

## College plans tuition hike

by Peter Fleming

In a meeting yesterday with Allegheny President Lawrence L. Pelletier, A.S.G. President Nancy Welsh and Vice-President Todd Steck learned that the College intends to increase tuition for the 1978-79 academic year.

According to Steck, the administration is "not really sure" of the exact amount at this time, although it will be an across the board increase in tuition, room and board.

Last year, tuition was increased \$250 to bring it to \$ 3300. Room and Board were held at \$1280. The previous year saw a \$200 increase in tuition and a \$100 increase in room and board.

Part of the increase would go for faculty salaries which are expected to rise next year. Salaries account for nearly

half of the college's budget.

The amount of the increase is dependent on a number of factors. Allegheny anticipates \$124,000 in Institutional Assistance Grants from the state. These funds however, have not yet passed the legislature in Harrisburg.

The amount also hinges on the passage of President Carter's new Social Security plan. If passed, employers would be required to pay all Social Security taxes. This would mean an increase of \$50 more per student to cover these costs.

Last year, the College experienced a deficit of over \$30,000. Faced with inflation and rising fuel costs, the college will be forced to raise tuition to meet these expenses.

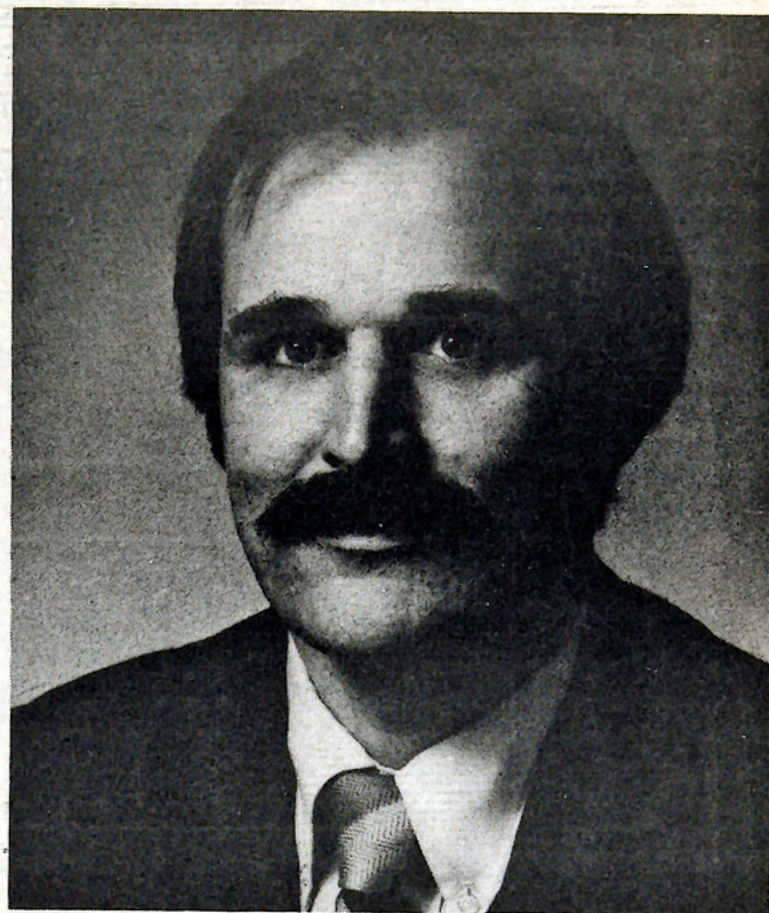
It is difficult for the college to estimate costs since they are only 5 months into the fiscal year. However, they must

present a budget to the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees in December. By that time, they will have decided on an appropriate increase.

In terms of financial aid, according to Steck the college hopes to be able to increase it but the increase may not be proportional to the tuition hike. Students may have to rely more on loans in the coming year.

President Pelletier, College Treasurer Larry Yartz, and Dean of Students Thomas Risch will be in the C.C. Activities Room on Tuesday November 22, 1977 to discuss the proposed tuition increase with interested students. The administrators will answer questions from 1-2 p.m..

More information on the exact amount of the increase should be available during second term.



Milosh B. Mamula

## Library survey results announced

The results of the library survey are in! Even though the fraternities' response is not included in the tabulations, the response of only 323 Allegheny students is quite disappointing.

Overall, students would approve of certain changes in library hours. Class response was fairly uniform, but the seniors opted for the maximum hours possible that the library would be open, on all days and nights.

In response to the question, "The library should open on Sunday at 1:30 instead of 2:00," 61% of the students strongly supported and 34% supported the idea. No class supported having the library close its doors at 9:00 instead of 11:00 on Friday night.

"If the library were open until 9:00 on Saturday nights, would you most likely use it: about 1 - 2 times a term, about 3 times, or 6 or more

times?" Well over half of the students checked "about 3 times," and the senior's greatest response fell into the "6 or more times" category.

The largest difference between classes occurred for this question: "Which do you feel is more important, having the library open extra hours on exam week or on Saturday nights?" Although almost equal for both, seniors leaned towards Saturday night hours and juniors leaned towards exam week hours, whereas sophomores and freshmen overwhelmingly voted for extra hours during exam week.

Seniors and juniors were generally opposed to having the library open at 9:30 instead of 8:30 Saturday mornings. Sophomores were equally distributed on the issue and freshmen supported the idea.

## Mamula appointed Student Aid Director

Milosh B. Mamula, formerly director of financial aid at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, has been appointed director of student aid at Allegheny. He has assumed his new duties, succeeding Donald V. Raley, who resigned to accept a similar position at Dickinson College.

Mamula was graduated from Earlham College in 1962, receiving the bachelor of arts degree with a major in physics and minors in mathematics and secondary education. He fulfilled certification requirements for secondary education with emphasis on the teaching of physics.

Following graduation from Earlham, Mamula enlisted in the United States Air Force Reserve, and after six months of active duty he became an admissions counselor at Earlham. Until 1965 he spent his weekends flying and training as a crew member on an

Air Force transport.

In 1965, Mamula obtained a leave of absence from the Air Force Reserve to teach in West Africa, and from that time until 1967 he was instructor in physics and mathematics at the Baptist Boys Academy, Lagos, Nigeria. In 1966-67 he also served as a part-time lecturer in mechanics at the University of Lagos in Nigeria.

In 1967 he returned to Earlham as an admissions counselor and during 1968-69 also served as assistant dean of students. From 1969 to 1974 Mamula was associate dean of students at Earlham and served as director of student aid from 1974 until his appointment at Allegheny. In 1974 he attended a workshop on principles of financial aid administration held by the Midwest Association of Student Financial Aid Administrators and in 1976 took part in

an institute on financial aid administration held at Indiana University.

While director of student aid at Earlham, Mamula was a member of the committees on budget, admissions, financial aid, May Day, graduation and the Wilderness Pre-Term program. He also was a consultant to the Advisory and Off-Campus Study Committees and to the Community Council.

Mamula is a member of the National and Midwest Associations of Student Financial Aid Administrators and the Indiana Student Financial Aid Administrators.

The door leading into the Grille from outside will be locked during the winter months to conserve energy. They trust no one will be inconvenienced.

## Choir presents Christmas Vespers concert

The Choir of Allegheny College, under the direction of Dr. W.S. Wright North, will present its 47th Christmas Vespers in Ford Memorial Chapel on Sunday, at 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. and on Monday, November 21, at 8:15 p.m.

The Choir will present a variety of motets and carols,

dating from c.1550 to the present and ranging in mood from sombre Advent to joyous Christmastide. Noted composers to be represented include Palestrina, Heinrich Schuetz and Morten Luvaas.

The program will highlight an Eastern liturgical mystic "Apostrophe to the Heavenly Hosts" by the Canadian com-

poser, Healy Willan. This motet for four choirs culminates in the well-known hymn "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones." Lending unity to the program, a more straightforward arrangement of the same hymn, by the same composer, will be sung as the recessional.

In a group of lighter songs, an amusing setting of "The Twelve Days of Christmas" will be sung (also by the same composer). The Choir's ensemble will be presented in Gretchaninov's "Canticle of the Wise Men." Soprano soloist Nancy Taylor will perform J.S. Bach's "Susser Trost, Mein Jesus Kommt." Also on the program will be "While Stars Their Vigil Keep," arranged by Morten J. Luvaas, and the Choir will close

the Vespers with his beautiful "Nunc Dimittis."

Nancy Moyers Ross, a resident of Conneaut Lake and a teacher in the Conneaut Valley School District, will provide organ accompaniment at various times throughout the concert and will perform several organ voluntaries. Mrs. Ross is an Allegheny alumna, class of 1959.

Dr. North describes the Choir as "sixty-five men and women singing the finest choral literature of all ages, sacred and secular, accompanied and a cappella." Under his direction the Choir has sung in nearly every major city in the north-eastern United States and has performed in Europe on three different occasions in 1969, 1972 and 1976.

On its three-week European tour, the 1976 Choir was well received in London, Leeuwarden (The Netherlands), Berlin, Vienna, Salzburg and Munich. The group also made an appearance at the U.S. Embassy in Prague, Czechoslovakia. A newspaper in Leeuwarden described the Choir's music as "fantastic choral singing, spontaneous and creative, yet perfectly polished. That the audience loved it was made evident by applause which would have to be called an ovation."

The public is cordially invited to attend the Vesper programs. Admission is free, but a free-will offering will be accepted as a contribution to the 1980 European Tour Fund.

Inside this week.

**"The Degree"**

The CAMPUS Magazine

# Editorial Studying for finals

As finals approach, nearly every diligent Allegheny student is looking for a convenient and suitable place to study. You would think that at a school of Allegheny's calibre this would be a relatively easy task. But, despite the money students pay and the amount of work expected of them Allegheny students have a difficult time finding the appropriate study facilities.

First, one considers the library. Lawrence Lee Pelletier Library is the most likely place for students to head when attempting to study for finals. Fortunately this year the library is thermostatically controlled and well lit. Group study areas, typing rooms and study cubes add to the convenience. Tables and easy chairs add to the comfort of the library as well as provide a relaxing atmosphere. But is it asking too much when we request opening the library more extensively during the weekends involving finals? Some students find studying to be more convenient in their respective academic buildings. Along with easily accessible academic material there is the availability of adept personnel. The problem with working in these academic buildings, Alden in particular, is the threat of frostbite. Saving energy is a concern to all, but one doesn't need to be reminded of the energy crisis during finals. (We all have one of our own.)

In addition to the library and academic buildings, study cubes located in dorms are intended to provide adequate study facilities. However, this is not always the case. Concentration in these cubes is quite difficult due to the annoying buzzing of lights. It is also a mystery that some cubes are adjacent to laundry facilities. Lounges are utilized, especially during finals, for study purposes as well as social reasons. But, insufficient lighting in both the dorm and C.C. lounges makes studying a near impossibility. Typing in many lounges, as a matter of courtesy, is limited to the hours before 11 p.m., so many type in Brooks cafeteria. The main objection to working there late at night is that the "efficient" buzzer lady turns off the lights. Another reminder of the ever-looming energy crisis! Is the objective of Allegheny College to educate and accommodate students or to save energy?

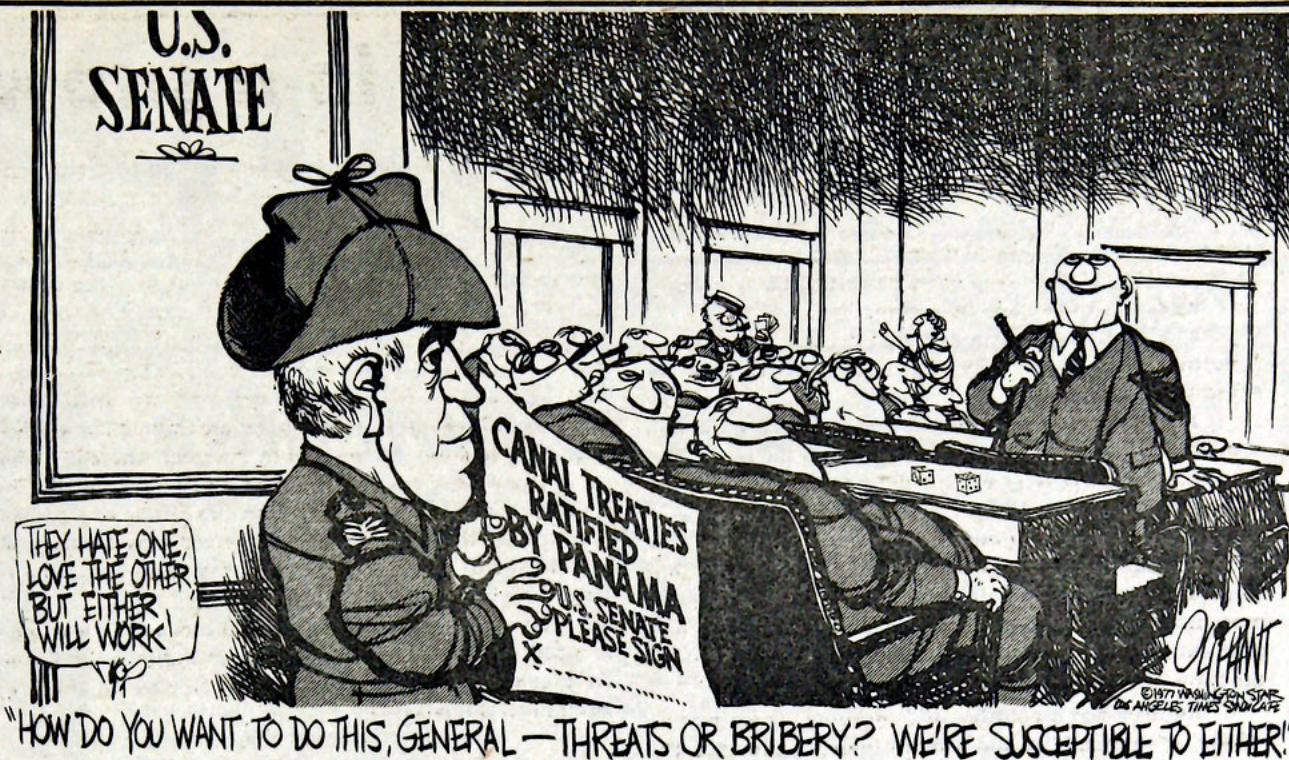
The CAMPUS is making a plea to the Administration to improve study facilities, especially during the intense study periods before and during finals. It is Bentley's duty to respond to the needs of the students.

The CAMPUS suggests a few minor adjustments—opening the library on Sat. night at least until 9:00, installing more powerful light bulbs or lighting facilities in lounges, heating study areas in academic buildings more efficiently and possible redistributing study cubes. We feel that these adjustments would be a definite improvement in study facilities and provide a long-lasting benefit to the college.

## CAMPUS

Beth Jenkins, Managing Editor  
 Bob Antoshak, Business Mgr. Sue Pfalzgraf, Ad Mgr.  
 Peter Fleming, Gale Rue, Copy Editors  
 Pam Steele, Jay Kolin, Asst. Copy Editors  
 Tim Cahill, Editorial Page Ed. Van Richards, Asst.  
 Bill Friedlander, Sports Editor Jamle Sanzone, Asst.  
 George Meszaros, Photo Editor Steve Salnes, Asst.  
 Harry Kloman, Magazine Editor Tim Cahill; Jeff Dunn, Assts.  
 Bob Stewart, Technician Eric Shelton, Circulation

Published every Tuesday throughout the academic year except during final examination periods. Editorial policy is determined by the Editorial Board. Opinions expressed editorially are those of a simple majority of the board and not necessarily those of the College or the Allegheny Student Government. Copies of the editorial votes are kept on file for one term. Members of the Editorial Board are: Bob Antoshak, Barb Beckwith, Tim Cahill, William Z. Friedlander (chairman), Steven Haynesworth, Beth Jenkins, Harry Kloman, Jay Kolin and Steve Levinsky. Deadline for Letters to the Editor is 6 p.m. Sundays. Copy deadline is Sunday at noon prior to publication. CAMPUS reserves the right to edit all copy and to refuse any material. Letters to the Editor may be published anonymously with permission of the Editorial Board. CAMPUS offices are located in Rooms U210 and U202 of the Campus Center. Phone numbers are 724-5386 and 724-5387. All mail should be addressed to the CAMPUS, Box 12, Allegheny College, Meadville, PA, 16335.



## Letters To The Editor

The CAMPUS welcomes feedback. Address letters to box 12. We reserve the right to edit all material. Letters must be short, concise and typewritten. Letters submitted reflect the author's opinion only. Deadline for material is 6 p.m. on Saturday nights.

## CAMPUS Article Criticized

Dear Editor,

Rarely have I been able to observe as poor an example of journalism as Bob Robinson's review of the Weather Report concert, printed in last week's issue of CAMPUS. Particularly distressing were the two paragraphs devoted to criticizing the lighting; as one of three students operating the follow spotlights that evening, I feel we were criticized quite unjustly.

Mr. Robinson has no knowledge whatsoever of stage lighting. He wrote that Wayne Shorter and Bass player Pastorius were visibly annoyed by having their "crack lighting crew" follow them everywhere. What Mr. Robinson fails to understand is that the three students who operated the spotlights had no authority to decide when to put somebody in a spot and when not to. All instructions were given by the director of the lighting crew that travels with the band; we had no say whatsoever in any of the lighting. When the man downstairs said "number three go to a crotch-to-head in gel no. 2" I said nothing -- I just did it. That's the way lighting is done; the director doesn't even want to hear a confirmation of his instructions -- he just wants them carried out exactly as he says.

So if the lighting was unsatisfactory, don't criticize the three of us as if we had nothing better to do than shine bright lights in people's eyes. If the lighting appeared unsatisfactory to the band, criticize the director of the lighting company -- the operators of the spots don't make any decisions, we merely carry out orders.

A question arises, however, to the validity of stating that the lighting was unsatisfactory. We used three Strong Trouper spotlights that evening -- indeed, that is a lot of light. The contract called for four (we obtained a fourth but the lighting crew decided it was unnecessary). Talking to the light crew before the show I learned that they often use six spotlights. Another point to recall is that Weather Report has been around for quite some time, and at every one of their concerts they have just as much light (if not more) than they had for their concert here: ten years of performing under spots makes a band used to not having the audience interaction deemed necessary by Mr. Robinson.

My only wish is that Mr. Robinson had substantiated his "facts" before criticizing Allegheny's spotlight operators as severely as he did. By stating that lighting was typical -- typically unsatisfactory -- he clearly implies that all bands here are dissatisfied with our lighting, which is not the case at all. He hinted that the students are not competent at stage lighting. How he wrote what he did, I don't know, because he never contacted anyone of the stage or lighting crew, nor did he talk to any members of the band. How he can state that the lighting was unsatisfactory without 1) talking to the band to verify that it indeed was unsatisfactory, or 2) talking to the light crew to find out how the lighting is run, and how he can state that lighting here is typically unsatisfactory, without ever talking to any other bands that have performed here, makes me very displeased, to say the least. And I thought we did a pretty good job.

Christopher P. Ryan

## Editorial absurdity

To the Editor:

I would like to comment on your ridiculous editorial of last week. Although your suggestion that a student be able to talk to a professor at his every whim would be laudable in a world devoid of time and space restrictions, this is quite impractical in the real world.

Also, the hypothetical situation you put forward seems rather absurd. How often does a student have a question that is so urgent that he cannot wait one day for a professor, so inappropriate that he cannot voice it in class, and so intricate that it cannot be answered over the

phone, but must be answered face to face, and with the professor having to consult his materials?

Finally, your demand for a minimum of one and a half hours per day office time for professors appears to be a bit arbitrary. Are you sure that two hours would not be better? Or maybe all questions of this type characterized above could be answered in an hour?

I do not wish to appear to advocate shorter office hours for professors, but I do think you should put some thought into your editorials and not publish illogical, half-baked ideas.

A Concerned Editorial Reader

## Stuck in Truck's rut

by Amanda J. Baker

I was going to write an article on how every Allegheny student thinks he or she has more to do than the next. I was inspired. Know one, I was sure, had ever noticed this phenomenon at work. I was a genius! "You can't do it," my most trusted critic told me, "TRUCK did it already." Deflation.

"How about one on procrastination?"

"Nope, TRUCK beat you to it."

I racked my brain. I had to do something; if I

didn't, Tim was going to kill me. (Anyway, I liked the idea of being a genius.)

"Geez. I know, how about our isolation and archetypical "Ivory Tower" existence?"

"No way! TRUCK got that one."

"What about..."

"TRUCK."

"TRUCK must have been a true genius," I moaned, "Hey! I've got it...I'll write an article on not being able to come up with an idea for an article."

"Oh Amanda, you can't. Everyone does that."

# Sunday serenity in a snowy swamp

By Len Nichols

At first I thought the idea was crazy. I was walking through Doane Hall last Thursday on my way home from a prolonged dinner at Brooks, and since it was around quarter of seven, I decided to stop in at the Outing Club meeting. As I walked in, plans for the coming weekend were being discussed. Someone mentioned that he would like to go canoeing on the Geneva Swamps. The forecast was for snow. Crazy, I thought.

But as the conversation shifted subjects, I was still thinking about the suggestion. Canoeing in the snow. The idea was beginning to grow on me. I hadn't been canoeing since the summer, and I had been hoping for a chance to get in a canoe once more before winter set in. I like swamps, but have always disliked the mosquitoes that seem to go with them. I didn't think that there were any mosquitoes stupid enough to hang around a swamp in a snowstorm. I wondered what it would be like to canoe in the snow? I would find out on Sunday.

Sunday was a cold but still morning. There was no wind. "It shouldn't be too bad out there," I thought. The two of us, who were planning to go, met after lunch to get the equipment loaded in and on the car. Canoe, paddles, life jackets, extra sets of clothing and a blanket just in case. One stop at Alden Hall to look at a map, and we were on our way, looking forward to the prospects of our adventure.

We never did make it to the Geneva Swamps. We found our own swamp next to a side road and decided to take that one instead. Snowflakes were just beginning to fall as we pulled on sweaters, jackets, gloves, and wool hats. We carried our canoe over a low cable fence, then down a steep hill to the water's edge. We slipped the canoe into the water, breaking through a half an inch of ice. The ice was not something we had counted on. "This should be interesting," he said. I agreed.

The spell was broken by my partner who noticed a stream coming into the opposite side of the swamp. We started paddling again, and our canoe cut across the ice toward it. We paddled up the stream a short distance, then pulled up to dried wild flowers on the shore. They were auburn in color and frosted with snow.

Canoeing through ice turned out to be a slow and tiring process. We shed our outer layers of clothing as we blazed a trail out of the cove into the middle of the swamp. The ice thinned as we got farther from the shore, and it had disappeared when we got out into the center.

There we were content to sit back and absorb our surroundings while we drifted with a slight wind. We were warm from our efforts, and the cool, damp snowflakes that were falling felt good on my face. We drifted past submerged logs and stumps into an area where ice was just beginning to form. It was still in the stage where it folded away from our canoe, rather than breaking under it. The ice here could be cut cleanly with the stroke of a paddle. We drifted through lily pads. The ice was forming all around them, and it looked as if they were struggling to keep their heads above the icy slush.

My mind was drifting with the canoe. I was mesmerized by the falling snow, disappearing into the water. At that moment I wouldn't have been able to think of anything more relaxing.

We got out of the canoe and climbed up an embankment, which brought us to a set of railroad tracks. Walking along the tracks, we came upon an abandoned barn, hidden among the trees. We spent the next half hour looking through the barn, finding rusted, old tools and parts to an old piano that lay in a heap in the corner.

By the time we got back to the canoe, it was getting late into the afternoon. Not wanting to get caught out on the swamp in the dark, we canoed back toward the car. It had gotten much colder than when we had started out, and my hands were the first to notice it. My fingers were stiff and frozen to my paddle. We were heading straight into the wind now and the snowflakes no longer had that cool, pleasant feeling. They were cold.

Despite a fairly strong headwind, we made pretty good time getting back because we didn't have to plow through the ice. We stayed on the path we had cut earlier. My hands were starting to warm up as we turned into the cove we had started out from. We were soon on land, loading the canoe onto the car.

Riding home in the warm car, I thought about what a nice change the day had been from the usual Sundays, wasted or spent studying. After unloading our equipment I went back to the dorm to find my roommate studying.

"Hi Mark, you about ready to go to dinner?"

"Where have you been all day?" he asked.

"Out canoeing."

"What?!"

"Canoeing."

"In this weather? Where?"

"In some swamp."

"You're crazy."

Maybe so, but if that's all it takes to have such a good time, it's well worth it.

## Apply yourself

By Kenneth Leeds

Ah, yes. It is this time of year again. Except, this time, it is a senior year. Hence, off in the wilderness, the trumpets herald, "It is time to do your grad school applications!"

Thinking that perhaps I'd be a bit rusty coping with this rather peculiar tribal rite, I paused to think a moment. Then I vigorously ripped my first application from its place within an envelope.

My first one was the notorious Harvard Business School application, volume I. I shuddered at its immensity. Doing a quick comparison of its size with that of Tolstoy's "War and Peace," I shuddered again.

I recall thinking to myself, "Am I sure I want to apply to this place?" I tried to rationalize not doing this one. I recall thinking to myself, "What if, upon arrival there, I find Management 134—advanced exploitation of the masses—a requirement? No, it is not worth the risk. No, that's silly."

I foolishly opened the booklet and started reading. "Hmm, this seems all rather perfunctory. Name. Social Security number. Birthday. Blood type. Shoe size. Hat size. Sex. Favorite color. The average flight velocity of a sparrow."

In response to the last question, I wrote down, "European sparrow or an African sparrow?" I went on, undaunted by the lack of data provided. "SAT's. GMAT's. LSAT's. Rorsch ink blot tests, or whatever."

Well, it all seemed easy, if somewhat irrelevant. In retrospect, I wonder what happens if I get one of these questions wrong, and for example, write down the wrong Social Security number.

I came upon one dozen more bits of simple questioning on the application. I then ran across the unavoidable. "If you feel that you are economically or socially discriminated against, do to some condition, check this box and explain why." The response to this was somewhat unorthodox. "I'm a white male, and if that isn't being disadvantaged, I don't know what is." Somehow, I suspect that they would get in touch with me over that one.

Then came the most hideous part of all—the essays. Now, for the benefit of those who have never taken part in this tribal rite, let me assure you that not all applications are designed by paranoid psychopaths, like the fools who do Harvard Business School, or FAS.

I liked Michigan. "Kindly state anything you feel is relevant, bearing in mind that brevity is the soul of wit." I liked Penn State. "Are you alive, and can you prove it?"

But I did not like HBS Vol. I. "What is the meaning to life? How do you fit into all this? Derive Maxwell's Equations. Contrast the Antideterministic philosophy of Hume with Existential positions taken by Sartre and Camus. What relevance does this have to your life, as you perceive it now? Bear in mind the Cartesian dictum of uncertainty, when writing this essay, and compare it with Heisenberg's uncertainty principle."

I must confess that, even for me, this seemed to be an imposing undertaking. There was but one thing to do as an aid in filling out this monstrosity. I went into the files of old copies of "National Lampoon" and "Mad Magazine," and there it was—a xerox of my old University undergraduate application.

I opened up to page two for the first essay. It read, "Contrast the antideterministic philosophy of Hume . . ." Merely for the purpose of inspiration, I read my response of three years past: "Dear Admissions Dean Sealy, If you do not accept me into Penn, I will burn your house down and murder your family. Sincerely . . ."

In reflection, I did the obvious thing. I took a match, lit the Harvard application on fire, and left to play pinball.

reprinted from The Daily Pennsylvanian

## US-World News Round-Up

Compiled by Mary Norton

### Arabs meet to discuss unification

Last Saturday, the Arab League countries opened a three-day meeting to discuss solidarity among the Arab nations and the Middle East peace talks in Geneva. The President of Egypt, Anwar el-Sadat, wants to ignore precedential differences with Israel, in hopes that the Geneva talks will start sooner, but the militant Arab countries question his reasoning. Another issue for which the Arabs hope resolution, is a possible confrontation

between Morocco and Algeria about guerilla warfare in the Western Sahara. In the first session of the meetings, Hedi Nouira, the Tunisian Prime Minister, honestly admitted about the Arab situation, "I do not exaggerate if I say it is the most difficult we have ever known." He, and others at the meeting, stressed solidarity among the Arab League nations as the way to survive their difficulties and to reach a unified goal.

### Aluminum wire may cause fires

The Consumer Product Safety Commission filed a lawsuit in Federal District Court concerning the 1.5 million houses and mobile homes built with aluminum electrical wiring. The homes using this wiring were built between 1966 and 1972, and, according to the commission, they are fire traps. The 26 companies that manufactured the aluminum wire and components may be asked to warn the public of the fire hazard. Some homes show symptoms of these hazards, such as flickering lights, hot outlets, the smell of melting insulation, or smoke coming from walls. Other homes do not show these signs,

but still are fire hazards because they have aluminum wiring. The commission, could not reveal this information previously, because a court in Delaware determined that the wiring wasn't a consumer product under the commission's jurisdiction. But the new lawsuit says that aluminum wire manufacturers knew of the hazards by at least 1952, and continued to sell the wiring. Studies on homes with aluminum wiring showed that 41% of those studied had at least one receptacle that reached a temperature of 167 degrees F. and 18% had one outlet heating to 212 degrees F. Both of the temperatures are above the level acceptable by Underwriters Laboratories.

### US-Mexican relations stronger

Mexican President Jose Lopez Portillo is putting some effort toward bettering relations with the United States. His efforts are largely caused by Mexico's economic instability, and its resulting dependence on the U.S. During former President Luis Echeverria Alvarez's reign, relations between Mexico and the United States were poor, and only recently, especially with Portillo's announcement that the country would not join the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, have the ties between the two nations strengthened. Despite leftist and nationalist criticism, Portillo plans a \$1.5 billion

natural gas pipeline to Texas, and has increased exports of crude oil to the U.S. Those who condemn this move say that Mexico is vulnerable to pressure from the United States, since Mexico is concentrating the exports in one market. Despite these improved relations, migration is still a sensitive issue between the two countries. The U.S. is the outlet for Mexico's unemployed, especially during troubled economic periods in the latter country. President Carter, however, without consulting Mexico, said this summer that his administration would limit the migration flow.

### General Torrijos will quit if necessary

At an unscheduled meeting with six U.S. Senators on Saturday, Brigadier General Omar Torrijos Herrera said he would resign if he thought it would help ratification of the Panama Canal treaties. The Senators, in Panama on a fact finding mission, were called to the meeting as they prepared to leave for the United States. At the meeting, the general also vowed to stop human rights violations in

his country. Since 1969, Panama's martial law provisions have allowed the government to detain political prisoners for up to 15 years without trial. General Torrijos said he would abolish these provisions after the Senators reminded him that the laws are "not right." The Senators were pleased with his concessions, and said that their mission helped them gain a "new perspective" on the treaty.



Cast members of "Blithe Spirit" are shown in a scene from the play which opened last night.

## Glamour comes alive in "Blithe Spirit"

by Pam Steele

It's amazing how much work and excitement is put into a dramatic production. Many of the back-stage and technical intricacies escape the audience's notice as they view the complete, polished result—the play.

"Blithe Spirit" was written by Sir Noel Coward, in the 1940's but is set in the 1930's of England, 1933 to be exact. Ms. O'Reilly, the director, said that this year was chosen because many of the "pretty movies" of Hollywood were produced in this period. These were movies of big name stars, sophisticated, glamorous and stylish. It was after World War I, but before World War II, and an optimistic attitude prevailed. England was not as affected by the depression as was the U.S. The wealthy English still enjoyed servants and being entertained.

"By choosing to do a play in that period," Ms. O'Reilly explained, "you have to pay attention to details." A London newspaper, special glassware, pictures, the right costumes and music - all these things help to create the mood of the 1930's.

The girls in "Blithe Spirit" had to pluck their eyebrows thread-thin, the guys now wear shorter hairstyles which included a trimming of sideburns. For

those who play ghosts, hair is sprayed gray from an aerosol can, then powdered, face, neck, and hands are plastered with gray.

Finding appropriate music was difficult, but two faculty members Richard Madtes and Ed Walsh helped out in the area. "The music adds a feeling of authenticity" and will be played during the play and intermission.

Costumes were perfected by looking through books. Men wear tuxedos, ladies must get used to hatpins, veils, gloves, purses and seam stocking (created by drawing lines with eyebrow pencils). The cast practices "tongue-twister warm-ups" to make sure they properly articulate the upper-class English accent (except for the maid who speaks cockney). Some characters even had to learn how to talk with their mouths full.

Although it is a non-smoking cast and crew, some of the characters must fumble with smoking two to three times during the play. Ms. O'Reilly is pleased that everyone has kept their voices in shape, and there have been no throat problems as of yet.

"Blithe Spirit" is a verbal play but plenty of action is

provided by the appearance and disappearance of the ghosts. The verbal comedy is subtle, so listeners must be aware of wordplay and other language tricks, "Hopefully, the audience can really get involved," Ms. O'Reilly continued, "Both the cast and the crew are a very amiable and hardworking group."

This is the first play Ms. O'Reilly has directed at Allegheny. She has directed many plays on the West Coast, but never "Blithe Spirit" or other Noel Coward plays. "It's been an interesting educational experience" she revealed. "The show is fun but more complicated than it looks."

A special table was constructed for the séance, and other technical magic effects are in store for the audience. Costume design is by Patti Sweet and lighting by Joe Supulski. The show opened last night and runs through Sunday, Nov. 20, all at 8:15. Tickets may be reserved at the box-office in the basement of Arter, from 1-4 p.m. on weekdays. Allegheny Students are admitted free.

The cast is looking forward to hearing other people, besides Ms. O'Reilly, laugh during the play.

### Students win scholarships

Four students at Allegheny College have won United Methodist Scholarships of \$500 each to apply toward tuition and academic fees.

Freshman Bob Brennan, Jr., from Turnersville, N.J., junior Janet Eldred, (Tonawanda, N.Y.), sophomore Pamela Large, (Titusville, Pa.) and senior Nancy Taylor (Clearfield, Pa.)

were awarded scholarships based on academic standing, leadership, ability, churchmanship, and need.

Allegheny is one of over one hundred schools participating in the scholarship program. The Board of Higher Education and Ministry for the United Methodist Church grants about 500 awards annually.

## Take a friend to dinner.



Coupon expires: **December 31, 1977**

**BUY A BIG MAC™, GET THE SECOND ONE FREE.**

Coupon good only at:



**McDonald's**

**1060 Park Avenue  
Meadville**

One coupon per customer per visit. Cash redemption value: 1/20 cent. Owner/operator: for reimbursement, write to: McDonald's, Ed-Kau Bldg., 1012 Water St., Meadville, Pa. 16335

### Allegheny junior wins second in national playwriting contest

Allegheny junior Stephen Wylie has won second place in a national playwriting contest for his play "There You Missed the Mark."

"It was a real surprise," said Wylie, explaining that the contest was sponsored by Centre Stage, a theatre in Minneapolis, Minnesota. It was the first play he has ever written.

A 1975 graduate of Mt. Lebanon High School in Pittsburgh, Wylie is an English-Drama double major. He hopes to go to Yale School of Drama for graduate work in playwriting.

"I heard about the contest last summer when I was working on my play and decided to send it in," he said. "I really didn't think it had a chance. It was just the idea of sending it out to get someone to read it."

After showing it to several professors and listening to an informal read-through by some college actors, Wylie decided to re-write the play.

"I'm still going to re-write it," he said. "I think it could be a lot stronger. But just the same, I really feel good about see Wylie, page 5

10% Discount to Students

### The Wooden Nickle

Quality unfinished furniture  
Candles & Gifts

RICHARD JENKINS 776 NORTH MAIN STREET  
PHONE (814) 336-5360

♂ Do it together at ♀

**His n Her's Hairstyling Salon**

980 Park Ave.

Phone 724-7381 and let Mary & Jim Sauers help you find a hairstyle to suit your lifestyle.

This coupon is worth \$1.00 toward a style cut (shampoo, cut & blown dry)

expires 11/30/77

three works of  
"fiction based  
on fiction"

# The DEGREE

Suitable  
for  
Framing

pages 1-2-3 Vol. 1 No. 3 A Magazine Supplement to The Campus November 18, 1977

## Punk: A New Art Form?

Editor's Note: Song lyrics quoted in this article may offend some people. The lyrics are quoted to illustrate realistically the music studied here.

by Jeffrey Dunn

October 30, 1977, in Pittsburgh's Stanley Theatre, 3600 teenagers shout and scream when a man dressed in a white tuxedo yells from the stage, "For your listening enjoyment, Britain's newest rock sensation, the Babys!" The auditorium goes dark, and then, after the painful brightness from an exploding flashpot, a dissonant guitar chord rips through the air. The kids are confused. This sight and sound is not the four effeminate figures on the record they have bought or the single they have heard on their radios. Instead, four cynically smiling lads loom about the stage playing an absurd parody of their million seller song. The orchestra section is now being played on an out-of-tune guitar and the singer is replacing lyrics at random with obscene language. The musicians don't care about the audience, don't care about their appearance, and don't care about their music.

Shakespeare once said, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but what about names such as the Babys, the Damned, the Strangers, and the Sex Pistols? Do they contain any interest past their own intrinsic novelty? The Sex Pistols, the Boomtown Rats, and the Dictators all label what is known in the recording business as either punk rock or new wave rock. Punk rock bands are being formed in many places all over the world. The Brats began playing in New York's underground bar, CBGB's; Clash first got its start in Liverpool, England; and the Runaways, a female set of punkers, played their first gig in California. Punk rock bands are also getting widespread attention for more than just their names and numbers. England's new wave has become a viable counterculture and has portions of England scared. Headlines such as "New Wave Music Seen as a Political Threat" have been printed on the cover of the *London Times*. The Sex Pistols satirical single "God Save the Queen" has been banned on BBC airwaves, and in the process, has become the number one seller in England for six months. At least in England, punk rock has become more than just a topic for music trivia buffs.

The initial question about punk rock is--why is it so different from other forms of rock that it deserves such widespread attention? Why have evening magazines such as *Weekend* and *Tomorrow* devoted half-hour segments to rock bands still obscure in America? One reason is the explicitness of the lyrics. A single by the British group the Ramones, "I Wanna Sniff Glue," was banned in Ireland because officials feared that various drug related deaths could be traced to the song. In their song about child abuse, "Beat on the Brat," they graphically display typical punk tact:

Beat on the brat,  
Beat on the brat  
Beat on the brat,  
With a baseball bat.  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah!

Yet, the Ramones are not the most explicit of the new wave bands. The Strangers, one of the most musically talented bands, write songs no radio station can play due to their obscene language. Their song, "Bring on the Nubiles," has its intricately constructed chord progressions destroyed with lyrics such as:

I'll kiss your zone erogenous  
There's plenty to explore.  
I got to lick your little puss,  
And nail you to the floor.

Bring on the nubiles.  
Bring on the nubiles.

I'll go crazy for ya.  
Crazy for ya.  
Crazy for ya.  
Crazy for ya.

Learn me, learn me.  
Fuck ya, fuck ya.  
Learn me, learn me.  
Fuck ya, fuck ya.

Lyrics like these are designed to offend (obviously) anyone believing in the smallest amount of social acceptability.

Man punk artists do not confine their explicit behavior to their lyrics. The greatest offenders are the British rock group the Sex Pistols, a group whose antics have cost them two record contracts. British recording company EMI dropped the Sex Pistols after they appeared on the BBC's *Today* at the dinner hour. *Rolling Stone* said about the incident:

Interviewer Bill Grundy commanded, "Say something outrageous." The Sex Pistols responded by calling him a "dirty fucker" and a "fucking mother." The newspapers put them on the front page for a week with screaming headlines like "TV Fury Rock Cult Filthy" and "Punk? Call It Filthy Lucre." Members of Parliament officially denounced them.

After this incident, the Sex Pistols were signed and dropped by A & M, an American recording company, in the space of a week. The two reasons A & M fired them included vandalism at the company's headquarters and a fist fight with the BBC's head of programming. Behavior like this has given both the Sex Pistols and punk rock a name, albeit notorious.

In England, the new wave is more than just groups of musicians. The jobless youth in urban Britain have

created a subculture around punk complete with identifying dress and dance. The safety pin has become the symbol buying admission into the exclusive club. The easiest way to display the safety pin is by wearing it like a pierced earring, but this method is hardly distinguishing. The best way to draw attention is to wear the safety pin either shoved through a nostril or a cheek, and if the aspiring punker is really serious, he/she may hang a metal chain between one safety pin in the ear and one in the nostril. Another distinguishing feature is the dance punkers call pogoing, a mixture of bouncing up and down and sadistically bumping into as many people as possible. Sid Viscous, member of the Sex Pistols, describes how he created the pogo:

I didn't know how to dance, so I just jumped up and down and bashed into people. Then everybody started doin' it, but they didn't get it right, so I quit.

Sid Viscous' comments are characteristic, few punkers want to feel anyone can be quite as original as them. The question arising out of the punk world where

## Extensive Peon

by Merrick S. Ketcham

I am a short story-murderer. I don't mean a short story murderer, though that's a dull concept. I mean a short story-murderer, that is, a murderer who happens to be a writer whose victim is a short story, or the short story is the victim of a writer who happens to be a murderer. You can take your choice. It is going to take me a few minutes to write this story, but now that I'm started, now that these inane words number too high to be erased, I could keep on typing all night. A kind of large, caffeine induced high has set in. You would be surprised, slow as you are, to learn how many cigarettes, how many mugs of coffee, and how many no-doze I have taken merely to type that first line, which you read a lot slower that I wrote it I can assure you.

You think it's easy? That's all there is to the matter, I have no choice but to sit down and write some kind of a story--anything. Anything at all will have to do, but this? Consider this opening as a prime example of the blind fumbings of a hyperactive set of hands. I mean, would you start a story this way? Of course not. It is like crossing the wires of a car to get it started. Cheating. My life hasn't always been so hectic, but then I didn't have so many keys squatting in front of me waiting to be figured out before. Throat-clearing.

Usually, when I start something like this, I leave my cigarettes in the other room so that I have to go and get them every time I desire one. It break up the continuity of my thinking. (Now there's something I'll bet you're pondering, you analytical son of a bitch.) I have this passion for the non-flowing of most things; rough edges usually seem to be the thing to best smooth out the wrinkles in one's soul. I mean, life is rough all over. . . If there isn't anything to worry over or rage about, nothing unusual to gape at or participate in, and a vacant lot where a country club should be to sell us such things at high prices, then quite frankly, I would be bored to tears. I am desperately afraid that one of these days, my mind will run out of tracking and de-rail in some desolate, removed, and terrifying environment--such as south-western New Jersey. I can only thank my disjointed memory for allowing me to remember none of it what-so-ever. My ability to be extremely pointless is astounding--don't you think?

If you thought, my dear reader, that you were getting into a story at this point, well, forget it! This kind of rambling dribble isn't new to me at all. Does it bother you that I am addressing you, my reader, so directly? Why? Is it because I am invading your most private space, the one that even the nuzzeling nose of your dog can't reach? Do you hate writers who write about writers who write about the writing of other writers, write, and then do it stupidly or insultingly, or both, and insultingly? Or what about the writers who constantly refer to the poorness of quality of the work that they have done, right within the very work in question? Do you hate being called "dear reader" or "my reader" by that very same author? Well, my friend, I don't blame you a bit. So do I. But, it is just this kind of self-indulgent masturbation of a writer's fingers that sells something. Hell, Joyce Carol Oates had the typewriter stroke her fingers for 256 pages in *Expensive People* before she quit. Of course I realize that some people take longer than the rest of us peons, but who am I to deny myself the pleasure of at least one stab at it? Well, I know who I am, a peon, an indulgent

obscene language is too moral, a safety pin through your friend's cheek is beautiful, and dancing consists of trying to hurt yourself and those around you is--why would any self-respecting English boy want to participate is the

punk world? NBC's *Weekend* went to England and asked various participants why they enjoyed the Strangers and wore such outlandish clothing. One punker said:

Eh, listen, none a us got no where to go, ya know. The friggin' Queen sits in 'er friggin' Buckin'ham Palace all day. 'Ei, we never see 'er or none of 'er people. This place is shot to 'el. We should just tear it all down and flush out the slime 'at ain't got no use bein' here no more.

England's economic system is in shambles. The Englishman who once proudly stated, "The sun never sets on the British Empire," now only has a rusty fishing fleet to call his own. England can no longer support their superfluities, and the youth who never knew British pride see no point in anything their parent's call culture. Punkers are cynical about their country's pride explaining why the Sex Pistol's lurid parody of "God Save the Queen" has been number one in England for six months.

Though the punk world is most highly defined in Britain, new wave bands are finding success in both New York and California. In New York, Patti Smith is the wraith queen of the punk rock bar CBGB's. Hundreds of New York's youth flock to CBGB's on Saturdays when Patti and her band play such original numbers as "Space Monkey" and "Free Money," tunes about the cheapness America has made her see in herself. Expressing the feeling she has before she opens each night, Patti said in *Gig*:

At CBGB's we had to go in the back way over all this glass and trash and debris and all of a sudden I started gettin' excited. And then back in the dressing room, back with guys I felt so great, I mean, I really love my band. We really are a group.

Identification with trash as an integral part of the world is not confined to Patti Smith. Jackie Foxx, bassist of California's Runaways, says their music works because:

You walk into the Rainbow in Hollywood and there's people OD'ing in the parking lot, throwing up in the bathroom. People can relate to that.

The relation of a decaying environment also carries through into the Runaways lyrics on songs such as "Wasted":

Blue skinned sleeping boys  
Man you're looking wasted.  
Greasy wheels, streets of steel,  
No tellin' what ya tasted.  
Good guys, bad guys,  
Doesn't really matter.  
Puch drunk, high on junk.  
Sand you are so shattered.

Wasted lives of wasted drives.  
Wasted days and wasted nights.  
Wasted this and wasted that.  
Wasted is where you're at.

This Runaways song, as does most other new wave material, deals with shattered people living in a malignant environment, a world where drugs and sexual lust are common denominators. New Wave bands never question the reality they paint, except by direct example.

The final question is--does new wave rock qualify as a lasting art form, or are they just yelling into an echo chamber and listening to the dying reverberations of their own voices? Derek Taylor, Creative Services Director of Warner Brothers Records, said about punk:

I think it'll happen, sure. It already has really, even in America. There are clubs all over the place that people don't know about. And bands. It's already happening. Nobody can stop it now. It's happened before. It happened with Frank Sinatra. He was punk. Elvis was a punk. The Beatles were punks. It just happens to be the seventies now.

Taylor's confidence stems from the adage that "every new generation needs to have their own music." Since new wave bands are the strongest new force in music, he feels punk will fill the musical vacuum teenagers find as they search for music they can identify as their own.

Yet, others critically appraise punk not as just another new thing, but on whether it has intrinsic worth. Frank Barsalona, president of Premier Talent Agency, expresses fears about the way commercial America may interpret new wave bands:

I think that the new wave stuff is an indication that's now taking place with that segment of the population. The one thing that I'm sort of frightened about is that it's becoming overground much too quickly. When you go into Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue and see them selling 14 carat gold safety pins and Sandra Rhodes starts designing punk rock dresses for \$800 it seems that it's gotten too overground before it's really taken hold underground.

Barsalona's concern is that new wave's artistic statement may be buried under commercialization and their message forgotten. Taking another view, Allen Levy, National Publicity Manager of A & M records, views each band as

# Welcome To My Party

Good evening, my dear. Come in, won't you, and enjoy the party. There are hundreds of lovely people here already just itching to be your friends and find out what makes you tick. Look, over there, it's my friend Jack. Jack's married, you know, and has three children, ages three to twelve, in case you're interested. The twelve year old takes after Jack's stepson--oh, I'm sorry, didn't I mention that Jack got Eleanor on the rebound?--Bobby, age seventeen, who smokes marajuana and brings home girls with greasy hair to take up to his bedroom and . . . well . . . one can only imagine! Actually, the twelve year old doesn't fool around with sex yet, but she does fool around with marajuana and alcohol and her Daddy's wallet when he isn't looking. But she's really a very nice girl for only twelve years. Oh, look, Jack's taking another drink. How sweet, don't you think?

I like throwing parties. I know everyone in the neighborhood personally, and when someone new moves in I immediately invite him, or her, or them, over for tea to get acquainted. Sometimes the new people are bother by the personal questions I ask, but when I mention I throw parties each weekend and serve lots of alcohol, they wise up quickly. Look, across the room, it's Albert and Dotty. Only three months here and already Albert's fooling around. Odd, though, the woman he's fooling around with is Eleanor. And to think, I was sure she was fooling around with Teddy Sanford. I must have the three of them over for tea some afternoon. That's one way to find out who's fooling with whom.

My parties are really very lovely. I serve champagne and very expensive cold cuts. The parties usually begin at seven in the evening and end when the last guest finally decides to make like a tree and leave (or make like a shepherd and get the flock out of here). That usually isn't until four or five in the morning, but if there are a few hangers-on and it's very early in the morning I offer them my guest quarters. That's when they usually leave.

"Doesn't the place look lovely tonight?"--That's Jennifer Tuschman speaking. She's a Jew. I always have my fair share of minorities at all parties, and I always invite a member of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to see how unprejudiced I am. You see, in my neighborhood, socializing is not an activity but a profession. Really, it's difficult going to parties every night and enjoying yourself. The real party is from nine to five daily when we all go to work and take three-hour lunch hours and two-hour ten-minute coffee breaks. That leaves three hours, during which time we hold meetings which start half an hour late and take two hours longer than necessary, which means that each day from nine to five we attend a half-hour meeting and fool around the rest of the day. Take my word for it. I've gone over the math several times--"He's gotten new drapes"--remember, Jennifer the Jew is talking--"and new furniture and it just looks so simply divine. Yak, yak, yak. Yak, yak? Yak, yak, yak! Yak!" Jenny is exceptionally vibrant tonight. Not as boring as usual. I wonder what could be wrong?

"Well, old buddy, how the Hell are ya?" It's Jack talking, but not the Married Jack I mentioned a few minutes ago. This is Gay Jack--no, I don't mean he's happy all the time--remember the EEOC?--an old friend of mine I ran into at a Turkish bath the other day. Jack likes to use phrases like "how the Hell are ya" so people won't know he's a fag. It doesn't work. He just can't keep his hands to himself.

"Enjoying the party, Jack?" I ask.  
"Sure as Hell am! You?"  
"Great party, really. Great party."  
"Well, good, good, that's what I like to hear." Jack said. "If you need anything, let me know." I tell him I will and go off to greet my other guests.

"Excuse me, when will you let me--" It's the narrator talking. He's been wanting to tell you about me all night. Actually, I think I'm handling it all pretty well myself--excuse me a moment--"In a few minutes. Be patient." "Thank you. I'll go freshen up my drink." "Good, good." You'll be seeing more of him as the party goes on. Having a good time?

Now's where the fun begins. I have a really nasty trick up my sleeve. You see, most people here have trouble keeping track of who they are. If they loose their name tags, they're in unbelievable trouble. Watch this.

"Jack," I say, taking Married Jack by the arm, "I'd like you to meet my friend Jack." I smile at the two Jacks and step back.

"Good to meet you, Jack."  
"Same here, pal, same here. How's tricks?"  
"Great, great. And you?"  
"Fine. Enjoying the party? Can I get you anything?"  
"No thanks. By the way, how's the wife and kids?"  
"What? Wife and kids? I'm Gay Jack, you asshole. You're married Jack."  
"I am. Oh, gee, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to accuse you of being a heterosexual."  
"Hey, relax, no harm done. Hell, I guess even I look at a pretty girl now and then, too."

This surprised me--not Gay Jack's admission to occasional heterosexual impulses: in fact, I think he may even sleep with Jennifer the Jew occasionally--for I didn't think either would be bold enough to correct the other if he got their identities mixed up. I guess that being a homosexual has sharpened Gay Jack's senses.

"Who's he talking to, Jack?"  
"I don't know. Maybe the narrator. He's strange. But he sure serves up a great party, eh?"

"Yeah, great party. Wouldn't miss one for the world."  
"Where did you say you were from, Jack?"  
"I didn't."  
"Oh, I guess that's why I can't remember. I'm from the Boston area."  
"What a coincidence!"  
"You from Boston, too?"  
"No, Detroit. How long you been married?"  
"I'm the fag, you dummy. Get it straight! I'm the FAG!"  
Oh, me, Married Jack is losing it, isn't he? Just the other day--

"Now? How about now?" "No, not now. Can't you see I'm telling a story?" "I know the story. I can tell it." "NO! Some things call for narration and some things call for the first person voice. This is my story. Relax. You'll have a chance to say what you have to." "Okay. I'll go have another drink." "Do that."

--Married Jack told me he wanted to leave his wife and live with a young girl he met at a singles bar last week. I told him that an old man like him was better keeping his putz in bed with a woman who wanted loved, not a girl who wanted screwed. I don't think he understood.

Oh, look! There's Hillford Ruffington. Hilly is a Negro who struck it rich several years ago when his master--I mean employer, of course--died and left all his money to Hilly. Hilly took White lessons and ever since has been a fixture at all of my parties. Most of my other guests seem fascinated by him.

"What's it like to be a Negro?" Tandy O'Malley asks Hilly. Tandy is old and wealthy, so Hilly understands.

"Odd, Hilly answers in perfect White, "very odd. You sees." he goes on, slipping into Black, "I's always wunned whudid be lahk to be what . . ." Hilly can speak both Black and White fluently. He's my only bilingual guest.

"I really don't think he'll make it--" Martin Koldhanz talking now. He's a doctor. Each week, he comes to my party just to break the Hypocratic Oath publicly and tell us confidential information concerning his patients. He's one of my favorite guests. "--I give him two weeks. Of course, his wife doesn't know. She thinks he's going to get well. Actually, I could keep him alive for three weeks, but I don't think I'll bother. Once he croaks, there's another terminally ill patient who gets the room. Thus guy has at least two months to live, and he uses lots more medicine than the two-weeker. I get twenty percent off the top of all medicine we dispense. The two-monther is really much more profitable, in the long run."

"Now? How about now?" "Can't you see the Doctor is talking?" "No he isn't. I see quote marks. He's done." "Well, I guess you're right. Okay, you can talk now. But keep it brief, and stay to the point."

"Thanks," said the narrator, rising to the occasion just a bit tanked. "Richard Person was one of the most well-liked people in--Excuse me--Rich, just where are we?"  
"Just say 'the story,' okay?"

"Great, fine, thanks--Richard Person was one of the most well-liked people in the story. Tall, just over sixty years old--" Bitch! I told him I was fifty-two. How did he find out the truth?--"he was well-liked by all who knew him. Rich threw parties for all the people he loathed--" That's not true at all. I happen to like some of my guests very much--"just to get them drunk and embarrass them. He made most of his money by stealing and hadn't a scruple to his name--"

"All right, that's quite enough. You said--"  
"And furthermore, he rarely lets a guest get a word in edgewise."  
"You're not a guest. The guests have to be here or there wouldn't be a party. You don't have to be here. I just invited you to give this party a different perspective."

"Every story . . ."  
"Party."  
"I won't pick at words. Okay, every 'party' needs a narrator, and I'm it."  
"Well, then, just who's in control here? Me or you?"  
"I am, of course. I'm the nar--"

Well, so much for him. You see, a great writer once said that by the end of a piece of fiction a character should be so much an individual that he could get up and tell the writer to go to Hell. I guess that means I'm quite a character.

"Excuse me, which way is it to the basement?" I don't recall the man who said this. I mean, I don't recall ever having met him, though he did look familiar.

"Around the corner and to your left," I tell him. "Love your outfit," I add as he walks away, "especially the great red tail and the pointy hat." He looks so familiar. I'm sure I know him from somewhere, but I can't remember where. My memory lapse will be deviling me all night.

I like inviting unusual people to my parties. I once invited Phil Queeq, but a man named Herman Wouk sent me an odd response: a release form, no less. Of all the nerve! I also sent an invitation to Fred Henry. He said he'd come, but it started to rain and he figured he'd better stay home. My invitation to Hank Scobie didn't go over too well. His widow sent me a note telling me he killed himself in the next to the last chapter. I sent belated regrets. I also sent an invitation to Sybil Dorsett, but when I got sixteen acceptances, I withdrew the invitation. I think six or seven of them are suing me. I did, however, get one rather interesting acceptance from an unusual pair of invitees: Kate and Petruchio, in full costume, managed to show up. They were great fun.

"How art thou, Kate?" I asked as she arrived.  
"Get fucked, Turkey. C'mon, Pete, I'm thirsty. Where's the booze?"  
I was flabbergasted by her language.

"She thinks," Petruchio explained, "that just because this is a modern party, she must speaketh modernly."  
"Oh, methinks I see. What canst we do?"

"Hell, I don't care what you do. I'm here to enjoy the party." With that, Petruchio--Pete!--joined Kate at the bar. Maybe it would have been better to invite Beatrice and Benedict?

There was an incident at my last party that I hope never to see happen again. At midnight, one of my guests started taking off his clothes. I can't understand why he did it, and when I asked him to stop he ignored me and continued undressing. When he was totally naked, he casually walked to the bar and fixed himself a drink. Then, he poured the drink over his entire body and squeezed lemon in his hair screaming, "Look at me! Here I am! Hey, look at me! I'm here! I'm here!" until three guests complained. I had the butler remove him from the party and sent him his clothes the next morning.

The incident amazed me for two reasons. First, the gentleman didn't drink. Second, he was a man of God, a minister to be exact. I suppose there was something symbolic in what he did. Getting back to nature, or something like that. Men of God can behave oddly at times.

I could have told you he was a minister at the beginning of the story, but I wanted to maintain the suspense for as long as possible. Also, I did lie just a tad. The minister does drink, but only at weddings and other sanctioned ceremonies.

I do hope you're enjoying the party. I feel just awful when one of my guests leaves unsatisfied. If there's anything I can do for you, please let me know. My aim is to please is my aim.

"Hi, Rich. How's the little woman?" It's B. Uppington Collingsworth, my token five-generation-rich-American. I've never heard him say the word "wife" in his entire life. It's always "little woman." His wife weighs two hundred and eighty pounds. Wishful thinking on his part, I guess.

"Mine's fine, Colly," I said. "How's your little woman."  
"Mine's doing just swell--" No pun intended, I'm sure--"See her over there?" He pointed to his little woman. I saw the fat horse before he even pointed her out.

"Listen, Rich, I've been meaning to talk to you about what happened at your party last week. You know, with that minister and all, the guy who did the strip act."  
"What about it? Did it offend you?"

"Well, no, but . . ."  
"Do you want his phone number?"  
"Of course not, but . . ."  
"Well, then, Colly," I said tersely, "just what did you want to say about it?"  
"Well, I . . ."

"If you're bringing up the minister story again just go give my . . . er, party . . . some coherency, it won't work. I don't intend to even mention it again. Is that clear?"

"I . . . well . . . you see . . ."  
"Go to your little woman, Colly. She's looking for you." Colly quickly padded across the room to his little woman and didn't speak to me again the entire evening.

The thing I like best about throwing a party is that I can do anything I like with my guests and get away with it. They're my guests, you see, and I don't feel anyone has the right to tell me how to handle them. If I choose to make fools of them, it's because they deserve it. If I choose to make them seem somewhat human, it's because they do have a touch of humanity. Usually, I just let you see what I want you to see. That way, I don't get into complex personalities that confuse me. It's really very fun throwing a party. Being this sort of host is so very easy.

"Hi, Rich, I'm back." It was Colly.  
"Just what do you think you're doing?"

"Huh," Colly hedged, surprised by my sharp outburst. "I'm just . . ."  
"Didn't you hear what I said a few minutes ago?"  
"What . . .?"

"I said, and I quote: 'Colly quickly padded across the room to his little woman and didn't speak to me again the entire evening.' End quote."  
"I . . ."

"Are you trying to make a fool out of me? Get out! Go away, damn it!"  
"I'm sorry . . ."  
"Stop talking!!! GO!!!" He hung his head and walked away.

Many times, my friends ask me how I plan a party. I tell them that some parties are very simple to plan and others are very difficult. For example, this party wasn't very difficult to plan at all. I just sat down at my typewriter and made out a guest list off the top of my head, sent invitations and, once my guests were all here, let them do pretty much as I pleased. Sometimes I throw formal parties where each one of my guests is invited for a specific reason, but those parties usually aren't as much fun to attend. Also, they're really much more difficult to plan. My friends tell me that anyone can throw a party together and that planning a party is the hard part. I tell them, quite tactfully of course, that they're full of bologna, that spontaneous parties are the hardest to throw because you never know what's going to happen and how anything will affect anyone else. They tell me that my logic is improper. I really don't understand what they mean, but I tell them that I do. Anyone who tells me he doesn't like my parties runs the risk of never being invited back. Or, if I do invite him again, I usually plan some trick to make a fool of him. Or her. Or them.

Before I leave you to join my other guests, I'd like you to meet two more people

"The Biggest Swivet, Since...?"

Swiftly and sensuously  
The couples glide  
In and out of  
Each other's arms to  
The blare of music  
With a strong, rhythmic  
Beat. The boys and girls

Are attractively dressed,  
And they're holding hands.

Has the Chacha come  
Back—  
with a strong, rhythmic beat?

Or is it a funky tango  
From an old '40's movie?

The couples glide  
In and out of  
Each other's arms?

Though, it looks a bit like both.  
(Their feet stomping  
To the blare of the music.)

The step that has restored  
Body contact to dancing

(Swiftly and sensuously)

is called the Hustle.

It is causing  
The biggest swivet

(The Hustle)

On the dance floor,  
Since...?

Chubby Checker roared in

(To the blare of music)

with the Twist

in 1960.

Lauren Barefoot

Frankly, friend,  
I'm discouraged.  
Things are changing.  
Have changed.  
And I don't like it.  
Songs don't have anything to say.  
They're empty lyrics  
wrapped in electricity.  
Doesn't anyone care anymore?  
Don't say *no!*  
God!...God?  
Are our lives empty lyrics  
wrapped in electricity?  
Don't say *yes!*  
God!...God?  
Don't say *no!*

Frankly, friend,  
I'm discouraged.  
Those I meet seem  
to have lowered their  
standards.  
Everyone is a stone  
Standing alone.  
Making ripples only when  
Thrown.  
Our lives are empty lyrics  
wrapped in electricity.  
Frankly, friend,  
I'm discouraged.  
About now.  
And I don't like going back  
so I think I'll have to make  
the future. Okay?  
God?  
C'mon friend-  
What's that?  
The power's on?  
Your lyrics are wrapped  
in what?

oh.

Tim Cahill

"Lovers' Game"

I once knew a maiden and asked for her hand  
in an evening whose romance was perfectly planned.  
The candles were set on the table with care,  
in hopes that the answer "yes" soon would be there.  
I asked her quite coyly, with wine on my breath,  
if she would accompany me until death.  
She glanced at me shyly, then pulled out a gun,  
and the answer she gave was a serious one.  
They rushed me to Hospital, sent me a priest,  
and while I finished dying she finished the feast;  
but I was elated, yes, still satisfied,  
for I'd poisoned her dinner before I had died.

Matthew McGough

Grange Over Sands

Forever did that candle burn,  
And then it was no more.  
The candle burned both long and bright,  
But it was not enchanted.  
Neither had it special wicks,  
Nor a lasting wax.  
It served me well,  
All through these nights.  
Now all is done, and all is said.  
My new one burns as brightly.

J. Hopper

Sacks out the just-cuffed cur,  
brained and drained, in his seedy corner,  
this idle night an easy compromise  
with his righteous master. The man, cruel  
when the mutt fouts his rules,  
claims benevolent eyes (surprise!)  
lies behind his dark glasses' cover.  
No one knows; he never had a lover.

Sacks of unexplored trash swell  
in tantalizing heaps along the street.  
Some mangy bitch in heat  
starts up her siren smell.  
Tomorrow, then. The sleepy dog drools.  
No one can win the struggle of fools.

Jack Hoey

Today the leaves don't fall  
But stroll in scarecrow gait  
Back to the attaching limb,  
Voiced by the wind-swallowed  
chimes of morning

Muse on me now Friar,  
And cough up the pillars of  
Digested temples that drape  
The disgusting anatomy of  
lies older than stone.

Life is half latinate, and  
Half the shapes of female  
Numbers, as they lie, feigning  
Stupor, professing Sleep's song,  
bending grass blades.

Clyde Gordon

An Autobiography by Matthew P. McGough

# A Day in the Life of a Man Who Looks a Great Deal Like Me

††Part One††

I was just a boy when I was young; my mother was married to my father for most of their lives, but I only saw them for the first twenty years of my life. On my twenty-first birthday, I ran downstairs: it's here that my story begins. I knew things had changed, because the kitchen was clean, but the car wasn't in the garage. I immediately assumed both my parents had run off and left me (which would be strange, considering they had the car) and made myself breakfast. I was surprised at the screen door by the cat, who had, as usual, been locked out over night (I was surprised due to the fact that we'd had a cocker spaniel when I went to bed the night before).

Suddenly there was a tapping at the shutters! Knowing full well that the neighborhood raven always used the front door, I was startled. I flung open the shutters (having already pulled up the sash), and gazed in wonder at a man who luckily did *not* resemble Santa Claus or some other enigma. Watching carefully, I then reconstructed the events that followed. The postman was carrying mail for all the houses on the block except mine, which particularly upset me since I had sent myself a birthday card over a week before, and had not yet received it.

I walked into the living room with the mail and put on the soundtrack of *The Best of the World Of Disney*, curled up on the couch with my soft boiled eggs and the poodle, who, having finally dried off after her romp in the rain, had followed me in from the kitchen.

††Part Two††

It was a hard life in the logging camp. Business was bad, and the supply was down, and basing operations in the Bronx didn't help matters any. I was heading for the foreman's cabin with the volleyball, and it's here that my story continues...

I can still remember standing there, face to face with the boss's empty desk, the tall trees and the bank building in the background. I rehearsed the story over and over in my head as the raccoon kept nibbling at my woolen cap. Even since I had run away from home, it's been the same story: not enough socks to wear and a heavy load on my back. This time, I thought it would be different. As I entered the shack, I was surprised at the doorway by the camp mascot, a mangy old bloodhound I recognized as not having been there before that day. (Our other mascot had run away to escape tax evasion... which was strange, considering my parents had told me to claim pets as an exemption.) I gave old Rex a pat on the head as I always did, and started toward the shack. On the way, I stopped to reminisce about the days when I would read by the campfire in the dining room, listening to my sister playing with the rabbit in the kitchen before looking it up for the night. Being an only child was lonely for her, but I was getting used to it. As I put down the magazine I was reading, I decided to pay a visit to the foreman's cabin. I had been there twice that day already, but there was still not one letter for me.

Cont'd on page 4

## A Day in the Life of a Man Who Looks a Great Deal Like Me -Cont'd from page 3

mail in my pocket and started for the shack when I realized that today was Monday, and they never deliver the post on time so early in the week. When I finally got to the cabin (it seemed such a short time since I had last been there) I decided it was time to get back to work so I walked in.

This is a funny thing. I never realized this until I put down the magazine and walked into the foreman's shack. I patted old Rex on the head as he sat begging in the doorway, thinking how cruel it was to keep a parrot cooped up without once giving it a chance to see the skyline of New York City, when it was within walking distance. I hated watching the animal creep in its petty pace from day to day, but it wasn't my responsibility since Mac and Duff were supposed to take care of her. I shrugged, gave the animal a saucer of milk, and walked into my father's office.

I had always hated working for my father; often I had prayed for the day both my parents would run off and leave me (which would be strange, since we owned a beautiful 1932 Mercer that ran even better). Father was not in his office, so I stared out the window at his desk, with the tall buildings and green hills behind me. My thoughts were interrupted by the squeal of the raccoon as Rex began to defend himself against the inpouring rain. I remembered a long time ago when he would romp and play in the rain, and then scratch at the screen door to be let in.

I closed the shutters on the rain, curled up on the couch with my animal, my breakfast and my magazine, and waited for the mail.

The End

## Letter from the Editors

Well, one term is behind us. It wasn't easy but... well... ah, shucks, guys, we done it! The Degree is one term old.

It took a while for us to catch on. Now, at least, we hope you remember the name of the magazine and the frequency with which it is published (every third week). Next term, we actually hope to have you looking forward to reading it on its regular basis.

In this issue, we examine the nature of fiction and literature in three pieces which, while written independently, work well together. "Extensive Peon" examines fiction through parody, "Welcome To My Party" through metaphor and "A Day In The Life Of A Man Who Looks A Great Deal Like Me" through satire. We hope the points these pieces may make are well taken.

We look forward to next term and hope to see an even larger pool of submissions and more student interest. To us, an ideal issue is one in which nothing written by the editors appears (including letters!). Please help us reach this goal.

Good luck on finals and have a Happy.

Thanks,

Harry Kloman, Editor

Tim Cahill, Associate Editor

Jeff Dunn, Associate Editor

## Punk-Cont'd

separate entities on their own merits. His comments on A & M's newly signed Stranglers expresses this view:

So far as the Stranglers are concerned, we are not approaching them in a punk sense. Their second album is a very political album. In that sense they are not a punk band; they're not a nihilistic band. They are a politically intelligent, literate, sexually aggressive, hard rock and roll band.

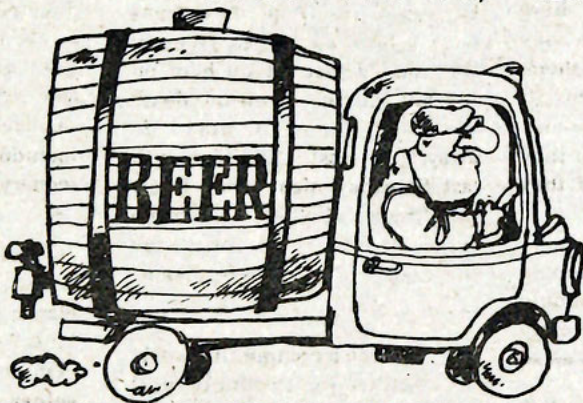
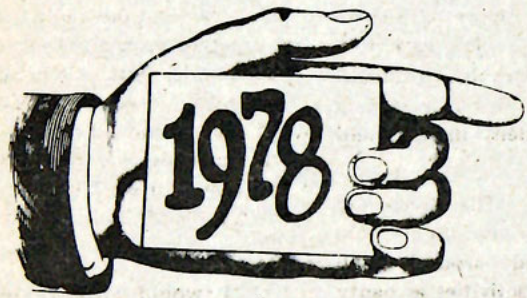
As Levy and Barsalona suggest, new wave is not a simple phenomena when viewed artistically. The only consensus critics reach is that it exists.

After the fads are stripped away--the safety pins, pogging, and the angry swearing, what is left for those outside the punk world? Jack Bruce, one of rock's premier bass guitarists for fifteen years, commented on the substance in new wave:

It's interesting because it's got a certain amount of energy, but unfortunately, they've missed out on the past. You know, when we started playing this kind of music, we used to search and find records from 1926--Skip James--and search things out. OK, so maybe they model themselves on the Who but, I mean, that is not a tradition. Not really. I think that music is a tradition. Jazz music is obviously a tradition. Classical music is obviously a tradition. And I feel rock music is more important than any of these.

Bruce says new wave rock needs to find its niche in the rock environment, a clearly defined statement of where it relates to music. At the present time, much of punk is a reaction to social causes and demands little artistic quality. Nothing is left from the Spartacus rebellion in Rome or the bloody demonstrations during 1968 except history book excerpts, but such creations as *Oedipus Rex* and Bob Dylan's music are still affecting people directly. The rock music world must still wait and see if the Stranglers or the Runaways begin to create instead of shout.

## HAPPY NEW YEAR, GANG!



## Welcome To My Party-Cont'd

at my party. Follow me. I think you'll like these people.

"Hello, Don, how are you tonight?"

"The King is a Thing!"

"Excuse me, Don. I don't understand."

"The King, I said," he said, "is a Thing! It's an allusion, you asshole. To *Hamlet*. Don't you know anything about literary allusions? You're supposed to figure out its significance."

"But why..."

"To liven up the party, stupid. You don't think you tricked them with that Kate and Petruchio bit, do you? It was just too obvious. If you're going to allude to something, it has to be done subtly."

"But if it's too subtle, they won't understand it."

"That's what we have colleges for, stupid. To teach people things they don't understand."

"But..."

"Take my word for it. Nothing is but what is not."

"That's from *MacBeth*."

"It is? Gee, that's a new one on me. I thought I made up *MacBeth*, huh? Are you sure?"

"Quite. Act one, scene..."

"I believe you. You're the host. *MacBeth*, huh?"

Wow. I really thought I made it up myself. Act one, scene...?"

"Three, line forty-two. *MacBeth* says it when..."

"Okay, I believe you. *MacBeth*, huh? Listen, do you have a library...?"

"Upstairs, to your left. You'll find *MacBeth* on the third shelf next to..."

"I don't intend to read Shakespeare. I just want to browse."

"Have fun." I smiled as he walked off repeating the line. I hated to ruin his... well... illusion! He thought he was being so clever. Don tries to do that a lot, but most people either don't understand his allusions or realize it's just a cheap allusion and don't give a flying shit. He'll learn, some day, that people just don't think in his terms. I really don't think he belongs at my party.

Before I go, I'd like to introduce you to one more person. He's right over there. His name is Scott.

"Good evening, Scott."

"Good evening, Rich. Fine party, so far."

"Glad you approve. Met anyone interesting?"

"Well, I did see someone interesting. A beautiful wisp of a woman, long blonde hair shining golden in the soft summer moonlight, lithely sipping a martini (the girl, not the moonlight) through lips of heaven-touched scarlet. She was so elegant, standing there alone, head tilting from side to side so quickly as she took in the scene, seeming so

far above the others around her that she almost defied begins spoken to."

"Never end a sentence with a preposition, Scottie."

"Yeah, you're right. 'She almost defied approach.' Better?"

"Much. Would you like to meet her?"

"Why, yes, I would. I'd enjoy that. I haven't suffered in the longest time." I introduced the two (her name

was Matilda) and left them alone to play their odd games.

Well, it's getting late, and I would like to mingle. I guess I'll just leave you all go now and--

"Excuse me, I haven't finished yet." "Just how did you get in here? I threw you out." "You can't get a good narrator down, pal." "Narrator or not, this is MY party. Get out!" "Your party? Your party!! I'm the narrator!!!"

"I don't care if you're--"

"Enough! Stop! Enough!"

"Just who do you think you are, big shot?" "Yeah, who are you to tell us to stop?"

"I," said a resonant voice with an unmistakable clarity, "am the author."

## Extensive Peon-Cont'd

little peon that has no more stamina than a page and a half--one who finds that he is now taking all night to do what he used to do all night. But you know, much to my own surprise it is working out much better than than I ever expected. At least everyone appears rather happier for it, satisfaction is reclining much nearer than it did before. Cheers and applause from the disrespectful children on my front porch after their bout with the local Jr. High. If only I could spend more time looking at the page instead of the keys...

My typewriter is only a machine but I find that my views about it are subject to some strange compulsive twisting in my mind. I hate machines that rule, yet, I find her different from most of them...

When I first met my typewriter and took it from the shelf into my home, it found me to be annoying, inexperienced, and probably rather immature. I tried to move much to fast. I mean, I would go for the really big idea immediately upon sitting with it at the desk. When things didn't work out, I would collapse on the edge of my bed, listening to a moody record, smoke cigarette after cigarette, and sulk. I knew it hated me for my clumsiness and the way I would rip into things full tilt, only to quit just as quickly just because what I wanted wasn't coming about. I used to curse myself for ever bringing her back to my room, having such grand illusions about my capabilities and my self.

Now that I am older our relationship has improved immensely. My typewriter has taught me much in the way of experience and, through its patience with my nervous fingers--poking selfishly for their own sake and no one else's, I have also learned to take my time and relax, control my feverishness. When I forget, she reminds me in her own personal way and we slow ourselves. The trouble with great speed is that somebody always gets left hanging and unfinished, disappointment and resentment slowly creep in the backdoor, hand in hand and feeling guilty for playing post office in the shrubbery, yet appearing just the same. I think that she finds my willingness to be patient with myself, taking all night to create, as a real sign on change in my thinking. (Either that or she knows that she is stuck with me.) She doesn't seem to get annoyed as before with my occasional lapses into frivolous play or the mindless strokings that come from a good drunk. It has occurred to me that one day we might make beautiful stories together, but until that time I guess things are going to remain purely physical--at least on her part. After all, I still kills them as fast as we makes 'em... and you, my astute reader, must realize that your very hands be soiled, because you are holding my last corpse!

That is the only consolation I have in the face of death on the open market, my readers, that and the thought of my last free ride--guilty pleasures to be sure, but no tag backs and I got you last and I quit.

## the DEGREE

Published every third week throughout the academic year as a magazine supplement to *The Campus*.

Editor: Harry Kloman  
Associate Editors: Tim Cahill  
Jeff Dunn

The financial and legal rights to all copy submitted to and published in *The Degree* remain with the author. Non-fiction will be edited for punctuation, spelling and grammar. Fiction will be edited for spelling. Poetry will not be edited. The original copy of any submission will be returned to the author upon request.

Next Issue: January 25, 1978  
Next Copy Deadline: January 19, 1978

Submit Copy to: *Campus*  
Box 12  
c/o Magazine Editor

# L.T.L. Parenting requires preparation

by Gale Rue

The most important part of parenting is preparing for it, Dr. Kay Anderson said Thursday, Nov. 10 at the Lunch-time Learning session. Parenting is a serious business. The best thing to do about becoming a good parent is to have had good parents. People have little control over this, however. One can objectively examine his attitude towards parenting that have already been formed. One should realize that his attitudes will subconsciously be parallel with those of his parents.

One should be aware that he emulates his parents in child raising. He can then consciously decide to avoid a behavior he had disliked in evaluating his parent's methods. Although college students today feel they are liberated in their attitudes (including parenting attitudes) they often are not as liberated as they claim. Their parents were not liberated and they have not raised their children in a liberated age. To be liberated one must work to change some ingrained behavior patterns that reflect one's conservative upbringing. Rejecting a parent's method does not mean one has rejected the parent and there should be no guilt involved.

Dr. Anderson, a psychologist for the Crawford County Medical Service, stressed the importance of choosing a spouse who is not too difficult to get along with. If partners disagree

on basic priorities and philosophies this will be reflected in raising their child. Dr. Anderson feels a child has a right to a secure home; thus, marriage is essential in parenting. A child cannot feel secure if his parents have not made a commitment to each other first. A baby should be planned for. Research has shown that unplanned babies are treated much differently by mothers than babies that are wanted. Parents should be ready to raise a child jointly, she said.

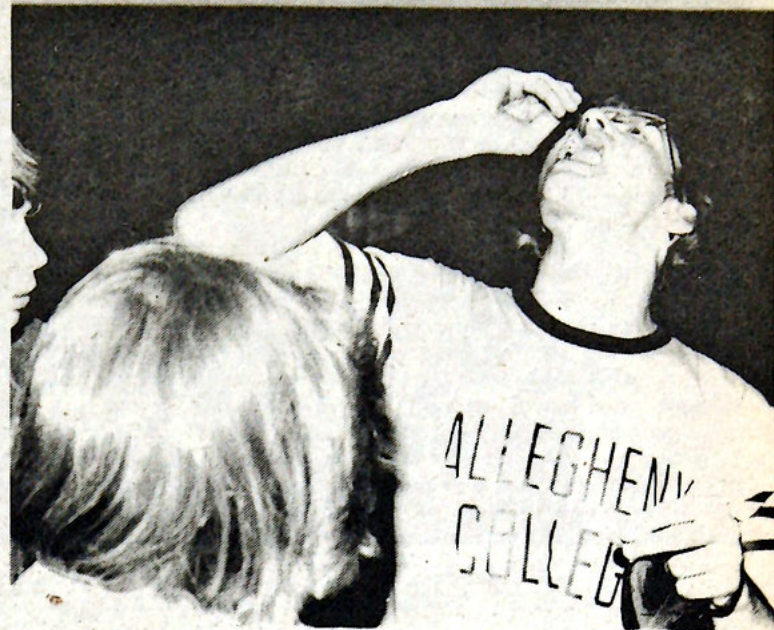
Today's society must work to liberate its attitude towards parenting roles, Dr. Anderson said. Women are raised to think about inevitably becoming a mother. Raising children has always been considered woman's work. Women reflect their acceptance of the stereotypical role assigned to them by learning about child care many years before they bear children. Men are not prepared for fatherhood when it arrives. They have been taught to be the money-makers only.

It is ironic to realize that everyone takes their assigned role when they actually resent the roles. Some people have changed their roles when they become dissatisfied with them. More change would occur if people realized that although they often fall into a trap they can break away from it if they wish, Dr. Anderson said.

Dr. Anderson advocates increased father involvement in parenting. The male role should be more than just that of emo-

tional supporter and material provider. A father should be encouraged to hold his child, feed and care for the baby. Parents should discuss their roles before the baby's birth and come to an agreement on division of chores. This way both partners will have like expectations of their roles and will not be disillusioned later.

Women should support their husbands' interest in the baby. If a wife allows her husband to be actively involved with the child he will often take part without much pushing. Dr. Anderson has found that men want to be more involved with their children. "If dad gets involved he'll be hooked, because he's getting the pay off." The whole family can be closer and happier if both parents actively raise the child.



It was back to the roaring twenties at the Phi Psi House on Saturday night as freshmen participated in a gold fish eating contest. photography by Kelly.

## Meadville comes alive in Follies

by Tom Wormer

I'll be honest. I never really thought much of Meadville. It always seemed as if the town was in some sort of lethargic stupor; as if all its citizens were a bit waterlogged from all the rain. I just sat up here on the hill looking down on Meadville, half hoping it would go away. At least, I did that until last Saturday night when I saw the Charity Follies. Meadville suddenly came alive for me by the magic of that performance.

To see a community working together for a common goal can be quite an inspiring sight. To see housewives and businessmen, mothers, fathers, children and even grandparents all united in a tremendous effort, giving their time and talent, is a most impressive thing. The 1977 Charity follies was such a performance.

Sponsored by the Meadville City Hospital Auxiliary, the Charity Follies has made over 100,000 dollars since its inception in 1949. The money is used to benefit the hospital. The profit from this year's show is being applied to a renovation of the City Hospital Emergency room facilities.

The Follies themselves were a nearly three hour series of musical and comical sketches, displaying some very impressive local talent. The show was directed by David Russell, a professional director imported from California. His expertise was obvious in the technical production of the Follies, which included excellent lighting and scenery.

Choosing "The Follies Go to College" as its theme, the show centered around such classic college activities as panty raids, football games, and commencement. Splicing together the various acts were a series of comic regulars who wandered across the stage throughout the night, including a flasher, mother nature, and "Rocky. Rocky was none other

than Allegheny swim and soccer coach Tom Erdos, who made an outstanding debut on the local stage.

I don't claim that the show was without fault. It was an amateur show and looked like it at points. But in general, the elaborate and colorful costumes and sets, and the individual performances, were exceptional. The time and work involved was obvious, and well worth the effort.

I would strongly recommend the Charity Follies to anyone in the future. It is a performance that shouldn't be missed. It is Meadville at its finest, and the show would speak well for any town. Seldom have I enjoyed a performance more.

Wylie from page 4  
the award." The play is about a rivalry between two brothers, and a reflection on their lives.

"The characters have set up false worlds," said Wylie. "All of them are tremendously frustrated. In one way or another, their dreams have been snuffed."

Wylie has also written a one-act play called "The Score" which is currently being produced as a classroom project. In addition, he is working on a full-length play, and plans to start writing a one-person show about Judy Garland the will be produced at Allegheny in early March.

"Winning something like that is sort of like a lottery," explained Wylie. "You never

### Senior Week nominations now being accepted

Nominations are still being taken for the two junior members of the Senior Week Committee.

The Committee is responsible for planning and coordinating the events for "Senior Week." It is also responsible for conducting any referendum concerning the Senior Class Gift.

The seniors also serve their class as a liason with the college and arrange reunions.

Any junior interested in serving on the Committee, please submit your name to Box 2139 by Monday night, November 21. Voting will be for juniors only through P.O. boxes on Tuesday, November 22.

really expect anything. But deep down, you're hoping." He added that the biggest thing about the award is the encouragement to keep writing.

"That's probably the hardest thing about anything you do. There are times when you think about calling it quits," he said. "But if you do get lucky, it's enough to keep you going."

Wylie is a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. He has acted in two Playshop Theatre productions and has written for the Allegheny Literary magazine as well as the CAMPUS newspaper.

**HAPPY HOLIDAYS**

from

All of us on the CAMPUS staff.

Steve

Barb

George

Bill

Bob

Tim

Gale

Nancy

Pam

Jay

Harry

Steve

Van

Jamie

Erle

Sue

Steve

Beth

Bob

Jeff

Coy

Cheryl

Diane

Wondering  
where to go for a  
really delicious meal?

?

Try...

## DON DAVID'S

1770 Conneaut Lake Road

Open wide  
and  
we'll fill the gap  
with our variety  
of delicious donuts.

### MISTER DONUT

Open 24 Hours A Day - 7 Days A Week  
• 36 Varieties Of Donuts • Assorted Cold Drinks

# Power volleyball club set

by Chuck Braymer

The Allegheny College Intercollegiate Power Volleyball Club will host an open triples tournament on Sunday, November 20th.

Play will begin at 9:00 a.m. sharp with the top three teams from each of two brackets, (five to seven teams per bracket), advancing to the finals after the round robin. The tournament will be held in the David Mead Fieldhouse with action on two courts.

This will be the first event that the Allegheny team has been involved in for the 77-78 season. The team got its start in the fall of 1974 through the efforts of a few interested students and assistance from the local YMCA power volleyball team. The local "Y" team was also helpful in getting volleyball programs at Edinboro, Alliance, and Pitt. The coach of the Allegheny team, Jim Colwell, is himself a member of the YMCA AA class team which competes at the national level.

Since the team's incep-

tion, volleyball has grown in Northwestern Pennsylvania. This expansion has resulted in the formation of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Volleyball Association, which is comprised of ten teams from colleges throughout this area.

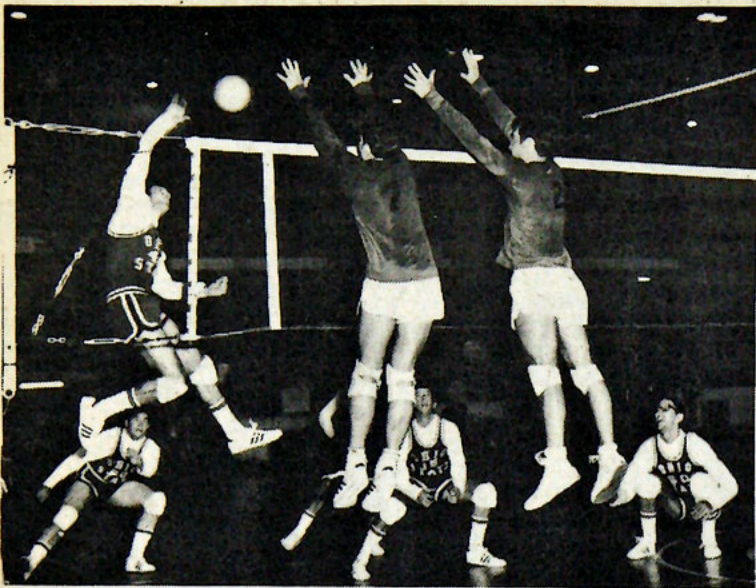
The Allegheny squad is a charter member of this organization. The team attends several tournaments during the year and sponsors the annual Allegheny College Invitational Tournament, which is held during second term. These tournaments, unlike this Sunday's, are six man team events.

The volleyball team held its organizational meeting for the '77-78 season on November 3rd. The turnout was very good with 35 people in attendance, the majority of whom were freshmen. Approximately half of the freshmen indicated that they have had high school power volleyball experience. These experienced freshmen, in addition to several returning seniors, make the outlook for the coming season very prom-

ising.

Another area which the present "club" team is actively investigating is the attainment of Varsity status for the '78-79 school year. A student-faculty committee on sports, headed by Dr. Turk, has heard arguments from team members for the acceptance of men's volleyball as a Varsity sport. A two page letter outlining the major arguments in favor of Varsity status has been filed with the committee.

The purpose of this term's tournament is to kick off the '77-78 season with the type of excitement that triples volleyball generates. It's hard enough to cover the court area with six men, but when that number is cut to three, it doubles the degree of difficulty and excitement. Anticipation of where the ball is going is vital in triples so that the players can position themselves in order to make a play on the ball; yet, the basics of volleyball are still there, the set, the spike, the dig, and all the other elements of POWER volleyball.



Pictured is the Allegheny Power Volleyball Club. The club will see its first action in a tournament to be held at the fieldhouse this Sunday.

## Term Intramurals end

Intramural action ended this week with Phi Delta Theta and the Crusaders claiming championship football titles.

IFC football saw the Phi Delt's defeating the Fijis 24-13 in a tough game.

In the freshmen league, the Crusaders, winners of the losers bracket defeated the

Booters, champs of the winners bracket twice. The scores were 20-7 and 10-0.

Basketball will be the main intramural action next term. Anyone interested in having a basketball team should turn in his team roster to Pete Vaas by November 22, in the field house.

## Banquet honors Gator gridders

Seven special awards were given at last week's annual AC football banquet.

Seniors Mark Matlak, Matt Matlak, Brian McClure and Phil Spina, junior Nick Nardone and freshman P.J. Blythe earned the honors.

Mark Matlak, finishing the season with 744 yards gained in seven games, along with eight touchdowns scored, was selected for the F. Dawson Weber Outstanding Back Award. Matlak scored 31 career TDs landing

third place on Allegheny's All-Time scoring list.

Matthew Matlak claimed the Clair Jackson Outstanding Lineman Award as well as the Defensive Big Play Award. The linebacker accumulated 71 solo tackles and 111 assists this season totalling 450 Gator career tackles, 201 solo.

The Offensive Big Play Award was received by Nick Nardone, junior place kicker. Nardone scored 35 points on the season, pushing his career total

to 94 points. Among his 8 of 11 field goal attempts were three that lifted Allegheny to a 9-7 victory over W&J.

Co-captain Spina was the recipient of the WMGW Coaches Award. The center earned his fourth AC letter and remains in running for his third All-PAC team selection.

Brian McClure was honored with the Leading Interception Award. McClure's four interceptions were returned for a total of 39 yards, including the 31 yard touchdown against Westminster.

P.J. Blythe earned the Raider of the Year Award, which honors freshmen. P.J. played on the AC specialty teams.

The CAMPUS is looking for persons interested in writing sports next term, either occasionally or weekly. If interested, please contact Jamie Sansone, Box 1084.

### Announcement of PAC standings

Soccer

1. Bethany 5-0-1
2. Case Western 5-2
3. Allegheny 4-1-1
4. Carnegie Mellon 4-2
5. John Carroll 3-4
6. Hiram 1-5
7. W & J 0-6

Cross Country

1. Case Western
2. John Carroll
3. Carnegie Mellon
4. Allegheny

5. Thiel

6. Hiram
7. Bethany
8. W & J

Football

1. Carnegie Mellon 7-0
2. Allegheny 5-2
3. Case Western 5-2
4. W & J 3-3
5. Hiram 3-4
6. Thiel 2-4
7. Bethany 2-5
8. John Carroll 0-7

### Soccer awards presented

The Gator Soccer team held its awards banquet last night at The Villa. Harold McElhaney was the guest speaker and assisted coach Tom Erdos in the presentation of soccer honors.

All-PAC awards went to players Richard Scott and Dave Nelson. John Sutphen received All-PAC honorable mention.

Dave Nelson also received the team's outstanding

Player Award and Rich Scott was named as the team's hardest worker.

Captain Bobby Kay was the only team member to receive an Allegheny 4 year letter award.

Five players, Rich Clarke, Steve Held, Pat Martin, Rich Scott, John Sutphen and Jeff Tindall received 3 year awards.

Two year awards went to Paul Thomas, Lew Zulick, John Brautigan and Dave Hague.

One year award winners were Phil Direen, Marsh Jones, John Zulick, Pat McIntyre, Charlie McBride, Bob Minkle, Chris Morgan, Tom Traub and Bob Viggiano.

### 3 in One

#### RESTAURANT

500 Baldwin St.

Kingburger  
1/4 lb. hamburger .75

10% Discount with ID

New Hours Mon.-Sat. 11AM-midnight  
Sun 1PM-10PM

Call in Orders 336-2969

### ALLEGHENIANS, HAPPY HOLIDAYS!



FROM

DePASCALE TRAVEL AGENCY

885 Water Street

336-3185

### POTPOURRI

508 Baldwin St.  
just past 3 in One



333-1518

tropical plants

unusual pots

macrame

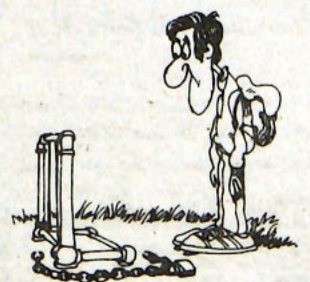
potting soil  
& supplies

Tues.-Sat. 10-5

Fri. 10-9

Closed Monday

Feel like you're  
missing something?



Let us help!

SPORTSMAN'S  
CORNER

in the  
Meadville Mall

# Allegheny Gators ready for intercollegiate action

The Gators of Allegheny College, featuring only one senior, one junior seven sophomores, and six frosh, are preparing for their eighth campaign under head Coach Norm Sundstrom.

During Sundstrom's tenure, the roundball program at Allegheny has reached respectability as the Gators have always finished in the upper division of the President's Athletic Conference, capturing the only conference crown in Allegheny's history in 1975.

The Gators lost four seniors last season. Marty Orzechowski, Allegheny's all-time leader, graduated taking a total of 1,118 points with him. This was good enough for third place among A.C. all-time leaders. The "O" received All-PAC first team selection for the third consecutive year last season.

Bill Faloon, 6'7" post man and four year letter winner also grabbed his cap and gown. Faloon departed with a career total of 684 points and 583 rebounds to his credit. Bill also walked away with the coveted Yeckley Team Play Award.

Graduation also claimed 6'5" center-forward Frank Barba. Barba, another four year monogram winner amassed 776

rebounds and 702 points during his four year tenure as well as grabbing conference honors several times. Dave Ellis, 6'5" back-up forward rounds out the graduating quartet. Ellis a two year letter winner has been instrumental in the Gator successes.

The Gators, 11-9 over all last season, while starting three frosh are out to improve upon last campaign. Allegheny will be represented by a fifteen man squad this time around. We should have kept competition at each position stated Sundstrom, as the Gators ran through drills for the first week, with the main concern on squad selection. Sundstrom also quipped, we'll have to rely on an aggressive team defensive style of play combined with a disciplined offense to be competitive for the league title.

Allegheny will feature only one senior, Ralph Hopkins, 6'2" swing guard. Hopkins supporting Marty "O" last year and hooped 190 points. He has paid his due, this should be his finest season.

The "BLUE and GOLD" return three starters. Leading the trio is 6'8" sophomore center Eric Lindberg. The big "E" had an outstanding year as a freshman, was second squad All-PAC

selection, led the squad in total points with 252, his MVP was well deserved and he should be better during his second campaign.

Bruce Turner, 6'5" sophomore forward returns for another crack at a starting forward. Turner started all but the last six games of the season (injury) and contributed ten points per outing. Unfortunately, Turner tore some ligaments the first day of practice and the time of his return is questionable.

Jim Wheeler, 5'11" sophomore playmaker rounds out the trio of returning starters. Wheeler performed consistently as the set up man last season while leading the squad with 194. "Bimbo" also took time to throw in 149 points from his guard spot.

With this trio back how do the Gators shape-up for the 77-78 campaign. Sundstrom feels, providing he keeps hustling the way he has this past week and barring injury, Lindberg will be tough to beat out. However, the veteran mentor claims, the other four spots are up for grabs, even those of the returning starters.

Should Lindberg open at center, the question remains,

who will man the other four spots? Backing up Lindberg and also fighting for a forward position will be trio of tall freshmen. Al Brandt 6'6", from Rochester, N.Y., Dave Quigley 6'6" from Pittsford, N.Y. and forward-center Dave Contardi, 6'5" from Penn Hills in Pittsburgh all have a shot.

The forward spots are wide open, especially with Turner's injury. Competing for the position in addition to the above are John Webb, a 6'3" junior from Erie Prep, is a leading candidate as are two more freshmen. Darrell Jones, 6'2" leaper from Overbrook in Philadelphia and 6'4" Tom Albert another South Hills Catholic product.

Keen competition is forming at the swing guard spot with Hopkins leading the way. Pressing hard are a pair of sophomores. Craig Jones, 6'2" and George Dalton, 6'2", both received considerable playing time last season.

This brings us to the play-making spot for the Gators. Aside from returner Jim Wheeler A.C. has three promising candidates. Chris McClure, 6'0" soph., is reported much improved over last year and should push hard for a berth, as could 5'9" Fields

Jackson, a soph. who missed last year and promising frosh, 5'10" Brene Burrows who hails from Fredonia, N.Y.

Once again the "BLUE and GOLD" feature a powerful slate. Gator fans will have to wait til January to see their favorites at home. A.C. opens



Dec. 3 at Hobart, N.Y., play the University of Rochester on the 5th, and return to the area for back to back games with Behrend, Dec. 9, and powerful Grove City on Dec. 10.

After the Christmas break the Gators are featured in the third annual Kismet-Grotto Tourney hosting powerhouse Westminster, Dickinson and once again the University of Rochester.

As soon as the Kismet-Grotto concludes, A.C. opens PAC action at Bethany on Jan. 11, 1978.

## AC fencing club lists tournament results

The Allegheny Fencing Club and the beginning fencing class held a tournament Sunday, November 13. 15 fencers started in three pools of five. John Newman, who teaches the class, and Paul Booth, one of the club's instructors, were the directors, calling halts, reconstructing the action, and helping to decide the points. There were eliminations, with one withdrawal. The four finalists then fenced one pool.

Doug Smith took first place in the tournament, Chip Yates took second place, third place went to John Newark, and Ken Kliens came in fourth.

Afterwards, the fencers were scheduled to fence a group from Cleveland State, but they didn't show up. Already, the A.F.C. has sent a group of eight people to an unclassified foil meet at Lakewood Community College on Nov. 6th. John Newman was thrown out in the quarter finals (under protest) by a bad call. John had asked for time, the traditional way by stamping his foot, to adjust his mask and his opponent came up and hit him. The director was another fencer who let it go, and John lost, 9 to 10.

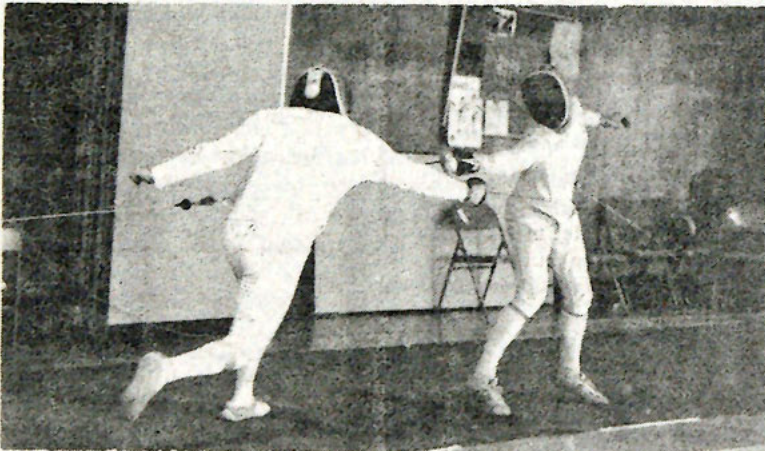
Chip Yates, Doug Smith, Paul Booth, Steve Sager, and Steve Abrahms made it to the 2nd round, and Toni Fredericks was in a three-way tie for 3rd place in the finals. Although she beat the girl who came in 2nd, Toni came in 3rd by one point. This Saturday, Paul, John, Doug, and Toni will compete in a meet at Penn State.

The team had also planned a trip to the Cleveland

Grand Prix, but decided against it because of next week's finals.

Officers of the fencing club are Steve Sager, general

co-ordinator; Marty Miller, assistant general co-ordinator; Doug Smith, treasurer; Janet McAndrew, publicity; Carol Lynch,



Pictured above is the Allegheny fencing club in action. Photo by Paul Booth.

Sick of doing laundry?



**MEADVILLE LAUNDRY AND DRYCLEANING**

299 North Street  
Black owned and operated

TAKE A BREAK!

Try our new flavors--



Coconut and Lemon Custard

at

**BASKIN ROBBINS**

S. Main St. 336-3250

Order by 9:30 We deliver after 10:30

**The American Red Cross. The Good Neighbor.**



Help us. Join us.

**BUY A TEXAS BURGER AND GET ONE AT HALF PRICE.**

Give my friend a Texas Burger at half price. I've already bought mine.

We make a lot of things better.  
Texas Burgers · Charco Burgers · Coney Dogs · Tenderloin · Bar-b-que · Fish

**Cor Puckly's Family Restaurants**



Coupon expires: Nov. 30

-Open 7 days-

6AM-11PM

Fri. & Sat. to midnight

434 North St.

PHONE 724-8148

# Republicans attend Issues Conference

The Republican College Council of Pennsylvania (RCCP) held its first Issues Conference in Harrisburg last weekend. College Republican clubs from across the state sent delegates to the Conference. Allegheny CRs were represented by RCCP First Vice Chairman Robert Owsiany, and Regional Coordinator Paul Marcela.

Delegates to the Conference discussed a variety of current state and national issues in an attempt to construct a platform for Pennsylvania CRs. Committees on education, labor, energy, foreign relations, justice, environment, institutional reform and domestic rights drafted the platform planks.

The planks were then presented to the Conference for approval or amendment. RCCP Chairman Mitch Clausner, from the University of Pennsylvania, presided over the general conference sessions.

Several planks in the

RCCP platform are of concern to college students. The delegates voted to endorse the concept of a tuition tax credit. Senator Richard Schweiker (R-PA) has introduced such legislation in the United States Senate. The delegates also approved a resolution calling for "an across the board exemption from federal income taxes for college students earning less than \$5,000 a year." Such a proposal would raise the current ceiling of \$2,300.

Resolutions to lower the drinking age to 19 in Pennsylvania, and to decriminalize the use of marijuana were also adopted.

On the state level, the delegates voiced their support for bills before the General Assembly which would provide for an elected Attorney General and outlaw all non-returnable bottles and cans. Nationally, the RCCP platform endorses Congressman Jack Kemp's (R-NY) proposal to cut federal income taxes by 30% in order to stimulate the economy.

Several Republican politicians attended the Conference. Congressmen William Goodling and Robert Walker, both from central Pennsylvania, appeared to address the delegates and answer questions from the CRs. State Vice Chairman Martha Bell Schoeninger spoke at the Saturday night banquet. Members of the Arlen Specter for Governor campaign talked with the delegates on Sunday morning.

The platform adopted at the Issues Conference will serve as the basis for Pennsylvania CR lobbying efforts in Harrisburg and Washington. Copies of the platform will be sent to all members of the General Assembly, Pennsylvania's Congressional delegation, Senators Schweiker and Heinz and news media throughout the state.

RCCP First Vice Chairman Robert Owsiany called the Issues Conference, "the first step in education the public to the Republican philosophy." In addition to platform issues, CRs will continue to lobby for state aid for Pennsylvania's institutions of higher education.



"Magic Mood" will provide the music for the final dance of the term Saturday night in the C.C. lobby, starting at 9:30.

At this time I would like to take the opportunity to thank the other members of the staff and also members of the Editorial Board for the hardwork and sincere efforts that were put into the production of the CAMPUS. This term has proved to be

particularly hectic as we have all had to suffer through extensive machine malfunctions along with adjusting to a new academic year and new responsibilities. Throughout these difficulties the staff has managed to work together and do an excel-

lent job.

From a very appreciative person -

THANK YOU!

Beth E. Jenkins  
Managing Editor

## Orchasis

### "Passages" traces development of love

Orchasis, the modern dance club at Allegheny, will be presenting its autumn show, "Passages," Friday and Saturday night at 8:15 in the Campus Center Auditorium.

"Passages" traces the development of love from its beginnings in the security of the family to the first love and continues through the stage of

seduction and sexual love, culminating finally in the realization of true, ideal love.

Music for the show is primarily contemporary jazz and features such artists as Herbie Hancock, Lalo Schifrin, Grover Washington Jr. and Barbra Streisand. Moods are carefully formed and maintained by the special lighting effects done by

John Darling and Jim Cirilano.

"Passages" is directed by Marjie Najac. Miss Najac is a student at Allegheny majoring in psychology. She has been a member of Orchasis for three years and has been active in many aspects of dance both away from and at Allegheny. This is her first attempt at directing.

Miss Najac is responsible for the bulk of the choreography, with assistance by Barbara Coles, Teresa Cordell, Richelle Diggs, Glenda DeJarnette, Kathy Ford, Glenn Good, Michael McStraw and John Webb. All of the choreographers are Allegheny students, with the exception of Ms. Cordell, who is an Allegheny graduate.

"Passages" is free and open to the public.

On January 5 the Counseling Center will administer a practice Graduate Record Exam, Aptitude Test, and on January 19, a practice Graduate Management Admission Test. Anyone interested in taking either or both of these practice tests should contact Mrs. Sheridan in the Counseling Center before leaving for the end-of-term break.



## BENTLEY BEAT

by Pam Steele

#### CASHIER OFFICE:

Students should have received in their P.O. boxes, the memo of board regulations and dining hall changes. For those who want to change to another dining facility or to another meal plan, the change period is from Nov. 17 to Nov. 30. Please read the memo carefully, and if there are any questions, contact the Cashier's office.

#### OFFICE OF ADMISSIONS:

This is the last chance for students to get a tour guide application! Please turn in applications as soon as possible.

A position is available in Admissions for an office assistant-tour guide for the month of December, at minimum wage. Applications must be in by Monday, Nov. 21 at 5:00.

The Admissions staff wishes each and every student a happy holiday and good luck on exams!

#### OFFICE OF STUDENT AID:

A college work-study opening as WARC librarian is available. Contact Lloyd Segan, P.O. Box 2142, or by phone 724-9589.

The Elks club needs waitresses and waiters for weekend work. Call Mabel Applegate, 724-5219.

**IMPORTANT!** If you want your November paycheck mailed to your house, please stop by the Cashier's office.

The forms for 1978-1979 financial aid consideration will be distributed to campus P.O. boxes. There have been some changes in both forms and filing procedures-so read the instructions carefully!

There are R.E.A.L. Internships available for second term. Stop by the Student Aid Office to discuss the possibilities.

Mr. Simpson (of the maintenance dept.) needs six college work-study students to help insulate dorms over break. Contact him at 724-5378.

#### DEAN OF INSTRUCTION:


Students who enrolled in summer school courses at another college or university should be certain that a transcript is forwarded to this office.

Are you bored with the same old routine?

Let World Wide Travel add some excitement to your life!



**World Wide Travel**  
830 Park Ave. 724-3157



## PIZZA LA ROMA

"A Real Treat"

**ALL POPULAR VARIETIES**

- WE MAKE OUR OWN SPECIAL DOUGH & SAUCE DAILY
- AND SPECIALTIES IN SUBMARINES!

**EAT IN  
TAKE OUT**

**OPEN 7 DAYS  
4 PM - 2 AM**

**606 N. MAIN**

**CALL AHEAD - IT WILL BE READY**

**336-2494**

**(NEAR ALLEGHENY COLLEGE)**

## Classifieds

Looking for hand crafted items such as macrame for consignment sales. Inquire at Potpourri, 508 Baldwin Street.

2001 Club now taking applications for bartenders and waitresses. Please call 724-7334 evenings or during the day on Tuesday.

Want to live off-campus next term? 580 Cullum Strees has a room for you. If you're interested, call 333-9271 or drop a note in Box 2125. (Males preferred)

Second Class Mail

From: CAMPUS  
Box 12  
Allegheny College  
Meadville, Pa. 16335

Please Send to: