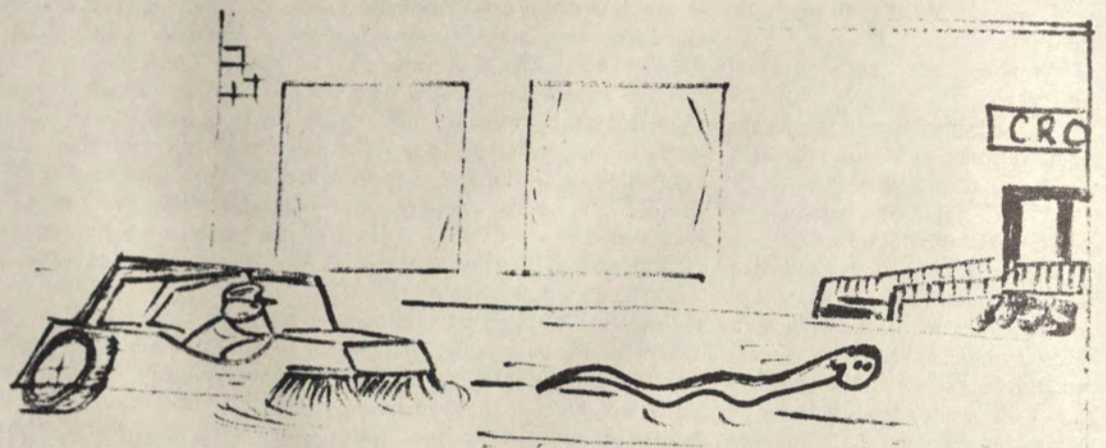
IN FACT I SERIOUSLY
DOUBT IF WE EVER
HAVE ANOTHER WAR.



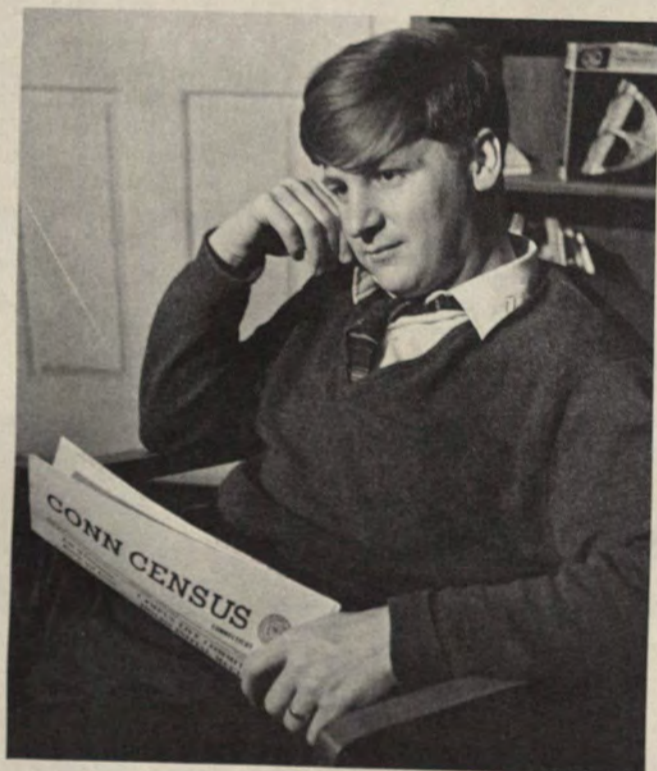
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Tack



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J. BARRIE SHEPHERD

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to the fold."

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J. BARRIE SHEPHERD

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highest sense of the word."

—DANIEL BERRIGAN

"... A fine specimen, not only
in physical appearance, but
in moral integrity as well."

—CHARLES SHAIN



The J. Geils Band is the best album I've heard in some time. Made by six men who have spent the last five years learning their craft around the Boston—Cambridge area, it is a goodtime, modern piece of rock and roll; it is also totally devoid of the self-consciousness and pretensions that usually mar this kind of thing. In its energy, understanding, and execution, the album not only reminds me of the early Stones, but compares favorably with them.

Lead singer Peter Wolf has been an R&B fanatic since he can remember. Out of his knowledge of the music he has put together a truly personal and distinctive style that apes no one and expresses his point of view naturally. Guitarist J. Geils, on the other hand, came to R&B only after spending years studying jazz. Like Wolf he has gotten past the purely derivative stage and on this album establishes a distinct identity with his solos and outstanding rhythm playing. His timing is impeccable and he can be as mellow as he is hard.

In many ways the album belongs to harpist Magic Dick. There are only four cuts (out of the 11) that could be called straight blues and on them he displays as broad a grasp of his instrument as I have heard by anyone recently. But even better is his ability to use the harp naturally and intelligently on material that would not normally call for its presence at all. Songs like "Wait" and "Homework" would normally rely on horns, but he does the job so skillfully that the listener never notes their absence.

Seth Justman plays a real piano as well as organ. Most of it is confined to rhythm playing but it is done expertly and distinctively.

Underneath everything Stephen Bladd and Danny Klein provide the kind of loose, unobtrusive drums and bass that are the cornerstone of R&B.

The album's two instrumentals, "Ice Breaker" (dedicated to Mario Medios) and Albert Collins' "Sno-Cone" are short and to the point. Everyone steps forward, blows a chorus, and steps back and lets the next guy burn. "Sno-Cone" has the shortest and one of the nicest drum breaks I've heard lately.

"Wait" introduces us to the uniqueness of Wolf's singing and song style: "The bartender says you're disengaged, and I thought I saw you look my way..." Steve Cropper might well be envious of Geils' rhythm while the arrangement has the kind of sway to it that makes it all sound so easy.

"Cruisin' For A Love" and "Pack Fair and Square" are two straight blues done as well as it can be done. The harp dominates both with its perfect lines and tone while the guitar supports perfectly and takes the lead with force and control when it is called for. All of it happening as Wolf sings us the lyrics of the immortal Juke Joint Jimmy: "I'm back on Broadway, cruisin' for a love again."

"Serves You Right to Suffer" distills the essence of the genius of John Lee Hooker like it has never been done before: "Serves you right to suffer, / Serves you right to be alone, / You've been livin' in the good day / The good day is gone."

"Homework" is an Otis Rush tune that comes back now as an R&B single styled burner. The ending is something else.

Finally, "On Borrowed Time" is a straight soul ballad, written by Wolf and Justman. It is a highlight of the record and nowhere is the uniqueness of the band better shown. Instead of using horns, the harp and organ (the two instruments in the group that can sustain notes) fill out the arrangement, not only making it all sound full, but direct and honest as well. The singing and the rest of the arrangement are fine.

The nicest thing about this album and the band is the balance they have found between the personal and the formal. They have chosen to work within certain conventions and modes. At the same time, they have completely avoided the route of slavish imitation and instead have put together an amazingly intimate and personal view of this kind of music. The material is perfect, the execution flawless, and the spirit never fails them.

John Lee Hooker is fond of saying "Nothing but the best, and later for the garbage." He could have been talking about the J. Geils Band.

—Jon Landau/Rolling Stone Magazine Issue No. 74 January 21, 1971

Recognition Given To Campus Klutzes

by Patricia Strong

We are painfully aware of our neglect of human interest coverage—i.e. the man-in-the-street—those campus clods who make life so entertaining. From the many accounts of incidents which have been reported to us, we will attempt to do justice to some of the best instances of klutzism.

Dateline Palmer Library — The out-to-lunch-of-the-week award goes to Reda Lotz who was discovered in the depths of the first-level stacks at 10:30 p.m. on Saturday night by a janitor who was mopping the floors. When asked if she didn't know that the library closed at 10:00 on Saturdays, Reda glibly replied that she didn't know that, even though she had observed that all the lights had been turned off and there was no one left there.

Dateline Infirmary — The A.M.A.—award-of-the-week goes to that nurse in the infirmary who dispensed aid to a student who had slammed her finger in a car door. After examining the girl's finger, the nurse returned with a glass of ginger ale (yes, you read that right). The student looked at the ginger ale and then at the nurse and asked— "Do I drink it or soak my finger in it?"

Dateline Guard House (or Pinky Shack, whichever you prefer)— The man-in-uniform-of-the-week award goes to the campus security guard who was on duty at about 2:00 a.m. on a night which will remain undisclosed. Three girls were returning from a midnight raid on Dunkin' Donuts with a dozen donuts of various kinds including one jelly donut (remember this detail—it's important). Being in a charitable mood, the girls offered the guard a donut. After several moments of deliberation, the man-in-blue replied, "Well, yeah, I guess I'll have one. Anything but jelly." The girls answered, "That's okay, there's only one jelly donut in the whole box." After carefully fishing around in the box, the guard extracted (yes, you guessed it), the only jelly donut in the box. The girls protested, "But that's a jelly donut." The guard quickly returned, "That's alright. I like jelly donuts." Thus ends another dull story.

Dateline Registrar's Office — The bureaucrat-of-the-week award goes

to that diligent lady in the registrar's office who went above-and-beyond the call of duty to protect the integrity of that distinguished office in the following manner.

A student went to the registrar's office to change sections in one of her courses from 10:30 to 9:30. The lady in the office promptly secured the file for that course and told the student that she was already registered for that course at 9:30 with Mrs. X. The student replied that Mrs. X taught the 10:30 section and an 8:30 section and most certainly did not teach at 9:30. The lady calmly replied that the student should inform the professor that she was teaching the class at the wrong time—Mrs. Y taught the 8:30 and 10:30 sections and Mrs. X had the 9:30 section of that course. With a sigh of resignation, the student departed with the comment, "What's the difference?"

Dateline Guard House — The completely-out-of-it award of the week goes to another of our men-in-blue for an incident that we at Satyahogwash would consider quite insulting if we didn't have such a good sense of humor. The incident was a conversation between one of our staff and a member of their staff (campus security). Reporter: "Hello, this is blah-blah-blah in the Satyahogwash office..." Guard: "What???" R: "Blah-blah-blah, in the Satyahogwash office in Cro." G: "Cro?" R: "Crozier-Williams Student Center, first floor, newspaper office." G: "Oh yeah, hey—a newspaper you said?" R: "Yeah, a newspaper." G: "Oh!" R (pulling out hair): "It's three a.m. and I'm tired. Please send someone to pick up the newspaper copy." G (dazed): "Copy?" R (at breaking point): "Never mind, forget it, just forget the whole thing." R completely broken and almost sobbing resigns herself to the long walk to the guard station. Outside Cro she is shocked to see the pinky wagon waiting. "Got your call," the guard said. R hands him the newspaper copy and walks away mumbling, "It's only a nightmare. I've been in the office too long. I'll wake up tomorrow and everything will be fine..."

Dateline House—The collector-of-the-week award goes to C. Wede (sic., you're right, I'm sick) (cont'd on page 6, col. 5)

NEWSY NUGGETS (cont'd from page 2, col. 5) information.

Lost: White 1970 Plymouth station wagon. Connecticut license plate HR 7214. Last seen heading toward Coast Guard Academy. If found call Ext. 379. Ask for Elmore. (cont'd on page 6, col. 1)

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AMAZON PARROT, would you believe . . . Actually, after seven months, collecting in the jungles, ruins and markets of Yucatan and Guatemala . . . PREVIEW SALE of pre-Columbian artifacts and bright, hand-woven Mayan Indian costumes. see Sarah Meltzoff (or her parrot) at Burdick, box 881 or call 442-4479 (dorm phone)

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SKIIS AND BOOTS, skiis-good condition, 1 yr. old, Fischerwood—180. Boots— excellent condition, 1 yr. old, Humanic. SKIIS \$25, BOOTS \$30, BOTH only \$50. Judy Heldman box 403, or Morrison ph. 443-1531 (call after 5 p.m.)

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NEEDED: anyone with a pick-up truck or VW bus, willing to help once or twice a week by hauling ALUMINUM CANS for RECYCLING. CONTACT: SURVIVAL, box 167

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SHANTI, the people who brought you "AN ALTERNATIVE EVENING" are planning a "CELEBRATION DAY" meeting Tues. night at 7:00 in MORRISON

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For Sale: COMPLETELY FURNISHED SUMMER HOME on 130 acres, all utilities, three bedrooms, Newbury, Vermont; price: \$37,000. Contact Mr. Gurnham, Accounting Office, Fanning Hall or ph. 447-0616

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PERSONAL

CONTACT, Conn's crisis center, is open for calls from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. daily+++ CALL 443-6456 +++ about anything from an irritating hangnail to more serious hazzles i.e. DRAFT, ABORTION etc.

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- Help wanted
- Service offered
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Name/Organization P.O. Box Dorm Phone number

All submissions are subject to revision by the editor



Conn. College Camels Humped By Sarah Lawrence

On Sat. March 15, the Conn. College Camels lost another close one to Sarah Lawrence, 66-22.

In the first half Sarah, with her defenses down, was vulnerable to the powerful thrusts of the Camels' lay-ups. The second quarter ended with Brian Puglisi high scorer, and the Camels leading, 18-12.

An over-abundance of personal fouls worked against the Camels and Sarah bounced back, frustrating

every drive by the Camels. Though persistent, the team was unable to convert their passes into a score and the Camels went down once again.

This loss came close on the heels of a heartbreaking defeat at the hands of the Ladies' Aid Society. Interviewed in the locker room after the game the coach said, "I don't know why these guys can't score. They've got the drive, but there's just something missing."

NEWSY NUGGETS

(cont'd from page 5, col. 3)

Lost: Entire Physical Plant Building. But please don't bring it back if you find it.

Found: White 1970 Plymouth station wagon. Connecticut license plate HR 7214. Found wrapped around column, McAllister Hall, U.S. Coast Guard Academy. Please claim.

Swimming classes are cancelled today due to the discovery of an oil slick on the pool. It was reported that members of the swimming team had to be washed with non-polluting detergent before they were released.

The Ad Hoc Committee of the Subcommittee of the Committee to Investigate Ways and Means of Better Organizing the Student-Faculty Academic Policy Committee's Proposals on the Summer Study Report will hold a secret meeting at 4:20 in the Snack Shop. Don't tell anyone.

WOULD THE BOY who borrowed Cooper's THE PRAIRIE from me in October, please return it to the library. Thank you, Susan Schmidt

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Southern New England Telephone



Hey, if you wanna hear some rock 'n roll music, tell the folks you're goin' to the library and rock on over to the Cro gym for the J. Geils Band concert on Thursday, April 29 at 8:00. Bring your blue suede shoes.

LIBRARY

(cont'd from page 3, col. 5)

Q: What do you propose we do with the old building once the new library is built?

A: The bookstore definitely needs a new home before it collapses into the post office. But there should still be space in the old library for a brand new jai alai court, a facility for which our phys ed teachers have been doing heavy lobbying at faculty meetings.

Q: Thank you very much, ma'am.
A: Any time. Don't trip over the mop on your way out.

CAMPUS KLUTZES

(cont'd from page 5, col. 5)

for the latest addition to her never-ending collection—four sharks and a 50-gallon aquarium for the darlings to swim in. Can anyone top that?

This is just a small sample of the many insane incidents which happen here every day. If you have any personal gems, drop us a line and let us expose you to the world.

P.S. All names used are fictional and any resemblance to the truth (did any of those incidents sound familiar?) was intentional. After all, if you can't laugh at yourself, you're really in trouble.

HOUSING

(cont'd from page 1, col. 2)

is the most natural and mature thing to do, and hope that the men will take it upon themselves to stay out of female sanctuaries."

In addition, Miss Watson stated that if men did not choose to live separately, the "strong possibility" exists of an armed takeover of the campus by incensed members of the parents committee and alumnae association. "Our plan has its flaws", Dean Watson said, "but we feel that the students will agree our new plan is better than all the rational ideas we have considered."


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