

RECORD ADVOCATE

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Council grants new inclusion in response to computer complaints

Dean Peter Frost and Charles Jankey, Director of Student Housing, announced late yesterday that due to "problems with the computer" it is "unlikely" that Frosh inclusion will be completed by next Friday. Mr. Frost said he would discuss these problems with the College Council on Tuesday.

Last Wednesday in response to a complaint by a group of freshmen concerning the inequity of the computer-run inclusion, the Council voted to re-include all freshmen who received only their second and third choices.

The Council also backed Garfield House's plea to remain a single social unit and to grant them their own freshmen and coeds.

Vernon Kirk, Matthew Fishbein, Steven Albelda, Charles Foster and Kirk Victor, all freshmen, appeared before the Council and complained that they were assigned to Mission Park, their third choice. They were resigned to this inclusion until they learned about the process used to place them in the Park.

As explained by Dean K. Frost and Housing Committee chairman John Enteman, each inclusion group was given a random number by the computer, the lowest numbers giving that group first crack at the lot of rooms, thereby assuring their first choice. In a letter addressed to the Housing Committee and passed out to the College Council, the freshmen group pointed out that in this manner the number of groups who received their first choice would not be maximized: low number groups received their second choice before the high numbers got their first, thus taking up the latter's most desired space.

In effect, the inclusion group wanted the College Council to instruct the housing Committee to run another inclusion, this time programming the computer to maximize the first choices of all the freshmen. This plan was immediately contested, since all those contented freshmen who had received their first choice would be put into jeopardy concerning their domicile for next year.

That particular choice having been rejected, the Council compromised and decided that only those freshmen who had received their second or third choices would go back into the inclusion process. In this way a potential 49 freshmen who indicated that row houses were their first choice and were placed in Mission Park will have a chance to enter row houses. No freshmen who were placed in Greylock will be affected, since all those were first choices.

In a similar matter, representatives of Garfield House requested that the Council make amends for a "misallocation" of freshmen and affiliated coeds.

Because of limited bed space in annexes, Wood House and Garfield were to share a group of 16 freshmen, divided between the houses according to the freshmen's wishes. This meant that Wood and Garfield would be combined to an extent that, according to the Garfield contingent, would tend to destroy the autonomy of each house.

To remedy this situation the Garfield group asked the Council to 1.) grant them (through the Housing Committee) a full complement of freshmen, 2.) associate a coed house with Garfield (the original inclusion group included no women) and

3.) to grant Garfield more annex space in West College and to look into the possibility of housing small numbers of row house persons in other established houses (e.g. Prospect).

The Council passed these resolutions, and Enteman indicated that at least the new inclusion for freshmen would be resolved by next Friday.

Other business on the agenda, again related to housing, was a discussion concerning the composition of next year's Housing Committee. A proposal to include the Housing Committee as a sub-committee on Undergraduate Life was debated, but the Council finally decided to keep it autonomous and that representation would consist of all CUL members, a member elected from each house not represented on the CUL, two members from the College Council and two members of the freshman class, the last to be elected at large from the freshmen class.

Prison history: Rothman hits incarceration

by Steve Bosworth

The American penal system, for all its defects, was born in a spirit of hopefulness and a belief that all deviant behavior could be eradicated by institutional means. That the system hasn't worked is obvious, and, according to David Rothman, author of *The Discovery of the Asylum*, it is about time that Americans stopped deluding themselves about the situation.

Rothman, who is professor of history at Columbia University, appeared last night

in Jesup Hall. He revealed that the present system which is ostensibly a "serious, straight forward response by society to an undesirable group," is regarded so incorrectly by many persons in responsible positions that it has the aura of a fairy tale. Rothman quoted an inmate who had been reading a description of a state rehabilitation plan: "I don't believe there's a dude on the ranch who could sit down and think up shit like this!"

The roots of the present "aura of magic" that surrounds penal institutions in this country can be traced back to the 18th century. Rothman's book, which was nominated for a National Book Award, deals with this process, and Rothman reviewed the steps in his lecture.

"Incarceration has not always been used as a means of punishing deviant behavior," Rothman noted. "In a localistic setting, such as 18th century America, shame, banishment and an occasional hanging" sufficed to keep criminals in check. With the dawn of the Jacksonian period in American history, Americans, idealistic republicans that they were, built vast prison institutions with an idealistic aim to rehabilitate the criminal by means of a "well-ordered routine," i.e., prison life. "The rationale behind this was that republics could do all sorts of things - do away with crime, poverty, insanity," explained Rothman.

Nevertheless, by the 1870's the institutions had become "overcrowded, dirty, brutal and corrupt," that is they had "become modern" according to Rothman, and their inability to rehabilitate anyone had been demonstrated. In spite of this "the fact that certain ethnic groups have dominated the institution at all times, like the Irish in the mid-nineteenth century... and blacks today leads society to accept" incarceration as a means of controlling

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Ephlats sharp for Saturday night

Seven of the finest New England college singing groups will perform here this Saturday at 8 p.m. in Chapin Hall. Joining the Ephlats of Williams will be the Amherst Zumbies, the Brown Brunaires, the Middlebury Dissipated 8, the Smith Smithereens, the Wellesley Tupelos, and the Baker's Dozen of Yale.

A special feature of the concert will be the guest appearance of Williams' Ty Griffin who will sing "The Prophets Say" from the smash hit musical, *Sizzle*. In addition, local DJ David Page of "Dave Page's All-Star Revue" will serve as MC.

Led by guitarist Doug Ray, the Ephlats sing to the accompaniment of a second guitar, a string bass, two flutes and drums. Their repertoire includes songs by the Mamas and Papas, John Denver and the Beatles and a selection of "oldies." The group has performed extensively at campus events, and for outside audiences including the Pittsfield Lions Club, and will sing at the Wheaton College Spring Weekend.

The Zumbies of Amherst, directed by Don Howard, have a repertoire that ranges from Madrigals to the rock sounds of the 1950's. "You name it, we do it," is their slogan. This spring the group is making a recording of their a cappella vocalizing.

The Brown Brunaires, a group of 12 men directed by Don Hunt, sing everything from "Bach to Barbershop to Beatles." Most of their numbers are a cappella but some are accompanied by a 12-string guitar. The Brunaires have sung at the Commodore and Plaza Hotels in New York among other places.

Middlebury's Dissipated 8, led by Peter Lewis, consists of eight men and a guitarist. They concentrate on barbershop, spirituals and folk songs. In 1969, the group recorded "Miss Otis" with Capitol Records.

The Smithereens is a group of nine wo-



The Williams' Ephlats will appear in Chapin Saturday night along with six other singing groups from New England colleges. Standing l. to r.: Ralph Shipley, Jane Forelle, Tim Riordan, Alicia Kershaw, Chris Pitt, Charlie Safford, and Martin McGowan. Seated l. to r.: Barbara Rubin, Doug Ray, Lois Bailey, Melinda Rastetter, Meg Race, Sandy Read, Tom Costello, and Laurie Dillard.

men led by Craig Jones. Their numbers include some Laura Nyro, 5th Dimension and Beatles songs, some "old favorites," and Fifties music. They have sung this year at Yale, Harvard and Princeton, and will be performing at Holy Cross' Spring Weekend.

The Wellesley Tupelos consist of 12 women directed by Joanne Eastman. Their repertoire ranges from traditional tunes

to "A Man and a Woman" to Gordon Lightfoot numbers. They also perform Burt Bachrach selections and a melody of old rock favorites. The Tupelos have sung this season at Yale and the M.I.T. Log Jam.

The Baker's Dozen of Yale usually consists of 13 men, but for the Williams song fest they will have 18 due to the inclusion of next year's new members. Directed by Larry Lieblich and the pitch pipe, the

group features an a cappella approach to "a little of everything," including Simon and Garfunkel, the Beatles, Sixties medleys, "oldies but goodies" and some originals. Every other year they make a record, their latest being "Great Mandella," recorded with Capitol.

Tickets to the song fest will be \$1 at the door, or 75c now at the Discoveries shop on Spring Street in Williamstown.

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Delegate proposal debated

The following two viewpoints were submitted in response to the CC referendum to be held next Tuesday.

Ed.

called "impractical"

The proposed amendment to allow for the election of six at-large candidates to the College Council is clearly impractical and unfeasible, not only in that it would add six extra voices to a presently good-sized College Council where all possible sides to most major issues are already brought out, but also in that this amendment can lead only to one of two things: either the candidates elected will be voted into office on a plurality by a specific interest group (i.e. WMPIRG, the blacks) and take on the aura of being "one-issue" candidates, or, having been elected to office at-large and having not the slightest idea who voted for them, will be responsible to no one and will act as purely independent voices.

At present the College Council consists of about twenty representatives, and this group is more than large enough to conduct business at meetings efficiently. An additional six people would not really lend anything significant to the Council. There is rarely an important issue debated in College Council where all possible sides to the particular issue are not represented, and often students outside the Council are called in as the need arises to answer questions or argue in favor of proposals or requests they have submitted.

The election of "one-issue" candidates is a very real possibility if the amendment is passed. Because students are already allowed one vote in their respective residential houses for a College Council representative, they could be inclined to use their "extra" vote for a particular popular cause as represented by a specific candidate. Almost assuredly, none of the candidates winning the at-large election will receive a majority of votes, and the six with the largest pluralities will each represent small minorities of voters.

The other problem would result from candidates elected in this type of election, if they are not the candidate of a particular interest group, in trying to figure out, no matter how many votes they receive, just exactly who voted for them. In a representative form of government every elected representative is responsible to someone, but if he has absolutely no way of knowing who elected him to office, he is responsible to no one and becomes merely a voice expressing his own personal opinion. In being elected from a particular residential house, the representative is at least in constant immediate

contact with his constituents, and is able to know where majorities of his house members stand on specific issues. An at-large representative would never be able to measure the sentiment of a constituency he does not know or has no truly efficient way to keep in contact with.

I greatly sympathize with the losers for College Council races in various houses who indeed have something to offer, but such are the ways of politics. There are many non-elective posts on campus, particularly in coordination with the new student affairs office, that students interested in campus affairs can become involved in, without trying to add some virtual "dead weight" to the College Council.

Will Luedke '74

"more feedback needed"

The present constitution of the College Council calls for a membership to be drawn solely from the residential houses - one member per house - as well as four members from the freshman class. This system clearly seems to be lacking in several regards. The most important reasons for wanting to open elections for additional seats on the Council to the student body at large are obvious ones.

1. By increasing the Council by six at-large seats, a larger and therefore more representative group would result.

2. At-large elections would allow interested and active students to have a fair chance of becoming involved in student government. Presently, houses with as many as 110 people can select and send only one member to the Council.

3. As it now stands, there are very large active, and important interest groups at Williams which have no way of being represented on the Council. Such groups could be represented by mustering student support to elect someone sympathetic with their specific interests.

4. At large elections would provide a feedback on issues and ideas from the student body, as interested candidates would most likely run on issues and platforms.

The questions has arisen as to why the number "six" has been selected for consideration. The number is an arbitrary figure - as arbitrary as any would have been. It is however, a number large enough to bring diversity and heterogeneity to the council, while still being small enough not to hamper the discussion-debate format of the College Council meetings.

Vincent Vigorita

Shoot the Dog The Godfather at Williams

by Peter Hillman

Friday evening began innocently, as a night of celebration for 39-year-old Louie (Big Louie, Screwie Louie) Scardallo, reputed boss of the crooked dog races in North Adams. It was his birthday and he had taken his family of four for a celebration at Green Mountain Racetrack, where he won the daily double. Then he took his coterie, together with bodyguard Al "Three-Fingers" Gucci, to the film at the Mohawk Theater in North Adams.

At 9:30 they gathered at Bernardi's Restaurant for spaghetti and beer. Big Louie sat with his back to the door, working on his second pitcher. The door swung open. Two guys with big hats and new shoes started shooting. The first bullets hit the pitcher and the shattered glass blinded Scardallo. The next volley of bullets found their mark, and Scardallo went down, mortally wounded. Three-Fingered Gucci fired back, but the two guys ran out and jumped into a black Cadillac. "I would have got them," Gucci later told detectives, "But the trigger finger is one of the two I'm missing."

Tributes to the dead Scardallo flowed in from many sectors. His mother, Big Mama Scardallo, wept openly at the funeral, and said that her boy Louie was "a nice boy, but just hung around with the wrong kind of people." The proprietor of a local pizza shop compared the slain mob leader to John F. Kennedy. "He had that sense of concern for the poor," said Vinnie (The Greek) Rostini, an alleged lieutenant in the Scardallo family, "and if you ever doubted his charisma, he had the big guns to convince you otherwise." Stories of Scardallo's benevolence circulated in the wake of his slaying. Once, a local judge peered down from the bench during a stormy session, stared at one of Scardallo's lawyers during a racket trial, and pleaded: "If you see Screwie Louie, tell him I'm doing my best."

Not all the reminiscences were so positive, however. Mel, (Big Mel, Little Mel) Weisenberg, "boss of bosses" in the Berkshires, is said to have passed out cigars upon hearing of the gangland murder, telling members of his family that "the rat bastard couldn't even fix a dog race right." A cashier at Green Mountain recalled the commotion Scardallo used to make at the track. "He would jump up and down like a crazy man, demanding to place a bet, claiming that I was being unfair to Italians. I tried to tell him that the sellers' windows were on the other side, but Screwie Louie was the kind of guy who always had to have his own way." One man at the funeral, who would

only identify himself as Fat Marvin, passed out little engraved cards to the family which read: I Am Sorry It Had To Come To This. "Actually," Fat Marvin told the press unabashed, "I just came to make sure the crook was dead."

Who was this man who evoked such controversy in his shortened 39 years, this Big Louie Scardallo? Detectives from the New York area have definitely established a connection between the death of Scardallo and the recent wave of mob killings in that city. "We can say, and the evidence will substantiate this, that Scardallo had contacts with the Colombo family," Chief Detective Albert Seedless said the other day. "Five years ago Scardallo got a haircut while in New York at the same barbershop Colombo is said to have frequented until the Joe Gallo gang solved his tontorial problems with a gun." An informer in the Colombo family reports that Joe Sr.'s son broke the news of Screwie Louie's death to his father gently Saturday evening. Joe Sr. lifted his head from his sick-bed as the family moved in for his words "Screwie Louie who?"

An examination of Scardallo's long list of offenses, reveals him to be a truly despicable character. In 1961 he was sentenced to five years for irresponsible use of a deadly weapon. A gun Scardallo said he was "just practicing with" misfired in the direction of a member of a rival family. In 1957, Big Louie suffered the deep personal shame of dropping out of school at the behest of a judge who tied Scardallo in with the mysterious death of alleged narcotics czar Tito (The Horse) Hazzini, who died of natural causes after being beaten over the head with the lid of a trash can.

He escaped from the Berkshire Home for Boys and for a while fulfilled his ambition of someday being a big-time mob man, as he was hired by Joe Bonanos of New York. Young Scardallo became what is known in mob circles as the boss' "ash man." He followed Bonanos around the country for two years with an ash tray for Bonanos to deposit his cigars in.

How Big Louie got into the crooked dog races is still not clear. But he ran the races for four years, with the ever-faithful Three-Fingered Gucci working as his associate.

With the death of Scardallo, a vacancy poses serious problems of leadership in the family. In order to raise sufficient cash to carry on their illegal activities in the absence of the charismatic Scardallo, the family has sold the screen rights for the recent incidents to a producer from Hollywood. It is to be filmed up here early this summer, and certainly promises to outsell that other movie about gangsters.

News Briefs

Support your planet: Earth Week

This coming week, April 15-23, is Earth Week in Williamstown. Under its new Town Environmentalist, Michael Shay, and student Environmental Action Coalition, Williamstown has in the past year initiated many environmental programs. Reflecting these are the following events planned for EARTH WEEK '72. Everyone's participation is invited:

SATURDAY & SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 16

Town Cleanup. Meet at Carroll's, on Route 2, at 9:30 AM (both days). Free food and transportation from there, provided by Carroll's.

MONDAY, APRIL 17

Recycling Day. Be at Town Garage, Water Street (behind B&G), 10:00 AM to separate and recycle everything collected during the weekend cleanup, using the glass, metal and paper recycling facilities there.

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 19

Nature Hike and Camp Out. Five and a quarter mile hike leaving Tuesday morning; overnight trip leaving late Wednesday afternoon (you must have your own equipment). For information call 8-5594 or 8-3123. Rain dates Thursday and Friday.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22

Tree Planting Day. Meet at 9:00 AM at the corner of Cole Ave. and Stetson Road to help plant trees around Williamstown.

If you are interested in planning anything for a BIKE WEEK, MAY 1-7, sponsored by National Bikeology, contact Anne Webster at 8-8337 or Anita Brewer at 8-8034.

Action-packed flick

"Chile Puts on Long Pants," a documentary film by Alan and Hannah Levin will be shown in Bronfman Auditorium on Sunday evening at 7:15 p.m. Mr. Levin is a prize winning TV producer and works now for NET. He has won an Emmy for an ABC documentary "Sleep: the Fantastic Third World of Your Life." A discussion and question period will follow the thirty minute showing. The film is sponsored by the Williamstown Action Coalition.

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Fun at the steambath

A man finds himself in a steambath without remembering either where it is or how he arrived there. The man in charge is a Puerto Rican named Morty who inexplicably both mops the floor and delivers orders over a mysterious television set which apparently determine the fate of humanity below (above? outside?), and his companions all conjecture mysteriously on how things are going in life. These are the inhabitants of *Steambath*, being shown in the AMT Studio Theatre tonight and tomorrow night at 8:30.

The play, written by Bruce Jay Friedman, is the story of the bewildered man (Tandy, played by Alan Ruchman) discovering that life is not really a bed of roses. Along the way to this momentous awakening he is participant in or spectator to a multitude of richly comic episodes in the saga of the steambath.

The production of the AMT, directed by John Sayles, makes the most of these often hilarious gags (occasionally to the point of excess, but never to annoyance): sometimes the play bogs down with moralizing and humorless philosophy.

This last is not to say that the play is not entertaining, for in fact it is; the first act especially has such a wealth of humorous anecdotes, fascinating caricatures, and ribald one-liners (a la, "I'll come up there and kick you in the bazan-zas!"), that it is nearly impossible to keep from laughing, and for that reason alone the play is at least a partial success.

Yet there is a feeling throughout that one is being seduced into laughter, rather than encouraged; at times one feels rather like a laugh-track, knowing exactly when and where to laugh, but not quite wanting to, precisely.

This is not to imply that comedy precludes serious questions; the first act of *Steambath* is an excellent example of a

comic piece with serious aspects. However, one need not be bludgeoned with a five to ten minute monologue as a packaged statement of the moral in order to understand that moral.

This problem is painfully obvious in this production if one considers the relative effectiveness of the two acts. The first is without question the stronger, and the reason is, laying aside all questions of whether comedy or tragedy is the more valuable, that in the opening act the comedy is allowed to predominate.

By contrast, the second act, which necessarily bears the weight of what passes for a message in the play, bogs down in a mash of over-simplified and rather insipid moral monologues.

Given the faulty vehicle, Sayles' production is better than one could hope. His greatest talent lies in the enrichment of the inherent comedy of the play; unfortunately, this results in a concomitant ineffectiveness in the serious areas of the play, with one notable exception. The final scene of the opening act involves what is called in the script a miracle, and as an expression of the themes of the play it is by far without peer in this production.

The acting is, for the most part, excellent. P. J. Morello as the Puerto Rican attendant is superb, a perfect stereotype in sleeveless black T-shirt. His comic timing is impeccable. Steve Schulman and Bruce Pollock are equally good as Beiderman, the slovenly member of the Forties generation and the oldtimer, a lascivious ex-cable with a fondness for "them chit-chitty bang-bangs."

The set by Clay Coyle is imaginative and very clever, especially in producing the large number of special effects required by the show, and the lighting and sound are not only technically well-done but again also are useful for special effects.

All in all, *Steambath* is certainly worth viewing, both for the sheer fun of the technical effects and for the comic excellence of the cast. And finally, it is interesting to see what a good director with a good cast can do with a decidedly mediocre play.

Tom Allingham

Witches brouhaha

by James Grubb

The ticket lady couldn't believe that I was going to review *Mark of the Devil*. "You're going to write about that thing?" Sure, I said, our reading public has a right to know what's going on at the College Skinema even when there are no films for Willie Tolliver to write about. "Yes, but that? What in heaven will you say about it?" I said I was lousy at predictions and went in. I am, after all, the Flick Editor and my stomach is strong.

First step in the process (and, Best Beloved, you should know that all horrible flicks are rituals in bad taste) is the barf bag: "This VOMIT BAG and the price of admission will enable YOU to SEE... the first film rated V for Violence (Guaranteed to upset your stomach)" and it's a waterproof, airtight bag, the real thing. So everybody laughs and six drunks from Prospect make whooping noises and it's all whoopee.

Opening scene, straight from *Bonanza*. Wagon driving furiously, pursued by hollering native types. Only the wagon is full of nuns and they get gang-raped under the wide eyes of the mountain slopes. Cut to a village square as a man's fingers get lopped off like squirming sausages while the peasants cheer like it was Nebraska-Oklahoma. Two chesty wenches, accused of "illicit intercourse" with the Devil, are then toasted off on the latest in rack-and-opinion bonfires. Just a quaint little Inquisition. Nobody laughs.

We all meet the townies, jolly souls who are either hunting witches, being accused of witchcraft, (innocent and usually stacked) or enjoying their apathetic peasantry. The central one is Vanessa, 42-

D, the surliest waitress since you last visited Chicken Delight. She refuses to be raped by a witch-hunter, the Albino, a refuge from Robert Louis Stevenson pirate gangs. He denounces her and, with no respect for the due course of law, teaches Vanessa techniques of acupuncture with a six-inch stiletto.

Enter the Big One, the Witch Hunter, who is weird because he actually demands a sort of due process before he charboils people. He is Lord Cumberland the Pom-pous Bigot. Did you remember that it was a Cumberland, the Butcher of Culloden, who massacred the Scots in 1745? It figures. He is horny. The grateful woman: "How can I repay You?" Three guesses, readers, and it ain't rope.

More important is the rebellious apprentice sorceress-sizzler, Christian the art major. After a lot of slow-motion flower-dancing, accompanied by castrati chirping out their jollies in the background, he is raped by Vanessa and they fall in love.

Most of this visually excellent bum-breather is taken up by a well-plotted Reign of Torture. Good camera-work reveals a dazzling array of international methods of inflicting pain, including the Spanish Boot and the Chinese Water Torture which drives 'em bug-eye. Vanessa winds through the action spreading seeds of discontent, and Cumberland gives practical lessons in psychosis, but let's face it, your buck-fifty pays for agony and the Germans like to give their money's worth.

It is not very pleasant. The pain is far too well done, loving attention on burnt soles and ripped-out tongues and stabbed eyes. *Mark of the Devil* is not frightening so much as disgusting, churning the already queasy stomachs. It is a very well made flick, beautiful in color and accurate in setting, but the parade of pain turns the most objective sucker into a tower of nausea.

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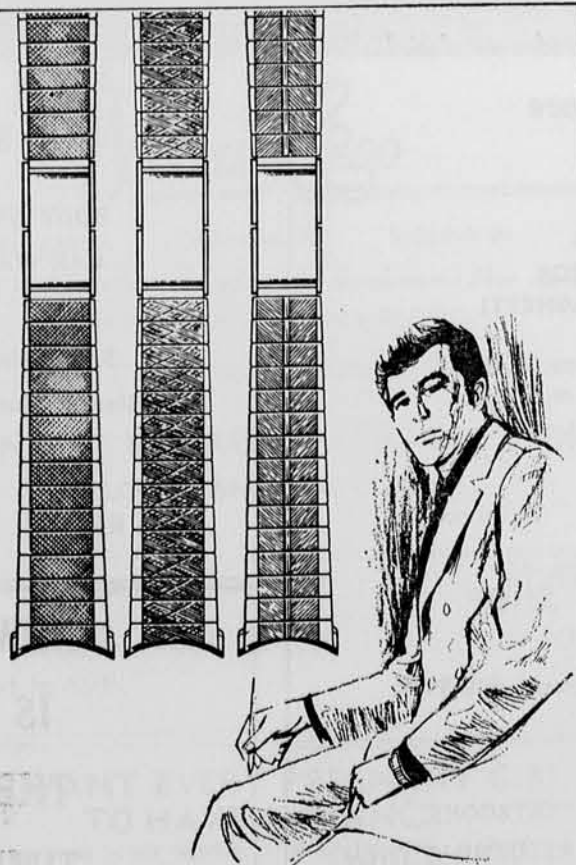
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Jane Fonda: Oscar how she liked it

by Steve Lawson

The forty-fourth installment of the Academy Award ceremonies telecast last Monday night was marked by the traditional scars:

Omissions of worthy nominees (Malcolm McDowell? Bibi Andersson? *Murmur of the Heart*?), "live" acts, superfluous awards, rhetoric which has never been more rhetorical, orchestral sludge, resurrection of aging or moribund ex-stars (Debbie Reynolds never gives us the illusion that we might be in the nineteen-seventies) - no criticism I can muster but makes it sound better than it was. With few exceptions, the emphasis was solidly on the past - Hollywood, after all, has no foreseeable future - and the days when nobody gave a thought to the movies as art. Nowadays, most people consider this possibility, though not much more, while the Academy's notion of an "art film" remains *Anne of a Thousand Days* or *Cleopatra*.

Despite Bob Hope's long-awaited absence, the running commentary was in no measure improved this year, with not one but three comedians (Sammy Davis, Jr., Alan King, Jack Lemmon) donning Hope's mantle, proving conclusively that three are thrice as unfunny as one. Nor were the honored guests, hauled up to give awards, much help: John Gavin leering at Ann-Margaret; Gene Hackman likewise at Raquel Welch; Liza Minelli, sporting enough false eyelashes to send the stage floor to the basement; Tennessee Williams (who was introduced by Jack Lemmon quoting *Time*; 'the greatest living playwright in the Western World'). The wit produced by this glittering group was flatter than pancake makeup, unredeemed by either aspersions or good honest sex (instead: smirks, allusions, hollow giggles).

But to the Awards: *The Last Picture Show* garnered both supporting awards,

with Ben Johnson crediting all Abilene, Texas for his triumph and Cloris Leachman - more modestly - thanking just her mother and those farsighted teachers way back when. (Miss Leachman snapped up my award, hands, down, for the Best Supported Performance While Accepting an Award.) *Fiddler on the Roof* swept son et lumiere, winning both cinematography and score.

When *Sentinels of Silence* copped both the short documentary and live-action short (winning, as it were, on both Democratic and Republican slates), even the ambience protested: large pieces of set began swaying to and fro. To counter this trend toward chaos, the Academy (more on this) offered a genuine choice: *The Hellstrom Chronicle* and Marcel Ophüls' *The Sorrow and the Pity* for feature documentary. The Ophüls film was much the better choice, but at least *Hellstrom* was a deserving winner - more than may be said of almost all the others. To make up for this excursion into intelligence, Joe Namath told us about costume history, Frank Capra told Natalie Wood about directing, and Jack Lemmon told anyone and everyone about his being snubbed for a nomination. By this time, it was getting increasingly difficult to tell the program from the commercials, especially when one composer noted how much *Fiddler's* score "has enriched all our lives" - a la oleomargarine, one assumes.

Jane Fonda provided the final moment of pleasure as she took her Best Actress award (*Kluge*). "Thank you, Academy," murmured Jane, "and thank you, all who applauded." Deathly silence. How could she have brought the Oscar off: radical infiltration of the voting? Or perhaps the simple, unadorned fact that she was the only American actress nominated? Walter Matthau had lauded the five nominees as possessing "struggle, skill, and, most of all, other special gifts": Miss Fonda's gift - her tongue - seemed at odds with the Academic notion, which tends to focus on more strictly localized areas.

Although I had not seen all of the films up for Best Picture, the clips screened did little to alleviate minor expectations. Nich-

olas and Alexandra turned out to be the ultimate work of art for those who have no idea what art is: lavish color (blood and rubies make a nice red); true "cinema" (those long shots of the Duma caving in patriotic furor, or of the Palace Guards doing their stuff); fidelity to history (Rasputin is actually included); and romance (from the looks of the Tsar and Tsarina, the Empire rotted away out of sheer ennui). *The Last Picture Show* has been acclaimed for its "daring" (black-and-white photography; its examination of rural mores), but that isn't much; *Main Street* devastated small-town America with more power and vigor than the LPS clip; the latter seemed little more than *Our Town* grafted onto *Boy's Town*. *Fiddler* was unspeakable: fuzzy, quasi-ethnic (not too foreign or blemished) faces in senseless closeups; pictorial melting candles; cockeyed camera angles for no reason except the box-office; heavenly chorus. Of the two films worthy of consideration, *A Clockwork Orange* and *The French Connection*, FC came out ahead more probably for its tried-and-true theme and action sequences than for its artistic validity. "To think," marveled FC's producer, "that this film now ranks with all those great films which have come this far!" Like *Oliver!*, *The Sound of Music*, *My Fair Lady*. Note, also, that all five are box-office bonanzas, settling for good the idea that the judges will ever hesitate between artistry and *Variety*.

In summing up, let us note the Catchword. Every year in Oscarland, some vague, breathless term or phrase dominates the proceedings. A few years back, it was either "race" or honesty" (though not much of either); this year, we were bombarded with "Chaplin" and "the Academy." No less than twenty-six times did some bright light drop "Academy" on our heads - signifying, of course, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The persistent idea that Oscars are linked with achievement depends on the premise that AMPAS is made up of the nominee's peers (actors for an actor; directors for a director). No, to directly refute Helen Hayes (in some circles, as serious as a

flag-burning). Award-giving in any field assumes artistic or intellectual distinction, a serious defect in a field where Industry, not Art, reigns. Bob Hope once suggested that the Oscars are esteemed because experts grant them: as a wall may be supreme if approved by bricklayers. But the connection escapes me, as it has others: what do bricklayers know about architecture/art/design? The Oscars continue to be a business proposition, run and judged by those who are more often than not friends, partners, and lovers of the winners.

Only in the last few years have Oscars been grudgingly expanded to include foreign films. Such ostensible open-mindedness, superficially more sincere than the earlier rank discrimination, still will not allow a foreign film to gain parity with a home-grown product. Each country may submit one film for consideration, but it follows that, to tickle the AMPAS palate, that film will be the most Hollywoodian. Hence, in 1966, the Best Foreign Film Award went to *A Man and a Woman* and *Persona* was not even nominated, despite its status as the most significant work of the last decade. (Ingrid Bergman? She made a film?) The producers, entertainers, and technicians who compose the AMPAS ranks may be qualified to ponder special-effects (I can't think of another category I'd trust them with), but you will never catch them reading a subtitle unless necessary. Any solution must be apocalyptic: change the membership, scrap the industry.

The awards are not improving; the banality marches on.

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News Briefs cont.

Continued from Page 2

Memorial library fund

An environmental library fund is being established in memory of Arthur E. Nathan, a member of the Class of '73, who passed away in June last year. Donations may be mailed to the Office of Development in Jesup Hall, or given to either Jim Markowitz in Prospect or Larry Shoer in Tyler. Checks should be made payable to the Arthur E. Nathan '73 Fund. Anyone wishing further information should contact either Jim Markowitz at 8-5784 or Larry Shoer at 8-5793.

Some endorsements for WMPIRG

Endorsement by prominent Massachusetts state officials has been given to Public Interest Research Groups both in Eastern and Western Massachusetts. United States Senator Edward W. Brooke noted that "citizens throughout the nation have become increasingly aware of the need to protect our natural resources and improve our urban development . . ." and that "these goals can best be achieved through united public action." He applauded the "dedication of the PIRG organizers and the interest of the large number of students who seek to become more directly involved in community affairs." Congressman Silvio O. Conte of this Berkshire County district added his approval of the aims of WMPIRG, citing his own efforts in consumer and environment protection throughout his fourteen years as a Congressional Representative. The College Council of Williams endorsed the campus organization of WMPIRG last week in a 12-1 decision and a petition to that effect will be presented at the annual Trustees' Meeting on April 20th.

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Continued from Page 1

groups that appear inclined to deviant behavior. Even the introduction, from 1910-1920, of parole and probation could not improve the system.

Rothman claims that parole and probation "seem meaningful alternatives for district attorneys, judges and wardens," because, in their dealings with suspected criminals and prisoners, parole and probation speed up court processes and are excellent bargaining weapons in disputes with suspects and inmates. Yet to the "good-hearted reformer" these two devices are a means to rehabilitation and, contends Rothman, this aspect is "pure fantasy." "We do not now have the ability to change behavior against people's wishes," Rothman argued, and therefore all rehabilitation schemes in the nineteenth century mold are doomed to failure. What, according to Rothman, is the correct ap-

proach for society to take?

The goal should be to "decarcerate as many prisoners as possible. If you raise the question about what to do with a five-time rapist or a three-time murderer you are starting at the wrong end of the road," Rothman declared. He conceded that perhaps ten per cent of the present prison population would have to remain behind locked doors, but these would only be dangerous individuals.

Rothman is an historian, grappling with the problem of prisons in a basically historical way. He admitted that, given the insanity of the present system, new approaches are hard to come by. He has nevertheless come up with relevant historical information that more clearly shows the deficiencies of the present system.

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Volume 1, Number 11
Friday, April 14, 1972

Middlebury swept by cindermen 76-42; Mertz, Reed key victorious onslaught



photo by Chris Witting
Mike Reed begins to open up his winning lead in the slow heat of the 440. Middlebury's top runner "won" the event in the faster heat, though two coaches clocked Reed in a faster time and Reed (most probably) would have won a head-to-head race.

by Pete Farwell

In its inaugural meet of the spring season the outdoor track team swept to victory over Middlebury 76-42. It was an excellent day for a meet, with the track in perfect shape because the meet was held in the Towne Field House. Even without the cinders the reborn Ephs triumphed in 12 of the 14 events, a nostalgic return to the Plasky era, with some new Dzurinko blood added for rejuvenation.

High-point man for the day was Pete Mertz, easily outdistancing his Panther opponents in the high jump (6'2"), long jump (20'2") and triple jump (41'4"). Tom Lester tossed the shot 48'7" in his warm-up for longer throws in the weight events outdoors. Ron Eastman displayed strength and form in vaulting 13' to complete a perfect sweep in the field events.

The sprinters likewise demonstrated their prowess, particularly their agility in navigating the treacherous turns during the 440 relay and 220 yard dash. Wes Durham clinched the latter in 24.1 with Dave McCormick third in 24.9. These two plus Bob Neuwoehner and Mike Reed sped to a 47.3 clocking in the relay. Reed eased to his usual first in the hurdles in 7.6 and a second in the 440, due to some dubious clockwork which let a Middlebury man from another heat take the prize. Jeff Elliott, making it a habit of running when sick, still flashed to a 6.3 win in the 60-yard dash, with workhorse Durham third in 6.6.

In the distance events the highlights were Steve Reuman's stylish victory in the 880 in 2:01, a fine time for the early season, with Bill Holman in second. Tom Cleaver put on his usual show to give the fans a thrill and pulled out the mile by an inch over Joe McNulty with a good 4:30. Pete Farwell managed a 9:50 second place showing in the two-mile. Even with the meet resolved the mile relay of Elliott, Durham, Stan Fri and Reed kept their slate clean to finish the meet going away in 3:33.

The crushing victory was an auspicious beginning for what should be a great season for the cindermen. Already they have one more victory than they amassed in the last five years. The next meet is with Brandeis on Saturday at home, to be held indoors again if the outdoor track is not yet in shape.

There is much that happens on campus of athletic interest that does not reach the attention or pages of the **ReAd**, to the loss of its readers. The paper welcomes any hints, insights, articles or the like of athletic content. These may be left on the Sports Editor's desk at the **ReAd** office in Baxter.

Kirkland, Pierce battle during IM swim meet

by Steve Hauge

The annual Williams' Aquatic Carnival surfaced last Tuesday in the spacious confines of Muir Pool. All the great has-beens, will-bes, and never-weres were on hand. Also appearing in number and noise was a large Spencer House contingent who continuously applauded the antics of their continuous stream of swimmers.

The races were run quite smoothly by Swimming Coach Samuelson and aptly clocked by Tom Crain, Jim Harper and Andy Holt, though at times all the lanes were not filled, as if to give spectators a greater chance to observe special displays of aquatic talent. This might have been the case when Steve Kirkland of Bryant and Reggie Pierce of Fitch were squared off in the first heat of the 100 fly. Both had flying starts and were moving swiftly through the water for the first one and a half laps. Though breath soon became short, they plowed on, with will power now their sole support.

Each of the last two laps quickly acquired the same form. Pierce would resuscitate himself a while by hanging onto an end wall while Kirkland took a small lead. Then with a few strokes Pierce would catch the slowing Kirkland and the two would slow down further, ensemble. At his last turn Pierce staggered upright in the pool's shallow end with a quizzical and reluctant look on his face. The question of what he actually was doing in the pool was finally dawning, painfully. But the sight of Kirkland with his customary early-lap lead and the sudden thought of his house sparked within him "that sense of something far more deeply inter-fused", his house spirit. Pierce sprang into a flurry of movement and motivated will. This burst lasted for only a few strokes. A belabored sluggishness overcame both swimmers until they began checking each other's progress every few yards. Kirkland won the homestretch "duel" by a grope, and as the applause billowed down the two warriors posed for the press.

Gladden House won the intramural swim meet with 27½ points, followed by Perry and Williams with 20, Dennett 15½ and Fitch 14.

The winners of the separate events were: Jack Howland (Perry) in the 50 free; Scott Cooper (Perry) the 100 free; Cooper the 200 free; Dick Chinman (Gladden) and Buzz Constable (Dennett) tied in the 100 backstroke; Tom Allingham

(Hopkins) the 100 breaststroke; Howland the 100 butterfly; Vince Vigorita (Gladden) the 100 individual medley; Bob Beck (Williams) the diving; and Gladden House the culminating 200 free relay.

A breakdown of team scoring shows various methods of accruing points. Gladden had 19½ of their 27½ in first-place points; Perry had 20 of 20. Williams, however, had only 5 of 20 in firsts, adding three seconds and one third.

The composition of these three top teams shows similar variance. Gladden, used a handful of swimmers, well placed and spaced. Williams had only three people - Beck, Tom Detman (two seconds) and Chris Suhoren (a second and a third). Perry's team consisted of two - a remarkable undefeated coordinate performance by senior roommates Cooper and Howland.

Unfortunately, these swimmers from Perry and Williams can glory only in the aesthetic of their achievements. Teams with less than 5 members by the rules are excluded from intramural points.

Harvard edges golfers in triangular match

by Joe LaPaglia

Coach Rudi Goff's golf team traveled to Boston Tuesday for a season-opening triangular match with Harvard and Boston College. The pre-season optimism, however, must have been dampened since the Ephs finished second in the triangular behind Harvard. The final score saw Harvard winning by a narrow six-stroke margin as the Crimson pointed a five-man total of 390 - or an average of 78 per player. Williams followed a close second with 396 while Boston College limped through the course with 423.

Leading the Purple scoring were senior Co-captain Bill Kehoe and sophomore John Sutter with 78's. Junior Jim Tyber posted a 79, followed by junior Rob Cella's 80, and rounds of 81 by senior Co-captain Mark Udall and junior Fred Bradley who tied for fifth spot.

The team will attempt to avenge last year's double loss to UMass. and Yale in the rain at New Haven when the three teams meet on the Taconic course Saturday. The match will be of more than usual importance for Williams because the Ephs' only defeats in a 12-2 record last year occurred in this triangular match.



photo by Chris Witting
Jeff Elliott sprints to victory in the 60-yard dash. Wes Durham (left) was nipped for second.

Laxmen lose 8-4 to Harvard in sodden game

by Bill Pinakiewicz

A cold, luckless first half, combined with several costly penalties proved to be the margin of difference in Wednesday afternoon's game with Harvard. In the first two quarters the Williams' laxmen couldn't seem to do anything right. Errant passes, difficulty in clearing the ball, and generally stale play were the big factors allowing Harvard to jump to a substantial 5-0 halftime lead. The first half was doubly frustrating by virtue of the four shots (3 of Steve Dietrick's and 1 of Em Drayton's) that "hit the pipe" and bounded off harmlessly into the corners of the Harvard zone. At least two of these shots appeared to be sure goals, and one couldn't help but wonder how much longer Harvard's good luck (or rather Williams' bad luck) would last.

After about a minute and a half into the third period the question became academic. Midfielder Bob Koegel started and finished a fast break with the prettiest goal of the afternoon. He was aided by a brilliant assist from Bob Pinkard, who pleased the crowd only seconds later with a picture-perfect feed to Andy Harper who scored to give the contest a new complexion at 5-2. Quicker than one could say "Renzi Lamb", Ken Kubie decided to take matters into his own hands and amazed everyone (the Harvard goalie included) with an unassisted backhand shot from close range. With the score at 5-3 the momentum had definitely shifted to the Ephs. A quick twenty-footer that found its way through Matt Levine's legs and into the goal momentarily took the wind out of Williams' sails. Falling to score when Harvard was two men down didn't help matters much, but "beardless" Bob Koegel came to the rescue when he dug the ball out of a crowd in front of the Harvard goal and flipped it into Dick Nesbitt's stick from whence it was hastily transported into the Harvard nets. This rounded out the scoring in the third period with Harvard ahead by only two goals, 6-4.

The fourth quarter can be described best as a big sloppy mess, both in the condition of the field and the quality of play. Harvard, however, made fewer mistakes than the Williams' squad and turned two penalty situations into goals in the fourth stanza. The final score was a disappointing, 8-4.

The bright spots in the game would have to be the play of Bob Koegel (1 goal and 1 assist), Bob Pinkard (2 assists), and goalie Matt Levine, outstanding as usual, with 26 saves.

The laxmen will meet Colgate this Saturday at 2:00 p.m. on Cole Field. They were 8-2 victors at Colgate last year.

Students donate 192 pints in Bloodmobile drive

On a day that gave a new definition to "slush", Williams' students turned out in record numbers to donate blood. Of the 247 people who were allowed to donate (284 had offered, but for medical reasons some had to be refused), 192 were students. When the side doors of the First Congregational Church which had opened at 10:20 closed at 4:00, over a dozen late, would-be donors had to be turned away. About 300 people thus volunteered their blood, a sizable jump over those expected for the goal of 200 pints.

Carl Samuelson, chairman of the drive, was overjoyed by the turnout. "It was an excellent response, especially from Williams students." Beyond the normal publicity of posters, radio statements and articles in the **Record Advocate** and the North Adams Transcript, Samuelson had Phil Spevak and Jerry Phelan who arranged spokesman in most of the houses to encourage the drive. This personal contact, and the daily reminders were probable causes of the "fantastic" showing.

Though blood donors are the prime ingredient for success in a blood drive, there still must be a staff of nurses, typists and the like who are willing to donate their day to make the operation work. Samuelson noted and respected this unselfishness on the part of the large group of workers: "I have a deep sense of appreciation for the time and effort of all the people who assisted here today."

247 pints of blood thus are on their way by Bloodmobile, refrigerated truck, to the Western Massachusetts Blood Center in Springfield. The blood, gathered at a rate of a pint every 80 seconds, bespeaks the combined effort of the kind student outpouring and the thankful work of the volunteers.