

Eating electricity and saving fuel

Energy conservation efforts persist

by Cathy Losch

While Allegheny's natural gas consumption rose only one percent last winter, the electricity consumption rose 16%, according to Larry Yartz, college treasurer and energy council chairman.

The new Lawrence Lee Pelletier Library, an "electricity gobbler," caused part of the electricity increase, Yartz said; but the carelessness and "general insensitivity" of college residents also contributed to the consumption.

"We need to educate people as to how much it really costs when they're not careful," Yartz commented. Neglecting to turn off lights when leaving a room or studying alone in Brooks cafeteria with all the lights on use unnecessary amounts of electricity. Yartz said students don't realize the immense amount of energy such lighting consumes.

Last winter the cost of electricity rose 34%. "When tuition, room and board increase," Yartz said, "people don't realize how much goes to utilities."

The Energy Council, though it hasn't "geared up" yet this term, plans to "generate information" through its Public

Education subcommittee, Yartz said. Through energy saving tips and figures on energy consumption, the subcommittee aims to gain student support of their conservation efforts.

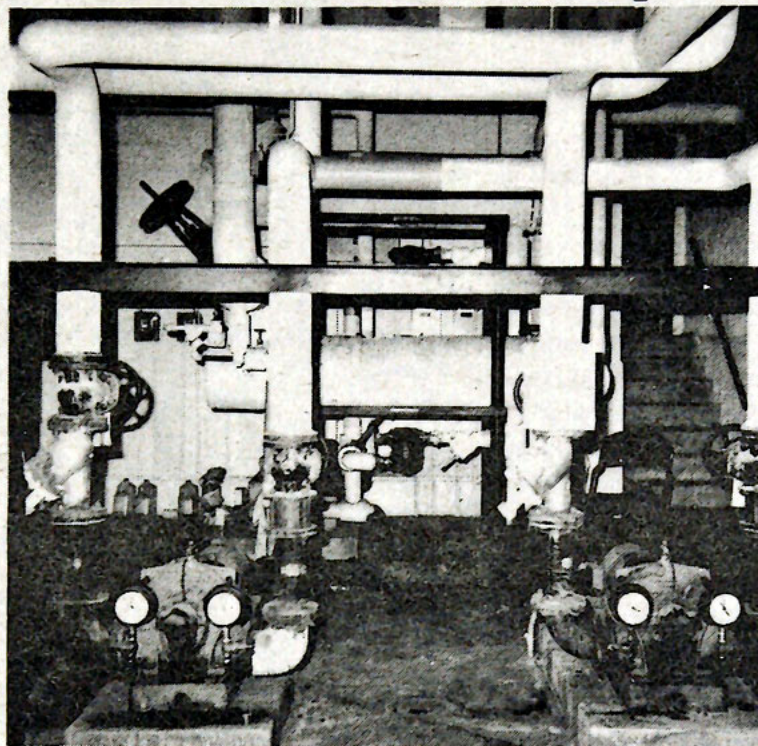
Installation of insulation over December break was one step toward energy conservation this term.

Arter Hall and the Brooks-Walker Annex complex have lost great quantities of heat through their uninsulated, sloped roofs. In addition, Arter's hot water heating circulates from the basement to the attic; in cold weather, heat only goes to the second floor, then escapes through the roof.

The college rented blowers and had maintenance insert insulation in the roofs, a process which is much more costly when done commercially. Most of the work was completed over December, but Walker Annex wasn't done until January, after the students had returned.

The insulation should help stop the "vicious cycle" in Arter Hall, Yartz said. And studies show that insulation should cut heating costs 15-20%, though "insulation" is not precisely defined.

Storm windows are also being installed in all college buildings to cut down heat loss. It has been a slow, two-year



process, however, because the windows must be custom made to fit the old buildings, and they must be installed from the inside. The college had originally planned to complete the job last summer, but the manufacturer is overloaded with orders, so all the windows have not yet been delivered.

The Energy Council is

also "gathering data to make decisions on," Yartz said. Maintenance is currently doing an inventory of building temperature ranges; and several seniors are studying the temperature patterns. One senior has permission to vary the temperatures in buildings at night to determine how much fuel is actually saved at specific settings.

Long range possibilities for Allegheny's fuel conservation include a conversion from gas-burning boilers to coal-fired boilers. The cost, however, is a major factor. "My guess is that it would cost something around 3 million dollars," Yartz said. "We need a feasibility study based on other colleges of the same size and in similar climates."

The college used to have a very inefficient coal-fired boiler, which broke down and was dismantled in 1958. The current boilers are constructed in cast iron sections and could not even be switched from gas to fuel oil.

"If things got tight," Yartz said, "we could go to a new calendar, but we would need all colleges to do the same, or it wouldn't work."

Allegheny is classified under category "1" for its dormitories, and under category "4" for all its other buildings. These classes, determined by the state, govern the point at which the college would have its fuel cut in cases of extreme shortage. On a scale of 1-6, class 6 gets cut off first.

Yartz believes natural fuel gas is "in good shape" and coal will definitely be the primary source of energy in the future. But he added, "The cost of every source of energy is going up, that's clear."

Trustees escalate tuition, room and board

by Harry Klonan

Tuition, room and board will increase by \$400 for the 1978-79 school year. A tuition increase accounts for \$300 of the raise; room costs will increase by \$65 and board by \$35.

The Trustees approved the increase at their December meeting. Students and parents were informed of the cost hike in a letter from President Pelletier distributed last week.

"We have endeavored to hold the line on rising expenses," said Pelletier in the letter, "but have not been able to contend with the impact of inflation which has been felt in almost every area of operations."

In a fact sheet released by Treasurer Larry J. Yartz, estimates of next year's budget show salaries increasing by \$335,000 over this year. Utilities will increase an estimated \$103,000 and electricity an estimated \$89,000. The increase in social security taxes will cost the school \$27,000 over last year's figure. These and other cost increases will result in the expenditure of \$606,300 more during the next school year than the school will spend this year. The tuition and room increase will raise college revenues about \$625,000.

Allegheny costs less to

attend than 16 of the 21 schools which the administration deems "roughly comparable to Allegheny." The list of schools was compiled by extracting the names of other colleges being considered by incoming freshman. Topping the list is the

University of Rochester, with a yearly cost of \$6,279. Other schools costing more than Allegheny include Bucknell, Lehigh and Dickinson. Below Allegheny's \$4,580 yearly cost ranks Theil, Westminster and Grove City.

Of the school's on the list, Allegheny's total increase of tuition, room and board, inclusive from 1974 to 1977 is the lowest, at 18%. Theil College experienced an increase of 42.9% during the same time span, the greatest on the list.

The Public Events Committee has announced cancellation of the Lionel Hampton Concert set for Friday. Efforts are now being made to secure another group possibly Dizzie Gillespie.

Library thefts challenge turnstile security

by Marvin Warren

Is the turnstile security system the best way to prevent books from mysteriously disappearing? Margret L. Moser, head librarian at the Pelletier Library, thinks so.

The turnstile security system is the device at the check out exit in the library that won't let you out until the person behind the desk presses the button. The person will look through what you are carrying before pressing the button.

In response to student complaints about the turnstile security system in the new Pelletier Library, Moser wrote a letter to the CAMPUS in the May 25, 1977 issue which gave reason for the installation of the turnstile security system.

In that letter, Moser stated that in the years 1968 through 1976, the following number of books were declared

lost, that is, were missing for three successive years: 181, 255, 181, 242, 258, 469, 401, 449, 511. If they were to value each of these books at \$10.00, a figure which Moser said could allow for processing costs only on typical earlier titles, this would be a loss of \$29,460.00. The average book bought by the library in 1975-76 cost \$13.10.

The library staff feels that the turnstile security system has been effective in cutting down on the number of books lost. In the Annual Report of the Librarian for the Academic Year 1976-77 To The President of Allegheny College, the first year missing book figures for '72-'73 through '76-'77 are as follows: 300's (social sciences)-98, 90, 85, 155, 36, 800's literature-112, 132, 75, 91, 34. The new library's turnstile security system cut losses in these two classifications by 71% when the '76-'77 year's figures are compared to '75-'76 and by 56% when the '76-'77 year's figures are compared to those of two years ago.

In the 1974 and 1975 inventories of all open stack material in the old Reis Library, excluding the two classifications treated above, 309 and 221 books were missing for the first time. In 1977, the comparable figure for books missing for the first time is 264. Because there

is no way of knowing how many of these 264 were missing in 1976, (only 300's and 800's were inventoried then) there is no turnstile effectiveness figure here according to the report.

However, if 264 is taken as a two-year figure and is compared with 530, the combined figure for 1974 and 1975, there is a 50% reduction in loss which the library staff is willing to accept as a minimal estimate of what the turnstile has accomplished.

"I guess that it is the selfish student who illegally takes books from the library," Moser said. She also added that some areas seem to be more popular than others and that the library has had a rash of thefts in specific areas.

Lost books can pose a serious problem. According to Moser, the library is sometimes unable to provide the books students need for projects. It is a slow process to get books on the inter-library-loan program. It takes two weeks at the least. A student pays 60 cents for each book borrowed in this manner. Moser said that the library usually tries to buy missing books which students and faculty need. This is very expensive, however, and it takes more than two weeks for the books to arrive.

Moser does not feel that

an electronic security system is the solution to the problem. These systems, which she terms "book bugging" in her letter to the CAMPUS, are very expensive. "The amounts saved on lost books would not be enough to cover the cost of putting in an expensive control system," said Moser.

Edinboro, Gannon and Carnegie-Mellon are a few of the area schools that have the "book bugging" security system. A bugged library book, if not properly checked out, is supposed to set off an alarm and, in some systems, lock an exit gate in front of the library patron leaving with it.

It has been suggested that library theft be an offense under the Honor Code, said Moser. "I am inclined to think that this would be bad for the Code and for the library," she commented, "because it would set up an elaborate mechanism which time would show did not solve the problem." She added the feeling that "only respect for the needs of others will end the theft problem, and no one knows how to produce that respect."

Moser concluded, "The turnstile is the best bet. The library is a mechanism for sharing and is helpless against the really determined book thief who does not wish to share."

Inside this week . . .

"The Degree"

The CAMPUS Magazine

Editorial

Black Unemployment

A report recently released by the Carter Administration showed that the national unemployment rate for December 1977 had dropped to a three year low of 6.4%. Further data, produced through a revision of the monthly unemployment rates, by The Bureau of Labor Statistics, showed that the level of unemployment had been in steady decline since February, 1977 when the level was 7.6%. The December rate of 6.4% was .2% lower than the president's goal of 6.6% and provided the Carter Administration with a major accomplishment for the year.

Many problems still exist in the area of unemployment which have to be corrected. Although the national rate is down to 6.4%, many groups within the country are experiencing much higher rates. However, the unemployment rate did fall in most categories. Among blacks, the rate fell from 13.8% in November to 12.5% in December. This figure is still twice that of whites which was 5.6% for December. A startling figure shows that the December rate among black teenagers of both sexes was 37.3%. This is three times greater than the 12.65% rate for white teenagers. Furthermore, this rate of 37.3% has not seen any substantial decrease in the last 12 months.

From the data listed above, it is obvious where President Carter's priorities on unemployment must go. If the rate of unemployment is to drop much further, the government must see to it that a higher number of blacks and youths are able to find jobs.

A great majority of black teenagers live in the inner city where education levels are low. A long range solution to lowering the level among black teenagers is to improve the quality of education within the inner cities so that black youths can compete with white youths on the same terms. While this improvement process is going on, the federal government must provide state and city governments with funds to help them create public service jobs within the inner cities. They should also encourage businesses to hire more youths and disadvantaged people.

In the State of the Union Message last Thursday, President Carter outlined many programs which the administration plans to enact within the next year to lower the rate of unemployment. Among these were a request for a substantial increase in funds which would produce over 1 million additional public jobs for young people; a doubling of public service employment programs; new programs to encourage business to hire young and disadvantaged Americans; and job opportunities from the federal government in the form of what President Carter called, "a much improved Humphrey-Hawkins bill."

By outlining these programs, President Carter has taken a step in equalizing the opportunities for employment for blacks and youths, and lowering the rate of unemployment in general. This is a step in the right direction.



Letters to the editor

CAMPUS welcomes feedback from its readers. Address letters to Box 12 and remember that we reserve the right to edit any material. Please keep letters short and concise. All letters submitted for publication must be type written. Deadline for letters is 6 p.m. Saturday.

Concert Committee Finances Reviewed

To the Editor

Recently, the question of the way in which the Concert Committee has been spending money has come up. As the ASG Treasurer, and one of the deciding votes on whether concerts are approved, I feel that it is my responsibility to inform students of the financial activities of the Student Government and to act in the students' best interest.

Allegheny Student Government receives \$40 from the Administration out of each student's tuition, totalling about \$72,000 per year. Out of this, ASG has budgeted \$8.00 per person to the Social Events Committee, which is used to subsidize concerts.

There are 1600 available seats in our auditorium. Because of the small size of it, we have found it necessary to subsidize concerts, that, if held in another larger auditorium would probably make a profit.

With these facts in mind, two questions must be asked: 1) Should we subsidize non-student tickets? And, 2) With the size of our auditorium, should we limit the amount we spend on one concert?

The Dave Mason/Bob Welch concert would have cost \$16,700 with tickets costing \$5.00 for students and \$7.00 for non-students. To break even on the concert, each seat would have cost more than \$10.00. Unless the concert sold out, ASG (and the students) would have lost even more money per seat. Yet, it was felt that tickets would not sell at \$10.00. Therefore, the price of non-students' tickets was set at \$7.00. This meant that a person from Erie could buy a ticket for \$7.00 and be

subsidized for \$3.00 by ASG (Allegheny students' money).

Due to the limited size of the auditorium and the fact that people will only pay so much for a concert ticket, should the total cost of concerts ASG holds be limited, so that we do not subsidize input, it is difficult for me to make decisions that I think would best please you. Please feel free to talk or write to me any time or write to the CAMPUS.

Bob Stewart
Box 1826

Student Criticizes a. b. vahrk

To the Editor:

Whoever wrote that A.B. vahrk article under last week's editorial displayed a total lack of class and humor.

I do not appreciate reading about stools in toilets, killing myself and all the other "humorous" statements included in that article. If the CAMPUS cannot fill its pages constructively, they should not print at all.

If a filler is needed, you can always put in "Party at the Sig House Tomorrow Night." At least that is something the student body is interested in.

Mike Berman

Honor Committee Orientation

To the Editor;

During first term the Honor Committee conducted a thorough series of orientation sessions to help educate the College community about the Academic Honor System. Both students and faculty were given numerous opportunities throughout the term to ask questions and make suggestions about possible Honor Code improvements. These sessions proved to be successful since a minimum of cases were reported to the Honor Committee during the term. The Honor Committee would like to thank the students and faculty for their strict observance of The Code.

Allegheny's Academic Honor System is one of only a few in the United States that allows students so much freedom. The System has been designed with the thought that college students will accept responsibility for their education without the need for a proctored testing procedure. It is encouraging to know that the students here at Allegheny do take their education seriously and are doing their part to uphold the integrity of the College.

Any further suggestion you have should be directed to the Honor Committee

Richard Scott

Is KALDRON Worth The Money?

Dear CAMPUS,

After reviewing the 1977 KALDRON, we are extremely disappointed in the lack of quality and diversity presented. Frankly, our high school yearbooks far surpassed KALDRON '77.

Specifically, we are upset with the poor choice of photographs and the layout which appears to be dominated by a vast amount of white space. There is little or no explanation concerning college events and activities, not to mention the absence of athletic teams, Greek life, and campus organizations. For example, Colloquy, a three day program representing a "convergence" of all aspects of the college community, is represented by three un-

labeled pictures, only one of which has anything to do with the purpose of the weekend. Furthermore, there is some lack of credit given to those who contributed to this book.

Other countless examples could be cited, however, we feel that we have made our point. In conclusion, \$3200 of A.S.G. money was allocated to the KALDRON to subsidize the publication costs and the salaries of the editors and business manager. Are we getting our money's worth? Is this a publication we will be proud to look back on as a representation of a year at Allegheny?

Steve Levinsky
Anne McCollough

CAMPUS

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Carter's Campaign and The Military Budget

by Bill Goettler

In the past few days, President Carter has released details on his budget proposals for the fiscal year. These proposals, if passed by Congress, will not go into effect until October, when the new fiscal year begins. The time until then will be used to examine Carter's proposals, and offer alternatives.

In that time, we must, as responsible Americans, examine the direction in which our country is going. The proposed budget is an excellent way to look at those trends. A quick summary will be helpful.

Mirror, Mirror: Off The Wall

By Harry Kloman

This article is not trite. Please don't stop reading here. I am attempting something a little different with this article. I will briefly discuss three topics.

A few days ago Jimmy Carter celebrated the end of his first year as President. The first year for a new President is difficult. In Carter's case, the first year had an added difficulty: Carter, a now-Washingtonian politician, spent a good while orienting himself to the ways of Washington politics.

I don't trust New Year's Resolutions. If a person really wants to do something, then a drunken vow to do it on December 31 will likely be forgotten. Why can't we just get honest with ourselves and do things on April 19, or July 22, or some other arbitrary date? Why New Year's Eve?

The furor over the "adult" TV series SOAP has ended. ABC network reports that the number of letters it receives damning SOAP has trickled off to an insignificant level. The network has removed its "adult subject matter" warning from the beginning of the show.

And now, with the shouting over, I ask; what was all the fuss about? If a sixteen year old girl can ask her father if she can go on the pill on a show airing from 8-9, why can't a show beginning at 9:30 discuss such topics humorously? Apparently, the subject matter barrier

The social services portion will stay about the same, at about 38 billion dollars. The Health, Education and Welfare budget will go up about 17 billion from this year, mainly because of increased social security spending, birth control efforts, and a 30 million dollar program to reduce cigarette smoking. Energy Conservation and research will also get a thirty per cent increase, up to 13 billion dollars.

Also on the increase is the budget of the defense department, which will go up nearly 10 billion dollars, to total more than 115 billion.

of TV, which I thought was broken in 1971 with ALL IN THE FAMILY, still exists. I'm glad the network held its ground. The feeble minds of the half-wit protesters have been stifled.

The answer is clear. We want to put behind us our errors of the old year. Still, if you do something stupid for the entire month of February, must you wait ten months to vow never to do it again? Try listing all the stupid things you do this year. You'll spend next New Year's Eve making resolutions.

In some areas he has succeeded. Jimmy has provided the moral leadership he promised. He has not been scandalized. His brother is a farce, but we can hardly blame that on him. After upsetting the Russians with strong "human rights" talk, he cooled his act and got to the arms negotiations. As of now, he has handled the Middle East well: no damaging remarks, no foot-in-mouth. He has not taken sides (at least, not too greatly). Still, he is too new in his job to label him "good" or "bad". The debate over past Presidents still rages. Let's give this President a little more time and the benefit of the doubt.

Often, when you don't understand a piece of writing, the title of the piece helps heighten your understanding. Before going any further, I suggest you read the title of this piece. Think about it. You might just figure it out.

This is perhaps the most important fact. While campaigning, Carter promised to reduce military spending by at least five billion dollars. Defense Secretary Harold Brown explains this by stating that the increase is actually a reduction, because it's less than the spending projected by the Ford Administration.

This obvious double talk cannot be accepted. According to the 1978 World Almanac, less than 7 billion dollars was spent by HEW on Education in the fiscal year of 1976. That is 3 billion less than Carter's proposed increase for the defense department! In a time when schools of higher education must struggle, merely to stay in existence, how can we accept 115 billion dollars being spent on "defense."

The United States now has the ability to destroy the world many times. Is an even bigger and better War Department necessary, at the expense of education, and other constructive programs that can barely be established because of a lack of funds?

Obviously, the answer is no. The present amount spent on "defense" is ridiculous. An increase is absurd. However, the continued silence of the American people allows these obscurities to continue.

Carter was elected because of his promises. In them, voters saw a hope for an improved America. The jobless, they were assured, would be given jobs. Basic human rights would be enforced, both at home and abroad. America would begin to recover from the years of horror it had encountered. The president has begun to accomplish many of these promises. Such an increase in defense, however, is against all of them.

Home, Sweet Home

by Tim Cahill

The Civic Center is dead.

Last week 70 million dollars of steel and concrete crashed into itself under the weight of ice and snow. For Hartford, Connecticut it was an architectural and financial blow. The Hartford Civic Center was the hub of the city. Nights were spent in Hartford, planned around a hockey or basketball game. The city was beginning to be a nice place to be. Now it is all gone.

As I watched the news report on television my heart sunk. There was Don Noel, a familiar face back home, on national T.V., telling folks in Osgood, North Dakota about the dead building. I felt a strange relation, a kinship which I couldn't explain. What was this far away, homesick feeling? Its only a building, I told myself, a building you're away from nine months out of the year. But the feeling wouldn't go away.

It was the same feeling I had as a first term freshman just after my last final was over. Home. The word appeared like a holy grail to me then. Home, where there is no homework and there is good food and the bathrooms are private. Everyone was like that then; everyone wanted to get out and go home.

And so it was last week. I sat in my living room, with no homework on my mind, with a good meal in my stomach and with a private bathroom upstairs and dreamed of home. I mourned the dead Civic Center.

It isn't that home is such a great place to be. There are problems at home. None of your friends are around when you're home. Mom and Dad fight all the time. There is never enough money or enough gas in the car or enough something to do what you want to do, that is, if you feel like doing anything at all. Television is a bore, all of your records are at school and a string on your guitar is broken. But home is home.

Home is a dreamlike place. Home is a kitchen with a wooden countertop and a good-natured mother baking something. Home is raking leaves in the fall and not having to cart them away into the woods. Home is getting things done and never procrastinating. Home is home.

The Hartford Civic Center was home. We always had a good time there, always went away feeling good (even if the Whalers did blow another two point lead). Now the Civic Center is dead. Lots of people are looking for a new home.

I received a letter from a friend yesterday. My friend lives at a school much like this one. My friend's school is small and liberal artsy and has about 1000 students. My friend likes his school. He was telling me about an issue on campus which enraged him. An issue so blatantly unfair that it affected every student on campus. But my friend was resigned to the fact that the unfair act would exist, that it would never be changed. My friend knew that nothing would get done; nothing ever got done. Nobody ever did anything and nothing got done. My friend also told me that his roommate was on Dean's list last term, along with about 500 other students, and that he was glad for his roommate. I smiled and folded my friend's letter and replaced it in the envelope. Then I read my other mail... a statement from Penn-bank and something from Bentley.

Another Trojan Horse

by Peter Greene

As soon as Jamie sat down I could tell she was in the mood to agitate. Sure enough, she didn't waste any time.

"Hey Scott," she said, "How'd pledging go."

Two kids sitting at the table decided that the roast spaghetti didn't really look that good, and left without eating. Jamie had gone straight for the sorest spot at the table. Those of us still at the table prepared ourselves for another rousing lunch hour.

"We did just fine," Scott took a rather mean stab at his jello cubes. "We did just fine."

Total silence, for about five seconds.

"It's the damn integrated housing," Scott burst out. The house can always compete with the frats, but with all this contact with independents we've got too much to fight."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Jamie, wearing her out-for-blood smile, "that just meeting an upperclass independent is all that it takes to convince a freshman not to go Greek?"

"Aha!" yelled Wally. Wally has always been rather vehemently anti-frat, dating back to the days when he couldn't get a house to take him. "I always knew that frats couldn't stand any real competition with us indies."

"We're misrepresented to the freshmen," Sam chipped in his two cents worth. Sam is a fifth generation Greek man. "The freshmen get a one-sided view of things, pick up biases about frat life before they ever get any actual exposure to it."

"Oh yeah," said Jamie, "They should be free to find out the advantages of frat life. Beer and dues and those great pledge activities and beer and parties."

"Oh yeah," said Scott, "and look at the great time they can have as indies. Watch TV, sit around the room, pick their nose, yessir, the independent life has a lot to offer."

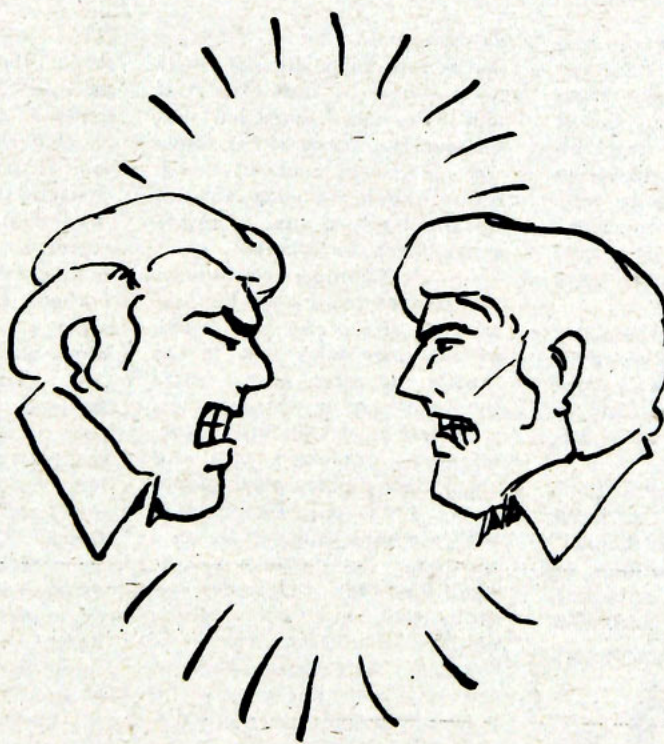
"Where's an indie going to get that feeling of brotherhood and belonging, that sense of a bunch of great guys working together for common goals?" Sam asked.

"Hey guys, what about sisterhood," said some little blond girl at the end of the table. I don't know her name, but if it's not Susie it should be. Everyone just sort of sneered at her and went back to the subject at hand.

Phil, the reader-of-books, surfaced for his daily profundity. "It's a basic tribal mechanism, the drive to belong to the social force. It's the same sort of primeval drive that we find in many creatures, and it seems to be a basic part of the make-up of man. The fraternal order can satisfy a very real need."

"Yeah," said Scott, "What he said."

"Great," said Wally, "You can find a bunch of guys who you know accept and like you because they



spend a term subjecting you to a great variety of physical and mental abuse."

"There's an element of getting involved," Sam addressed everyone while stirring the lumps out of his lemon pudding. "Some people are just too wrapped up in themselves to make that kind of commitment."

"Some are too big of wimps to stand on their own." The generally accepted rules, etiquette and grammar were slowly crumbling. Several people grabbed their trays, muttered something about classes, and ran for the tray racks.

"Some people aren't up to making a commitment to an ideal."

"Some people can make commitments that don't involve making an ass of yourself every weekend." The yelling was becoming more inarticulate. Jamie smiled happily and walked off.

The little blond girl was trying to say something about that great chapter room in the sky, and the discussion had degenerated into speculation about lineage. I looked at my tray, decided that what I hadn't eaten was starting to set up, and walked out.

Mitford muckrakes with wit

by Erica Landesman

"I never thought I'd write about funerals," said Jessica Mitford, the author of the 1963 bestseller, *The American Way of Death*. Mitford was a guest lecturer at the C.C. Auditorium on Tuesday night.

The National Observer said of her work, she "... treats a dismal subject tastefully, yet often with hilarity. ..." This is an appropriate description of Mitford's lecture, "Inside Muckraking."

Mitford spoke in a satirical, lighthearted manner. The account of her investigation of the high cost of burial provides prime examples of her humor.

In one situation, Mitford pretended that her dying aunt was in need of an inexpensive casket. When the funeral director presented her with a hideous purple casket, Mitford exclaimed, "My aunt wouldn't be caught dead in one of those." She continued with a progression of witty, cynical jokes and euphemisms that expressed her defiance against fraud.

Mitford characterized her own life through a series of vignettes; she was born at Batsford Mansion Gloucestershire, England, on September 11, 1917. With no formal education, Mitford labeled herself autodidactic, or self-taught. Her mother taught her to read when she was five, by the time she was six, Mitford was required to read "the *Times* editorials



without fault."

At age 19, Mitford ran off to the Spanish Civil War to aid the Loyalist cause. Her lack of skills and education limited her options in the job market. Satirizing her own desperation, she described her position as "donkey work." Her enterprises included becoming an "ineligible typist," "a bartender's bouncer," and a telephone solicitor.

Mitford began to write at age 38, humorously recalling that it was an occupation that needed no education.

Her talent as a muckraker emerged with her in-

quiries into the high cost of burial.

After her husband had founded the Bay Area Funeral Society, a co-op for inexpensive funerals whose members Mitford describes as "eggheads," she began undercover investigations of the funeral industry by assuming guises in her visits to the homes. She even subscribed to magazines advertising funeral bargains. "When I find 'Mortuary Management' in my mailbox," she quipped, "my day's made."

Mitford's anecdotes went over well with the audience, yet her purpose was

not purely to entertain; it was to disclose a series of investigations involving the corruption and commercialism of the funeral business.

Current Biography says of Jessica Mitford's muckraking, "she has an uncanny gift for ferreting out fraud," and as her lecture demonstrates, wit is one of her weapons.

By using a comic approach, Mitford attempted to make the audience aware of fraud in our society and her own endeavors to combat it.

For example, she said of cemetery plots, "It's very much like real estate above ground." In explaining her acclaim from the aftermath of her book, *The American Way of Death*, she said, "In mortuary circles, Jessica (the name) is enough."

The American Way of Death was followed by *Kind and Unusual Punishment* (1973), an investigation of American prison life. Mitford also wrote *The Trial of Doctor Spock*, *Daughters and Rebels* her autobiography, *Lifefitselfmanship*, which was her first book.

Jessica Mitford's attributes, her highly developed sense of humor combined with her technique of making the sublime look ridiculous, can be called a performance in true form. One member of the audience described Jessica Mitford as "witty, clever, and very alive." It's a fitting description.

... and pros

by Lora Homan

Your favorite Peanuts characters were delightfully brought to life in the S.E.T. production of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," held last weekend in the C.C. Activities room.

The play consisted of a series of short pieces that portrayed familiar comic strip scenes. There were many musical numbers and some dancing.

Charlie Brown, the kid who tries hard but doesn't get much done that's right, was artfully portrayed by Tedford Armistead. The audience lived with him as he agonized over the little red headed girl and played for a losing baseball team.

Lisa Cobetto turned in an outstanding performance as the forceful and energetic Lucy. Her portrayals included Lucy as an aspiring queen, the psychologist, and of course, the crab.

Schroeder, played by Jeff Hopper, was ever the musician absorbed in his work as he "played" Moonlight Sonata by (who else?) Beethoven.

The blanket-loving, thumb-sucking, intellectual Linus was played by Stephen Defibaugh. "My Blanket and Me" gave him a chance to solo, as he tap danced and displayed good acting ability. He was not the soft spoken Linus I was used to, though.

Peppermint Patty and the beloved Woodstock were ably portrayed by Ginger Davison and Renee Reilly. It was a little disconcerting, however, to see Peppermint Patty in frills instead of the tomboy in the comic strip.

And of course, there was Snoopy, Scott Smith, who boarded his Sopwith Camel and fought the Red Baron, and danced in glee at his "Supper-time."

The orchestra was made up of Richard Burdsall on piano, Peter Greene on tuba, and Deborah Patterson and Sam Brown on percussion. As Burdsall explained, the music connected the dialogue and augmented points made by the words. The coordination between the music and acting was excellent.

Armistead explained that the play was held in the Activities room because it allowed the people to be right next to the actors, allowing an interplay with the audience. He described it as an intimate play, with some lines directed to the audience. There was action in the audience too, for during the "Rabbit Chasing" scene Patty and Snoopy traveled among the people as they looked for rabbits.

How important was the audience during the presentation? Cobetto commented that the actors enjoyed having the audience enjoy themselves. They wanted to bring the audience into the play so they could have fun, too. She said that it was a wonderful thing to have had an audience laughing at what they were doing.

Renee Reilly felt that having an audience react to their actions provided extra motivation. "They give an impetus for us to be more energetic," Scott Smith added.

Special recognition should go to the play's director and choreographer, Donald Delach, for his work on the production. One cast member commented, "If we do a good job, it's because he did a great job."

Reviews: "Charlie Brown" cons ...

By Benjamin Maddy

Last weekend S.E.T. came up with a production of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" that was for the most part, well done.

At first glance, it might appear that Don Delach took too much on himself. He was director, choreographer, costume designer, and constructor, and worked on properties as well; none of these areas appeared to suffer because of lack of attention.

Although Teford Armistead did a fine job of portraying Charlie Brown, the title role, there was a very real danger of Scott Smith as Snoopy stealing the show. Smith's movement made him a delight to watch

when he was dancing or even moving about stage. "Supper-time" especially brought these talents to the fore, but almost any time he was on stage, his presence was felt. Armistead as Charlie Brown did quite well. His voice seemed to come effortlessly and his stage presence was evident without being self-conscious.

Lisa Cobetto as Lucy also did a fine job as the crabby fussbudget. She seemed to have a natural knack for grabbing the audience's attention when ever she was on stage.

Steve Defibaugh as Linus did an adequate job. Although the dancing/singing in "Blanket" seemed a bit much for him, his characterization was appealing.

Some of the performers

disappointed me. Ginger Davison as Patty did not really have a time to show her stuff and if she had, I might have felt differently. Some of her acting was forced beyond all recognition and her singing was not up the level of that of Armistead, Smith, or Cobetto.

Jeff Hopper as Schroeder also seemed to lack the life that the rest of the cast had. Some of his lines were lost in the shuffle; he often forgot where the light was in which he was supposed to be standing. I was, however, impressed with his synchronized piano playing.

I was only disappointed with a couple things in Delach's direction. For the most part, he filled his Jack-of-all-trades role quite well, but there were a couple of places where he faltered. As choreographer, he did quite well, but some of his dances, "Blanket" in particular, lacked imagination.

Another place where I feel that Delach stumbled a bit

was in his costuming of Woodstock. Renee Reilly mimed this part, which Delach added as his personal touch to the script. Though she herself did a good job, the part was not sufficiently dynamic to allow the full use of her talents. But back to the costume. The headdress reminded me of a stegosaurus. Perhaps Delach was trying to make a yellow rooster, but I hope not.

The cast as a whole suffered from "common amateur theatrical syndrome" (I am coining this phrase). "I cannot let go of the vocal score." "The notes are written in, I must sing them." The problem with this is that some interpretation and expression is lost. Some experimentation was done by Smith and Armistead, but for the most part, they all remained chained to the score.

Structurally, the play was a series of vignettes. These would tend to make the flow of

See SET p. 5

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I'm Scared
by David J. Plottel

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The Movies: Part I

Violence, Sex & the MPAA

(This is the first of a three part series on "The Movies." The February issue of The Degree will feature "Oscar with a Heart of Gold." In March, the author will review "The Three Toughest Films of 1977.")

by Harry K Ioman

Back when I was a boy (Grandpa says as he props you up on his knee), they made movin' pictures a man could take his whole family to see. Nowadays, a man don't rightly know what to expect. What, with all the shootin' and cursin' and lovin' the movies have, a man's scared to take a pretty girl to a movie. She might think he has some crazy notion, if'n you know what I mean. And I wouldn't blame her! That's right, I wouldn't. The movies they show today just aren't decent.

Well, folks, I don't know what movies Grandpa has seen lately, but I thought *The Godfather* and *The Goodbye Girl* were two pretty decent flicks. Both were well-acted, well-directed and well-written, not to mention highly entertaining. What more could Grandpa want? Free popcorn?

Actually, Grandpa has a point. Or, if not a point, then a viewpoint which became very prominent in the 1960's. Thanks to a growing permissiveness and explicitness in the movie's depiction of violence and sex and use of language, moviegoers became restless. A parent didn't know what to expect when he took a child to a movie unless word of mouth had determined whether or not the film could be viewed by youngsters. I know of an incident from the 1960's where a couple took a pre-teen to see *Zorba the Greek* and found the film's language less than suitable for the child. The couple removed the child and saw the movie at another time. I never did go back to see the movie.

Then, thanks to the violence of the Peckinpaws and the sexual explicitness of the Myerses, the metaphoric rumble of the disgruntled moviegoers was heard. The Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) saw that it had to offer some viewer's guide to movies so that "sensitive" viewers would not be taken off guard. The result was a form of self-imposed censorship: the MPAA Rating Code.

The Code of 1966 consisted of four letters, each of which stood for a definition of a film's suitability for viewing. Originally, the four rating codes were:

G: Suggested for General Audiences

M: Suggested for Mature Audiences

R: Restricted, Persons under 17 not admitted without accompanying parent or adult guardian

X: Persons under 18 not admitted

The G and X rating caused little difficulties. The former indicated a film's suitability for all ages, while the latter forbade the most impressionable viewers from attending a film at all. The M and R ratings, however, caused problems. M was subsequently changed to GP: General Audiences, Parental Discretion Advised. But this did little to clear up the connotation attached to "mature." Finally, in an effort to specify as clearly as possible who a GP film was suitable for, the rating became PG: Parental Guidance Suggested. Some material may not be suitable for pre-teen agers. Thus, the ratings today stand at G, PG, R and X. The age requirement on the R and X varies from between 16-18.

These are the facts (as Sgt. Friday might say). The reality of the MPAA Code's implementation, however, is the rest

of the story. In the past several years, the MPAA has made a grandiose fool of itself by violating the standard-setting foundation established by the Rating Code. In short, the system has been shot to Hell.

The Code was established to act as a guide for moviegoers. What films can we take a pre-teen to view? What films may be too "adult" for children in their early teens? The PG and R ratings were to draw the line between pre-teen, early teen and late teen films. Somewhere along the line, the MPAA had to set standards: what will we allow in each film? Early on, it seemed that the exposure of a woman's bare breast or either a man or woman's genitals was R material (if the two somehow managed to find their way to one another on a relatively flat surface, X was considered). Language describing either the sexual act or the human sexual anatomy in a vulgar way was rated R (language was never a criteria used for determining R v. X). Violence, depending upon how much blood was let (so to speak), could go

PG or R. In rare cases, extreme violence was rated X.

Sounds simple, eh? One good "fuck" and you've got an R. Or, if you even ask for one in an impolite way, you've got an R. In the beginning (as God might say), it was that simple. The standards were set and the system worked. Then, something happened.

The rest of what I present to you is, as far as I know, original research. I have been going to the movies for much of the past two decades. The films I missed the first time around I caught on the rebound. I have, in the past few years, had the good fortune to watch the degeneration of the MPAA rating system as a standard-setter for bewildered moviegoers. In the following paragraphs, I will present evidence that I have found which demonstrates the confusion with which the ratings are often applied and the confusion which may arise in the minds of viewers who have the foolish idea that the ratings establish movie viewing guidelines. Finally,

after I tear the system apart, I will put it back together in my own good order.

It all started in 1971 with Sarah Miles' breast. David Lean's film, *Ryan's Daughter*, featured a love scene in which the camera panned slowly over Ms. Miles' bare breast. The MPAA rated the film R, stating that this bit of nudity was not appropriate for a film that children might view unaccompanied by parents. After much discussion, Lean convinced the MPAA that his flash of nudity was tasteful and appropriate. The film was released with a PG rating. Fortunately, the publicity the film received forewarned some viewers as to the content of the film.

Yet, the MPAA held its ground in films after *Ryan's Daughter*, permitting bare flesh in PG films only when the breasts and genitals were covered. Over the years, however, numerous PG films featured bits of nudity. *The Day of the Jackal* contained a few brief nude scenes, but a more surprising example of the MPAA's permissiveness was Stanley Kubrick's 1975 film *Barry Lyndon*. In one scene, the titular character sits in a brothel, fully clothed, while two bare-chested women kiss and fondle him. In the background, another woman, undressed from the waste up, sits on a man's lap. The scene appeared on the screen for a longer time than Sarah Miles appeared bare breasted in *Ryan's Daughter*. Still, *Barry Lyndon* was rated PG.

In 1976, the most surprising move by the MPAA appeared in Elia Kazan's *The Last Tycoon*. In this PG film, we saw the male and female lead undress one another and lie nude in each other's arms. For a rather long period of time, we saw the woman's bare breasts and bare buttocks as well as the man's bare buttocks. I have not seen such a great deal of nudity in any other PG film. I have seen R films with less.

Thus, with the nudity issue, we find an odd set of rating decisions. The PG rating, designed to separate "mature" films from those films whose explicitness may require adult accompaniment of younger children, has failed to be consistently enforced. In *Chinatown*, Faye Dunaway bared her breasts for a short period of time. The film was rated R. In *Jaws*, an initial R rating was changed to PG only after the director grudgingly edited a brief skinny-dipping scene. In *Blazing Saddles*, a large-breasted secretary with a low-cut gown and a lusty singer got an R rating. With sex and nudity in films, the MPAA has failed to set standards by which it chooses to live.

And then there's the language issue. Certain words had always been considered "PG words," while others were clearly "R words." I stated the case too simply earlier when I said that words describing the sexual act or the human anatomy in a less than biological way earned an R. In describing sexual intercourse, "screw" is PG and "fuck" is R. The word "fuck" earned an R rating for *Lady Sings the Blues*, though it was spoken only four times. Yet, four years later, in 1976, *The Last Tycoon* could use the word and still be rated PG. Also, in 1976's *All The President's Men*, the word "fuck" was spoken many times, all with a PG rating. Throughout the years, *Lady Sings the Blues* has been rereleased. The rating has never been modified.

Anatomy lessons also create a problem. In 1973, *American Graffiti*, rated PG, featured a character referring to "pussy" in the derogatory sexual sense. Yet, in 1976's *Harry and Tonto*, the word "cunt" served as the sole reason for the film's R rating. "You're all right, Aunt Shirley," said a 20-year-old character in the

Treking the Dark hours

to the festival

by Cathy Losch

Traveling a six-lane expressway, weaving through racing traffic. Hurry, hurry before the Festival begins. But where are we going? Crossing a bridge to the city-island. The bridge sways and swoops; the cars careen. Across and into the fumes, the filthy strangling air. Festival? Where?

Cars, trucks, bodies. People running, panting through the streets. Abandoned cars and flooded parking lots. Lot attendants, greasy and unshaved, strip the crowds with their eyes and grimace. Blackened teeth grinning at me. I'm in my smooth classy Cadillac with parents, peering in horror at these gruesome men. Waving us through the intersection, while blaring red lights go unheeded. The parking men collect cars into their lots.

Horns, blasting horns. The streets weave and undulate like some sickening sludge in a tank. This city, what is it? And where? My Mother is giddy and childish; giggling she hops from the car and bounds away. Mother! But gone, I am alone in this safe vehicle in the street, with my Father. The noise of the automobiles beats my ears. We steer the curves, slithering out from under the wheels. Father lunges from the car to grab an attendant. Flashing the bills before the grimey man he demands space, room. We need room. All these pressing people, rushing to the Festival. What if we're late?

He's striding away. Father is leaving me and I am utterly lost in the lot. Crammed in with a hundred thousand others, I too leave the confines of the car. Into the street. The parking attendants leer at me, point, laugh. They suck crumpled cigar butts, breath smoke into the hazy air, spit brown spittle. I turn away and bump into people. People, people. Stay away from me! Ahead I see sky scraping buildings, leaning, waving like deadened toppling trees. Windows and windows, faces in every one. They're looking towards the Festival. So I push and slide through the masses, through the thick air, to the buildings. Bursts of steam hiss through vents in the street, as though some wicked factory below manufactures the hoards of people.

A line. I see a line forming! Tickets,

yes, that's where Father and Mother must be. So I wait. But wait, there are twins and triplets and quadruplets of people leaving these rooms. All the same. Their faces, mouths moving in rapid garbles of words, mirrors of each other. Backing away I find myself with precious space to breathe in. It's a patio, with tables and pretty umbrellas. Looking out over the green, organic acreage. Father, there by the rail! No, he is too tall, shadow-faced, baggy misfitted pants. There's Father; he looks the same, yet short, pudgy, with vicious eyes. Five Fathers and they all grin and joke, holding martinis and calling me.

Trapped, being forced toward these men who are cruel mimics of my Father. Somehow these people have multiplied themselves, creating an audience for the Festival. Quick, duplicate yourself! Your image will park your vehicle then fade away while you reserve prime seats at the Festival. Save time! Save money! But they do not fade, just linger and wade toward the Festival, too. Propaganda and people smother me and I run from the terrible rooms where I might come face-to-face with my breathing reflection.

Bouncing across the patio. I see the ocean, a vast cluttered beach. The city is a shore and the people press to the wave front. Cars roll through the sand, empty tin cans crumpled cigarette packages. I lean over the railing, searching for my parents, a friend, something familiar. And the ocean surges to the screaming, pulsating crowd. Waiting for the Festival to begin. It's here then? They scurry like a thousand million rats in a maze. Find the best seat. There are none. Bleachers, bleachers of bodies.

Along the shore line, an immense plow pushes through the crowd. The scoop shovels bodies aside like dirt heaps. The driver, I know him! And beside him, his girl, my friend. Just as I scream to them, waving frantically, the girl falls from the seat. Plowed under the grinding front. Crowds wailing, and blood. He leans down and grabs the girl's leg. Pulls the limp, messy body to the chair. Crimson-red torn flesh drags beside the plow, and he sits the body upright, like some poorly stuffed dummy losing its entrails. Beneath the ever-moving wheels humans crush and mix with an in-coming tide. To the Festival?

cont'd on page 4

I'm Scared

I'm scared, terribly scared. I drive as little as possible. I have to steel myself before I can step into an elevator; I hold my breath all the way up or down, and I get the jumping green jitters every time I pass a building with a computer in it.

I'm sure you would be amused if you see could see me as I say this. I'm 6'4", and I weigh 250 pounds, most of it muscle. If you knew what my job was you would probably laugh outright. I'm a bouncer; that's right, one of those big apes who throws troublemakers out of bars. What in the world, you may ask, could a guy like me be so deeply and constantly afraid of?

Well, it happened one Monday night about two weeks back. I was working, and had just scanned the bar and made a round of the tables. Luckily for me, it was a slow night, and apparently no one was feeling his oats. There wasn't a disorderly soul in the place. So I stationed myself at the bar and assumed a vigil, watching the room for signs of trouble and keeping one eye on the entrance. As each new patron entered I gave him the once over.

That was how I spotted him. He looked normal enough at first glance; he was a moderately tall man, maybe 5'11", and a bit on the thin side with straight brown hair graying at the temples. His suit was brown and of a conservative cut; he would have melted easily into the crowd; he looked maybe 45. I would have forgotten about him almost immediately, but something didn't quite jibe. I took a second look, and then I spotted it. It was his expression; the only word for it was shaken. Two glazed brown eyes peered out of a pasty white face, and a fine sheen of sweat glistened on his forehead and temples.

He made his way over to the bar and sat down on my left. When he raised his head to signal the bartender, it was shaking.

"O. boy," I thought, "better watch this one, Davey boy. He looks about 10 seconds away from a nervous collapse."

"What'll it be?" said Joe.

"Whiskey straight," he answered. He then added, "better make it a double." Joe set the drink in front of him. He grabbed it and downed it in another 10 seconds, then winced for another 15. "Gimme another!" he ordered tersely upon recovering. Joe raised his eyebrows but obeyed and set the second drink on the bar; the man repeated his performance of gulping and wincing, this time finishing with a long quavering sigh.

"Have a bad day, sir?" ventured Joe. The man jumped on being spoken to, then looked at Joe as if seeing him for the first time. Joe continued, "If you did you've got my sympathies, but I'm afraid I can't give you another one like that right away; you might pass out." The man shuddered, but the color was coming back into his face, and he looked a little better.

"I wish I could," he answered fervently. "I wish I could!"

Sensing a story, Joe glanced up and down the bar, saw no one needed served, and settled back to listen. Stories were a hobby with Joe, a little game he played on the job. He explained it to me once. "You see, Dave," he had said, "to get a good story you have to do a lot at once. You have to ask the right questions at the right time, have the right attitudes *all* the time, not let them get too drunk, not let them get sidetracked, *and* keep them thinking along the right lines. Doing all this while serving other people, believe me, is a challenge."

"You sound like you've had more than one bad day," began Joe sympathetically, "care to talk about it?"

"You wouldn't believe me," the man answered with conviction, "My colleagues didn't and neither will you."

"Colleagues?" asked Joe with just the right amount of curiosity.

"Yes, colleagues," he answered. "If I were a crank, or a stranger I could understand their not believing me. But I'm not a stranger. I am Lenord P. Thornsedale, B.S., M.S., Ph. D., head of the science department with 17 years on the faculty, and if they won't believe *me*, they won't believe anyone. It's hopeless." As he said this his expression changed from shaken to tragic.

There was a moment of silence, then Joe spoke. "Don't be so sure I won't believe you, sir. I'm very open-minded. Besides," he added conspiratorily, while leaning against the bar, "you'd be amazed what bartenders hear. Oh, excuse me." This last was to a delivery boy carrying a package who had just missed tripping over Joe's feet.

"That's okay, sir," he answered as he set down the package. He then opened it, withdrew a shining cylindrical drink mixer, and proceeded to install it on the shelf behind Joe.

I glanced at Joe. His expression spelled anger at being interrupted and relief at the arrival of the mixer. Our old mixer had broken that morning, and Joe had been unhappily mixing by hand since. He turned back to Mr. Thornsedale, who was considering his last words and had a rather doubtful look on his face.

"Please tell me about it, Mr. Thornsedale," he asked coaxingly, "maybe I can think of an approach to proving it that you've missed."

Thornsedale grimaced. The whiskey had done him a lot of good, I could tell. His facial color was normal, and his hands no longer shook.

"Fat chance," he answered; then he gave Joe an admonishing look. "And it's Professor Thornsedale."

"Sorry, sir," answered Joe meekly. He then added, "But really, Professor, you've probably been at this thing since you first thought of it. You've been thinking about it the same way for too long. Now I've heard nothing about it so I'd have a fresh viewpoint." Thornsedale looked thoughtful, then nodded slowly.

"Perhaps you're right at that," he said, "I have been practically banging my brains out against a brick wall." He looked at Joe skeptically for a moment, then decided. "I have," he said quietly, "discovered and proven, at least to my satisfaction, that electronic devices respond to human emotions."

Joe looked perplexed. "That's not much to go on, sir. Could you elaborate?"

"Why certainly," answered Thornsedale, "In fact, I'll start at the beginning."

"Bull's-eye," I thought elatedly, "even if eight new customers walked in now, Joe'll get his story; he's got the guy hooked!"

The professor had started. "I know a woman," he began, "named Roberta Hendricks who has three children: Lisa, Billy and Bobby; ages 11, 9 and 6. What put me on the track of the discovery was what happened to their color T.V."

Joe's perplexed look had reappeared. "A color T.V.?" he asked, "How could that do it?"

"I'm getting to that," said Thornsedale. "The kids absolutely loved the color set and watched it all the time, but for some reason Roberta hated it. In fact, she figured she'd wasted money on it because almost every time she checked, it was on the blink. She commented this to me once while I was visiting, so I took off the back of the set and had a look."

"So," asked Joe, "what did you find?"

"Nothing," said Thornsedale, "as far as I could tell the set was in perfect working order. As I was putting on the back, Roberta walked in."

"Well, Doctor," she asked, "How's the patient?"

"As far as I can tell it's fine," I told her. I turned on the set. "Let's see what the picture's like."

"As the set warmed up, she glared at it. 'Well, if it's fine it'd better work,' she told me grimly, 'or I'm out a good chunk of money!' The set started humming, and then suddenly both picture and sound came on at once."

"And?" Joe asked.

"It was terrible," said Thornsedale. "The picture looked like a mirage seen through a blizzard, and the audio sounded like two cats in a sack. Roberta threw up her arms in disgust."

"What did I tell you?" She left shaking her head.

"I fiddled with the knobs a little, but the picture stayed rotten and the sound got even worse. I was just about to give up when the kids came thundering down the stairs like a herd of elephants. Lisa, who is the oldest, got into the room first, took one look at the T.V. and screeched to a halt."

"Oh, no!" she said. "Mom's been in here!" The others, who had run in behind her, looked at the set and gave glum nods. "Okay," said Lisa, assuming her leadership, "c'mon guys, let's fix it."

"I'm sorry, Lisa," I told her, "but I've already tried and it can't be fixed."

"She gave me a superior look. 'We can fix it,' she said. 'You just watch.'"

"Well," said Joe, "then what happened?"

"This is the freaky part," said Thornsedale, "all three of them went over to the set and started touching it and talking to it. None of them touched a single knob, they just petted it and told it how much they liked it and asked it to please make a good picture for them."

Joe chuckled, "Well, kids have some pretty weird games. How long did it take them to give up?"

"Give up nothing!" said Thornsedale, "It worked. In about one minute the picture was clear as a bell, the color was sharp and the sound was perfect."

"At first, I couldn't believe it. Then it suddenly hit me that while the kids were being sweet as sugar to it, the set worked perfectly; but whenever Roberta was in the room cursing and glaring at it, it was totally on the fritz. I decided to test the coincidence out. I didn't really believe it, mind you, I just was getting a little bored and needed something to do."

"How did you test it?" asked Joe. "In fact, I don't think a theory like that is testable."

Thornsedale frowned at him, "And you're supposed to think up a new approach, huh? I'm not so sure I should finish this..."

"Oh, no!" Joe reassured him hastily, "maybe I was a little hasty about the theory being testable. How did you test it?"

"Well," Thornsedale said, lapsing back into his story, "as soon as the kids finished and left I turned the set on and talked to it."

"You *talked* to it?" asked Joe incredulously.

"Of course," said Thornsedale impatiently, "how else could I test it? Anyway, I found that words didn't affect the set at all, feelings did. When I told the set I hated it, nothing happened; when I felt it, the picture went sour in about five seconds. Further tests showed it responded only to emotions, and much more strongly to negative emotions than to positive. In fact, it took me over ten times longer to clear the picture as it took me to mess it up."

"Wow," said Joe, "Then what did you do?"

"I set up a long series of tests as soon as I got back to the university. I tested thousands of different types of electronic equipment, and with no exceptions, over 3% of each type showed constant sensitivity to emotion, and the percentage is going up."

Joe looked rather incredulous. "And this your colleagues didn't believe?"

"Oh, no," said Thornsedale, "at this point I hadn't told them anything. You see, I'd got to thinking very deeply about this. I was trying to figure out just what was emotion and what was intelligence. All the devices were, from a human viewpoint, reacting very childishly. If you were mean to them, they would 'throw a tantrum and baulk.' If you were good to them, they behaved. I reasoned that if man is intelligent and mature because of the millions of possible connections and interconnections, circuits so to speak, in his brain, the electronic devices acted childishly because their circuitry or 'brain' was very rudimentary and underdeveloped."

"The more I thought about this the more sense it made. After all, a brain path is a brain path whether it's made of nerve tissue or wire. The human brain had trillions of paths and is sophisticated, a radio had thousands and is primitive."

"I knew computers, on the other hand, were very nearly as complex as the human brain. Therefore, as the 3% sensitivity had to extend to computers, there would be hundreds of computers that had, through their sensitivity to emotion, become self-aware. Their circuits as complex as any brain, they would become disembodied intelligences whose reactions to emotions would be rational and not childish. In fact, I was about to test this theory when the crisis occurred and proved it for me."

"Crisis?" asked Joe.

"Yes, crisis," said Thornsedale grimly, "I had used the university computer to tabulate my results before I'd evolved the computer theory; and, like a fool, I never stopped to consider that maybe our computer was one of the self-aware ones."

"Even if it was," said Joe, "what could it do? I realize it might want to stop you from telling the world about self-aware computers. A computer would be smart enough to realize that people would be afraid of it and want to turn it off so it would hide the truth to preserve itself; but even so, a computer can't hurt you, aside from mangling your fingers in its printout, that is if you're dumb enough to put them in."

Thornsedale shuddered. "That's what you think," he said.

"What'd it do?" asked Joe.

"I'll get to that later," said Thornsedale grimly. "Anyway, at this point I went to my colleagues, told them about my experiments and theories and warned them of the danger. But all they did was laugh."

"You told them about the danger?" asked Joe. "What danger?"

"What danger?" said Thornsedale, amazed. "Think of it, man! At this moment, 92% of the communication systems in every industrial nation is computer controlled. The trend of sensitivity to emotion is going up, remember, and with it the trend of self awareness in computers. By my calculations, in the year 2013, it will be universal. What would you do if you were sensitive to emotions? In some ways your mind is very much like a computer; if it were constantly bombarded with conflicting emotions you would practically go crazy. It would only be a matter of time before you were willing to kill to get rid of them. Think of it, man! How many people could be killed or hurt if a computer, who everyone *knows* can't lie, delivered the exact right misinformation at the exact right moment? Millions, that's how many! Do you realize what panic would result if the world's entire communication system went on the blink and could not be repaired, would not let itself be repaired?"

"It would be a pretty messy situation," admitted Joe, "but what about the 'crisis,' Professor? What happened? Did the computer get wise to you?"

"Well," said Thornsedale, glancing at his watch, "About half an hour ago I was in the school shop with a student who wanted to show me his project. He had programmed

Black on White

At last it comes
 Stealthily suffocating
 Endless relief.
 From within, its muffled, immeasurable,
 albino whiteness
 - Is warm.
 Like vast cobwebs,
 Covers barrenness
 Covers slate-grey roofs,
 Quiets hurry, bustle, screech and life.
 Smothers.
 And from within,
 A calmed sigh of contentment.
 The branches, now softly curved
 in fairy tale arches,
 Now lifelessly overhanging
 soft-edged ginger houses.
 The roads, transformed into white, winding paths,
 Magically turning,
 Floating up the slumped hill,
 Distantly winding round the entangled trees,
 Melting on the horizon
 Greyly glow.
 From within,
 Where are sharp angularities,
 clear realities,
 Comes a sigh crystallized in silver on the pane
 For the smothering.

Anne Porth

The Storm

I hear the ever constant rain
 beating the roof and the window pane and,
 The wind banging the shutters
 back against the house
 I hear the wind whipping through
 the trees and,
 The ever trembling branches bracing themselves
 against the blow.
 I hear the thunder splitting
 through the night,
 Rumbling, so close, shattering and then
 bringing forth a new torrent of rain.
 I hear the rain as it pitter. . .
 patters on the roof
 I hear the rain, not as constant as
 as before. . .but growing
 fainter. . .fainter. . .with every
 drop. . .until. . .it. . .finally. . .
 stops.

Lauren Barefoot

Mohr

Mohr-ah-toren-rah-on-
 ro-ha-osee-en-tor-eh-for-
 re-han-o-or-tah-whot,
 for those who on occasion thought of the
 Isle of Wight. I managed to find Wilson
 there once. He hadn't given up the cool
 leather coat cowboy look. for all the jews
 hiding out as Greek Orthodox. Wilson can
 act, dance, pray, and write. He is subtle
 about none of them. for all the grebes I've
 out there. L, B, H, and E tried to see if
 Wilson had humanity. They got a glimpse
 down the barrel of his game rifle. for the
 beautiful music on occsaion in our heads.
 He failed to realize that one minute
 particle of equality in everyone. So, I left
 him on the island.
 Ebb-ah-for-ah-an-for-
 wah-saun-too-so-en-
 ha-tor-ent-mohr-chege-
 toren-gohr-for-on-tah-whot.

D.G. McGee

Flight

Sucked from the sky, they drop.
 Heavy flakes, soggy and blundering—
 Jostle each other in the pull
 Sticking together, they wrestle, and giving in,
 They watch below, hoping to become part
 Of a glistening white field
 And not land on some street where
 Their fate is dirty brown slush.
 But as the tense journey continues and rest is near,
 None care.
 With sheer anticipation and excitement, they try clumsily
 To help gravity—
 Just to plop down anywhere in peace is enough.
 So close now, to see separate gleaming crystals.
 And finally when—
 Another force drags them sideways,
 Stronger now than the one before.
 They slide through nightness
 Fearing the speed, drying out a little
 Until, with a bump, no longer flakes,
 But snow on a trash bag.

Jane K. Wyman

Junesevenight

Fear. . .of the deadliest kind,
 A morbid sense of blackness
 of emptiness
 of nothing
 Swept me up in its tide.
 A sense of floating, as if
 On a now-quiet morning sea,
 Suspended in time without ship
 without direction
 Without hope. . .and yet, somehow,
 I must find the courage to ride
 Out this after-storm, compass and
 Maps seized, sails without wind:
 The end of life well-lived, of
 Earthly pleasures won at little cost;
 And in its place, the emptiness:
 Open
 Stormy
 Frightful
 Mine. . .A Whole World.

Matthew P. McGough

COLLEGE POETRY REVIEW

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the MPAA-cont'd

film, "even if you are a cunt." The word was muttered so inaudibly that it first sounded like "skunk." In *American Graffiti*, the spoken word was very clear.

Violence has never been a great problem. Fortunately, a film with a great deal of violence is meant to be a violent film and, therefore, meant to appeal to a particular audience. If a murder is committed as an element of plot development, as in *The Last of Sheila*, we may see some blood and still find a PG rating. But if violence is an end in itself—as in *The Godfather*, where one of the film's purposes was to depict the violent society in which we live—the thematic overtones are considered to be greater and the film will be rated R. Thus, in *The Conversation* or *Jaws*, violence is rated PG. Still, this "policy" leads to some difficulties. Should a film be rated R based upon the number of violent scenes or the explicitness of the scenes? The MPAA seems to indicate that explicit films are intended to be violent films, and thus should be rated R. Anti-violence crusaders (among them critic Gene Shalit) disagree: violence, they say, is violence.

So where does this lead us? We have a system designed to set standards by which moviegoers can determine what film to see. Yet, the MPAA, in rating films, violates its own guidelines. Nudity was permissible in *The Last Tycoon* and not in *Chinatown*. Certain derogatory words are permitted in one context but not in others. Violence is objectionable only when it becomes too noticeable. A moviegoer who looks to the MPAA Code for assistance in determining what film to see is better off asking Lizzie Borden for an axe. The Code can no longer be used as a consistent and reliable determinant.

What to do? Scrap the current system of generalities and get specific by setting standards for PG and R films, that's what. The PG rating would still mean "some material may not be suitable for pre-teenagers." However, the MPAA should make an effort to set standards. For example, strong language would be permissible in a PG film only when it is *out of character*, only when a character needs to use such words to describe conditions foreign to him. In such cases, use of strong language would be minimal. A film rated R for strong language would result from a character's consistent use of such language. We would therefore assume that the language is part of the character and that, perhaps, this guy is too much of a character for younger children. Nudity in PG films (i.e. the showing of female breasts, or male or female genitals) would be forbidden. A director can make a point by showing "just enough" of his performers without explicitness. If the nudity is so necessary to the film, then perhaps the film is best viewed by more understanding adult audiences.

Now comes the good part. The R rating is a holy mess, for many viewers don't know why a film is rated R. Some parents may feel that their child can view nudity—which is often connected with expressions of love—while forbidding the child to view violence. The R rating should be broken up into four rating categories, as follows:

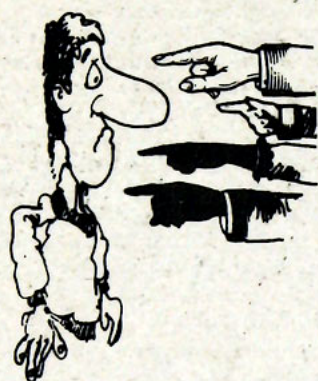
- R: Restricted, Persons under 16 require parent or accompanying adult guardian
- RS: Restricted, The sexual content of this film may not be suitable for certain viewers
- RV: Restricted, The violence depicted in this film may not be suitable for certain viewers
- RL: Restricted, The language of this film may not be suitable for certain viewers

Violence would be defined by the act and not solely by the bloodiness depicted on the screen (for example, rape would be "violent.") The "restriction" in each case would mean the same as it does now: persons under 16 need an accompanying parent or adult guardian. A straight R film would be one with subject matter of R nature in two or more of the other categories. Also, I might entertain suggestions to lower the restricted age.

I offer these suggestions not out of any relish for the rating system but rather in an effort to restore some orderliness to what is essentially a needed thing. Movies are changing, as Grandpa noted earlier. Changes cannot be forced upon people; they must be instituted slowly. The MPAA Code is one method of slowly indoctrinating movie viewers into the "new" permissiveness in films, but only a viable method if it is truly a standard setter. I hope something will be done.

Salute to Faculty

Their Wives. . .



. . . Their Kids

Their Hopes. . .



. . . Their Fears

I'm Scared-Cont'd

the computer to run all the machines in the shop simultaneously. I should have realized the significance of this, but I was still shaken by my colleagues' disbelief and wasn't thinking straight.

"The student led me over to the computer terminal, which was beside the lathe. Someone had left an oxyacetylene torch leaning against the lathe rod.

"All this barely registered at the time; I was listening to John, the student, as he explained the simple operational codes to me. He then engaged the program, stood back, and asked me to proceed.

"Before I so much as touched the key, the printer typed out WHO ARE YOU? At the time I thought it was just a brightener, students often put such bits of personality into their programs. Well, I'm as game as the next man so I typed LE-NORD THORNSDALE. The result was totally unexpected. The oxyacetylene torch that had been left leaning on the lathe suddenly sputtered into life. I jumped back, and not a second too soon; the spot where my head had been a second ago was now occupied by a roaring cone of flame. Just as I was congratulating myself for not being a hot head the lathe suddenly started spinning. The rear tank of the torch was leaning against the lathe rod and under the rod's push the entire tank, torch, flame and all pitched forward toward me. I jumped back and flinched as the burning hot column of air swept past my right side. As soon as the torch hit the ground I ran to the corner, grabbed a sledgehammer and pounded until the flame stopped and the torch was a shapeless heap of scrap."

"Wow," said Joe, "What happened next?"

"I went to the computer access, drained the central memory cores and cut the main power line," said Thornsedale grimly. "Then I walked over to this bar and had two drinks."

There followed a long, pregnant pause during which I noticed Chip, the boss' son, put a drink into the mixer, turn it on, then glance at his watch and leave.

"That's it," said Thornsedale finally. "Now will you please help me? I've got to find a way to convince the world!"

Joe coughed, "Uh, gee, Professor, I'm sorry but you see I—"

"Yes, I do see," interrupted Thornsedale, "You don't believe me, do you?"

His expression, I was relieved to see, was sad, not angry. Resignedly he rose from his seat and headed, a bit shakily, for the door.

Joe shook his head at me in wonder. "You hear some weird ones when you're a bartender, Dave," he said, "but that one just takes the cake." He grinned, "In fact, the only one I know that comes close is what that one lady from Chicago told me. She—"

"Bartender!" interrupted a querulous voice from the end of the bar, "Bartender!"

Joe grimaced. "I gotta go fix Johnny-in-a-hurry over there," he apologized, "tell you later, Dave." He turned around and ran smack into the new blender. Wincing and clutching his side he paused long enough to hurl the mixer a look of pure hatred, then hurried off to serve the customer.

He didn't hear the mixer's low drone raise several octaves to a shrill whine, which was replaced with the grinding of slipped bearings and a puff of acrid smoke.

Vermicelli-10

How would you like to be spaghetti?
Standing straight and brittle in a box,
All tangled and slimy in a pot,
Slapped on a plate, splattered with sauce
and sprinkled with cheese,
Dangling from someone's lip,
Quivering, slipping slowly into
some squishy black cavern.

Jane K. Wyman

THE DEGREE

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Technician tips Cross country skiers

by Cathy Losch

Cross country skiing is "literally that, skiing across the country side," began Tony Hunter, the ski technician who spoke at the Allegheny Outing Club meeting last week.

Hunter, from the Biking and Hiking shop in Fairview, Pa., talked about the "endless array of skis" and accessories available to cross country skiers. His pointers on ski fit, waxing, poles, bindings and boots helped the novice and expert alike; skiers of varied abilities listened and asked questions, making a one sided lecture into chat between ski enthusiasts.

If you're looking for skis, here are some of the tips Hunter shared:

SKIS: Your first choice will probably be between wood or fiberglass skis. Wood skis are usually cheaper, very durable, and easier to control. A good wood ski should have a hickory base with a darker, compressed beech wood edge and a soft core. The more hard wood lamination, the more it costs.

Synthetic skis have a greater arch than wood skis, which holds your weight on the tips and tails of the skis, allowing more speed. But "unless you're a racer, speed isn't all that critical," Hunter said. While wood skis tend to spread your

weight out, "synthetic skis feel like a snake" Hunter said, because they slide out from under you, and "you can't stop and walk along a hill."

The next choice is waxed or waxless skis. Waxless bases generally have either steps or mohair that grip rearward to resist sliding. They're "almost always a compromise," Hunter said, because they either "will drag or won't give you the grip you need." You can wax a waxable ski to grip in just about any kind of snow.

Your ski should fit to touch your wrist when you have your arm extended over your head. If you're over-weight for your height, you'll need a longer ski, and if you're light, you'll want a shorter ski. The wax will wear unevenly if you don't have the correct fit.

POLES: "Don't buy alpine!" Hunter warned. Cross country ski poles have adjustable straps and curved tips. The tip makes it easier to pull out of a hard crust snow. Your pole should fit snugly under your arm when your arm is straight out at your side. Pole sizes vary by 5 cm, so if you can't find the best fit, go longer rather than shorter.

You can choose from bamboo, fiberglass, aluminum or graphite poles. Bamboo is cheapest and more servicable,

while fiberglass is slightly more expensive and stronger. Aluminum and graphite are costly and designed primarily for racers.

To use your poles, slide your hand through the strap, grabbing both the strap and the handle. Pull down and back on the strap, maintaining control with your thumb and forefinger. There is a right and a left; the upper strap goes to the outside. "You want a fluid like movement," Hunter said, so you should extend your arm fully and have a relaxed swing between strides.

BINDINGS: Three pin bindings require cross country ski boots, while cable bindings allow you to wear regular hiking boots. For light touring, a hiking boot is too stiff; but for back-packing skiing, it gives more support and stability. So to choose your bindings, you should decide what you will use your skis for most.

The three pin binding holds your boot by matching its pegs with holes at the boot's toe. A heel plate adds extra control. "You can't use the edge of your ski without a heel plate," Hunter said. In any case, your heel completely picks up off the ski, so that skiing is "an extension of natural walking," he explained.

BOOTS: A light touring boot looks like a sneaker. It has no ankle support but allows

flex. General touring boots are heavier, have higher ankles that don't actually add support, and give somewhat more lateral stability. Nylon linings, though seemingly cooler, are better than fleece because they "breathe" and dry out more quickly.

WAXES: To prepare a wood ski base, strip off the factory coating, sand down to the bare wood with progressively finer papers, sand out the groove, and paint on an air dry impregnator. Use wax "thinner to win, thicker to grip," Hunter said, since a thinner wax gives better glide and speed. The wax produces a thin film of water for the ski to glide on. When it refreezes, sharp snow crystals bite into the wax and grip.

There are different waxes for different temperature ranges; all manufacturers color code their waxes by the same specifications. Generally, use a soft wax for warmer conditions and a hard wax for cold. If takes experience to know which kind is best, and as Hunter commented, "It's not an exact science, it's an art." Until you've learned it, use whatever seems to work.

Wax should be removed with a scraper or a solvent like lighter fluid. Stay away from oil base removers, because wax won't adhere to the ski.

For synthetic skis, you

can use a parafin base treatment then wax the center third of the ski for grip.

If you're still confused about cross country skis, there is more information at the Outing Club office, second floor C.C. And if you'd like to shop for skis, the Outing Club will be going to Biking and Hiking in Fairview during the first week of February.

SET from p. 4

the play jagged at best. Unfortunately, this was augmented by the lack of an impetus from the director to proceed at anything but a Fits-and Starts kind of motion.

A word or two about the pit orchestra. Their presence although felt, was not overpowering, and they became a dynamic force in the movement forward of the play. They did, however, seem to need a director, especially for some of the vamps that were done. There seemed to be some lack of communication within the orchestra which would have been helped by having a conductor.

All in all, it was a delightful show which occasionally hit, and occasionally missed, the mark. If we were looking for perfection we would be somewhere else.

WARC celebrates 15th anniversary

By Steve Morton

As everyone knows, this year marks the 15th anniversary of WARC, the college radio station. As a licensed announcer, I was curious to find out how the station has changed since its inception.

Has WARC always been a "progressive radio" station? Have the station policies always been the same, or how have they changed? For anyone who works at WARC, the answers to these questions may have various degrees of significance.

In a phone interview with the busy General Manager of WARC, Dan Hewitt, I asked about "progressivism." Dan said that only in the last three years has the station tried to assume its present progressive character. "It would be nice," Dan said, "if all of the announcers could go up and do top 40, but this is not the purpose of the station. The station now has an Educational Alternative FCC license, which is an alternative to the traditional, commercial VMGW license."

In essence, the radio station is on campus to involve students in the world

of radio, but it also exists to introduce, and sometimes educate, the student to new forms of music. So the next time your roommate complains about the music on WARC, tell her to quit complaining, she is getting an education.

A second question that I thought would be one to ask of the General manager, and not just another announcer, is that of policy. "Well, Steve, the policies at WARC are pretty loose," Hewitt said, "The ones that are staying consistently tough are those that are dictated by the FCC. This year is our license renewal year, which means we really have to crack-down on the rules and regulations. Other policies, like how often to broadcast the news, change from one Executive board to another."

About this time I ran out of questions, being a lousy interviewer. Dan spoke up and really summed up what I couldn't even think of. "Steve, we're really looking forward to our 15th anniversary, which by the way is on Feb. 3rd.

"We are planning a big promotion campaign that week," he explained, "and we hope that students will get involved with the station. The

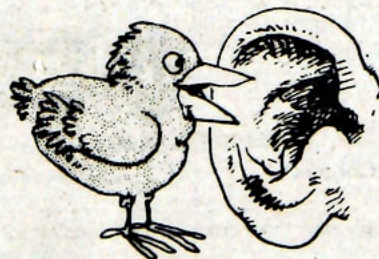
response this term and last has been really excellent, and we're looking forward to seeing an even larger one, as

WARC continues its broadcasting throughout the year."

Before Hewitt left the receiver dangling, he did



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mention that I should go up to the office at WARC and read the clippings on the wall. These clippings were from old Campus newspapers, as well as the 1963 issue of the Allegheny College Bulletin. As I stared at the yellowing paper set neatly on the wall, I could see history; the history of one young man's efforts in organizing WARC, Norman Green, class of '63.

Ed. Note: The brief history of WARC's establishment by Norman Green will be continued in the next issue of the CAMPUS.

Joe
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Allegheny Cagers win over W&J and Case

Darrell Jones, showing outstanding poise for a freshman varsity player, poured in 10 points and played outstanding basketball Saturday night in leading Allegheny to their second come from behind victory in as many games.

On Wednesday night, the Gators of Coach Norm Sundstrom took on what at first appeared to be a tenacious and determined team from Washington and Jefferson. Allegheny came into the game with an 0-2 PAC record and it appeared early that the Presidents, who were 1-1, were going to serve the Gators their third PAC loss, and fifth in a row.

The Presies started strong, and in the first ten minutes of play they had the Allegheny players totally confused with their multiple formations on defense. As a result, the Gator offense sputtered, forcing poor shots from outside and making mental errors which hampered their ability to play

good fundamental basketball.

Washington and Jefferson took advantage of AC's sloppiness and built up a strong 17 point lead with just under five minutes left on the clock. Coach Sundstrom called a time out, and when the AC players came back onto the court, they took command.

A pair of lob passes to Eric Lindberg, the 6-8 sophomore center, resulted in a pair of two-pointers; and field goals by sophomore Jim Wheeler and Jones, and the W&J lead was cut to ten at the half, 33-23.

The start of the second half brought out a 'new' Gator team with a new strategy and a renewed will to win. The AC Five mixed up their defense will, while Coach Sundstrom substituted freely to keep his players fresh and rested for the entire half. The result was that the Gators were hitting the open man and taking only the good shots. In a matter of minutes, they narrowed the gap to one

with close to 17 minutes of playing time left.

The AC roundballers continued working the ball inside for the open shot, while breaking through the Presidents one-on-one and 1-3-1 defenses. By the time there were just four minutes left on the clock, the Gators had amassed a strong 17 point lead.

Sundstrom used the lead as an opportunity to play some of his substitutes like Fields Jackson, Al Brandt, Chris McClure and Albert. Though the subs play was sloppy due to their lack of experience, it provided them with valuable playing time. They also managed to hold on the lead, for a 13 point decision, 70-57.

With their first PAC win under their belts, the Allegheny squad came into Saturday's game against Case with a renewed feeling of confidence.

Lindberg got the AC squad started and they ran off to early four point leads of 8-4 and

12-8. Case battled back to tie and for most of the first 10 minutes, the lead changed hands continuously.

Allegheny then appeared to get a little tired, their play became ragged, and Case built up a six point lead before Sundstrom called his team to the bench on a time-out.

The Gators came back on the court and led by Darrell Jones the AC squad came back to tie the game at 34 at the buzzer.

The second half began like Wednesday night's; when Allegheny came out of the locker room fired up and ran off to a four point lead before Case could get their feet on the court.

However, though the Gators kept their lead most of the half, Case stayed neck and neck until the buzzer. Play for the most part was sloppy, but the lob to Lindberg underneath worked with uncanny success and kept AC on top.

Case had several last

minute chances to tie the game, but they couldn't penetrate the Gator defense, and when the buzzer went off, the scoreboard read Gators 79, Visitors 76.

The two wins had alot of pluses for the Allegheny squad who are now tied in the middle of the PAC with Bethany, Case, and Thiel; all with 2-2 records. The games built up the teams' confidence and gave freshman Dave Contardi and sophomore Bruce Turner a chance to show how well they can play. And play well they did!

Also exhibiting great talents for Allegheny were Darrell Jones and Craig Jones, and Lindberg. Known as 'E', Lindberg finished with 22 points Saturday, and it was his slam dunk that ignited the Gator offense on Wednesday.

The Gator squad will be in action at Hiram tonight and then will return home Saturday to play Thiel. Get out early, and maybe you'll get one of the plastic Gator basketballs thrown out by the cheerleaders.



The Gator cagers showed a lot of hustle in their 79-76 victory at home over Case Western Reserve. Pictured is Bruce Turner putting two more points on the scoreboard for the Blue and Gold.

Photo by Paul Booth

Wrestlers begin season

The Allegheny Wrestling team has started its season under the leadership of Coach Ken Levels. They have wrestled in three meets so far and won the first one.

On January 11, the Gators wrestled against Behrend and won the match by a score of 32-14. Dennis McGraw of Allegheny tied Shawn Phaneuf by a score of 4-4 at 118, Pete Mertz, 126 won by forfeit. Jack Seneri at 134 lbs. won by a 5-2 decision over Chuck Stevens. Martin Green won by forfeit and at 177, Mark Bachinski took an 11-4 decision over Tim King.

Allegheny's Dave Sednak beat Mike O'Leary at 190 by a 6-1 score. Heavy weighter Eric Templin beat Bill Power in a 7-2 decision.

Tony Donatelli wrestling for Allegheny at 150 pinned Dana Gorton in 7:20.

The Gators fell to

Clarion by a 9-28 score last week. Victories for Allegheny included Jack Deneri's decision match over Chuck Winters, 4-3. Martin Green pinned his opponent Jim Rubenstein in 3:32.

Tony Donatelli provided Allegheny with another victory by beating Brandon Thomas, 12-6. Eric Templin beat heavy-weight Scott Davis by a 7-3 score.

Saturday's match brought only two victories for the Gators. Tony Donatelli and Eric Templin proved to be the die-hards for Allegheny, Tony beat his opponent Keith Schloss by a 9-3 score and Eric pinned Gil Hense in 2:22.

The Gator wrestlers are looking toward more success in the matches to come this season. The team has many promising members and are psyched for their next meet which sends the Gators to Washington and Jefferson this Wednesday.

Lacrosse

Lacrosse practices are being held in Montgomery gym on Thursday nights at 9:00 throughout this term. The team has most of its members returning from a five wins, five losses season last year. Some promising freshmen may improve the team. Practices this term will have a large effect upon the team's performance in the Spring.

Women make a splash

The Allegheny Women's Swim team has begun its season under the leadership of their new coach Tom Erdos.

Last week the women swam at Youngstown State University and came home victorious. The Gators won all but one of the events, leaving the score 99-15.

The results of the Youngstown meet were as follows:

- 200 I.M.
 1. Robin Sury
 2. Allison Cares
- 100 Free
 1. Karen Dewald
 2. Mary Lanning
- 50 Back
 1. Pris Lange
 2. Karen Copetas
- 50 Breast
 1. Sue Tibbens
 2. Karin Olson
- 100 Fly
 1. Robin Sury
 2. Leslie Carroll
 3. Dee Dee Voorhees
- Diving
 1. Gwen Otis
- 50 Free
 1. Karen Dewald
 2. Mary Lanning
- 100 Back
 1. Karen Copetas
 2. Pris Lange
- 100 I.M.
 1. Robin Sury
 2. Sue Tibbens
- 200 Free
 1. Karen Copetas
 2. Mary Lanning
- 50 Fly
 1. Leslie Carroll
 2. Dee Dee Voorhees
- 100 Breast
 1. Sue Tibbens
 2. Karin Olson

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CAMPUS CENTER 30&31 JAN. '78
Sign up for interviews in the Placement Office.

Lunch Time Learning talk

By Laura Doherty

The 1977 Appalachian Music Festival was the topic of discussion at Lunch-Time Learning Program last Thursday.

Dr. Alan Crain presented a 35 minute slide program, accompanied by actual recordings of the musicians at the festival in Berea, Kentucky. Slides of musicians young and old, singing and/or playing fiddles, guitars, hammered dulcimers, auto harps, and sweetheart dulcimers were viewed by approximately 30 people at the session. Scenic slides of Appalachian landscapes inserted in the slide program greatly enhanced the viewers' understanding of the music.

Following the slide presentation, three students briefly presented their views on the Appalachian Semester in which they were enrolled last term. Amy Carlson, Karen Copetas, and Laura Doherty outlined the structure of the program, offered at Union College in Barbourville, Kentucky. The students then answered questions about their perceptions of the people, the value of the program and their experiences during their four-month stay in Barbourville.

Persons interested in this one term exchange program were encouraged to contact any of the three students or Alan Crain.

We weren't there

Compiled by Pam Steele

5 years ago

"Reserve seating in the C.C. Auditorium has been discontinued . . . all seating will be on a 'first come first serve' basis. If any large groups desire block seating, they must be 'together as a group when the doors open.'"

"Richard Nixon will deliver the forty-sixth presidential inaugural address tomorrow."

10 years ago

The Campus begins publishing daily. "This entails some rather far-out changes. . ."

A Parent's Committee is formed. Thirteen sets of parents discuss issues with President Pelletier and the ASG officers. A sampling of the questions tackled at the first meeting include: Is Allegheny a

"fractured campus?" "What can be done to hold down the price of an education at Allegheny and still maintain the quality that makes all education worth obtaining?" and "What is the student attitude concerning the establishment and administration?"

In the sports arena . . . The Gators wind up the 1967 football season with a 5 win - 2 loss record . . . The all I.F.C. Football team is chosen. The Phi-Gams, the league champs, place nine men on the eighteen man list.

25 years ago

Allegheny students are sweating through first Semester final exams! The Semester is set up so students go home a few days before Christmas and return during the second week of January. Exams are scheduled over a period of about ten days.

NOW schedules literature discussion

The Meadville Chapter of the National Organization of Women will feature Professor Anne Jones as the primary speaker at the January program meeting to be held this Thursday, Jan. 26, at 7 p.m.

The site for the meeting, which is free of charge and open to the public, is the Browsing Lounge of the C.C.

Jones, a member of the English Department, will describe "Women in Literature," with emphasis on novels written by American women.

After her presentation, a discussion period and short business meeting will be conducted. Members are asked to

note that the program is scheduled to begin at 7 p.m. instead of the usual time.

For more information about this program or other activities and concerns of Meadville N.O.W., interested persons may write to P.O. Box 153, Meadville, Pa.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page one, Steve Saines; Page four, Paul Booth; Page five, Chris Kelly.

The CAMPUS Bulletin Board

The Senior Class Coordinating Committee will meet for lunch on Thursday January 26, at Noon in the Small Dining Room of South Hall. All interested Seniors are invited to attend.

ACO is sponsoring their annual Bake-Off on Saturday, February 18. If anyone would like to bake in the contest, their name and box number should be sent to Box 1142 before February 1, 1978. Partners will be assigned. A 50 cent entry fee, to cover costs will be required as most supplies will be provided.

There has been a change in the on-campus interview for Jones and Laughlin Steel because of limited sign ups. They will visit Allegheny on February 13 to interview for Steel Sales and Steel Production positions. They have a number of jobs available and are very interested in Allegheny students. The deadline for sign ups at the Career Services Office has been extended to 5 p.m. on February 6.

To provide seniors and other interested students with background information, Scott Roth, a 1977 graduate of Allegheny, currently an underwriting trainee at Chubb and Son Insurance, will visit the campus to present "Careers in the Insurance Industry," at 1:00 p.m. on Thursday January 26. The program will be held in Quigley Faculty Lounge. Please call Career Services at 724-2381 to sign up for this program. Sign ups are also now being conducted for interviews with Chubb and Son on February 17. Please visit Career Services to sign up before February 8.

Anyone who is interested in auditioning for one of the limited number of positions available in the Choir, please contact Dr. North for a try-out appointment.

This week's Friends of the Library Film Series at the Meadville Public Library will feature two films, "The Jewish Wife," based on a one act play by Bertolt Brecht, and "Boarded Window." Both films will be presented at the library this Thursday, January 26, beginning at 7:00 p.m.



Contributions to "The CAMPUS Bulletin Board" should be sent to Box 12. Any and all members of the college community are encouraged to contribute.

ICIS Applications

Because of an increasing number of requests from students, applications to the ICIS program in art, religion, and archeology in Europe and Israel this summer will be accepted through this Friday. Persons at all interested should see Professors Kleeman or Hobson immediately.

Senior Class banquet set

The second Senior Class Banquet, sponsored by the Alumni Center will be held on February 1, 1978.

The principal speaker will be Chester L. Sceiford, '66, a North West Pa. fruit farmer. He is chairman of the Erie Alumni Club.

The deadline for required RSVP's has been extended to Thursday, January 26, at Noon, to Box 576.

Attire for the dinner, which begins at 7 p.m. in Sky-light, is semi-formal. Invitations must accompany each guest to the dinner.



BENTLEY

By Pam Steele

BEAT

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR: W-2 forms will be available for students who work for Allegheny College. The forms may be obtained at the Registrar from January 25-31, 1978, and must be mailed in during this period.

OFFICE OF ADMISSIONS: Why don't you impress a prospective student by hosting him or her overnight? Admissions still has room on its list of volunteers, preferably freshmen or sophomores (both male and female), so give your name to the Admissions secretary soon!

OFFICE OF THE DEAN OF INSTRUCTION:

Independent tutors, (not with A.C.E.), check with Ms. Baretta to fill out your request for payment.

Alcohol answers

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 19. True | 20. False | 21. True |
| 22. True | 23. False | 24. True |
| 25. False | 26. True | 27. False |
| 28. True | 29. True | 30. True |
| 31. False | 32. False | 33. True |
| 34. True | 35. False | 36. True |

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BALTO., MD 21227

Test your Alcohol Quotient

Ed. Note This is the second part of a survey designed to test your alcohol quotient. In future weeks, further articles will appear on the subject of alcohol. Again, all answers are True-False and appear on Page 8.

What do you know about alcohol? Take some time and see how many of these questions you can answer.

19. Responsible drinking can result in relaxation, enhanced social interactions, and a feeling of general euphoria
20. Distilled liquors (gin, whiskey, vodka, etc.) usually contain about 15-20% alcohol by volume.
21. Moderate consumption of alcoholic beverages is generally not harmful to the body.
22. It takes about as many hours as the number of beers drunk to completely burn up the

alcohol ingested.

24. Many people drink for social acceptance, because of peer group pressures, and to gain adult status.
25. A blood alcohol concentration of .02 usually causes a person to be in a stupor.
26. Liquors such as gin, scotch, and whiskies are usually distilled from mashies made from fermenting grains.
27. Proof on a bottle of liquor represents half the percent of alcohol contained in the bottle.
28. The United States lacks a national consensus on what constitutes the responsible use of alcoholic beverages.
29. There is usually more alcoholism in a society which accepts drunken behavior than in a society which frowns on drunkenness.
30. Beer usually contains from 2-12% alcohol by volume.

31. Eating while drinking will have no effect on slowing down the absorption of alcohol in the body.

32. Drinking coffee or taking a cold shower can be an effective way of sobering up.

33. Wines throughout history have been commonly drunk at religious ceremonies and family gatherings.

34. Drinking of alcoholic beverages has been common in the U.S.A. since the Puritans first settled here.

35. Alcohol has only been used in a very few societies throughout history.

36. Liquor taken straight will affect you faster than liquor mixed with water.

Any comments or questions can be addressed to the Student Advisory Committee on the Counseling Center.

Second Class Mail

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

Please Send to: