

# The sirens of Ithaca: Hi Ho, so it goes, and there you are

By COLIN CAMERER

"Most colleges, the professor comes into class and says, 'Good morning, class.' At most schools, the class answers, 'Good morning.' At Columbia, the class answers, 'Fuck you.' At Cornell, when the professor says, 'Good morning, class', they write it down."

-Cornell freshman

Ha Ha. Ha. That is too close to what is true at most colleges to be really funny. Especially at the Cornell School of Hotel Administration. Which is called the Hotel School by people at Cornell. People who got to the Hotel School are called this. 'Hotelies.' There you go.

Remember this: Two Sundays ago I went to Cornell. With my sister. And one of her friends. And her roommate. And another friend who was driving. Cornell is in Ithaca, in a state called New York, which everybody reading this has heard of. Ithaca is fifty miles from civilization, in the hinterlands of New York. Rumors that civilization exists at Cornell are quickly quashed.

It takes about six hours to go from Cockeysville, Maryland, where I live, to Ithaca, where Cornell University lives. Now my sister lives there too. Six hours in an LTD. A person named Rick was driving. He did an admirable job. Margaret sat in the front seat and coughed most of the way. I think she felt sick, but she looked fine and conversed in a lovely soft voice. My sister, her roommate, and the Kid sat in the back seat. My sister is called Jeannine, and her roommate is known as Donna. Both of them talked and joked on the trip to Ithaca.

When Flash Bazbo's spaceship shrunk to walnut size my sister guffawed. "Maybe now he can fit into a Junior Petite." There you go.

Rural, unpolluted Pennsylvania is not very sophisticated. Maybe that is why it is unpolluted. Riding to Ithaca, we heard on the radio a song with this name. "Don't Fear the Combine," by the Eleven Thirty Shuttle. We saw towns with names like McAdoo, Frackville, Moosic, and Bungalo. We got out of there in a hurry.

We stopped at a McDonald's in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Steven Muller invented McDonald's to get revenge on Cornell for trading him to Hopkins. He gets that revenge by assaulting students' digestive tracts on their way back to Cornell. I got caught in the crossfire.

I used to work at a McDonald's. So when we were there in Wilkes-Barre I knew not to buy the food that people cooked. Like quarter-pounders, Big Macs, and french fries. Pies, shakes, and coffee are okay. This is why. Working at McDonald's gets dull pretty quickly. So McEmployees often amuse themselves by cooking food in unusual ways. Like standing on a hamburger to make it well done. And so on.

At my sister's dormitory I met everyone she lives with. I felt like

Miss Sally on 'Romper Room.' Here's why. I saw Dale and Bella and Della and Ella and Rhonda, Joanne and Sandy and Darlene, Duane and Roy, Neal and Mary and Alicia. Chris and Robert, Don and Lucy and Scott. Nancy and Beth and Bob. I did not know what to say to these swarms of collegiates, so I said 'hello'. Hello.

Big. Rip, puff. What is Cornell that Hopkins isn't? In the country. Rip, puff. Where is Cornell that Hopkins is not? That is Carnak the Magnificent telling about Cornell and Johns Hopkins. Carnak is really Johnny Carson in disguise. Almost everything about Cornell and Hopkins is the same. Hi Ho.

Donna's psychology professor was telling his students about all the evidence against smoking cancer sticks. He said this. "I used to smoke." Someone asked "Smoke what?" Everybody laughed and the professor turned red. He did not answer for a while. Then he dismissed the remark curtly. Instead of saying "Remark, you may leave" he said "Never mind." Everybody laughed some more.

My friend Mickey is smart. He smokes candy cigarettes. When I returned from Cornell, he asked me if there were a lot of wanton women in Ithaca. Not really, I replied. He said this. That's too bad. Because I want one! Ha Ha. Ha.

The Cornell campus is very beautiful. Part of this beauty belongs to the girls there. Many of them are imported from Long Island. "Helloooh, Betty," I said to one of the girls there. Part of the beauty belongs to the Gorge. The Gorge is a big hole in the ground where a skinny river runs through Cornell. When the river jumps over rocks, it makes some nice waterfalls. A couple of

students plunge to their death at the Gorge each year. For that reason, fucking up an exam is called 'gorging out'. The view of the gorge from the bridge by the Pancake House is gorgeous. There you go.

Donna called me up, at my insistence, and said one morning. "Let's eat at the Pancake House." "Okay" I said. The pancakes there were pretty good. "Why don't you have some more," she suggested. "Your sister said you have a huge appetite." "Yeah, and I eat a lot too," I quipped. Donna smiled feebly. She was all spiffed up that morning to see the Dean about dropping some courses. She cooed in jest. "Oooh, Kid, you don't know how tough it is to be without brains. Any Dude major will tell you. I think I'll transfer to Florida State and major in suntan." "Hang in there," I said. Hang in there.

Joanne has her head screwed on straighter. "Mum! There's a dead bishop on the landing!" she used to joke. "What's 'is diocese?" I used to ask. "How should I know?" she used to whine. "It's tattooed on the back of 'is neck," I used to answer. We do this no longer, though I wish we could. Joanne drowned on a

marshmallow recently. So it goes.

There is a bell tower at Cornell run by people full of bad chemicals. They torture the students by playing "Have You Never Been Mellow" and "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" consecutively on the chimes. One time I was walking back from Helen Newman Hall where on of my sister's friends was supposed to meet her on a field hockey bus from Bucknell. Can't you meet on any old field hockey bus? I wisecracked. The dreaded chimes started playing. Have some candy corn, my sister said. Don't mind if I do, I replied. Don't mind if I do.

One of Joanne's better albums is called "Changesone". By David Bowie. One of the songs on it is called "suffragette City." The song winks at me occasionally and says 'Hey man'. 'Hey man', I wink back. Hev man.



Welcome to the Monkey House

It seems that Rhonda knows one of the News-Letter editors. Even more important, Rhonda's boyfriend Matthew is the nephew of Beverly Sills. He was visibly shaken when this was revealed. "So how do you like Hopkins?" he asked. "I'll be glad to leave in December," I confessed. There you go.

Other people asked, "Where did you find the time to visit here? In a subway toilet?" "No, I just have very little class," I answered. "That's for sure," Donna quipped acidly. Another time she said this. "I can reduce almost any man to tears within ten minutes." She really is a very nice girl. That's for sure.

I also got a haircut at Cornell. From the Cornell Clippers. "We're not a hockey team," their sign purports. The hairdresser said this. Every time I think of Baltimore I think of that crazy Beltway. I said this. I live outside the crazy Beltway. And get educated inside the crazy Beltway. My sister like the haircut. "It looks really good, Col," she said. Donna liked it too. "The Warren Beatty look," she said. "The Norman Mailer look," I countered. Joanne like it too. And so on.

Collegetown is to Cornell as is to Johns Hopkins. Fill in the blank. Charles Village? Baltimore? Wyman Park? Collegetown is a small town just outside the University which more or less fills the students' needs. It has a good bagel store. The record store was a disappointment. No Runaways. No Joan Armatrading. No Southside Johnny. But they had all of the Bay City Rollers albums. Surprise!

My little sister wrote a letter to Jeannine recently. In it she said this. This Friday I got a bruised muscle. I told her to return it and get her money back. She countered with this. But it was free. Hi Ho.

The cafeteria food is like most food served en masse. They do have lines for hamburgers and things cooked to order. I'll have one thing, well done, with



tomato and pickles. The ground beef comes from the quarter horses that race at Tioga Park not far from the campus. Donna said she used to a) ride b) race c) train quarter horses. I am not sure which. The All-American Futurity is big bucks, I said. Big bucks.

The music in the cafeteria is not bad. On Tuesday I heard Mick Jagger singing about the cuisine. "It's all right now," he crooned. "In fact it's a gas." So it goes.

"I'll be leaving in about fifteen minutes," I told Duane. "The trip back's about seven or eight hours." The hot chocolate which I nursed was not going down smoothly. Slightly hungover, my tongue needed shaving. All my brain cells screamed, Stop the Drums! Bye, Dale, Bye, Rhonda, Bye, Darlene! "Come back some weekend," Donna said. I taunted Joanne by saying this. "You're my fave, Joanne." This is what Robert Palmer says. Give me an inch, girl, I'll give you a mile.

On my last night there, my typewriter and I tried to collaborate on some material. "You must bargain in good faith with destiny," the typewriter announced. Let's go to the Pub. I

advanced. Donna, the only being in sight at the time, chewed on the idea. Two to three seconds later she said this. Sure. Here we go.

The Pub is a deceptively large bar situated amongst the dormitories, awaiting thirsty frosh. One sign said this. "Shots 70 cents. Name Brands 10 cents Extra." Donna was confused at first. Then I explained what the sign meant. It's a trick, I explained. Three tables of horny young Cornellians sat down immediately next to us. Could be tense. Donna got a Harvey Wallbanger, and the Kid an unknown quantity called a Hop, Skip, and Go Naked. I didn't hop and skip.

We retired to the dorm for some midweek community partying. Pass the tequila, Roy said. Sure. He poured some into a glass gingerly. Orange juice followed the tequila. What about the grenadine? some wiseass asked me later. This is what I said. How can anyone expect to buy grenadine in the Noyes Student Center Mini-Pick Up? In your ear, Billy-Willy.

Some of the people that go to school at Cornell seem obsessed with grades, exams, and other measures of academic achievement. These students made a guest appearance in the comic strip Doonesbury not long ago. Along with some Hopkins students. A professor lectured fervently. "What do we have, class, when a deep knowledge of the law is tempered by a strong sense of morality?" "Class?"

Sandy and Donna requested that I write this. "Can a Canuck fuck?"

"Eats." The sign beckoned. "Bette and Juniors Bar and Grill." I hear that Junior's just a thavage. Donna lisps. My mind drifted ahead to thoughts of the War Memorial Colonnade. Steam issues from manholes in the sidewalk. On a foggy night the scene is eerie. Gothic singers wade out in long robes to sing the Cornell song. "High Above Cayuga's Waters," it is called. After the performance they pass the hood. And so it goes.

One Cornell freshman, with a snuffly Al Pacino voice, said this. "Cornell is cut off from the world. We never get holidays!" I prodded. "No holidays?" He said this. "If the president of the university were killed tomorrow, not only wouldn't we get a day off, but we would have to go to a seminar on his death." So it goes.

The bus ride home is long, brutish, and nasty. Thomas Hobbes, bite your tongue. Bland Pennsylvania countryside is sometimes serene. But it is no cure for a hangover. At Scranton I thought this. It's Only Rock and Roll. But I like it, Donna said. The Rolling Stones, Lynn says. In York, Pennsylvania, a cute young blonde gets off the bus. She talks to one of the busdrivers for some twenty minutes. The bus driver is shaped like Ralph Kramden. She punctuates her small talk with frequent fetching smiles. Finally her boyfriend picks her up. "Bye, ye," she says to the bus driver.



# Media personalities steal the spotlight at Sarbanes festival

By BOB BUCHANAN

Four floodlights zeroed in on Channel 13's George Bauman as he prepared to make his report to the viewing audience. The place: the Baltimore Hilton's election night victory party for Paul S. Sarbanes, newly elected U. S. senator from Maryland. It was an occasion attended by every Democrat, from the City Council's squatly throwback to the politics of years long-gone-by, Mimi Dipietro, to Governor Marvin Mandel, who apparently showed up just to prove to the masses that he is not guilty yet.

This gala event was every bit the news media circus we anticipated, with more folks leaving the festivities boasting of their having rubbed elbows with the cute flyboys from local TV stations than explaining the merits of Mr. Sarbanes' brilliant acceptance speech. It might not have been all that disgusting to this observer, this flamboyant exaltation of the local news media might have been easier to bear if these performers had fulfilled their role of properly covering the campaign which led to this night of triumph for a truly deserving politician. Yes, the amazing ability of these journalist imposters, the TV men at Channels 2, 11, and 13 to command the careful attentiveness of the audience at the Hilton celebration would have been partially acceptable if they had come close to serving as news reporters in this campaign.

But the TV personalities in this city have never seen fit to being classified as such. Rather, they are content with being the good-looking readers of the Baltimore newspapers which they are. In fact many of them are so much like the pompous Ted Baxter of the "Mary Tyler Moore Show" fame as to have one cringe at the spectacle of Baltimoreans worshipping them over a newly elected U.S. senator who had just fought as effective campaign as had ever been staged in this state.

Not only did television fail in conveying the true message of each of the candidates: Sarbanes, J. Glenn Beall, Jr., the Republican incumbent; and Bruce Bradley, Independent; but the Baltimore press similarly bombed out this time around. Even the most highly-skilled political scribes regrettably neglected to provide the type of interpretive, informative coverage which has been their wont over the years.

Surely no intelligent person ever talks of the merits of the paltry, mediocre coverage which is provided by the Baltimore *News-American*. A marked inability to reach their readers with the accurate story of the day is decidedly the norm for the Hearst publication; they have been hiding from the shadow of their yesteryear yellow journalism sins as long as anyone would care to remember.

Rather, the disappointing aspect in the Beall-Sarbanes race,

as far as the press was concerned, existed in the reportage offered by that usually venerated Baltimore institution, the *Baltimore Morning Sun*. In this senatorial election the *Sun* simply failed to supply anything even remotely resembling the finely-honed interpretive style of news reporting which has elevated the Baltimore press establishment to such a level that even some north of the

Mason-Dixon line have come to revere it.

## Reasons given

The *Sun* did have an excuse for its pitiful chronicling of the events of the Beall-Sarbanes race, an otherwise colorful battle between two diametrically opposed candidates. It had a reason for not supplying the action-packed coverage which should have been forthcoming from a race which, though not close (Beall lost by 18 percentage points) could not fail to be colorful by way of its pitting of a staunch conservative against the nearly consummate liberal, Sarbanes, a Democrat's Democrat who had no use for Beall or his ties with the now fallen Nixon regime. The latter had gained national recognition from delivering the initial article of impeachment against Nixon.

The *Sun*'s unpublicized reason was that it felt it had payed Beall an injustice during the summer in an attempt to uncover interest-conflicting ties he had with a Western Maryland Insurance Company. When reporter Richard Ben Cramer, one of the paper's top journalists and a former editor of the *Hopkins News-Letter*, included a few erroneous facts in a story, the *Sun* felt that they certainly had wrongly screwed Beall to the wall. They printed a major retraction and immediately ordered correspondents to issue the dry, unimaginative, uninformative, "he said," "she said" news-writing which bores readers to no end.

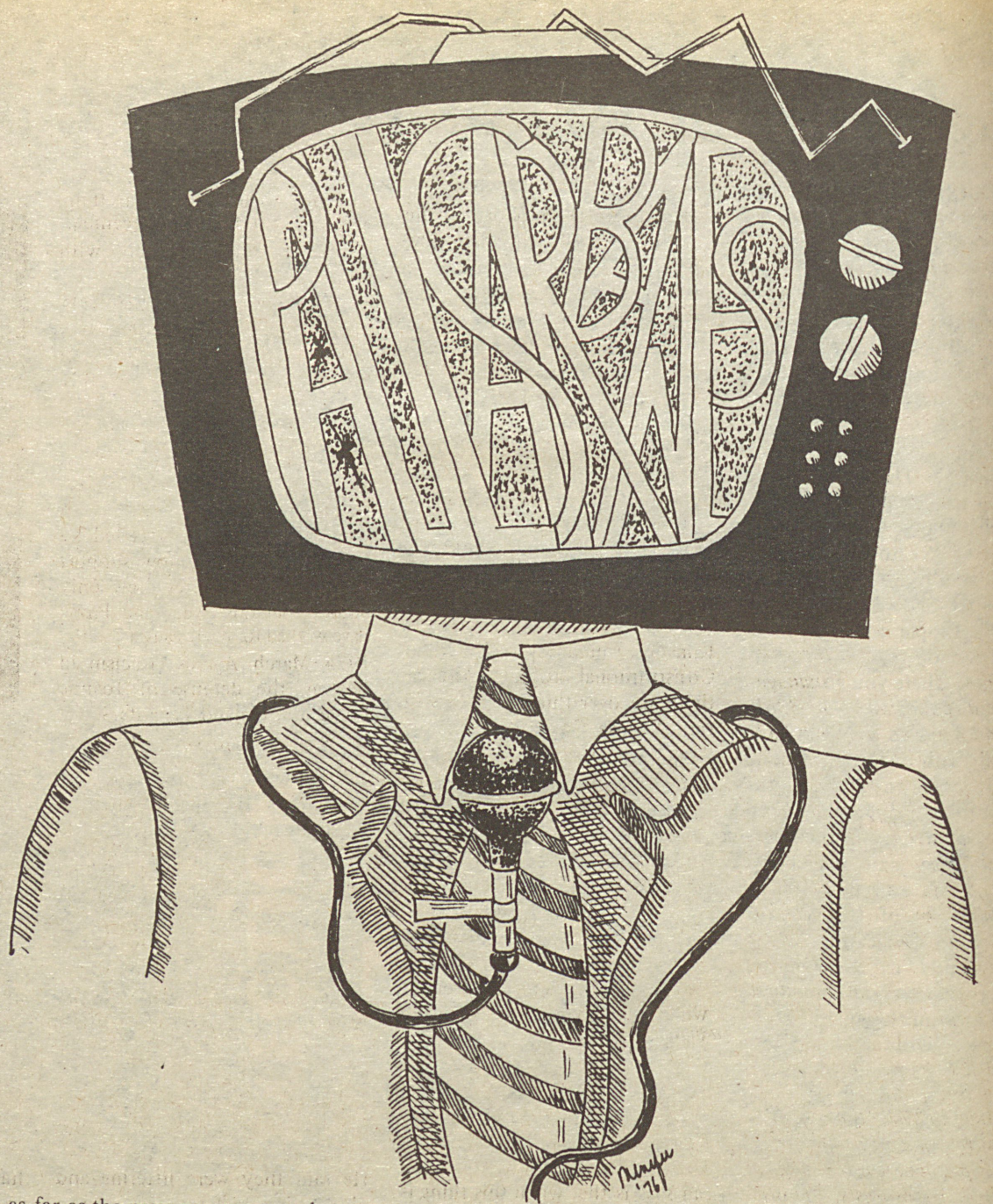
## No mind

The *Sun* did not seem to care

that Cramer's story was basically accurate. The top management payed no homage to the protests of fellow staffers who defended their colleague. As a result, Cramer left the paper in protest over the decisions rendered. Many were even more appalled when William F. Schmick III, the city editor, publisher's son, and the person responsible for running the Cramer piece, also departed; apparently disappointed by the *Sun*'s handling of the affair.

## Improvement needed

Fortunately, the Baltimore media's poor coverage of the 1976 senatorial race did not hurt matters much. The race was a stunning contrast of the well-financed, well-directed campaign of a knight-like figure who has firmly established himself as one this country's most respected leaders against a Watergate-scarred incumbent, a vestige of the Republican Washington power structure of several years ago. The reporting would have had to have been much worse than it was to have shifted the outcome. But the *Sun* in particular and the Baltimore media in general would do well to upgrade their news offering prior to the next Senatorial contest in this state. This one might not be so lopsided an election, and the news media might be called on to give a proper interpretation of the proceedings. Petty internal squabbling and grossly wrong policy decisions might then deprive readers and viewers of a correct understanding on which to base their vote, serving to put the wrong man into office.



## UNFOUND CRANE

Why if this last but one fool hunger  
And sparrow shot full through  
With shaft of rhyme, on weddings  
Bed of rust the pierce of less than one  
Full sunlight cracks and splays.

Whose breach of sky sewn parallel  
Into the seamed reconnaissance  
Of parts once meet and quilted  
By hands stretching muscles stretched  
Over fine-boned terrain of hands.

So that through this otherwise window  
Onto the fragmenting collapse of trees  
Into leavings and subsequent leavings  
Fall the numberless, always final  
Syllables of the last spilled cup

Of speech. For over the wasteful silence now  
With sound more often felt than heard  
At this full distance, is drawn  
The blanket ceremonial of lips over teeth.  
There are no words with which to follow speech.

—David Hodges



# The story of the Baltimore Two

By D.H. WARREN

It is Tuesday night, June 15, 1976. Ray Ceci and Mike Pione are distributing and posting leaflets in the Waverly area. As they work, a pick-up truck pulls up to the corner of 31st and Barclay Streets and a voice yells, "Get that garbage out of here!" A man jumps out of the truck and pulls Pione to the ground, punching him. Pione finally manages to break loose from his attacker, and together, he and Ceci start running away. The assailant says, "I'll get you," then jumps into his truck and tires to run the men over. Fortunately, they're able to escape down an alley.

Ceci and Pione run through the neighborhood. They manage to find a policeman on 33rd Street and begin to say what had happened. The officer proceeds to radio his headquarters, but instead of explaining their situation, he reports that he has "two suspects in custody." Soon, other policemen arrive accompanied by the assailant. The attacker punches Ray Ceci, hitting him on the right side of his face. (Ceci would later require oral surgery because of this injury.)

"He tried to kick me," says the assailant, pointing to Ceci. "Yeah, that's right," the sergeant in charge responds. "I saw him." Ceci is put under arrest and is handcuffed. He protests, "This is ridiculous. I'm bleeding. My glasses are broken on the ground. . . . I want to charge that man with assault."

The sergeant tells Ceci, "Listen, you just shut up. This man is a personal friend of mine. If you say one more word, I'll personally work you over."

Ray Ceci and Mike Pione are booked and charged with assault, littering and illegal posting. While

in lock-up, Ceci is denied medical attention.

The above is the story of the Baltimore 2. In the last few weeks, their Defense Committee has mounted an extensive campaign to make the public aware of what they term a "police frame-up," and to raise funds to provide defense for the two men. The charge of common assault could result in twenty-year prison sentences for the two.

The Baltimore 2 Defense Committee includes such notable persons as Phillip Berrigan and Arthur Kinoy, a New York lawyer who, with William Kunstler, founded the Center for Constitutional Rights. Already there are over thirty sponsors of the Defense Committee, among them Gene Guerrero, Executive Director of the Atlanta American Civil Liberties Union, the Johns Hopkins University Student Council, and the Johns Hopkins Gay Caucus.

The Defense Committee charges that the man who assaulted Ceci and Pione was Thomas Fannin, a local merchant who owns several stores in the Waverly area. Contacted at one of his places of business, Mr. Fannin denied the charges.

"I was the one assaulted," he stated. "I had them arrested. There's a trial coming up. All I can say, is that when this thing is over, I'm going to sue a whole bunch of people for slander."

Ray Ceci claims that the police sergeant who threatened him was a man named Barnes. There is a Sergeant Barnes at the Northern District police station who went on medical leave for a month at the end of October and was therefore unavailable for comment.

Mr. Dennis Hill, Public

Information Officer for the Baltimore Police Department, acknowledged awareness of the case but would not say anything about it: "Ask us on December first. We don't interfere with court cases."

Defense Committee members believe that Ceci and Pione were targeted for attack because of their involvement with the July Fourth demonstration in Philadelphia for the independence of Puerto Rico. The protest drew 60,000 participants, whereas a counter-demonstration called by President Ford to show support of the United States drew only 30,000 persons. Ceci and Pione have worked for many causes: the 1974 March Against Racism in Boston, the defense of Joanne Little, the Upland Tenants Strike in Baltimore, and the fight against Baltimore Gas and Electric Company rate hikes.

One of the issues involved in this case is the question of free speech. According to police department spokesmen, there is no law against leafleting in the City of Baltimore. However, on Saturday, October 2, supporters of the Baltimore 2 went into the Waverly area to distribute leaflets explaining what happened to Ceci and Pione. One policeman expressed his aggravation with the leafleters, telling them that what they were doing was illegal. He said they were littering and obstructing traffic.

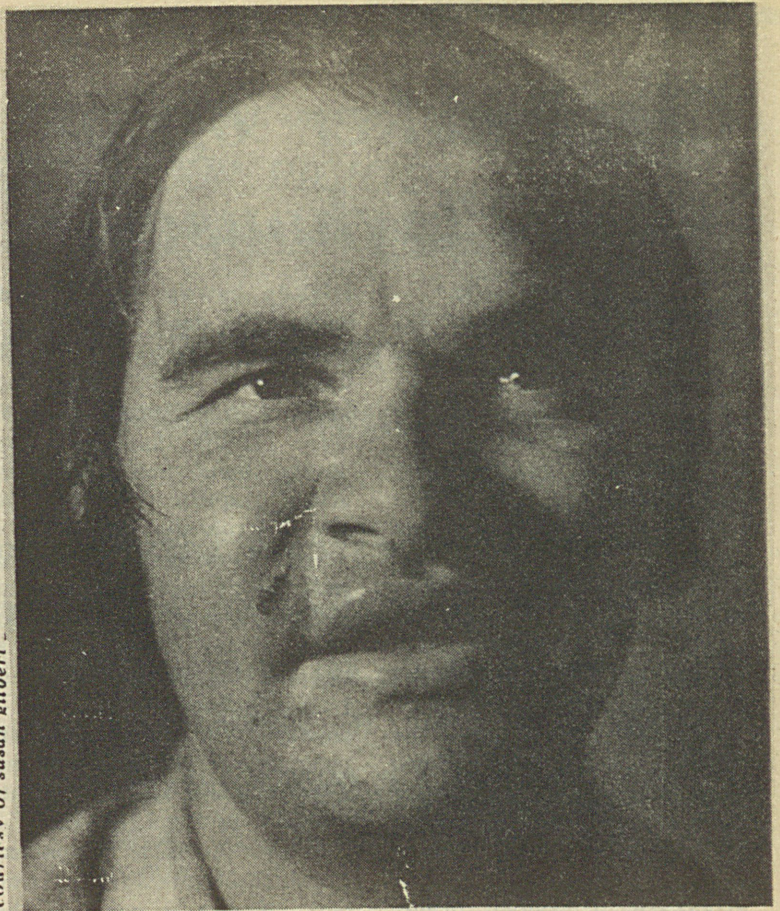
The leafleters took refuge in a nearby bookstore when the policeman threatened to arrest them. Soon, several more squad cars arrived, and the workers were only allowed to leave the scene in groups of two's and three's.

Earlier that day, Defense Committee members found themselves the object of a traffic ticketing blitz. A couple of days later, Ray Ceci's wife discovered that someone had let loose the emergency brake on her car. Ceci himself had already had his car towed away for no apparent reason at two o'clock in the morning. Defense Committee members have expressed fears that their phones may be tapped.

On Saturday, October 16, the American Civil Liberties Union decided to observe a planned leafleting action to see if police would interfere. No incidents occurred at the corner of 33rd and Greenmount.

The group moved down Greenmount Avenue to 32nd Street. A police car drove by and circled the block. One of the officers got out of the car, walked past a leafleter, and used the call box in front of the Little Tavern Restaurant. After finishing his call, the policeman returned to the car and drove off. (Policemen use the call box for any number of reasons, among them not wanting to risk the possibility of being overheard on the car radio.)

Momentarily, another police car pulled up in front of the Little Tavern. The new officer got out of his car, went into the restaurant in front of which a leafleter was standing, and within two minutes came back out. He



Ray Ceci: notice the injury

drove off, and no other policemen were seen.

ACLU officials felt that the police were hesitant to act that Saturday because they were aware of the presence of observers.

Defense Committee members believe that a recent shake-up in the Northern District command could be a direct result of complaints about police harassment. Police spokesmen say that the old district commander was simply due for retirement.

Tomorrow, at 8 p.m. at Bread and Roses Coffeehouse (426 E. 31st St., the Baltimore 2 Defense Committee will be sponsoring a benefit for Ray Ceci and Mike Pione. The program will include "Union Maids," a documentary film about three women union organizers in the 1930's; Kathy Dennis, chairperson of the minority Coalition of Labor Union Women, who is an original plaintiff in the successful multi-million dollar race and sex discrimination suit against the Pennsylvania phone company; and Gene O'Sullivan, one of the 15 striking pressmen from the Washington Post, who faces up to 41 years imprisonment and \$21,000 in fines if convicted of charges stemming from disobeying a court injunction against the strike.

The Johns Hopkins University Student Council is urging students to attend the benefit.

Stuart Davidson, head of the Council's Issues Committee, feels that this is a good chance for students to become involved in the community. He believes that incidents such as this one demand the involvement of all members of the Hopkins community.

"If this case can be brought out in the open," said Davidson, "the police will begin to review things that are happening within the department. The community will review their relations with the police, which have been strained lately. Students are a part of the community, too."

The case of the Baltimore 2 is apparently not an isolated incident. There have been several other reports of police harassment including a 70 year-old man who said he was brutally assaulted by police a few months ago when charges he had been arrested were dropped. Leaders in the black community here in Baltimore speak of a great deal of repression. They charge that the city has been unsympathetic to them by instituting the curfew, cutting social services, and increasing the numbers of policemen.

The Baltimore 2 Defense Committee urges the public to show their support for Ray Ceci and Mike Pione by attending their trial, Tuesday, November 30 at 9:30 a.m., Calvert and Fayette Streets, room 464, section 11.

## 'Special Section' on campus

Costa-Gavras' latest film, "Special Section" will have its Baltimore premier tonight through the Office of the Chaplain. Costa-Gavras, probably the most popular contemporary political filmmaker ("Z," "The Confession," "State of Siege"), co-wrote the script with veteran political screenwriter Jorge Semprum ("Z," "Resnais' "La Guerre Est Finie" and "Stavisky.")

"Special Section" is set in occupied France in 1941. Costa-Gavras explores the Vichy government's complicity with the German occupation forces. His attempt is by no means the first. Several recent French films--Marcel Ophuls' "The Sorrow and the Pity," Michel Drach's "Violins at the Ball," and Louis Malle's "Lacombe, Lucien"--have been serious explorations of what is meant to be a Frenchman living under German rule.

A Special Section court can impose the death penalty for almost any crime, and the sentences are to be carried out immediately, using a guillotine.

This harkens back to 1792, and Costa-Gavras effectively makes his point here: the robes of the judges and the furnishings of the court are suitably archaic.

The result of the trials and the fate of the Special Sections is bitterly and laconically stated.

Costa-Gavras has chosen a workable story, but his pacing and plot development are too deliberate. There aren't any subplots. In his exploration of one story line he doesn't explore any on character in great depth. He succeeds in his depiction of the farcical nature of the Vichy government, but unfortunately his movie has an artificial nature of its own. These are actors, dressed in period costumes, reciting long speeches. The film is worth seeing, but is must be considered as substandard Costa-Gavras. It lacks the complexity of motive and plot found in his acclaimed trilogy.

Costa-Gavras, however, at his worst, is still more intelligent and watchable than most other filmmakers.

--Mike Giuliano

### Nuclear Arms: At What Cost?

The Chaplins Office and Committee for the Conversion of the APL present

THE LABORATORY AND THE UNIVERSITY  
A panel discussion for Students and Faculty

Monday, Nov. 8  
8 pm. Garrett Room.



# 'Clockmaker' opens at Playhouse

By MIKE GIULIANO

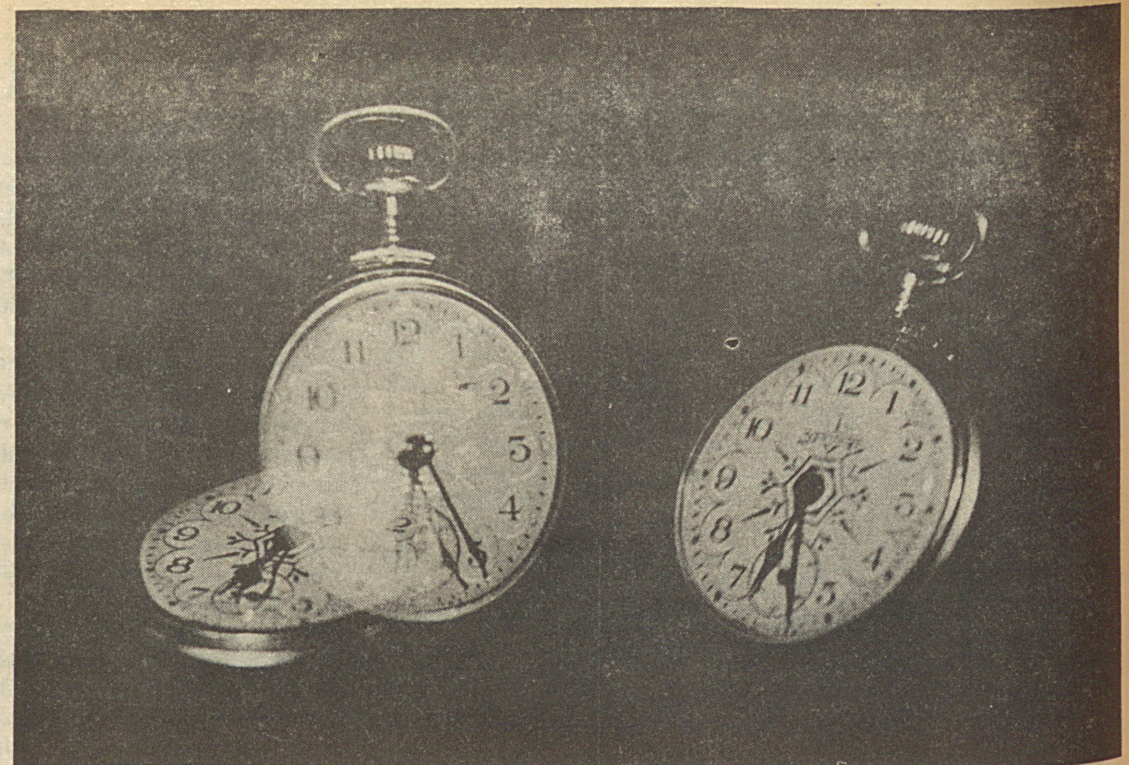
Bernard Tavernier's "The Clockmaker" is his first film. The director, age 35, is a former critic. He has taken George Simenon's novel *The Clockmaker of Everton*, assembled a professional crew, and made a very fine movie. Tavernier wrote the script in conjunction with two veteran screenwriters—Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, who've been working together since the 1940's. Their script for Rene Clement's 1952 film "Forbidden Games" explored the effects of war on a small girl who must come to terms with the death of her parents. The insights into character were acute and often subtle, but these men were diligently hammering themes into our heads, and as a result "Forbidden Games" remains one of the French cinema's most powerful representations of the effects of WWII on the French people. The script for "The Clockmaker" is similar in that psychological nuances accumulate. The audience is caught up in the pattern, and by the end of the film we are led to condone a murder.

Philippe Noiret portrays a middle-aged clockmaker. We see him eating and playing with his friends. His laughter and good nature are infectious. These opening minutes are an example of what the French film often does so well. What other national cinema has made the preparation and consumption of food such a joyful event? I think an entire film could be made depicting nothing but a soiree, because the French film excels in the depiction of small groups of

friends eating, playing, and loving. The depth of character analysis and the complexity of human relationships is something lacking from most American films, for our filmmakers have always found their strength in action, suspense, spectacle, and screwball comedy.

Here we have a normal gathering of friends. There is no great white shark lurking nearby. None of the characters has a Magnum tucked in his belt, nor is Lucille Ball getting stuck in a chimney. The French film can make depictions of the mundane a joy to watch (as in "Vincent, Francois, Paul and the Others.") And what do these complacent middle class men talk about? One says, "France is going to the dogs," but their discussion of capital punishment is no more than cheerful banter: "Executions will be televised in prime time before the sitcoms." It all seems harmless enough. The clockmaker is a man so conscientious in his obedience of the law that he refuses to walk across an empty street until the light changes: "I like to be legal." After all, what does a clockmaker and repairer do? Doesn't he keep our clocks—and by extension our lives—in orderly motion? He helps society to run smoothly, predictably.

This social complacency is exactly what Tavernier is attacking. There are ugly currents beneath the calm surface. The next morning, as the clockmaker is dutifully opening up his shop, a police car pulls up, and he is taken away. On the car radio can be heard a jazz score, a soft voice: "80% of the French



people are nappy. And you?"

Noiret is told that his son has killed a man. When the officer asks him to fasten his safety belt he asks listlessly: "Why?" As Noiret is questioned by a police bureaucracy he slowly begins to reject conventions, to question everything.

The police realize he has no knowledge of his son's crime, but still warn him to not leave town. Noiret's face is remarkable in its ability to show confusion, disillusionment, a tired blankness of expression: "I can't think straight." Police and a bourgeois press harass him. The police inspector (Jean Rochefort) is a man of about the same age, and he also has a son. An interesting relationship develops between the two men. The police inspector says: "If you don't understand your own kids you try other people's." But Noiret has never really understood his own son: "Words don't have the same meaning between us anymore." Society is running smoothly, the investigation proceeds methodically, the inspector and the clockmaker get

along, but within Noiret's head the social framework is crumbling. His son is a criminal, may be shot on sight, and has disrupted the order of society, but he is still his son—even though they never really knew one another: "He didn't talk to me. Everyone talked to me. Not he."

## Justified?

The murder was not without reason. Razon, the man killed, was a factory policeman who had attacked many girls, including the son's girlfriend. The script has accumulated nuances and now delivers a hammer blow. Was this murder justifiable? Is there an order of morality beyond the legal and social framework?

The father sleeps in his son's room, thinks continually of the son, and though neither the father nor the audience has seen the son, we can see the father growing closer to the boy. Society is "disrupted." The clockmaker is seen on a television news program, there are factory demonstration. Bourgeois society amuses itself. At the murder site Noiret observes a family posing for photographs.

The son is arrested. Noiret, no longer complacent, questions the inspector: "Did you torture him?" The inspector laughs this off. Society is too civilized: "Bloody faces and dirty clubs. That's just the movies...We hit them with phone books. It leaves no mark." Cruelty is well packaged, made legal, proper. It is no coincidence that the murdered man was a policeman.

When father meets son, the son says, "Hello Dad," but these are the only words between them. The boy's room and conversation had been filled with political slogans, just as the clockmaker's life was filled with light banter. They are unable to conduct a serious conversation in this first meeting, or during the plane ride back to Lyon.

## Planned Killing

The police, meanwhile, are busy preparing their case: "To hell with him (the son). I'm building a case." Amidst the police bureaucracy, the iron bars, and the clattering of typewriters, a father gets to know his son: "Did you think of your father?" "Not then. I did afterwards."

Why did he commit the crime? He did not belong to a political organization, and the crime was

not a crime of passion. (At the trial the defense lawyer insists it was a crime of passion, but the boy says to the judge: "Bullshit.") The murder was calculated. The son says: "I killed him because he was filthy." Has he made the right decision in siding with his son? Legally he hasn't, but is there a morality beyond the legal framework which can justify such a crime? Kneeling in church, watching the mechanical figurines on an ornate clock, the clockmaker becomes firm in his decision. "I stand by my son in complete solidarity" he tells the court and the press.

The boy is given a twenty year prison sentence, and his girlfriend a five year sentence. The inspector admires Noiret's decision: "You're not much alike. But you were then...You were the only really people there." The clockmaker says: "When you can't breathe you break windows." Once baffled by his son's disruption of a corrupt society, he now joins in this protest against "conservative self-satisfaction."

In prison the father and son sit separated by bars, surrounded by the noise of other prisoners, other visitors. "How can we talk amid this noise?" Noiret wonders. Talk is everywhere, but where is the meaning. Speak clearly, not loudly, the son enjoins. "It's easier to talk now." Noiret admits, and their conversation is serious. Their faces express their mutual love. The only bars between them now are those imposed by society. An alarm—our clocks still tick punctually—signals that visiting hours are over. Noiret, walking down the street, running his hand along a wall, is brilliant in conveying both happiness and sadness. He's made the right decision, but social walls and bars continue to stand between people. A narrator tells us that life goes on as before. The number of traffic deaths remains constant, the prisoners rebelled but the prison roof has been repaired. Complacent bourgeois life methodically ticks on.

Tavernier has made a real shocker. Murder is accepted as a justifiable response to a corrupt society. "The Clockmaker," now showing at the Playhouse (Charles and 25th) will infuriate many of us. Tavernier wields an impressive psychological sledgehammer.

Tomorrow evening, at 8:30, pianist Radu Lupu will open the highly acclaimed Shriver Hall Concert Series. The series, which tends to the intimacy of chamber recitals rather than the distance of the orchestral concert hall, continues in its tradition of excellence, offering some of the best musical talent available to Baltimore concert goers.

Radu Lupu is without question one of the finest of the young pianists, enjoying a reputation easily on par with such artists as Stephen Bishop, Murray Perahia, and Maurizio Pollini. (It is interesting to note that both Pollini and Perahia have played in the Shriver Series within the last three years.)

He has recorded extensively for the London label, one of his most recent recordings being the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2, with Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Symphony. He plays strongly in a romantic style, specializing in such composers as Schuman, Brahms, Schubert, and Grieg.

With a divine mixture youthful fire and mature restraint, his interpretations bristle with vivacity and excitement; he is a pianist who wears well with the intimacy of a chamber concert. It is like listening to an avid,



energetic conversationalist who knows his topics well.

On the concert bill are the Sonata Number Eight (Opus 13), the *Pathetique* Sonata of Beethoven; Bela Barok's "Out of Doors" Suite; and the Schubert Sonata in B flat.

Varied, though with a pronounced Romanticist bent, these pieces cover a wide realm of European Piano Literature. The Beethoven, turbulent and tragic, is no doubt well known to most listeners. The Bartok, hard-edged and percussive, absorbs the feeling of the Slavic folk-musics Bartok was so fascinated by into a brilliant

Twentieth-Century stylistic framework. And the Schubert Sonata is a pure delight, deftly mixing form and line into a most exquisite musical package.

As if the mere listing of the concert agenda and artist were not enough, there are extra reasons for the Hopkins student to attend the series. Not only is the Concert to be held on campus, but the intimacies of Shriver Hall virtually guarantee a good seat anywhere. Furthermore, student tickets are easily obtained, and run a mere \$2.00.

—J.D. Considine



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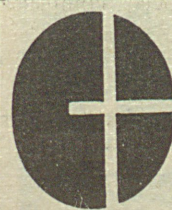
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# THE NEWS-LETTER

vol. lxxxi, no. 18/friday, november 5/baltimore.md./81st year

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Staff motto: can't say yes can't say no...all down the line

## sensibility

Ray Ceci and Mike Pione...Ray Ceci and Mike Pione. That's a scary story, a wee bit too nightmarish. You want to find some excuse to believe it really didn't happen exactly the way the story is being told. After all, that kind of thing doesn't happen here in the U.S. of A., the home of the free and open Presidential elections. At least that's that way you rationalize it. You don't want to acknowledge what happened to them, because if you do, you have to throw out all those secure feelings you have on D level in the library or around the waterpipe in your room.

Are these kinds of security the full extent of freedom of thought?

The Student Council is to be commended this time for their coming out in support of Ceci and Pione. The decision to emphasize community relations in this case is a healthy stance, long overdue from several segments of the Hopkins community. Too many undergraduates pass through their four years here with a high-powered degree and a crippled social sensibility.

An excellent start for all of us ivory tower isolationists would be to take time to attend the benefit for the Baltimore 2 tomorrow night at Bread and Roses. It will probably be a mildly shocking experience, because people hope to talk about more than this particular case. Don't try to kid yourself that theirs is an isolated occurrence. There are too many such "incidents" being spoken of these days.

## letters to the editor

To the Editor:

I take great exception to the letter from Daniel D. Wile published in the October 26 News-Letter concerning your article on Daniel Ellsberg's appearance at Hopkins.

In attacking the News-Letter's "disturbingly narrow-minded naive liberal bias," Mr. Wile betrays his own bias by challenging us to "remember that Dr. Ellsberg broke the law and many confidences, both grave forms of dishonor." Without wishing to confuse Mr. Wile with facts, I might point out that Dr. Ellsberg, to my knowledge, has yet to be convicted of any violation of the law with regards to his release of the Pentagon Papers. Furthermore, it is a strange logic that characterizes as dishonorable the efforts of someone to expose the lies perpetrated upon the American people by their government. If this be dishonor, then let us encourage similar forms of dishonor among our public officials.

Mr. Wile accuses your reporter of slandering the Administration by reporting President Muller's refusal to meet with the Continental Walkers about Hopkins' sponsorship of the military oriented Applied Physics Lab. Mr. Wile feels that Dr. Muller ought to have equal time. Equal to what? Members of the Committee for the Conversion of the Applied Physics Lab have been trying for months to arrange a public forum at A.P.L. to discuss the University's continued complicity there. It is the Administration that continues to refuse.

Mr. Wile also seems to support the paradoxical thinking of the defense establishment that the road to security lies in emulating the behavior of those countries we call our enemies. Dr. Ellsberg belonged to that same defense establishment until he realized, as many other citizens of the world now realize, that none of us is secure as long as the imminent threat of nuclear destruction, by accident or design, remains.

Gerry Gaeng



## Asylum?

# An angry reply to Mr. Blizzard

As something of a self-appointed nuisance, I think it incumbent upon me to respond to Keith Blizzard's letter in a recent issue of the News-Letter. So...

Mr. Blizzard's views are a very good example of what every gay must deal with before he can accept himself. The word is "prejudice," and it is obvious from the letter in question that, as in all matters of this sort, some pretty strong emotions are involved.

As soon as I began reading the letter I knew this was not going to be nice: "Last year when Hopkins began providing an asylum for the Gay Caucus, I, like the majority of the student body, maintained an unbiased (sic) consensus of opinion. Although this activity shocked my inherent morals I excused it as another liberal experiment on the part of the university."

An asylum. That's just what we don't want. We've had asylums. Perhaps Mr. Blizzard wants to reinstitute aversion therapy and prefrontal lobotomies. Those are two very effective ways to deal with homosexuality. And they're such humane ways of doing it too. You didn't have to be crazy to be institutionalized in the good old days. Homosexuality was often good enough cause.

Asylum. We don't want that either. We simply want to be accepted as functional constructive members of this society. There is no reason why we should need asylum. As it is, I defy you to find a major social, political, or religious institution which offers it to us. Gays are lucky to get an unbiased reception, which is obviously something Mr. Blizzard was not prepared to give us, despite what he says about an "unbiased consensus of opinion," whatever that may mean.

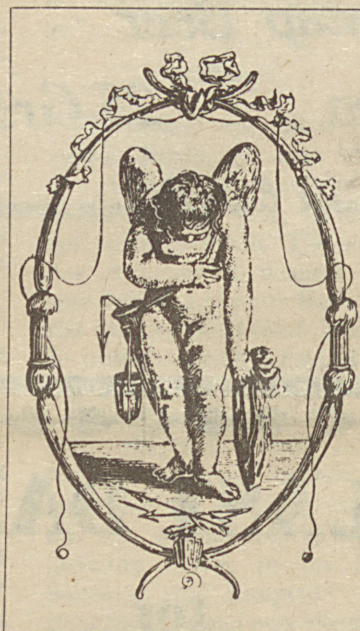
The fact that Mr. Blizzard's "inherent morals" were shocked and that he feels that the university must be "excused" for the Caucus makes it very plain that he views homosexuals in the light of some very unkind and often false stereotypes. I understand this. I've got my own problems with stereotypes, but I try my best to look at the real people in spite of them. As a reasonably intelligent and hopefully somewhat enlightened human being, I must do this; it is obligatory.

Mr. Blizzard evidently doesn't know it, but he hit upon the right answer in his letter: "Our first response was one of laughter, thinking there must be a costume party on campus." The Caucus' dance was a Halloween dance, and the publicity for it included the phrase "costume optional." That's why there were men in women's clothing on campus. There were also men dressed as Roman centurions.

"...then my stomach turned as the truth of the situation dawned on me." This doesn't sound very unbiased to me. The situation Mr. Blizzard refers to was nothing more or less than a dance. Is there any reason why

gays should be denied the social activity of a dance? I certainly haven't come across one. What is all the fuss about? I can see Mr. Blizzard being upset if he witnessed an homosexual orgy or even perhaps if he had observed a "public display of affection"—does his stomach turn every time he sees a man and a woman kissing?—but a few strays from the dance do not seem adequate cause for his indignation.

I will not deny that there are some male homosexuals who habitually wear women's clothing—the colloquial expression for them is "drag queens." I won't even say that there weren't a few of them at the dance; in fact, Mr. Rodrigue's piece in the same issue of the News-Letter makes it obvious that there were. But to attack gays as a group on the basis of the few atypical people Mr. Blizzard and his friends saw is purely irrational. All gays do not go in drag; the vast majority, in fact, do not.



I'm not trying to deny that "a man dressed in feminine garments enter(ed) the ladies (sic) room," although I've been told that it may simply have been a very masculine-looking woman. If the incident did happen the way Mr. Blizzard described it—and I frankly do not doubt his veracity—it was indeed uncalled for. I do not approve of it. Neither, for that matter, do I like the idea of going in drag. But what Mr. Blizzard and his friends saw were the actions of a few individuals; to generalize and say this behavior is an invariable characteristic of every gay male is simply prejudice. It is not fair to judge us in this way.

I am not quibbling with Mr. Blizzard's complaint; there is indeed some legitimate basis for it. What I am taking exception to is the general tone of the letter. The gentlemen were so unfortunate as to see what is perhaps their most fearful stereotype about homosexuals personified. But the number of drag queens in relation to the total number of gays is small. This unpleasant image is largely unfounded. If Mr. Blizzard, or anyone else, for that matter, wants to give us a fair chance, he need merely come to a few meetings of the Caucus. We encourage this; it's part of our purpose. Your virtue is perfectly

safe at our meetings; if you don't trust us, you may depend on one of the straights who attend our meetings to protect you. One more time—the popular ideas about us are largely untrue, and it's very frustrating for us to see them so vividly expressed as they are in Mr. Blizzard's letter.

"...why does Hopkins subject itself to public criticism by providing an asylum for the abnormal of our society?"

Mr. Blizzard evidently has information I don't. To the best of my knowledge, there has been no public criticism of the university because of the Caucus' existence. I'm sorry Mr. Blizzard was embarrassed in front of his friends, but it could have happened anywhere. Drag queens are, almost by definition, not restricted to gay dances. Those of you who attended the centennial ball last year may recall that there was a guy in drag there (incidentally, most transvestites are not gay).

Again, Hopkins is not providing an asylum. There were gays here long before the Caucus was formed; the odds are very good that every class has graduated its share of homosexuals. The Caucus was formed, not to be an asylum, but to combat the prejudices Mr. Blizzard expresses. It is a means by which we hope to show that "faggots" and "dykes" are no more adequate generic labels than are "kikes," "broads" or "niggers."

'Abnormal'

My last quote from Mr. Blizzard's letter raises that old bugaboo of "abnormal." What does it mean? Need it be reiterated that homosexuality—although admittedly not exclusive homosexuality—has been observed in every mammal ever used for research: cows, dogs, rats, dolphins, monkeys, cats, etc.? Our sexuality may not be the "norm," but it is not abnormal in the sense that it doesn't occur in nature. If Mr. Blizzard uses that definition, I must assume that he is also totally repulsed by women who shave their legs.

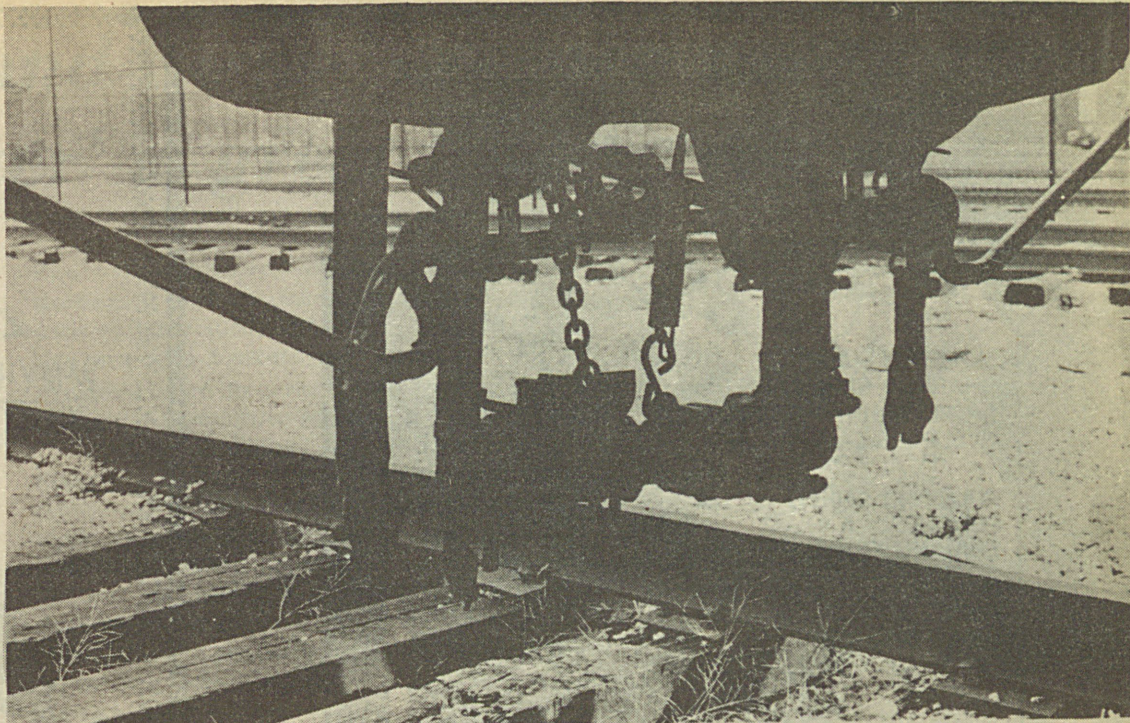
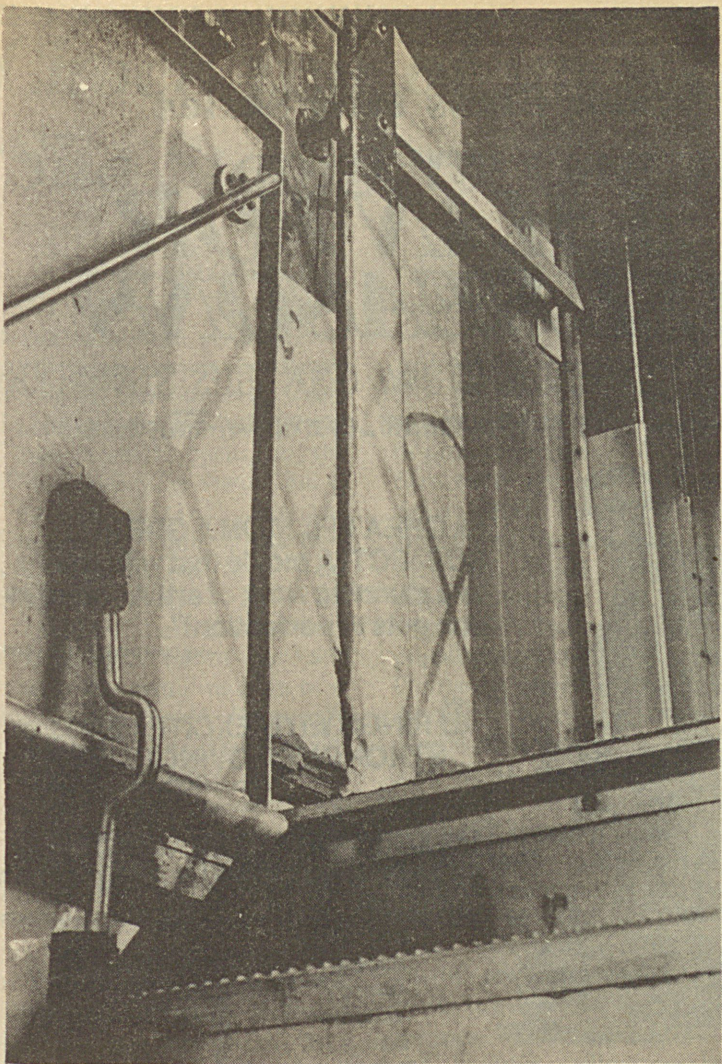
Shall I argue that the accoutrements of our society, if not our society itself, are abnormal? Remember that the cause of homosexuality is still unknown, but theorists tend to believe that it's environmental; the anatomical and physiological theories have never found any difference between straights and gays. Maybe I should argue that homosexuality is a natural consequence of our society.

Let's be sure our world is pure and normal. Don't expose the children to this scourge; let's forget that no civilized country has ever had a zero incidence of homosexuality and that it's doubtful any primitive one has.

Such may be the world Mr. Blizzard inhabits—a world totally free of even the vaguest hint of homosexuality. I only know that it's not the world into which I was born, and it's not the world in which I wish to die.

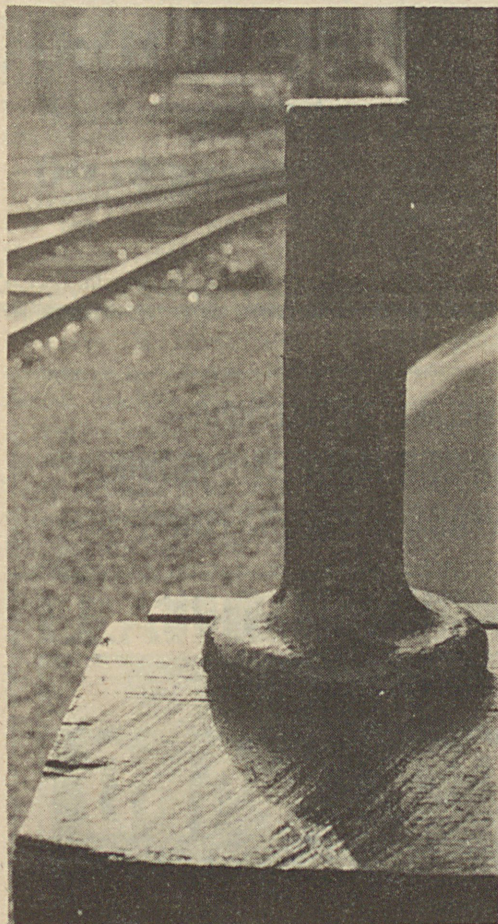
—Vincent Hollinger  
 for the Johns Hopkins  
 University Gay Caucus



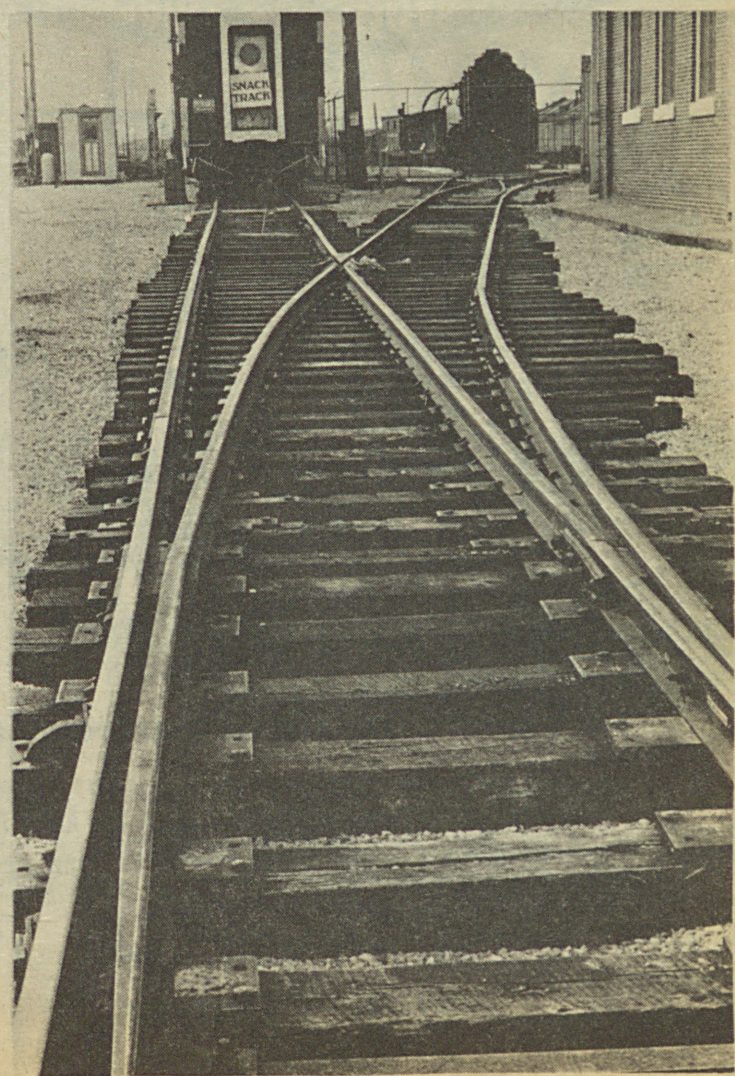
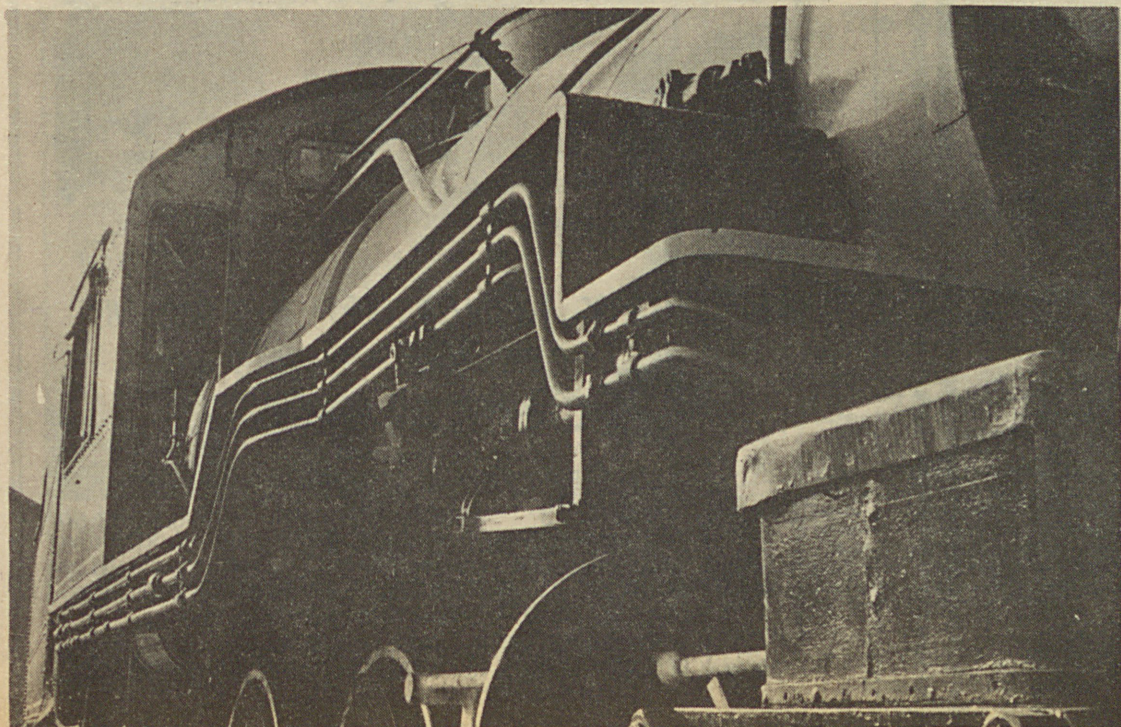
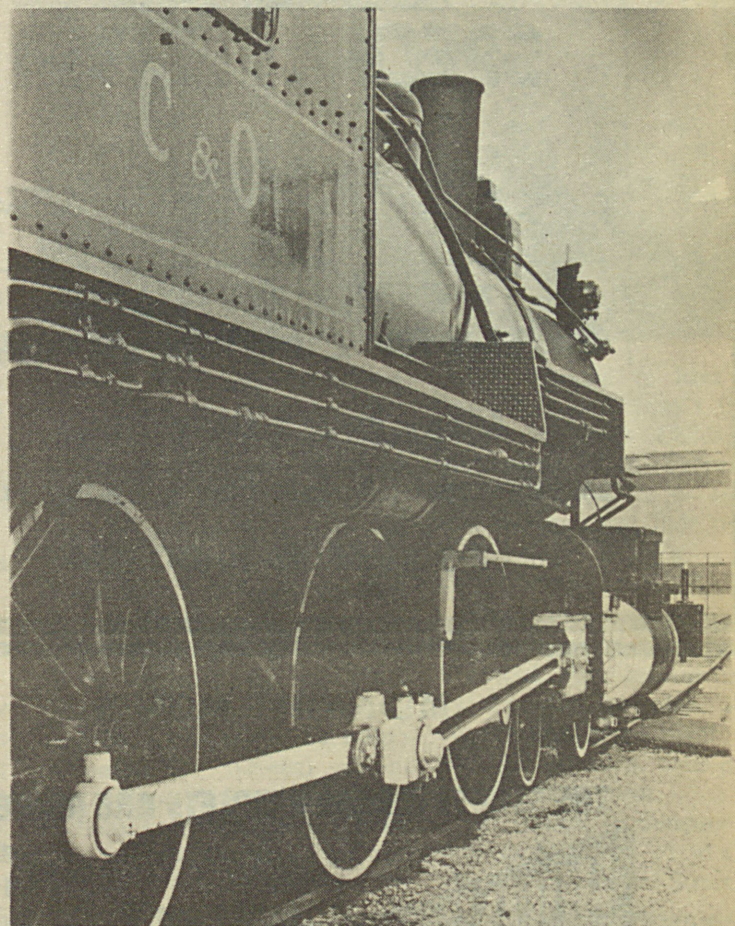


The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Museum on Pratt Street is open seven days a week. Relics of the steam era are displayed in a nineteenth century roundhouse. For further information, call the museum.

photos by jennifer bishop



*Yeah, I've worked on the railroad a long time. Laid a lot of track in my time. But the rails, you know, they've been good to me. Hell, I've never starved; always got three squares a day. Always had a place to hang my hat. I ain't got nuthin' to complain about. But I ain't had it easy mind ya. I mean remember back in ought three, we had us a blizzard that darn near blew my britches off. But the ol' Cannonball, she made it through. Aint' nuthin' that could stop her; always on time. She used to make the old Somerville to Flemington run in under three days and that's carrying a full load of cargo. Yeah, they don't make ol' steam engines like that anymore. Shoot, these new fangled diesel jobs is always breakin' down somewhere along the line. I mean the railroads never gone bankrupt back in the good ol' days. I mean Big Jim Fisk and ol' Commy Vanderbilt, they knew how to run a railroad. Hell, they dragged in the scabs, kicked some ass? That got the trains runnin' again. But that's all gone down the line. Now they got all those damn computers. Well gotta go now; that be the Southern Crescent over on track 6, pardon me boys . . .*





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# Chock full of twists and turns 'She Stoops to Conquer' is great

By NED SOLOMON

For the most part I have stayed away from period pieces, in literature movies and drama, and so was cautious about seeing the costume drama *She Stoops to Conquer* which opens up the 1976 Center Stage season. But as "drama critic" for the News-Letter I took up the task, and was treated to a most enjoyable evening.

The play itself is beautifully written, chock full of twists and turns in the grand tradition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. To relate the plot would spoil any of the terrific surprises, so a bare outline of the characters will suffice.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle are two wealthy English folks who live in the country with their as yet unmarried daughter, Kate, and their mischievous stepson, Tony Lumpkin. Also present is Constance Neville, Mrs. Hardcastle's niece who she is desperately trying to hitch up with Tony, who despises her. Also add an incompetent, but lovable group of servants headed by the nearly toothless Diggory, and Pimple, a maidservant, the only one in the play who seems to be aware of what is happening. On the scene pops Young Marlow, a hopeful for the hand of Kate and son of Mr. Hardcastle's old buddy, Sir Charles Marlow, and his companion, George Hastings. Before reaching the Hardcastle estate, Young Marlow and Hastings stop at an inn where Tony is living it up with some friends. And from this point on, led by the plotting mind of

Tony, everything turns to chaos...

## Staging

Generally the staging is tight and imaginative, a few times awkward, where actors are asked to make roundabout trips around furniture instead of simpler, direct routes. The blocking and direction is fastpaced and often there are several simultaneous actions to occupy the eye of the audience. Twice during the production, Tony Lumpkin and Constance Neville can be seen flirting backstage, while a conversation takes place onstage. The first time it appears contrived and rehearsed; the second, spontaneous and a brilliant show of silent humor. The scene changes are innovative and the musical interludes are classy and delightful. A word about the set design, which, unfortunately, most of the audience will overlook. The stage and movable ceiling are both painted with great detail; otherwise the set is simple and unpretentious, yet effective and beautiful. Because I know very little about costuming from this era I cannot comment on its authenticity, although I was extremely impressed. Some of the make-up seemed a little heavy in spots, especially with Diggory, but this is a trivial comment when one leafs through the program and realizes the amazing physical transformations the actors have gone through.

The acting ranges from good to brilliant. One of the most difficult aspects of wordy drama is to make the lines sound as if they are not just being recited.

Paul C. Thomas, as Mr. Hardcastle opened the show reading his lines stiffly, but as the play progressed, loosened up and was nothing less than excellent. His facial expressions, so essential to this production, were exaggerated just to the proper point, and he proves to be a great comic talent. Michael Haney, as Tony Lumpkin, was my personal favorite, and perhaps the best character in the written play. He is a mischievous personality who, nonetheless, has the audience behind him the whole way. Reminiscent of Malcolm McDowell, he has one of the most expressive faces I have ever seen. It is fair to say Michael Haney is worth the price of admission. Jim Boraddus as Young Marlow, seemed very comfortable in the somewhat difficult character transitions he's asked to perform, and extremely competent both in comic and serious moments. Dan Diggles, as George Hastings, may be the most professional actor in the cast, more subdued than Tony's part, but equally exciting. Of all the performers he appears the most relaxed on the stage, and is particularly adept at playing to all parts of the audience. Diggory, played by Dan Szlag, is a scene stealer. Enough said. Competent performances by Donna Welby as Pimple, Roland Bull as Sir Charles Marlow, and again as Stingo. My only complaint is in the writing of the play, as these characters are rather shallow. I feel shallowness is also a problem with Mrs. Hardcastle, played by Carol Gustafson, a though I'm not



sure whether this is the fault of the director, the writer, or Ms. Gustafson. It is still a very good performance, but perhaps upstaged by the others. Tana Hicken, as Kate Hardcastle acts best in her maiden role; her lines seem more forced and rehearsed when she actually plays the wealthy daughter. Her comic lines generally do not come across. In a play distinctly British, Christine Baranski's (Constance Neville) accent bothers me. Although her comic actions and lines are successful, the majority of the time she seems miscast. Perhaps the

director needed to have spent more time with Tony's friends, played by Caleb Childs, Tim McCusker, Ken Tipper and Thomas G. Waites, or again it may be they just fade next to Michael Haney's vivid performance.

From the opening scene to the curtain calls the play is delightful. And because of the nature of the play, and a combination of excellent acting and tight direction, there is truly never a dull moment.

*She Stoops to Conquer* plays through November 21, at Center Stage, 700 N. Calvert Street.

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## notes from down the line

**Lost books:** If you are missing some really exciting reading on Pathology, Heat and Thermodynamics, Complex Experimental Designs, or the Gospel, then please contact the Office of the Chaplain. We just might have what you want.

The **Alternative Press Information Centre** is a community library serving the needs of the serious researcher and the casual reader alike. At the Centre can be found a plethora of material on such subjects as the Third World Movement, Black liberation, gay and women's liberation, alternative institutions and culture, the decline of capitalism, and socialist theory and practice. 2442 North Calvert Street. Tuesday-Saturday, 10-4, and Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 7-10.

The **Outdoors Club** is sponsoring a hike this Sunday (Nov. 7th) on the Billy Goat Trail along the Potomac River near Washington D.C. We will leave from the front of Levering at 10:15 a.m. and plan to return around 4:00 p.m. Call Leo Kusuda at 889-3522 or just show up on Sunday. Cost of the trip is about \$2.00 to cover gas expenses.

The **Mayor's Fellowship Program** is a six-credit, one-semester undergraduate internship program in urban administration, planning and law. The work in the agencies is complemented by a weekly seminar. Students interested in applying for next semester should call Bob Seidel at Ext. 7168 or pick up an application in Complex D of the Metrocenter in the basement of Shriver Hall.

Under the auspices of **The Center for History and Philosophy of Science**, James E. McGuire, Professor of History and Philosophy of Science at the University of Pittsburgh will speak on "Matter and Place: Newton's Cosmic Substratum" on Friday, Nov. 12 at 4 p.m.

in Room 3, Shaffer Hall. The public is invited. There is not admission charge.

On **Tuesday, Nov. 9, 1976**, at 4:15, in room 221 of Remsen Hall, **Dr. Stanley J. Opella** of the Dept. of Chemistry, at the University of Pennsylvania will lecture on "Proton H Enhanced NMR of Model Membrane Systems." There is no charge and admission is open to the public.

**Le Cercle Francais de Johns Hopkins** avec le concours de l'Office of the Dean of Students et du Center for Metropolitan Planning and Research a le plaisir de vous inviter a une conference donnee par Jean-Louis Husson, Economiste a l'Institut d'Amenagement et d'Urbanisme de la Region Parisienne. Le mercredi, 10 Novembre a 20h 30 au Great Hall (Levering-1er etage). Presentation avec diapositives et discussion comparant la situation actuelle de l'urbanisme en France et aux Etats-Unis. Reception a 21h 30.

### classifieds

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There will be a meeting of the **Course Evaluation Staff** on Monday, Nov. 8 at 4:30 p.m. Attendance is mandatory. If a conflict, call Pat H. at 243-3951.

The **Goucher-Hopkins Russian Society** will meet at 8:00 p.m. on Monday, Nov. 8, in the Rathskellar.

**Women—the BIA and the Women's Center** are giving a potluck dinner to discuss women's athletics here at The Hop Tues., Nov. 9. We'll talk about intercollegiate, intramural and conditioning athletics, so bring food and ideas. RSVP to Anne Simon at 243-7061 by Tuesday. Athletics aren't just for sport.

**Revolutionary discoveries made by Italian archeologists in Syria** will be the subject of a lecture by **Prof. Giovanni Pettinato** of the University of Rome, on Thursday at 8:30 p.m. in Shaffer 3. Palace archives containing over 15,000 inscribed clay tablets from 2500 B.C. were unearthed by Prof. Pettinato and his colleagues on the site of the ancient city of Ebla.

The **Jewish Students Association** is sponsoring religious services on Friday Night at 6:30. Traditional services are held in the Kosher Dining Hall; Innovative services are in Gilman 44. After services we will all get together for an Oneg Shabbat. Saturday Afternoon Services will be held at 4:30 in the KDH.

There will be a general meeting of the **Jewish Students Association** on Monday to elect a new Vice-president and to discuss future activities. The next session of the JSA sponsored Israeli Dancing will be on Tuesday, Nov. 9 in the Great Hall. The date of the Sunday Sundae Smash as been changed to Sunday, Nov. 14 at 7:30 in the Great Hall. Come make your own ice cream sundae and meet studnets from other local campuses.

### Sam's Belly Food Co-op

anti-profit cooperative store which distributes all kinds of natural foods. Work at the Belly is done largely by volunteers who receive a worker's discount in return for a 4 hour per month commitment. Hours are Tuesday and Thursday, 2-9; Wednesday and Friday, 2-6, and Saturday, 10-6. Enter the Belly at 427 East 31st Street, or phone 243-9499 for more information. Food for people, not for profit!

### MONEY!

Elizabeth Barna, Financial Aid Officer and Co-Ordinator of the Federally funded College Work-Study Program has announced that there are still many Work-Study positions available to students who are eligible for the program. Jobs which are available range in pay from \$2.30 per hour to \$3.25 and positions are open in such departments as the MSE Library, Admissions, Baltimore Cancer Research Center, School of Health Services and the various academic and administrative departments here on the Homewood Campus.

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### GRADUATE AND PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL INTERVIEWS

The following graduate schools will be visiting Hopkins during the coming weeks. All students who are interested in investigating the possibility of attending these schools may come to the Placement Bureau, located in 135 Garland Hall, to sign up for interviews. Catalogs from these schools will be available at the Placement Bureau.

Nov. 8 Monday Consortium for Graduate Study in Management Fellowships for Minority Students in Bus.

Nov. 9 Tues. Northwestern Univ., Grad. School of Management

Nov. 9 Tues. Boston Univ., School of Law

Nov. 11 Thurs. Univ. of North Carolina, Grad. School of Business

Nov. 12 Fri. Villanova Univ., School of Law

Nov. 15 Mon. Univ. of Chicago, Grad. School of Business

Nov. 16 Tues. Northeastern Univ., School of Law

Nov.,

Nov. 16 Tues. Boston College Law School

Nov. 23 Tues. Dartmouth, The Amos Tuck School of Bus. Admin.

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**November 9** is the final date for course changes. No adds after this date. Drops by special permission only after this date, with "WD" on transcript.

**Dog Found:** Male, mutt, 20 lbs., 1 yr. old, black and well-behaved. Found on St. Paul wearing choke collar. Original owners or some one who wants him, call 243-8293.

**Attention Pre-law Students:** A short organizational meeting for the new Johns Hopkins Pre-law Society will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 9 at 8:00 p.m. in Remsen 101. A good turnout is essential to the success of the society. If you cannot attend, please call Dan at 889-7297 or Bill at 235-3508.

There will be a free **Christian Science Lecture**, entitled "Use Your Spiritual Power," by Barbara Dix Henderson, member of the Christian Science Board of Lectureship, at First Church of Christ, Scientist, Baltimore, 102 W. University kwy., Friday, Nov. 5 at 8:00 pm. Parking will be available at the church edifice and at the Scottish Rite Temple, 39th and N. Charles Sts. Child care will be provided.

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A response to the post-analysis by members of  
the JHU Young Democrats and Republica Clubs

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### EMPLOYMENT INTERVIEWS AT THE PLACEMENT BUREAU

The following organizations will be interviewing graduate students in the Placement Bureau, Room 135, Garland Hall, during the coming weeks. Graduate students nearing completion of their degree requirements who will be seeking full-time, permanent employment are encouraged to come to the Placement Bureau to schedule interviews and to obtain information about seeking employment.

#### NOVEMBER

11th, Thurs. Watkins-Johnson Co.  
16th, Tues. Westvaco Research Labs  
17th, Wed. Analytic Services, Inc.

#### DECEMBER

7th, Tues. The Aerospace Corp.  
8th, Wed. U.S. Navy Recruiting Team  
9th, Thurs. Bell Telephone Labs  
10th, Fri. Bell Telephone Labs  
13th, Mon. Center for Naval Analyses

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# Why those golden boys come to the land of plenty

By DAVID KRAUS

Third in a series.

(Be it UCLA Ohio State or Johns Hopkins, the lifeline for a successful inter-collegiate athletic program is recruiting. A coach's ability to attract the finest high school athletes to attend his institution will enable him to build and maintain a winning tradition.

How is recruiting done at JHU? Who is recruited? Why do athletes eventually come to Homewood?

To answer these and other questions, the author has talked to people at the University involved in these different phases of recruiting.

Today's article deals with why recruited athletes eventually came to Hopkins. Those interviewed were swimmer Mike Bay, football/baseball player Dave Emala, basketball player Kevin Kabat and lacrosse player Mike O'Neill.

Among each freshman class entering JHU are several of those high school sports stars that were recruited by Hopkins coaches the previous year.

Why did these young men

eventually choose Hopkins? What aspect of the recruiting process brought these athletes to Homewood?

Mike Bay was the captain of the Loyola High School swim team in his senior year. At the state championship meet, he was runner-up in two separate events.

He had known of Hopkins for many years, but it took the JHU team physician to introduce Bay to Blue Jay coach Frank Comfort. Bay eventually chose JHU over the University of Virginia and entered last fall.

In his freshman season, Mike turned in a spectacular performance. He led the Jays to a second place finish at the NCAA Division III meet by winning three events and setting two national records in the process.

According to Bay, the decision between Hopkins and Virginia was "a very tough one. I wanted a good university with a good swim program. I didn't want to compromise academics to go to a swim school."

JHU won out because Mike "was more impressed with the swimming environment here. I felt the program best fit my needs."

Dave Emala was also a local product—a graduate of the Gilman School. In his senior year, he was an all-state football player and an all-league baseball performer. Among those schools desiring his athletic skills were the Military Academy (he had already received an appointment there), University of Pennsylvania, Bucknell College and, of course, Hopkins.

Dave eventually came to JHU for several reasons. He felt that "Hopkins was much more personal. When those bigger schools were recruiting me, you only really got to know an assistant coach well and through him you's meet the head coach. At Hopkins, you got to know everyone real well."

In addition, other factors came into Emala's decision. He felt that Hopkins could best satisfy his scholastic needs while giving him what he wanted in terms of an athletic program.

The most valuable player on his high school basketball team in both his junior and senior years, Kevin Kabat came to Hopkins last fall from upstate New York. He had been recruited by many New York schools including Cornell, St. Lawrence University and Ithaca College and yet decided to come south to Baltimore.

According to Kevin, he came to Hopkins "mainly because of an education. You can get one of the best educations in the country at Hopkins. In addition, I liked the coach and the program."

Kabat also said that until he had visited Homewood for a weekend, JHU hadn't been his top choice, but that it had become number one soon thereafter.

Many schools did not actively recruit Mike O'Neill until the Long Island native's senior year. For in his junior season, he had

broken his ankle and had missed almost the entire lacrosse season.

However, his performance as a senior (high school All-American) attracted schools such as Cornell, Brown, Virginia and Hopkins. Eventually, the choice was narrowed down to JHU and Cornell and Mike became a Blue Jay.

According to O'Neill, the ability to play varsity as a freshman (Ivy League schools didn't allow this at the time) and the lacrosse tradition at Homewood drew him to Hopkins.

Looking back, one can see that recruiting had a substantial effect on each of these athletes. Each came to Hopkins for slightly different reasons—a direct result of the method in which they were recruited.

(Next week: The future of Hopkins recruiting)

## Jay harriers break .500 mark

Gaining split decisions in its final pair of three-way meets, the Blue Jay cross-country team closed out the season with a record of 7-6.

On October 23rd, the squad travelled to Haverford for a meet against the host school and Washington College. The Jays easily defeated Washington, 15-50, but dropped a heartbreaker to Haverford, 28-29.

It appeared as though Hopkins would sweep both ends of this competition as the runners began to cross the finish line. JHU ace Bill Caldwell was the overall winner of the race, while Blue Jays Jim Kennedy and Bob Alworth finished second and fifth, respectively in the overall standings.

However, it was some time before Bob Freamon and Tim Whitcomb completed the course to give the Homewood harriers their required five finishers. In the meantime, Haverford runners had crossed the finish line en masse and had enabled the host school to gather enough points to squeak out the narrow victory.

The competition against Washington College was nowhere near as close. The Sho'men were obviously outclassed by both Haverford and Hopkins and had no runners finish the overall top ten of the race.

"It was disappointing that we couldn't put it all together against Haverford," JHU Coach Randy Cockey said later. "We took first, second and fifth places and still couldn't bring it out."

The final three-way competition of the season for the Blue Jays took place at Homewood on October 30th as JHU entertained Franklin and Marshall and Loyola. Hopkins soundly defeated Loyola, 21-38, but fell to F and M, 22-33.

Once again, Bill Campbell and Jim Kennedy were the top finishers for the Jays, but they were unable to duplicate their overall finishes of the previous week. Caldwell was the third



steffan burns... competitor across the line, while Kennedy finished in the number five overall position.

Bob Alworth, Bob Freamon and Tim Whitcomb again rounded out the Blue Jay point scorers. However, their efforts were not enough to overcome the powerful F and M swuad—a team whose top runner smashed the Homewood course record.

Coach Cockey was impressed by the competitive atmosphere of the meet.

"It could well have been the highest quality meet we've ever had at Hopkins," the coach remarked.

Although the dual meets are over, the team has one final

competition. Tomorrow afternoon, the squad travels to Philadelphia for the MAC championship meet.

Last year, the team had a dual meet record of 4-9 and finished 12th in the championship meet. Having improved substantially on last year's dual record, Coach Cockey is looking forward to similar improvement in tomorrow's competition.

"We're going to be tougher than our 7-6 record indicates," the coach said. "We could place in the top five and could be as high as third. Our top runners have been improving steadily throughout the season and I hope that they can hit their peak in Philadelphia."

## Hoyas bow to booters

By ANDREW COHEN

Of all places to be on Election Day, the Blue Jay soccer squad found themselves in Washington D.C. playing the Georgetown Hoyas.

The impending Federal shake-up seemed to be the main concern of the Hoyas as they did not show much concern for the game, losing to the Jays 4-0 in an effortless contest.

Relatively a dull game from the spectator's viewpoint, the contest was completely controlled by Hopkins from start to finish.

About ten minutes into the first half the Jays jumped on top to stay. Extensive pressure was applied by the Blue Jays in front of the Hoya net. In desperation, a defensive back attempted to clear the ball from the scoring area with a strong kick.

This clearing pass, though, was intercepted by winger Larry McGowan. With the Georgetown goalie temporarily out of position, McGowan neatly lofted the ball over his head and into the cage for the 1-0 lead.

The second goal came midway of the first half when freshman Marty Wolf delivered a corner kick in front of the Georgetown goal. A mix-up in front resulted until finally sweeper Frank Olszewski put the loose ball past the Hoya goal tender.

Minutes later the Blue Jays were unable to capitalize on a penalty shot awarded them by the referees. The play developed when a Jay attackman was tripped up in front of the Hoya net in the penalty area. Coach Robert Oliver designated Olszewski to take the shot. The Junior sweeper back was unable to connect, though, for what would have been his second goal

of the game.

Just before the half ended, Hopkins scored their third goal when senior co-captain Tom Myrick sent a long lead pass up field. Winger McGowan corraled the pass and proceeded to out race the defense toward the Georgetown cage. From about ten yards out McGowan put in his second goal of the game past a helpless Hoya goalie.

Hopkins scored its final goal of the day midway through the second half. A Hoya penalty committed right outside the penalty area in front of the net resulted in a direct kick for the Jays. Co-captain Gary Ignatowski chipped his shot over the defensive player wall and right on to the head of a racing Greg Cunningham. The star forward easily popped the ball in the net for the 4-0 final score.

Goalie Ken Suesse and the Blue Jay defense had little trouble preserving their fourth shutout of the season, easily stopping the Hoya's feeble attempts.

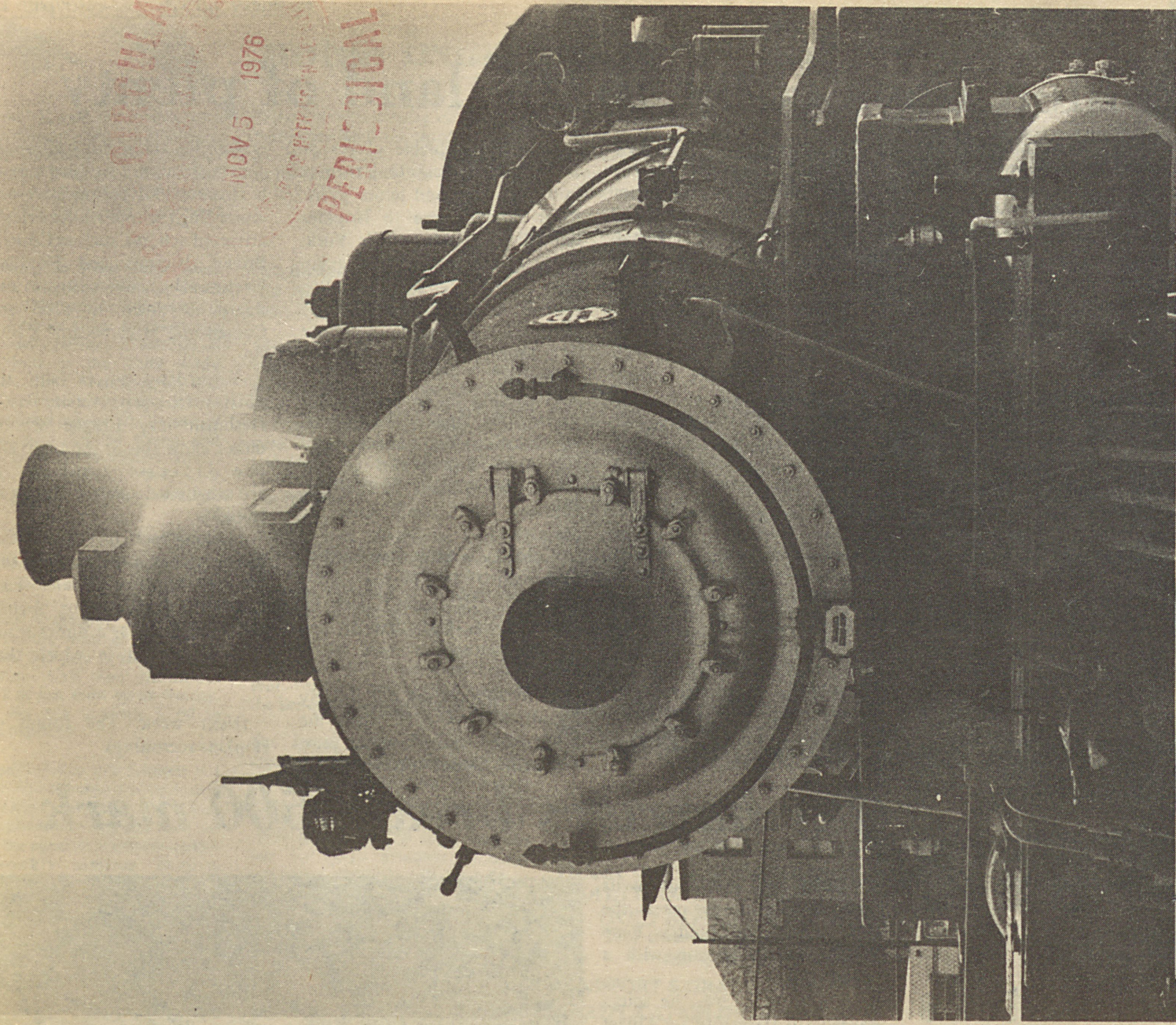
Coach Oliver made good use of the lopsided game by allowing all the substitutes to play in the second half. "Our fullbacks did a great job of keeping the ball in the other end of the field," said Coach Oliver. "That had to be the key for the shutout victory."

The Jays now bring their 5-4-1 record home for their final regular season game here at Homewood. The game will be a crucial one for they play league rivals Washington College. A victory on Saturday would give the team a 4-1 league record which may be enough, pending the outcome of the Swarthmore-Haverford contest, to put them in the championship playoff.



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CIRCULATING  
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# THE HOPKINS NEWS-LETTER

vol. lxxxi, no. 18/friday, november 5, 1976/baltimore 81st year

## free agents re-enter from a high

By SNUFFY SANDLOT

After yesterdays' premier re-entry draft (a term better suited to those expensive playthings NASA scientists send up, than to any hard-throwing tobacco-stained Kentucky farm boy and his left arm), the world of baseball moved onto a new road, as big a change as that night in Cincinnati in 1935 when the Redlegs and Phillies battled for nine innings under artificial daylight, or the 1947 spring day when Jackie Robinson first stepped out of the Brooklyn dugout.

Well, the old days are long gone and the new ones ain't far behind, as someone once put it, and ol' Snuff's not complaining about the ballplayers getting their freedom, let 'em find their work where they like it same as any 9-to-5 hack. I say, but what rankles this diamond addict is the Birds' being intent on losing three of their top flychasers and hurlers, and a chance at next year's pennant. Now, Bobby Grich hasn't filled those MVP shoes everybody cast for him five years ago, and Wayne Garland shows off a mere one season for his credentials, but both Orioles rank mighty close All-Stars in this league; and as for Reggie J., you just don't let the best player in the game hop the next train out of town.

With money-laden teams like the Dodgers and Mets chasing after the trio of free Birds, dollar figures flashing like the triple at Laurel after three 50-1 shots

the Yankees will be running again next year, along with the Red Sox and even those Lake Erie misfits, and Jim C.Y. Palmer can only trot out to the mound once every four days to beat 'em back.



Reggie J.

come in, the Snuffer kicks his heels in the gutters of Hell (33rd Street to foreigners), and makes his way to the end of the bar in the Stadium Lounge, ready to drown visions of a losing O's team in an afternoon of Pabsts. Admitted, the new Bronx Bombers took the fastest dive in the Series since the L.A. Bums and Willie Davis' "The sun! I can't see!" act got shanghaied by the Birds ten summers ago, but

passed across the desk of the S.S., a little entry from the A&W Visual Library, called *The Book of Pot*, one more sign that the days of all-night train trips with the Boston Bees to play the St. Louis Browns have faded into the scrapbooks.

Mind you, Snuff himself ain't blind to new fashions, and in the past few years a certain raffish



element has shown up in the press box, these young reporters with their tape recorders, and they often disappear between innings (or at the bottom of the Birds' batting order), then return all giggling when *nothing* is happening on the field, suddenly laughing at Brooksie's familiar waddle, even striking a few friendly conversations with the old gang hunched over their typewriters.

So this volume, written by a Pamela Lloyd, executive editor of something called *High Times* (obviously the equivalent of Snuff's trusted *Sporting News*) proved to have many useful bits of trivia and know-how to throw back at those smiling fellows during the tedious non-Jackson summer months ahead. For instance, when they try to show me up on the exploits of Harry Steinfeldt, a well-read Snuffy will turn around and deliver the history of cannabis, ways to identify, clean, smoke, ingest, and grow it, even rattle off the stats of THC, and then slip out a perfectly-rolled joint from the spirals of his notebook, getting high on those balls and strikes and sunny outfields, and who's Bobby Grich?

*The Book of Pot*, costing less than a third-base box seat, lotta pictures besides, has earned a place on this season's reading list, when the tears run dry after watching *The Monte Stratton Story* and the mind goes blank from all the lawyers' cases and invalid contracts. Joe Rudi and Don Baylor may not do daily sprints across the Oakland Coliseum outfield next year, but the grass (not Astroturf or your front-yard stuff, either) they gingerly stepped on last year will still be there. And while the soon-to-be ex-Birds move to happier, richer climes, Snuffy plans to enjoy the long chilling winter days stumbling around the warm heart of Baltimore.