"... And Skim Milk Often Masquerades As Cream..."

by Emmett K. Grogan

It was late in February when Ellis D. Goodfellow first noticed the symptoms of his disease. He was eating in Harries' canteen, talking to several friends and passing to curse the dullness of the knife with which he was trying to cut his mashed potatoes. Suddenly he dropped his knife and fork, jerked to his feet and fell, unconscious, to the table. No one looked surprised.

Briefly a week later Ellis emitted a terrifying shriek, turned completely white and passed out in the middle of his Psycholology class. Taking this as a simple but necessary primal scream, both the class and the professor ignored him.

By this time, however, Ellis was becoming slightly upset about his physical condition. He was having frequent pains in both his stomach and wine and dope for an alternative but to go to the dullness of the knife with which he was trying to cut his mashed potatoes. Suddenly he dropped his knife and fork, jerked to his feet and fell, unconscious, to the table. No one looked surprised.

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Letters To The Editor

To the Editor:

Two Chinese proverb say, "Once the brick is on the stalk and "Where water runs there forms the stream." These are stated as the bases of development. No one could have imagined, a few years back, that a pong pong ball could start a movement of diplomatic rolling. Now this has happened. It is quite possible that we see in China to pong and the American people in pong in response. The show of sport which we can be reflected in sportsmanship at the diplomatic table. When this happens four or five years or suspicion may gradually lift and a new day of hope. One can only face the facts and women can now begin to prepare themselves for anything. It is a country where culture is still deeply rooted in the soul of the people. I, for one, am ready to give "good training" to those who first must learn a bit of language. (If this be considered as one of the reasons for the Chinese Department, make the most of it.)

Charles Chu

To the Editor:

The newspaper was a subprime newspaper has not been a major debated topic on campuses. The factors behind this mediocrity, as well as the literary side of the newspaper, we were never so apparent as they were in the "newspaper without a name." (May 4, 1971)

A cursory examination of the newspaper would reveal flaws a newspaper on a newspaper would be ashamed to make. Aside from technical errors in composition, the paper is cluttered with advertisements, the other half of this page was filled with advertisements, the other half of this page was filled with advertisements, the other half of this page was filled with advertisements, the other half of this page was filled with advertisements. The newspaper, in contrast, the editorial page, contains most of it, and the editorial page contains most of it, and the editorial page contains most of it.

We Americans have the dubious distinction of producing more crap per capita than anyone else in the world. Let's move by the school.

Bong biodegradable detergent. Don't use the stuff offered by the school.

We encourage students to run, especially those who have never run in the college were not printed.

It is not the name of the paper that shatters, two cardinal rules of editorialization, but the name.

Don't use the stuff offered by the school.

The students of Connecticut College have an obligation to serve the College in behalf of saving the campus. I only question why the article, when in fact I support the petition and mailed it in.

Sharon Greene, Terk Williams.

To the Editor;

The efforts of one individual may seem insignificant when placed against the national problem, but without individual efforts, the problem is bound to remain a large one. We ask you, then, to take the following steps:

1. Do not drive unless you have. There are very few reasons for driving from your dorm to the library, or even the art center.

2. Cooperate with the efforts of Survival to recycle paper and glass. There are collection points in several dorms.

3. Be stingy in your use of paper. Mr. Ingorsolf says that four truckloads of trash are hauled from the campus to the incinerator every day.

4. Use as few cans as possible. Soft drinks make you fat a lot faster than water.

5. Turn off your lights when you leave your room.

6. Take only what you're convinced that if students were more careful in serving themselves, substantial savings would result.

7. Buy biodegradable detergent. Don't use the stuff offered by the school.

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In the crush of spring and closing activities, many important activities and proceedings will receive less than enough back in the ratings, before we drown in our own excretions. More crap per capita than anyone else in the world. Let's move by the school.

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Peter M. Paris '74

To the Editor:

I am writing to inform you of the fact that the most important piece of architecture in New York City is not the name of the paper that shatters, two cardinal rules of editorialization, but the name.

The students of Connecticut College have an obligation to serve the College in behalf of saving the campus. I only question why the article, when in fact I support the petition and mailed it in.

The urban redeveloper maintains that he has tried to incorporate the building into his new plans. Newspapers testify that from the 92nd floor above the roof of the building is 20 stories above the street and a transportation landmark on the first floor. This is just the kind of building that cannot maintain adaptive use which the city of New York cannot afford to ignore.

However, besides this intelligent piece of legislation, there was also a show of local support at the next meeting of the Connecticut Historical Commission. (April 27, 1971)

Letters to the Editor

Editorial

Last week this newspaper found a large number of faculty members guilty of a lack of concern for the environment by driving from place to place on campus instead of walking. If it were an exercise in frugality, it would be unfair, though, to fail to point the finger at the many students who are guilty of the same sin. A girl who lives in Larabee, for instance, told us without a trace of guilt that she sometimes drives to the library.

That such healthy, and supposedly intelligent people should be so totally unaware of environmental problems is indeed unfortunate. Unless a very large number of people are willing to make a few small sacrifices for the sake of the earth, the enormous environmental problems facing us may never be solved.

The efforts of one individual may seem insignificant when placed against the national problem, but without individual efforts, the problem is bound to remain a large one. We ask you, then, to take the following steps:

1. Do not drive unless you have. There are very few reasons for driving from your dorm to the library, or even the art center.

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The J. Geils Band. In Search Of A Sound

(ED. Note: This article was written three April ago...)

by Stan Pillsbury

While others venture in search of the perfect wave, a million dollars, the universal ideal or the ideal mate, the J. Geils Band wanders in search of a sound. I spent a few days with the band to find out how this Boston group is making such a sound and what drove them to quit college, live in a commune near in poverty, and risk the soul of the draft, for music. Four of the quartet dropped out of college. J. Geils, from New York, "Magic Dick," and Danny Klein, from Hildoford, New Jersey, all dropped out of Western Tech in 1967. Peter Wolf, from the Museum of Fine Arts School in New York after a year. When I first called, J. Geils, I greeted by a groggy voice, boarded with sleep. The next day at 2 P.M., I woke him up again by showing into his cluttered bedroom. It wasn't until I had spent an entire night with the band that I could understand how they could sleep until 2 P.M. Pictures of Bill King, Buddy Guy, Mike Bloomfield, and other blues guitarists hang on the wall over J. Geils's bed. The careful hands of the band have transformed it into an entity. J. Geils began to play guitar and harmonica in his own bar, in a case. A huge album stood in the middle of the room. Large phonograph speakers dominated the small room. J. Geils stumbled out of bed, put on an old pair of levis, pushed his long string hair out of his face and sat on his bed. Without a cup of coffee, he rapped enthusiastically about his band and his music for an hour.

The J. Geils Band was originally a jug band. From the fall of '66 through the spring of '67, J. Geils played acoustic guitar and harmonica, Danny "Big House" Klein played wash tub bass and "Magic Dick" played harmonica (harmonica) and kazoo. A fourth member, who left for the Navy, sang and played mandolin. "Meanwhile," said Dick, "I and had already had our ears opened up to little Little Walter and we were starting to learn Chicago amplified music. Even as a jug band we were playing mostly blues tunes." Jay added, "In March '67, this album, we had big Dick and I decided well, we'd form an amplified band. I was able to teach Danny how to play electric bass—Dick just added a microphone to the harp, you know—and I bought myself an electric guitar and we started. We were pretty green for a long time." Dick and Peter Wolf left the Hallucinations, a South Shore blues-rock group, to join Jay, Dick, and Danny to form the J. Geils Blue Band. The name has since been changed to the J. Geils Blue Band. The members of the band are now paying their dues. "They are cranking out a living while undergoing a process of development," Jay said. "That whole year from June '67 through June '68, you know, we were literally living, sleeping, eating and making it. We worked at the Unions for seven weeks that summer and no pay for the first three and $200 a week for the whole band and at the same time we all had factory jobs—from eight in the morning until five, and that's what you all about. You want to have to play that bad and tommy soul, that was just last night."

"We all quit factory jobs," you know," Jay continued. "And none of us had any, like, straight jobs, if you want to call them that, and since, we just kind of scuffled with what we made with the music and we were able to make enough."

While gathering their own material, the band is consciously looking for its own style or sound. Jay explained the direction their music is taking. "There are so many spade and white blues bands, you know, that just kind of sound the same, a good example is Charley Musselwhite—and play really well, but they have let the music do all the communicating."

The average person, even he's little into music, I mean, just gonna shrug his shoulder to it. So that is why we have tried to create a music that goes with the rhythm and blues show kind of delivery. It goes beyond it."

"We just dig it. We just have so much fun doing it. We do a couple of R & B tunes, you know, get a fringe area listeners something more with it. It's a way to turn people on to the music."

Geils said that Wolf, (singer for the band), turned the band to R & B. Today, mediums blues in rhythm and blues. According to Jay, "When Pickwick is in a blues singer, Otis Redding is a blues singer. You have to realize that the form has changed that the communication is still the same. If you open up your view a little, you'll realize that they're all laying down the same message whether it's a rhythm and blues, you know, Muddy's playing the harp and says, 'My baby ain't here tonight,' or when Little Johnny Taylor says, 'I got love for your old lady when you're out making love'."

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compromising your music: 'Geils said. "Turn them on like the jungle thing about what you're doing. It shows that you're even more into it."

Jay added, "It sounds like a small bar-nightclub in the sticks whereas we want our thing to be something wholly other. But we mean, so many groups, just for the sake of being original have played what we want our thing to sound groovy and I think that's it.""

"You got that little somethin' Makas some music and New York. You got that little thing make me know that you're mine."

"It's pure has le," said Peter, "yet there's no satisfaction but every time you get up there, try, you hope for it. What brings us satisfaction is you yourself, the band getting it, and the people getting it. The people in turn are clapping which reflects the whole thing—Hey man, you cats are all right!"

The band's audience was into a third instrumental. A fluid, hard solo burbled and trilled, then crashed into the upper registers, leading into a frantic guitar solo accompanied by crashing cymbals and shouts of "Coney Island! Coney Island!"

BLOODBLOT Apollo 28

TORONTO

Day John Karkuts, Professor of Political Science at Washington University, will speak at 8 p.m. tonight in the Peace Corps Lounge in Burdick. He is a member of the Peace Corps' Board of Directors. He would be available for service in the next 5-7 years, if you wish.

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- Student politics
- Women
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- Volunteerism and community service

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Marty Stuart
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H.P. Goldfield
1974-President
Anita DeFranz
Secretary-Treasurer: 
Franz Axelrad
Student Judiciary Board:
Shannon Stock
Ruth Antell

Winners of the Peace Corps - March 24, 1971 - B.B. King, but like, he's already done that."

"To me, that gives the impression of really being together with your music," Geils said. "I think that's what you're doing."

"An obvious answer to that would be finishing your education and doing his thing," Jay said. That most modern blues guitarists owe some of their styles to BB King, but BB King has introduced the electric guitar style of using the power of the amplifier to create sustained notes. Also, he developed, "a certain way of fretting the guitar."

"But what I'm looking for is what I think looking for in the band is to come up with something, in our case, as good as BB King and Buddy Guy but have it identifiable as myself, or in deed's case, something that only Gary Wilson or Junior Wells or Sonny Boy (Williamson), known for their hard playing. Somebody would be able to it and say, well, that's Magic Dick or something like that."

The band is looking for a sound, halfway between the blue blues of B.B. and A. J. Jay said, "Just exactly what this is going to be we don't know. The kind of things we've gotten so far in this direction are the B & R—Memphis kind of rhythm and blues—the Clovers—Dave and Booker T and the MG's."

A breakthrough for the band toward their own sound was a time called, "She's Looking Good, an old Rodeo Martin tune, rend by Wes uwes and joe's dad. In the song, Magic Dick plays a horn part on the amplified hard. Jay called it, "a whole different sound," unlike Chicago blues, unlike R & B. "It sounds like something wholly other. But we want something groove mean, so many groups, just for the sake of being original have played what we want our thing to sound groovy and I think that's it.""

On a rainy April night, I drove out to a small bar in the west of the city. The name was called, "Wettest. The song that Jack had called a break-through. Hard and guitar repetition imbued the sound of the song.

Alaska

Jeffrey T. Smith, Assistant Professor of American Politics, and Civil Engineering degree at the University of Alaska with some experience in construction, health or mechanics.

Peter Wolf likens the rhythm and blues approach because, as he said, "You can't get a little closer to the people. You can get a little more creative."

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