

RECORD ADVOCATE

williams college
williamstown, mass.
september 26, 1972
volume 1, number 23

Black students form Union, set new goals

The following is the result of an interview with members of the Williams Black Student Union by ReAd News Editor Helen Plasse.

The Williams Afro-American Society, as such, no longer exists on this campus. Instead, the society has changed its name and reassessed its immediate and long range goals. The result is the formation of the Williams Black Student Union (WBSU) which seeks to provide a new orientation for Black conception of its identity and role at Williams.

The new WBSU hopes to create an era of increased Black participation in all campus activities in order that the interests of the Black community will be represented, acknowledged, and influential in all areas which affect their lives here on campus. It is seen as an effort to control as much of the environment as possible not in terms of power but in the essential terms of survival.

More members will be encouraged and supported in their efforts to become members of vital committees, College Council representatives, and participants in other officially organized activities where the need for Black participation is viewed as essential for their own self-interest. Union members will also seek to work indirectly in setting up channels of communication with groups in which there is no particular representative for their community.

The name change itself reflects the assumption that "We are Black people, not Afro-Americans. Though we have been Americanized/Europeanized, this part of us is not the best part, nor is it what we are trying to be." WBSU's actual internal structure will consist of five work coun-

cils: Communications, Politics and Community Organizing, Education, Cultural Productions, and Security and Maintenance. Each of these councils will have specific on-going projects that together will involve the majority of the Black student body and will affect the entire campus.

For instance, the Communications work council will publish WBSU's newsletter and distribute it to Black students on campus, as well as mailing approximately 1,000 copies to parents, alumni, and interested Blacks throughout the country. This work council also anticipates publishing "Pamoja Tutashinda - Together We Will Win," a literary magazine, three times this year. Last spring's first edition sold about 1,000 copies and was reviewed by national and local Black groups. Recent talks with publishers and distributors has encouraged the council that the magazine can operate on a firm basis this year.

One of the major projects of the Politics and Community Organizing work council will be in attempting to set up a program of internships, possibly with a group like the Black Caucus of the Albany State Legislature. Community and political involvement is also anticipated in other nearby Black communities.

The focus of the Educational council, however, is directed principally with the on-campus success of Black students. They will be working on tutorial programs to assist all Black students in staying in school; the programs will focus on campus courses as well as providing instruction in areas which interest Black students. This council is also responsible for the WBSU library, and will work on matters relating to Admissions.

But perhaps the most active and organized work council at this time is that of Culture. This group has already planned its agenda for the fall semester and will arrange films, speakers, poetry readings, theatre and poetry workshops. The fifth work council, that of Security and Maintenance, will be responsible for the upkeep of equipment and will coordinate transportation for the group and its myriad activities.

Brushstrokes of the master - - of Arts

by Patti Deneroff

If you have recently paid a visit to the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute you may have discovered that one of your favorite paintings is now hanging in a different nook. The shifting has occurred in order to provide two temporary classrooms for students participating in the new Graduate Art History Program inaugurated by the College in cooperation with the Clark.

Twelve of 40 applicants were accepted for this first entering class. They are a diverse group, some students not even having concentrated in art history during their undergraduate years while others have already completed graduate work in Public Affairs, Medieval History, or Art History. All the students, however, will be steeped in art historical and language study this semester as they participate in the courses which are required of them.

The seminars offered include a course on 17th Century Dutch Painting taught by Franklin Robinson of Dartmouth, a course in the History and Criticism of French Painting from David to Manet taught by George Heard Hamilton, Director of the Clark, and a course on the Architecture of Brunelleschi and Alberti taught by Williams Art Professor Eugene J. Johnson.

Students in the program have been presented with the opportunity to travel and study in London and Amsterdam during January in conjunction with their classroom work during the Winter Study period.

In addition to the seminars, which will meet once a week, the students are attending almost daily classes in French, German and Italian. The approach in teaching these languages is somewhat singular, since the emphasis is upon gaining proficiency in reading. Because many of the books needed in their research work are written in other languages, the texts chosen for class are selections from literature pertaining to art history and criticism.

The graduate art history students will also be exposed to the areas of conservation and connoisseurship, and will be engaged in curatorial work at the Clark and the Williams College Art Museum. During

extra hours sandwiched between their classes, independent study, and practical training, some of the students are even managing to audit undergraduate courses.

When they are not in their temporary library quarters (an impressive new building with expansive area for library facilities, offices, and more exhibition space expected to be completed by the first of the year), six of the women may be found living in a house on Hoxsey Street, the two men in Mission Park, and four of the other women in nearby apartments.

Although they have not been here more than a couple of weeks, strong impressions already have been formed, and they speak with praise of the close and easy relationship between faculty and student and of the beautiful surroundings. A couple of fleeing New Yorkers report that they specifically were drawn to the Williams MA Program for its smallness, excellent research facilities and rural setting.

Adelphic oracle pronounces

by Martha Coakley

Williams debaters actually attended a tournament last year. The Adelphic Union also managed a small high school debate tournament. The Elihu A. Smith Rhetorical Prize was unearthed and awarded to two undergraduates. And this was on a budget of \$100 that Paul Isaac, Williams '72, barely eked from College Council appropriations for a semi-dormant organization.

Such a forensic record fails to compare favorably with the Williams Adelphic Union of the late 18th century. In 1795, the Union comprised the Philotechnian and the Philogian Societies which gave annual rhetorical exhibitions. The societies also sponsored orations by such luminaries as Edward Everett, William Lloyd Garrison, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Henry Ward Beecher. Ironically, both societies began as "secret" organizations complete with tokens, badges and grips as well as closed convocations.

Never lacking a variety of issues although "buried in the wilderness", the Philotechnicians debated the questions of liberty of the press, foreign immigration,

Continued on Page 3

L.A. in D.C.: summer on the Hill

Michael Pete '73 spent the summer working in the United States Senate and was director of the '72 Mead Summer Seminar Program.

On July 27, the day after the Senate voted for a billion dollar nuclear aircraft carrier, they were asked to approve the Trident Submarine system. These subs cost \$1.3 billion each, and we would be buying 24 of them.

Sen. Bentsen of Texas was sponsoring a rather controversial amendment to defer completion of the first Trident from 1978

to 1981; the vote, it was rumored, would be close.

The lobbying was strong, but I had not committed the Packwood vote to the forces of either side. Three hours before the vote I was on the Floor listening to the debate and talking to other legislative assistants. A Senate page ran up and said I had a phone call - from Admiral Hyman Rickover.

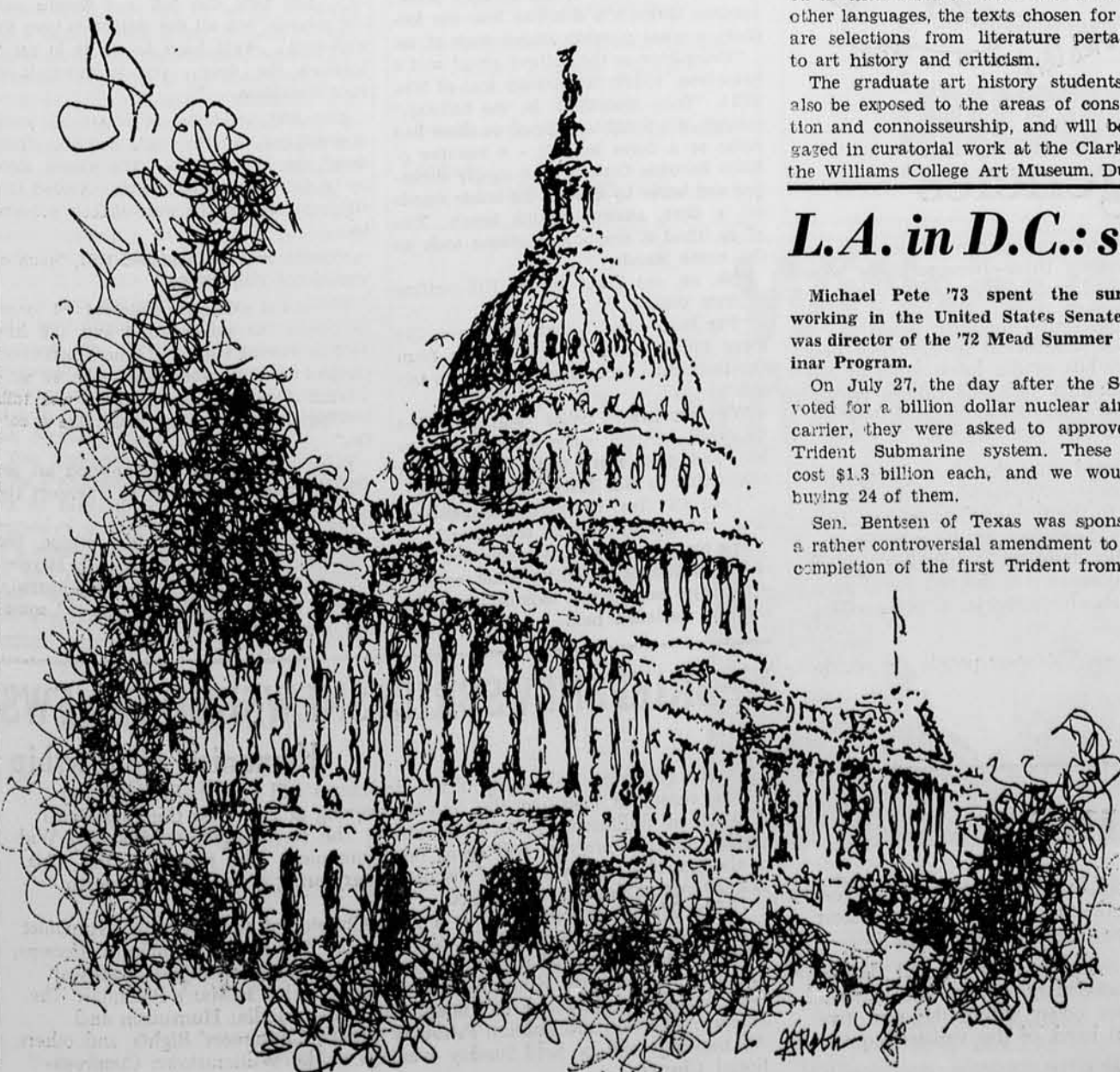
Rickover, now retired and working as a consultant in the pentagon, is probably the world's foremost authority on nuclear propulsion. He argued the Navy position - against the amendment and for the '78 date.

We talked for 25 minutes.

Although I had with me the material prepared by Sen. Bentsen's staff, the admiral could readily answer any questions I posed. It was like arguing with God about religion.

On May 30th I started to work as a regular paid intern for U.S. Senator Robert Packwood (R - Oregon). Ten days later, when one of his staffers resigned, I was asked to be a legislative assistant until September 1st at three times the pay. But the higher pay was not the most valuable part of being a legislative assistant to a United States Senator. On the job training proved to be a tremendous learning technique.

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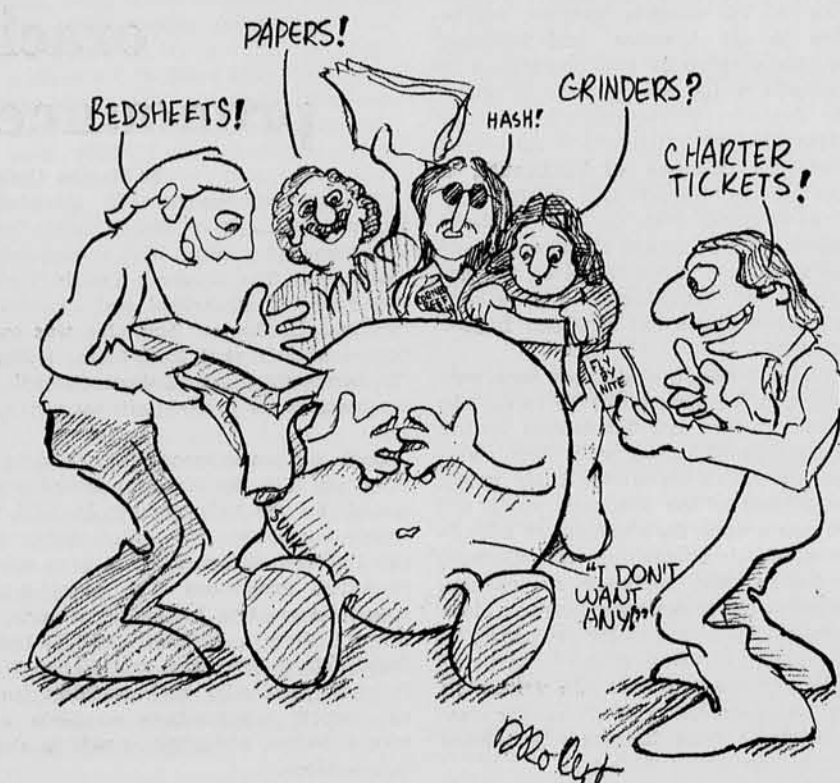
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The RecordAdvocate is an independent newspaper published twice a week during school year by the students of Williams College, Williamstown, Ma. 01267. Entered as second class postal matter Nov. 27, 1944 at the post office at North Adams, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second Class postage paid at North Adams, Ma., 01247. Subscription price \$7.50 yearly. Subscription orders, undeliverable copies, and change of address notices should be mailed to the newspaper at Baxter Hall, Williamstown, Mass. 01267. All editorial correspondence must be signed by the writer if intended for publication. Unless signed, editorials represent the opinions of the ReAd editorial board (co-chairmen, co-editors and managing editors).



Student Agencies

There have been several serious cases of mismanagement of student-run campus agencies in recent years. Notable among these—because there were large amounts of money involved—were the travel agency shenanigans a couple of years ago and the recent laundry service caper.

All students who sell something on campus—whether it be dry roast beef sandwiches clattering in the bottom of a salty box or the latest tapes of last month's West Coast rock heroes—should be familiar with the college regulations concerning campus agencies. The rules are easy to find since they are printed on the last page of the College Handbook.

Two regulations in particular should be noted since they have been overlooked on several occasions—sometimes unwittingly. Any student who runs a campus agency must present financial records to the Career Counseling office before the close of the school year. In addition, according to the rules no student may use his room to advertise or conduct business. While this second requirement seems rather stringent (especially compared to the policies of most other schools) it presumably prevents such undesirable activities as pizza rolling concessions in the Mission Park stairways.

So all campus entrepreneurs please take note. This year people are watching more closely.

Register now

Time Magazine, and other trend-setting publications, described last year on campus as a "cool" one. For good or ill, it doesn't appear that much heat has been generated this year, even with a national election coming up.

With the election just a matter of weeks away it is crucial that all students who are eligible to vote register, and, if necessary, secure absentee ballots. The registration deadlines for many states occur within the next two weeks. The Student Affairs office has a list on hand of the various requirements for voters in all the states.

The Orchestrion lives

by Andy Bader

There are some sights that are meant for a child's eyes and no one else's. Everyone has heard the stories about leprechauns. Or how about the tales concerning the eight foot player piano with stained-glass windows, built-in drums, triangle, and cymbal, not to mention the 32 "flutes" and 32 "violins"...you don't know the story?

Before I begin, skeptics take note. Adults who scoffed at the "little people" never got to see them. My child's vision was a lucky accident. With just the right amount of imagination - and whimsy - your eyes may open a little wider too. This is the true story of a journey to Serendip (North Adams, no less).

Truman McLain sells and repairs all manner of electronic gadgetry. At his store in North Adams he'll show you the latest shiny addition to the "sound room" or cheerfully re-wire a new cartridge for your turntable when the old one joins the great American line-up of "discontinued models". He can show you batteries, fuses, bulbs, T.V.'s and tape recorders.

Some days, if you're lucky, he can show you a lot more. For the last two years Truman has patiently and painstakingly restored the "Orchestrion" to its original marvelous condition. What is it?

Pop in a nickel and things begin to happen. The little back corner of his workshop lights up into a great banjo bar, a picnic, a park gazebo.

An invisible hand plays the fancy piano. But that is just the beginning. The stained-glass cabinets above the tinkling ivories show two statue-of-liberty torches, a Dutch village, and (you won't believe this) a purple mountain not unlike Pine Cobble.

Old time piano music is infectious and Truman could see that I was excited. With a true showman's touch he flipped open the painted cabinets to reveal a base and snare drum, with the cymbal and tri-

angle clanging away in time with the piano. He then opened the bottom cabinets to display the original electric motor which powered an old fashioned pump. "No electronic parts in the piano, pipes or percussion," said the electronics salesman with a twinkle in his eye. The entire "orchestra" runs on air. The "flutes" and "violins" turned out to be a set of 64 pipes, a sort of hybrid organ-cellope nestled underneath the invisible drummer.

The "ensemble" banged out "Yours and Mine" as I stood mesmerized, watching the pump arms plugging away. "That's a real oldie" intoned Truman with a smile. He wasn't kidding.

The "Orchestrion" was originally built in 1900 by J. P. Seeburg in Chicago. Somehow the one piece band found its way to the old Sand Springs resort on the edge of Williamstown. Some local natives can still remember their parents dancing to its tunes.

The electronic era must have caught up with this musical marvel. The Orchestrion ended up in a barn on the Mohawk Trail, dismembered by an old man who died before he could put it back together again.

Truman and his partner at Electronic Supply, Dick Wildermuth, bought the fading vaudevillian two years ago. Over that period Truman rebuilt nearly all the moving parts. He punched out pieces of leather for the many valves and cut countless sections of rubber cloths for the pneumatics which give voices to the pipes.

And now two years later, the Orchestrion is a valued antique, an instrument that lists for about \$11,000 on the collectors' market. But this old trouper has sunk deep roots in this area. "I'd like to see someone around here buy it so that we could go and see it sometimes," remarked Truman.

After the initial investment, it's a wondrous bargain at a nickel a song.

Reflections

FIRST MOVEMENT

We stood newly-arrived in the entry hall of Victor Hill's brown-shingled house. Looking through a doorway into the kitchen, a glass penguin stared back at us.

"Everything in the hallway goes," said a voice from within (apparently that of Mrs. Hill). "Take everything in the hallway," echoed Jeff Seitelman. Since we three had come as a favor to Jeff - a member of Hill's Baroque Consort - we simply shrugged and began by dusting the music stands off a dark, antique-looking bench. Two of us lifted it slowly as someone took up the music stands.

"No, no, not that." It was Hill puffing in from outside.

"Put that down... that stays here. I'm sorry I'm late, but I've just come from the treasurer's office getting money to pay you."

We expressed polite surprise that we would be paid (since we were surprised), and even more polite apologies for attempting to take Hill's antique bench.

"Let's all five carry the harpsichord first, and get the rest of this later."

The harpsichord was, of course, the crux of the matter. It sat on its stand, covered with white canvas, and looking much like a large, flattened ham.

"You hold here, and you over there... yes... and I'll get here by the keyboard... Jeff, you take the tall - it weighs only 150 pounds, but all the weight is near the keyboard... we'll have to tip it to get it through the door... try to catch it on your shoulders..."

The Hill residence is about 50 yards downhill of Griffin Hall, actually "next door" on Main Street. The grassy slope up to Griffin was judiciously avoided (too slippery). The paths were strictly adhered to.

"Remember," admonished Hill, "each of you is carrying \$2,000."

We moved along. He chuckled: "I forgot to phone the police chief and tell him we'd be moving this. One time a policeman stopped at night wondering what we were moving. I was dressed in coat and tails moving this thing that looks like a coffin."

It is said Hill formerly owned an old black hearse, and used it to transport the harpsichord.

Passing Griffins Civil War statue, two wide-eyed young girls passed on bicycles. "What's in the box," one asked spritely. "...er... body... one leg missing..." someone mumbled.

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Humanist Fellowship

The Humanist Fellowship of the Berkshires will hold its first meeting of the season at 7:30 p.m. this Sunday evening at the First Congregational Church of Williamstown, on Main Street. The Rev. Eugene ("Woody") Wierick, Unitarian minister, will speak on "Humanism: The Fourth Faith." This is the first of a weekly series of discussions exploring aspects of Humanism. All interested persons are invited.

The Humanist Fellowship is a local Chapter of the American Humanist Association, headquartered in San Francisco. A series of Humanist Forums, open to the public, will present current thought on such topics of ethical and moral concern as: Ethics in Politics Today; What is Man's Potential? The New Sexual Revolution; Free Thought and Mass Media; Humanism and Science; Abortion and Politics; Prisoners' Rights; Consumers' Rights; and others. All meetings will be held Sunday evenings at the Williamstown Congregational Church.

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Andy Bader

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Correspondence

Student voice

To the editor:

The controversy over student participation at faculty meetings has been developing for several years. As reported in the September 13 issue of the *ReAd*, there have been several largely unsuccessful attempts to increase (or initiate) student involvement.

The issue is really quite simple - to what extent are students allowed a voice in major policy questions affecting their education at Williams. No one denies that the faculty have the right to meet alone when they wish to discuss questions relating solely to faculty; but when decisions concerning the overall structure of the college curriculum and environment are being made, students should be permitted to participate.

Most of the arguments presented by those opposed to student involvement do not deal with this issue. One variant is that faculty members will not feel free to speak honestly in the presence of students; another is that since the faculty has defeated previous resolutions to this effect, it is useless to try again; still others say that few students would be interested; while some maintain that the meetings would be too crowded.

One of the reasons for the lack of progress has been the unwillingness on the part of students to voice their opinion forcefully. I hope that those concerned about this situation will speak to College Council members or other student representatives and support any attempts to involve students in major decision making.

Stephen Golub '74
College Council Representative
Prospect House

more oratory

Continued from Page 1

emancipation, utility of religion, conquest of Canada, quack doctors, the Louisiana purchase, and the education of girls. All of this conspired under the watchful eye of President Ebenezer Fitch.

The resuscitation effort begun last year, however, may promote further alive-and-well signs from the Union. An organizational meeting of last week comprised a president, David Sylvan '75; a treasurer, Vernon Kirk, '75; six or seven members and a faculty advisor, Mr. Ronald Gilliam, a new member of the Political Science Department. Not only is the membership increase an improvement in numbers from when Isaac and Adelpic Union were synonymous: financially the statistics of the Union should improve almost as favorably after the CC appropriations of this fall.

Plans for the '72-'73 season appear ambitious especially in contrast to recent years. The traditional Freshman Speaking Contest is already arranged for September 28 at 8 p.m. in the Rathskellar of Baxter Hall; invitations have been received by the president to three "off-National-topic" tournaments, including a challenge from Wesleyan for October; and the Union may attempt to arrange intramural speaking and debate contests.

The Freshman Contest offers contestants a chance to win \$25 and a quarter keg of beer. Short extemporaneous discourses on a variety of topics will be rated by a select judging panel. Sylvan was victor last year after convincing Paul Isaac that "Morgan Hall should be converted into a red-light district."

The Adelpic Union at best could provide a legitimate forum for communication on campus. Rhetorical skills at Williams are often neglected when successful paper-writing equals dean's list. Verbal communication deserves some respect as a means of self-expression (especially for unsuccessful finger painters, the tone deaf, or the Ballet 1 drop-outs.) The Union at least could provide a legitimate means of entertainment (on nights when Gurgle doesn't convene).

After all, there's really never been a lack of bull on campus.

L. A. in D. C.

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The 39-year-old Senator had a typical office staff of 18 people. As one of five legislative assistants I was responsible for keeping him informed and advising him on Floor votes for all legislation coming from the Aviation and Aerospace, Armed Services, Foreign Relations, Veterans' Affairs, and Commerce Committees. I communicated in person, by phone, or in writing with anyone who contacted the Senator concerning these areas.

My past experience provided the necessary background for all of the committees to which I was assigned. I have a Commercial Pilot license with an instrument rating and instructors certificate. During my military service I was an Airborne Ranger Green Beret Infantry Captain with assignments in Washington, D.C. and the Far East. I am a veteran of years of hassling with the bureaucracy of the Veterans Administration. In addition, my Williams '71-'72 Winter Study was in Hong Kong, Taiwan, and Okinawa.

Although weekly and daily schedules are made for business on the Senate Floor, the present Majority leadership finds it difficult adhering to the calendar of business which they themselves had formulated. This makes it necessary to have the legislative assistants maintain constant contact with the current floor business, either by phone or in person. After the proper paperwork was processed I was given credentials to go onto the Senate Floor and in the Republican cloakroom. This "forum" was an easy place to talk to Senators and other legislative assistants

about the current Floor business, their personal legislation, or political races back in the home state. I also developed the habit of leaving the Floor with a Senator on his way back to the Senate Office Building - a 10 minute walk and subway ride which proved a convenient time for a Senator to have a conversation with an inquiring young staffer. I was subway constituent to Senators Byrd, Pastore, Fulbright, Buckley, Allott, Brooke, Martke, Proxmire, and Percy, just to name-drop a few.

I was amazed at the IBM technology involved in answering Senate mail. Correspondence in a Senate office is opened by machine, sealed by machine, and often standard position papers are completely typed with the touch of a button.

The now famous late July meeting between Sen. George McGovern and his then running-mate Sen. Thomas Eagleton took

place in a small room off the sacrosanct Senate Floor. A crowd of reporters and spectators - including McGovern campaign organizers Gary Hart and Frank Mankiewicz - waited anxiously in the hall outside.

With floor credentials as a Legislative Assistant, I was in a hallway off the floor that night, as the Senate was concluding

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Students Welcome

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more Washington

Continued from Page 3

its business. Soon, the two Democrats walked out to a phone in the ante-room. I watched through a glass door as Eagleton placed a call; he spoke for five minutes, then McGovern spoke, for 10 minutes; then Eagleton again for a short while. (The party at the other end was Mrs. Eagleton, perhaps. Or Democratic Chairman Lawrence O'Brien.)

After 30 minutes, a stenographer was summoned to the room. And two hours later, in the nearby Senate Office Building, the two Senators announced Eagleton's removal from the ticket.

Probably the most respected member of the Senate is John Cooper of Kentucky. After 20 years as a Senator he is voluntarily retiring this year. A 20-year man seldom leaves without losing an election or dying in office. Senator Cooper wanted a straight up or down vote on the war issue without amendments. But in order to pass, the Doves thought, the Brooke

amendment concerning the POWs should be added to the Cooper End-the-War amendment. When this took place, Cooper voted a politically pure "No" - not to end the war. Even without the Cooper vote the Senate Doves prevailed on July 24th by 5 votes, 50 to 45.

During the successful Floor proceedings to amend the Foreign Assistance and Military Procurement Bills with End-the-War Amendments, I got the strange feeling that the events should have taken place at least two years before.

I pondered the "leadership" of the country. Congress is currently only window dressing for the government. The real power is in the Executive Branch. The reins are there to be picked up - but it will take stronger personalities than those in the present Congressional leadership to recover them.

COLLEGE CINEMA

FINAL NIGHT:

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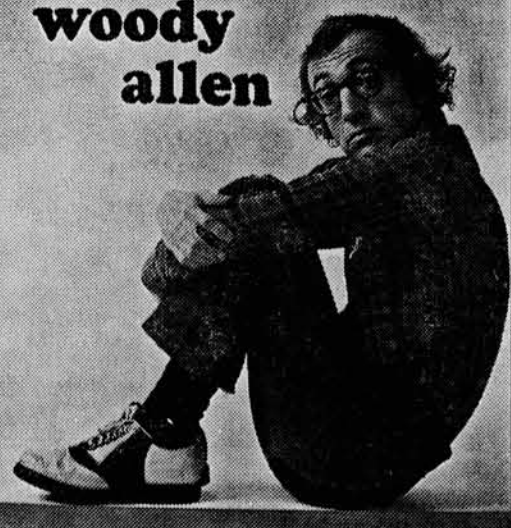
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CAMPUS REP. — TOM SLATTERY

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We invited a few friends for dinner and they helped clean up the Genesee River.

With the aid of a few thousand pounds of microorganisms, we're helping to solve the water pollution problem in Rochester. Maybe the solution can help others.

What we did was to combine two processes in a way that gives us one of the most efficient water-purifying systems private industry has ever developed.

One process is called "activated sludge," developed by man to accelerate nature's microorganism adsorption. What this means is that for the majority of wastes man can produce, there is an organism waiting somewhere that will happily assimilate it. And thrive on it.

The breakthrough came when Kodak scientists found a way to combine the activated sludge process with a trickling filter process and optimized the combination.

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(At Kodak, we were working on environmental improvement long before it made headlines.) And the pilot project worked so well, we built a ten-million-dollar plant that can purify 36-million gallons of water a day.

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We hope our efforts to cope with water pollution will inspire others to do the same. And, we'd be happy to share our water-purifying information with them. We all need clean water. So we all have to work together.



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READ SPORTS

williams college
williamstown, mass.
september 26, 1972
volume 1, number 23

Purple Cow kicks Army ass

by B. B. Baker

The Williams football team overcame an attack of the "blahs" and beat the Army "B" 6-0 in a scrimmage held Friday at West Point.

Despite the score the game was never really a contest. The Ephs scored early in the first quarter on a 20-yard pass from quarterback Tommy Lee to Larry Heiges. After that they had trouble moving the ball once inside their opponent's ten.

"We just didn't have it," said senior Ed D'Arata. "We didn't play that badly, but we just couldn't put things together."

The statistics seemed to reflect D'Arata's statement. While scoring only six points, the Ephs ran up a whopping 350 yards in total offense that included drives of 87 and 65 yards. Both unfortunately, ended futilely inside the ten.

QB Tommy Lee put it bluntly: "We just blew our chances. Every time we should have scored, we wound up giving the ball away." Typical of this was the Ephs' last drive. They had the ball third and five on the Army nine. Several penalties later, they gave up the ball on downs at the forty. It was that kind of day.

The defense was more effective as they held the Army offense to a total of only 120 yards. Army never even launched a threat until late in the fourth quarter, when penalties gave them the ball on the Ephs' seven. Even then the defense held, preserving the victory.

No matter how the team feels, they have great cause to be optimistic. They came through the scrimmages without any major injuries or loss of personnel. The offense performed superbly against Norwich, as did the defense against Army. Thus their should be a feeling of optimism as the team approaches its first game, Saturday at Trinity.

CLOSING SECONDS: A familiar face at the scrimmage was former Eph coach Larry Catuzzi. Catuzzi did nothing but smile as he watched his old charges play. He was heard saying, "they finally put somebody good on the schedule." Many say he was inspiring the Army team the next day, in the same strange way he used to inspire the Ephs.

Purple wave overwhelms alumni 10-0

by Steve Hauge

Clarence Chaffee came out of retirement Saturday to coach his band of returning soccer Alumni, stars of yesteryear. Despite their evident zest that drew amazing speed from aging legs the Alum fell 10-0 before the finest onslaught a Williams' team has produced in years.

John Buehler, the flying buttress of the front line, provided the icebreaker with a curling left-footer after two minutes of play. Norris, the Alumni goalie, should have kept his shirt clean.

Once open the floodgates never closed (the half-time score was only 4-0) until the comforting final buzzer spelled the end of a weary afternoon for these past stars and interspersed frosh. By then Tom Geissler had scored thrice (two heads and one off a beautifully delayed pass up the middle by Mark Cresap), Buehler twice (his second a head off a Geissler pass) and Bill McMillan twice (one from a head pass from Tom Koerner - the most remarkable teamwork of the afternoon; the other, the final goal, on a crisp shot from a similar

pass by Chip Rowley). Solos by Koerner (under the goalie diving at him), Dave Hargrove (after dribbling through the defense) and Dave Daggett (a loft shot over the tiring Norris) completed the tallies.

The Alumni, averaging 26 or 27 years of age, not play, had the skills but little teamwork. They exerted little pressure on the goal they faced; in fact their first corner kick came after almost an hour of play. The modern Purple attack was so unrelenting that Jay Healy felt he was beating back locusts. With an ability to stop the Purple wave reminiscent of 'Carute's', Peter Thorp was even moved to block a ball with his hand to prevent a semi-breakaway.

The overall precision of the front line and halfbacks - their good triangular play, teamwork and finesse - brought numerous scoring opportunities. Two semi-breakaways and three near goals (including the final shot of the game) failed to appear on the scoreboard. Norris was continu-

ously punished by shots from in close. Allison was chucking the ball practically to midfield, and the second string co-ordinated surprisingly well with parts of the first team. The defense was its usual impenetrable self.

The return of Geissler and his Espo-like quality of converting near misses around the net combined with Buehler's steady control brought the heretofore flickering attack ablaze. Possibility was transformed into practice. Norris had to field the ball from within his net three times within one minute.

The only visible fault was a tendency toward flatness of the attacking line around the opposing goal mouth which wasted crosses from the wings. This is but a small matter before the talent demonstrated Saturday. If the line can play anywhere near as well, backed by the stalwart defense, Harvard will be in for a surprise Saturday and a different place in the rankings.

Chaffee courts ready soon

It is anticipated that the new Chaffee tennis courts will be in operation by early next week, maybe sooner. The surface has been finished, the post holes dug. All that remains is the lining of the courts and the raising of the nets (in stock).

The six all-weather courts (which have excellent drainage) are made of macadam with a one-eighth inch surface topping which includes a resilience factor and covered by several coats of green dressing. Because of this composition the courts will play slower than their concrete neighbors.

A pavilion is also planned; however, its construction is being delayed by a lack of funds.

First of the Frisbee Freaks

by Joe Lapaglia

During the past 200 years or so, the American has spent valuable time and dollars in an effort to occupy his leisure time. For the active sportsperson, this fulfillment is easily stumbled upon. However, for the armchair quarterback, the quest is more difficult.

True to form, American technology has risen to the task. The famous American Public was rolled over by the hula-hoop. The superball plying to its height. And the yo-yo has risen and fallen in popularity. Today, anyone can gaze over the College turf and see the latest time-consuming, money-taking fad—the Frisbee. This object is 108 grams of processed, multicolored plastic designed, very simply, to sail and float like a saucer.

In the true spirit of American competition the question of "best" arose; which individual can best frip the Whamo-Pro frisbee, send it 80 yards, and fling it accurately and catch it time after time? Started in 1967, the International Frisbee Association (IFA) established a tournament in Pasadena, Calif. to find one such Frisbee champion. The consistent winner in 1967 was, and is, Asst. Prof. Jay Shelton, Physics Department, Williams College.

One might view competitive Frisbee with reserved amusement. But like any competition, Shelton's accomplishments have taken time and practice. While a future home-run king played boyhoodstickball on a steamy city street, Shelton practiced on the sands of Berkley, Calif., with the most primitive of Frisbees: a pie tin. When in 1967 Frisbee competition entered the realm of national sports, he took the crown and has held a part of it ever since.

Resembling a track meet, Frisbee competition consists of a series of four events—distance, accuracy, golf and guts. Each event is designed to test a different skill with the Frisbee, rather than awarding points for beach bum trick shots. The "guts" event is the crowd-pleaser. Two teams face each other 15 yards apart and proceed to drill the Frisbee at each other. (Points are scored on throwing and catching mistakes.) Catches must be one-handed; endurance is the winner's friend.

Shelton's skill with the Frisbee has brought him the overall title in 67-68 and repeat championships in the golf (that is, golf played with a Frisbee) and guts events in '68-'69. When, in 1971, the national tournament moved to Eagle Harbor, Michigan, Shelton and Frisbee brother Steve Sewall entered under the sponsorship of the IFA. Although the tournament resembled something along the line of a beer-guzzling sleep-in, the tournament supplied the best in competition. Shelton added, in 1971, the team distance accuracy and guts titles, and in 1972 the men's accuracy and guts team championships, playing for the Berkley Frisbee team.

There is no basic secret to Shelton's success in throwing. Style of gripping and throwing vary, yet the necessary factor seems to be a strong snap of the wrist upon release from the finger tips. The main pressure point in the release is the middle finger; like tennis elbow in tennis, "Frisbee finger" plagues competitive throwers. Training is necessary, so Shelton begins about one month before the tournament, practicing for three to four hours a day.

The future of the Frisbee tournament can only be called shaky. The many Frisbee Freaks who flock together are now being classified, along with the rock-and-roll freaks, as the least desirable persons to assemble in some communities. Like concerts, the tournaments are somewhat disorganized and offer little profit. With the hopeful sponsorship of and organization by Whamo, Inc., however, the Frisbee tournament may soon stand on firmer ground.

No matter. Set the tournament date, and Shelton will be there to collect the awards.



photo by Chris Witting