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THE STUDENT

VOL. 100 NO. 7

THURS. OCT. 18, 1973



BATES TO KLATSCH WITH SYKES

by Duke Williams

This weekend the Concert Lecture committee is sponsoring an event which will fulfill both halves of the committee's function simultaneously. Mr. James Sykes, pianist, conductor, writer and lecturer, will perform for the Bates community in two lecture-recitals.

On Saturday at 4 p.m. in the Chase Hall Lounge, Mr. Sykes will offer what he terms a *klatsch* — a coffee hour combined with a program of popular American piano music. Mr. Sykes includes the works of Scott Joplin and Jelly Roll Morton in his repertoire, so we can expect some lively, good-time music along with some, well, Bates Coffee in foam cups. Go for the music.

Then on Sunday at 4 p.m. in the Bates Chapel, Mr. Sykes will perform and lecture on piano music by Clara Wieck and Robert Schumann, 19th century German

composers and, incidentally, man and wife. Mr. Sykes is recognized as an international authority on the Schumanns, and, in 1962, was the first western scholar since World War II to be given access to Schumann's manuscripts in East Germany. Mr. Sykes has hinted that Sunday's lecture recital may be of interest to those persons involved in the women's activist movement.

Lewiston will be a stop on a road that has taken Mr. Sykes all over the world: United States Information Agency tours to Central and South America (1960), the Middle East and Asia (1965), and Europe (1972). During 1969-70, Mr. Sykes was Visiting Scholar for the Phi Beta Kappa United Chapters and performed at campuses throughout the United States.

SYKES; Pg. 8

Having Faced the Music

By Jane Goguen

Under dimmed lights, a hushed "Parents' Weekend" audience had a fantastic opportunity to witness several fine performances last Saturday night in the Alumni Gymnasium. The occasion — the Parents' Weekend Concert. The cast — talented Bates' singers and dancers.

The program opened with several selections by the Bates College Choir, under the direction of Marion R. Anderson. The music ranged from the classical beauty of pieces such as "Jesu Dulcis Memoria" (Victoria), to the rousing rhythm of "Lebenslust" (Schubert), a German beer-drinking song. A brass ensemble from the College Band, as well as pianists, aided in renditions of several of the numbers. The final selection, "Stomp Your Foot!" (Copland), was a fitting prelude for the next entertainment on the evening's agenda — the skill of the Bates College Modern Dance Company.

The group alternately amused, provoked, and amazed the audience, as the dancers twisted and twirled, playing with both fantasy and reality. The student-choreographed dances, under the direction of Marcy Plavin, were divided into two sections.

The first was a pot-pourri of warm humor, as depicted in the cleverly imaginative "Gimme Dat Ding"; nostalgia, as children's games were delightfully depicted; and thoughtful introspection, in "Freedom", where the fine balance between individuality was explored. The last "sketch" was a contemporary one, utilizing the simplicity of "Jonathan Livingston Seagull", by Richard Bach, as a medium for the grace and mood of the dancers.

The final half of the program was built around the rock opera "Tommy", by The Who. The entire company participated in this enjoyable chronicle, which followed the deaf-dumb-blind Tommy to greatness — and to abandonment.

Although I cannot begin to pretend I am a critic of either music or dance, the performances given by both the choir and dance company seemed to me to be outstanding. Judging from the large and enthusiastic crowd on hand Saturday night, I feel my opinions are representative of most of the audience. If, by chance, you missed this first opportunity to see some of our own college talent on stage, be sure you make a special effort to be at the next performance, it will be worth it!

LAWRENCE CHEM STANDS OUT

The Bates College chapter of the American Chemical Society has been selected for special commendation for their outstanding record during the year. Dr. Patricia A. Figueras, chairman of the Council Committee on Chemical Education, informed Bates President Thomas Hedley Reynolds that only 31 of 579 chapter 5 have been so honored.

The American Chemical Society encourages the formation of affiliate chapters in institutions which grant degrees in chemistry or chemical engineering. The college chapters seek to develop attitudes of professionalism among students with an interest in chemical careers. Dr. Figueras pointed to the

excellent environment for science at Bates which made this achievement possible.

* The Lawrence Chemical Society at Bates College, headed by President Janet Gross, is an active group on campus, which brings in outside lecturers who cover various topics in the sciences which are of interest to Bates students and the community.

The Chemistry Department consists of Chairman Charles H. Stauffer (Dana Professor), and staff including Professor William B. Thomas, Associate Professors Richard M. Briggs and James G. Boyles, Assistant Professor David S. Page and Carleton E. Morrill, Lecturer.

EDITORIAL

Professors often complain about the bright student who either out of laziness or indifference never realizes his full "potential". The existence of this student at Bates cannot be argued. But when the same must be said about the management of a facility on campus that sees universal use, it is time for remedial action not tacit acquiescence. In short, the niggardly business hours of the library fly in the face of several paradoxes. First, the library sees fit to shorten the hours of the circulation desk on Friday nights, as if ignorant of the lingering existence of Saturday exams. True, one can retire to the smoking study on the first floor for another two hours. But this hardly seems consistent with the opportunities afforded those faced with weekday exams, especially since many of the Saturday *essays* are in the social sciences which require extensive reserve reading.

Though the Friday night inconsistency is of no little importance, it is but one facet of a larger problem which simply expressed, is the lack of an all-night study. The amazing aspect of this deficiency is that the building was designed for just such a purpose. This is why access can be gained to the smoking study on the first floor without entering the library proper. But the capability is not utilized even though it would be a simple task to implement. First of all, the maintenance department is already committed to featherbedding

economics, i.e., the assignment of three men to perform a one-man task. Take some of the "sidewalk superintendents" off the day shift, make them midnight perambulators in the vicinity of the library and the problem is solved. An alternate and more desirable solution in light of the inevitable "midterm rush" and finals would also create a financial windfall. Opening the entire library on an all night basis would solve the explicit problem as well as providing more student employment. It is done at many other colleges whose emphasis on academics does not come near *academia batesina*.

Normally the appropriate forum to deal with such a situation would be the library student-faculty committee, but Librarian Iva Foster has expressed an interest through this committee to deal with the problem personally, on a one-to-one basis with students of the afore-stated persuasion. Though personal handling of campus problems is usually fruitful, it is also the easiest method of dumping the situation in the circular file, the present one being a prime example. It is hoped that the bi-nightly census currently being taken is not an attempt to provide a statistic to rebut this argument since such random "statistics are seldom meaningful. The college is small enough for public resolution of such matters; hence, there is no rationale for confining it to the librarian's office.

EFB

LETTER



There comes a point wherein one must speak to a particular subject because it becomes a constant nuisance without hope of being bettered. Maybe what I speak of is not really a nuisance, but more simply just a biased view for which the majority never hear the other bias. This will hopefully set a few things straight and shed some new light or give some new perspective to those who allow themselves to be misled.

I would like to speak to the subject of 'student reviewing' for theatrical productions of any sort at Bates. I read each and every review in *The Student* during my four years at Bates and the last one I read, reviewing Daedalus Productions, Inc., has set me off. I don't really want to make exception to just John, because he is just symptomatic of some of those before him. These reviewers find themselves caught in the web of elitism espoused by so many of

our modern intellectuals, especially those who are not knowledgeable, or shall I say competently knowledgeable, about that of which they speak, or review, as it were. Therefore, it seems to me that one of the first prerequisites required of someone reviewing theatre should be some knowledge and experience in that area, with an understanding and appreciation of what theatre and the art of acting is all about. Now, John may have some experience in theatre but I charge him as not having enough to allow him to write such a review, because, from my biased viewpoint, his review was unjust and the production was, indeed, a good one of 'creative credibility.' Now, John has the right to his own opinion, but what most fail to see here is that the majority of those that read John's review will accept it as fact,

LETTER Pg. 3



Photo by Don Orifice

déjà vu

by Ed Byrne

Though "Spiro, where have all the kickbacks gone?" is a familiar melody in Washington these days, it seems as if Ted's (the other one) demise has caused a cloud of consternation to linger in Lane Hall and not because of the persistent rumor that Apple Valley has become the new launch pad for the grief-struck Greek's misguided sputniks either. Why anxiety at Bates, you query, when it's common knowledge that the number of Agnew's favorite weapon happens to correspond to his I.Q. and hence poses no threat to the "community of scholars?" Some of the theories being bandied about by the rank-and-file follow:

That Frank Sinatra is retreading the retirement route for the nth time in protest over the Justice Department's treatment of his golf pal (the only one he can beat) singing "Who Can I Turn To?"

That Gerry Ford already has King Dick's ear on nixing (I didn't mean that, really) the Committee for Economic Development's dictum to raise tuitions at state schools, a measure which couldn't help but keep black as the

dominant color in Bernie's Ledger. That Chet Emmons really has resigned over the loss of his Smith & Wesson and the subsequent decision to replace one law and order resignee with another?

If you checked (d) none of the above, you win the *deja vu* sweatshirt pictured below complete with mirror-image inscription to increase the chances of securing rides from guilt-ridden alumni speeding away from their alma mater on any given weekend.

What really has old THR worried is the creation of a real Bates veep. Bernie has his hands full keeping the coffers from emptying in the



DEJA Pg. 3

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Photo by Don Orifice

WEEKEND DEBATE

by Jonathan Smith

Small colleges everywhere breathed a sigh of relief last Friday night as the Bates College debate team successfully defended the future of the small liberal arts college from the onslaught of Harvard University before a partisan crowd of 200 Bates students and parents. The decision marks the successful debut of Bates coach Ms. Clare Dalton and a return to winning form against the Crimson. The margin of victory was greater than the spread of defeat suffered last year when the Bobcats had the unenviable position of defending the election of the then Junior Senator from Maine as the next President of the United States.

The only veteran of the Bates squad, Jon Smith, led off for the Bobcats. He argued that the small liberal arts college provides the complete man the society lacks today. Lee MacPhee and Curt Robison in their first appearances against Harvard (They routed Princeton last spring) brought forth other arguments for the small college. Lee emphasized the economic advantages of small administration and accessibility of professors. Curt pointed out the

place of the small college for the elite or for the children of the rich.

The Harvard threesome countered with the arguments that the country life of the small college kept the individual from life and therefore did not prepare him for it. Unfortunately, the Harvard team (and the Batesies for that manner) tended to become oriented Bates Vs. Harvard in their comparison of small liberal arts against large. At several points in the late stages of the debate the motion seemed lost in comparisons of Cambridge (next door to the Hub of the Universe) and Lewiston (next door to Canada).

Among the more memberable floor speeches of the evening were Professor Law's confession that the days at the big schools may not have been so glorious and a statement by another that even if all small colleges die, their death will indeed be a future.

At the closing division of the House all the participants save two were on the Bates side including the entire Harvard team.

The Quimby debaters will be in action in tournaments at Dartmouth, Wesleyan, and the University of Toronto during the next three weeks.

FLIX

by P. Kael, Jr.

In coordination with the dance sponsored by the Chase Hall Committee, the Bates Film Board is contributing their own little bit to the Beatles weekend with *Help* and *A Hard Day's Night*. These will be playing Friday night at 7:00 P.M. and 8:30 P.M. in, of course, Schaeffer Theatre. Everybody has heard of both these movies, which did so well on the strength of the "shaggy quartet" that stars. Chances are pretty good that you saw them, too, back in Grammar or High School days. Now you get a chance to examine them through the sophisticated veneer of college.

A Hard Day's Night is supposed to be an average Beatles day, at least an average day back in the Beatle-mania of 1964. This includes such ordinary doings as packed press conferences, television appearances, hundreds of moaning, screaming, hair-tearing female fans and playing about 15 of their classic songs. The film also includes a cast of masterful English back-up comedians and some of the worst one-liners you've ever heard, which somehow seem funny when given in

an off-hand British accent by a 24-year old millionaire. It's bound to twang a few nostalgic strings in your memory, and is definitely worth the meagre dollar admission.

Especially when you also get *Help*. This is somewhat later Beatles movie — 1965 — which has a bit more of a plot. Ringo has the ring which is required to be worn by the victim in a religious killing. And without the human sacrifice, there's just no fun in that old time religion. So a group of very strange high priests chase after Ringo and his finer. The Beatles seek help from Scotland Yard, the Queen and in one hilarious sequence, the British Army. Once again, they somehow manage to squeeze in a half-dozen or so million sellers between chase scenes, murder attempts and man-eating tigers. It's all done quite well, with entertaining photography and more ridiculous stunts by the Beatles. These are the days before dissent, protests, Bangladesh, and all those other depressing realities that somehow took the shine off rock and roll, and the Beatles love every minute of it. Really worth seeing.

déjà vu

optimists say could be made public as early as June 1977. News Bureau leaks have revealed the following potential contenders and their relative chances:

Robert D. Bamberg, Dean of the Faculty — came to Bates as Dana Professor of English as well as chairman of the department. Brilliant, hard-working and also enjoys good student rapport; nevertheless thought to face a tough confirmation fight in light of tacit Presidential ambitions for '77. (the end of the Thedley decade.)

Natalea S. Balivet — ex-assistant dean of students and last years Women's Awareness bra-burner in the Administration. Supporters say she would set the tone for sexual egalitarianism at the college in spite of the positions held by Ms. Thompson and the recent appointment of Ms. Douglass which the feminists see as tokenism. Chances: nil.

A radical theory has outgoing Professor Harold Hackett as a surprise contender to appease all parties involved in his controversial tenure denial of last year. Chances: about as good as a paramecium surviving a Puddle plunge.

Joe Glannon — the Hubert Humphrey of Bates politics is pleased-as-screach to hear he's being considered though most observers see his candidacy as a move on THR's part to "create a Veep on the end of a string."

It is also rumored that the President has expressed an inclination, albeit weak, to consider

a student candidate, but as usual the RA can't get it together to hold a caucus.

present condition of diminishing applications so his position is secure. However, it seems as if the trustees have put pressure on the Prez to appoint a sidekick to "insure a continuity of the Bates superior education" pending investigation of the ransacking of the Dean of Faculty's office at Bowdoin.

Eschewing exposure on campus, an unusual move, reliable sources say President Reynolds has flown to his Freeport floating retreat to make his decision — one which

In the wake of still heated rumors of resignation, Chet Emmons is seen as a possibility as well but everyone knows that Bates is insulated from wrongdoing and a pistol-packing Veep just wouldn't do. Besides, this guy named Wallace from Alabama has expressed an . . .

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Photo by Joe Gromelski

Reputation On The Line

After watching coach Gatto and his team show improvement with each game this reporter stated last week that Bates' football had reached the level of respectability and that the team could effectively compete with any team on its schedule. That judgment must now come under serious question as Worcester Tech handed the Cats an embarrassing 46-14 defeat before a disappointed Parent's Day crowd of close to 3200.

With the Maine sportswriters favoring Bates for the first time in five years and optimistic crowd on hand, all seemed right for the Cats to even their record. However it was not long before the difficulties began. On its third play from scrimmage W.P.I. scored on a 62 yard touchdown pass to split end Ron Gray.

W.P.I., on its next series of downs, continued to move the ball at will as the defensive unit was unable to apply any pressure to the Engineers passer and the secondary was in a state of confusion. Mixing the passing game with some consistent running the Engineers quickly scored to make the score 14-0 with less than 5 minutes gone in the first quarter.

Despite the ineptness of both the offensive and defensive units the Cats were still in the game thanks to an impressive 60 yard run by freshman Marcus Bruce which made the score 14-6. That run late in the first quarter was to account for two thirds of the Bates' total yardage.

W.P.I. answered that score with a 15 play scoring drive which consumed over seven minutes making the score 21-6. The

Engineers consistently defeated the Cat's defensive linemen and twice were able to succeed as fourth and short yardage situations. The next time W.P.I. obtained possession tailback Ron Texiera swept around left end untouched and went 76 yards to make the score 28-6. The first half ended as quarterback Dysenchuk was tackled in his own end zone for a safety with only 1 second remaining in the half: a fitting conclusion to a dismal first half performance by the Cats. A good indication of the dominance of W.P.I. in the half is seen in the total yardage; 332 yards for W.P.I. compared to 82 for Bates.

Trailing by 24 at halftime the Cats came out in the second half seeking to salvage their pride. However, things didn't change much as W.P.I. scored another safety making the score 32-6. The offensive unit put one impressive drive together led by the combination of Dysenchuk to Shapiro. The drive was capped by a 6 yard touchdown pass to Bruce from Dysenchuk who was subjected to a tremendous physical beating all day long but still completed 14 of 26 passing attempts.

Coming off such a disheartening performance against W.P.I. the Cats must be questioning their own abilities. They travel to A.I.C. for their next game which is their toughest of the year. If they are not ready to play and repeat this past week's performance then all progress that has been made this year will be lost. The quality of the effort the Cats put forth at A.I.C. this weekend will be a good indication of just what kind of character this Bates' team possess.

BATES BEATS WHOOPEE

by Andy Lovely & Russ Keenan

Despite injuries, head-on collisions with cars, and Bob Chasen deciding to hold his breath during the last mile of the race, the Bates thinclads squeaked by Worcester Polytech 26-29, before an enthusiastic crowd of parents and the Graf family.

Crossing the line first was a familiar name in a not so familiar uniform; Keenan of WPI. Leading the Bates forces in 2nd place was Commander Qualo, alias Jim (he has a nickname again) Anderson, followed in 4th place by Norm Graf, inspired by a certain fan or two in the crowd. Bob Chasen soon followed Norm, trying to see if it were possible to finish a race without breathing as he pulled a muscle in his diaphragm. While this accounted for 3 Bates finishers, Worcester also had 3 men up front in positions 1, 3, and 6, and the crowd of Lithuanians and others began to worry if the harriers could pull this one off. Fears were soon dampened by the sprint finishes of Chris Taylor and Scott Bierman taking 7th and 8th respectively. Rounding out the Bates score were Frank Hazelwood and Andy (all-nighter) Lovely who were the 6th and 7th men for the Bobcats. Although the Bobcats edged out WPI, next week's state meet is now uncertain. By then, Bates hopes to put their whole team together to face the strong squads from U Maine and Bowdoin on Colby's rugged course in the MIAA State Championship meet.

In the Jayvee Meet which preceded the Varsity, Mark Allen continued to show class as he strode through the finish on the 2.5 mile course leading the J. V.'s to a 23-35 victory over Mt. Blue High School.



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TRAVELING VOLLEYBALL

by Wendy Ault

Can you imagine traveling 200 miles just to play 17 volleyball games in 6 hrs? The female Bobcats began wondering about that when they arrived at an exciting Machias campus offering volleyball movies and a big-time dance. However, under the guidance of Alyson Trico, who proved to be quite a mover (on the court), the girls had quite a time circulating the dance floor 'til the late hour of 11 P.M.

Coming away from total defeat at the hands of UNH earlier in the week, the Bates team showed great signs of improvement. The Varsity team never did get much going that day and while the JV's showed signs of at least one victory, they couldn't keep the momentum going. One might say that everyone was psyched out by the UNH team's ability and unfortunately disappointed the gathering crowd of football players.

Too bad they and three weirdos from Hedge weren't at Machias to see us play. We started out the day against UMPI managing to win 1 out of 3 games but at the same time looked like individuals playing, the day ended with a TEAM helping and coaching each other against another team (UMO) and we actually showed signs of handing them the biggest upset of the day. Between those two games, we worked at beating Machias and Farmington's second teams. During those two games, Mrs. Lachapelle had a good chance to develop ulcers, both matches being drawn out to 3 games and neither easy victories.

Despite the day ending with a losing record 2-4, everyone gained experience in playing the game which will contribute to victories in upcoming tourneys. Selby Bruening was our captain for the day, and although she never won the toss, she got some good serves against Farmington to aid in the victory. By the close of the tournament, Bates had begun to look united and Debby Lyons was setting up the front line for spiking while Debby Cagenello were working at saving the balls that seemed to bounce in the wrong directions. Everyone was moving to get the ball over the net.

This weekend we're travelling to UMPG for yet another 6 hrs. of volleyball, but this weekend will show the results of the experience gained at Machias and the hard practices we expect after "pigging" it the entire time away.

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Photo by Joe Gromelski

BOBCATS TIE TOUGH ONES

by John Willhoite

The varsity soccer team concluded the very tough first half of their schedule last week with games against two more of the top teams in New England. Last Wednesday they travelled to Hartford where they tied 2-2 with the University of Hartford. Then last Saturday they met Williams at home in the annual Parents' Weekend game and battled to a scoreless tie. Both the U. of Hartford and Williams have been ranked among the top ten teams in the weekly New England soccer poll for most of the season. In their first six games the Bobcat booters also met the University of Bridgeport, currently ranked No. 2, and twice played the University of Maine. The Black Bears received honorable mention in the weekly rankings. Taken in that light the Bobcats' record of 1-3-2 at the halfway mark is somewhat deceptive. The Cats have actually been playing a pretty good brand of soccer - it's simply that the competition has been awfully tough. And it was more of the same last week.

At Hartford the Cats jumped out to a quick 2-0 lead in the first half on goals by Tim Bruno and Jim Tonrey. Tonrey's goal came on a fine head shot and Bruno's score came on a bouncing ball right in front of the net. The Cats then made the mistake of letting Hartford score with but 25 seconds remaining in the first half. This gave Hartford the momentum which carried them right through the second half. They evened the score about midway through the period, and kept the offensive pressure on until the final horn. The Cats failed to mount a sustained scoring drive in spite of the advantage of having a strong wind at their backs.

In the Williams contest the Bobcats played somewhat better, though with the same results. It was clear to the huge Parents' Weekend

crowd that Bates was at least as good as, if not better than, a Williams team which had tied Harvard and Dartmouth, two perennial soccer powers, but, as has become typical this season, the Cats' play was characterized by a lack of offense in general and a weak second half. The lone bright spot, aside from the fairly good passing game which the Bobcats exhibited in the first half, was that goalie John White and the defense picked up their second shutout of the season. They have played consistently well through six games. The offense, on the other hand, must pick up considerably if they hope to capitalize on their chances for a state title. They have scored but four goals in six games.

The Cats do have a good shot at the state crown. Pre-season favorite U. Maine already has two losses in the State Series. The Cats now have merely to win the four remaining State Series games (two each with Bowdoin and Colby) to walk away with it. The Cats are away at St. Anselm's Saturday and will meet Bowdoin at home next Wednesday.

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Two For Tennis

by Dee Dee Grayton

Last Tuesday, Plymouth State College took a ride to Bates for a tennis match. Hopefully the foliage was rewarding, otherwise the ride must have been a bit frustrating. Jill Grayton lost to Karen Jacoby 0-6, 0-6. But, Ann Donaghy won rather easily over Sue Todaro, 6-1, 6-2. Bates suffered another lapse when Plymouth's Betty MacDougall defeated Pam Wansker 6-4, 6-4.

As for the doubles teams, Pat Daniels and Sandy Peterson continued their usual 6-2 first set style - only this time they won! They continued their performance in the second set to sweep Liz Ouellette and Donna Feist 6-2, 6-1. Julia Holmes and Linda Hermans followed in winning form, giving Bates the victory, with their 6-2, 6-1 win over Pat Riordan and Bonnie Cunningham.

On the next day, the girls faced U. Maine Portland-Gorham with a new singles line-up, and won the match 4-1. Ann took the loss, playing a hard-hitting Hilda Hinds, 1-6, 4-6. Pam, moving into the second position, swamped Tina Jefferey, 6-0, 6-0. Dee Dee Grayton, filling third singles, swept through Rose Bard 6-0, 6-0. Pat and Sandy brought the win to Bates with their 6-1, 6-3 victory over PoGo's Sue Thurston and Donna Chase. Linda and Julia, who could do no wrong at the net (well, almost anyway), finished the bill, defeating Carol Davis and Nancy Hill 6-0, 6-2. Thus far, Julia and Linda have not lost a set in match play. With four regular matches remaining, the team is looking good. Good luck to those playing in the New England Tennis Tournament this weekend!!

LETTER

and, indeed, it is a very persuasive review which will make many wary of attending Bates' productions or those sponsored by any organization for performance at Bates. I don't consider Daedalus Productions, Inc. a Bates' blunder at all, but, instead, a very worthwhile and wise choice as a source of experience or entertainment or whatever for any who venture into the theatre. I must take exception to John's review because I feel it was a far better production than John indicated. Now, I am no authority in the field, but my experience and involvement in theatre is substantiated by several years of experience on the amateur stage; attendance at many, many productions — amateur to professional, Broadway to Old Vic, London to Stratford, England; and I am presently a graduate student in acting at Brandeis University. I simply feel I am better qualified to judge it a good production than John is to judge it as a bad one and one that is "just another blunder on 'Bates' part." And I can feel the criticism now that I am just as much an elitist — so be it.

My apologies also for using John

as an example, but I have never been able to express myself on this matter before in this manner, because my proximity to Bates' productions was always such that I could have been criticized for unhappiness with my reviews and reaching for an ego-trip with such an open letter. I don't have to worry much about that now, being a graduate, so I felt it was time to make a plea for responsible reviewing by at least presenting both biases, if bias there be, such as was done in *The Student* in the September 24, 1971 issue, where the comedy revue was reviewed by two people, pro and con. It's time to eliminate such biased reviews as John's, or Bev Heaton's review of *The Devils* last year, or the review several years ago of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, without including the opposing view. These past reviews are ones that tend to drive people away from the theatre; theatre, which, for the most part, can prove to be very enlightening, entertaining, cathartic, relaxing, engrossing, or any one of a number of emotional evocations. One proof of some of Bates' unqualified and incompetent student reviewing can be seen simply by comparing professional reviews of the same shows reviewed by students, which is not to say that I expect professionalism out of students, though some are capable of producing it. The reviews are very different and students might do

well by studying the professionals, or as an art student would have it — studying the Masters. It is time that Bates had responsible reviewing of the merits and demerits of a show, based on knowledgeable value judgments of what is good and bad in theatre.

The only helpful suggestion I have at the present time, is that the Robinson Players might consider forming a reviewing committee. After all, who can write more objectively about theatre than those who are intensely involved in theatre and learning more and more about it all the time? Pool everyone's thoughts about a production until a fair review is achieved; either that or choose one person who didn't care for the production and one who did and have them write two reviews. Only in this way will the theatre be fairly represented.

I apologize for being dogmatic in my didacticism but I feel strongly about this issue and if anyone learns anything from it, then it has been worthwhile, but then everything has worth as there is much to be learned from both the good and the bad. It is a whole new year for theatre at Bates with a new director and new thoughts about what theatre and the art of acting is all about. From what I understand, the approach will be a bit more classically oriented than in the past. I urge all to see the shows — I'm sure you won't be disappointed.

Sincerely yours,
Rick Porter '73

Cohen to Speak

Chase Hall will open its doors this Sunday for the arrival of Maine's 2nd district representative, William S. Cohen.

Congressman Cohen, a Republican member of the House Judiciary Committee investigating the Gerald Ford nomination, will be willing to discuss in an informal session political issues perplexing Bates students.

The general public as well as members of the Bates community, are welcomed to Skelton Lounge at 3:00 P.M. to meet with Congressman Cohen.

Zerby Returns

Just a reminder that on Thursday October 25 the Campus Association will present the Zerby Lecture in Contemporary Religious Thought, held each year in honor of Dean Rayborn L. Zerby. This year's speaker will be Ms. Sallie TeSelle of the Vanderbilt University Divinity School. The title of her lecture is "Parable, Metaphor and Theology." This will be held in the Chapel at 8:00 P.M. with a reception following in Skelton Lounge. Next week's *Student* will feature an article providing information concerning her current work in the fields of religion and literature.

CAMPING TIPS

In the past decade hiking, camping, and outdoor activities have experienced a surge of popularity. Along with this increase in interest has come an acute problem of overuse. Much more important than this dilemma is the critical problem of misuse of our great outdoors. If only a few people were using a particular campsite, trail, or a stream, improper practices might not be exceedingly harmful. As it is with so many people enjoying the fruits of nature, it's essential that anyone going out into the woods think about and follow certain environmentally sound guidelines. If each hiker or camper would consider the impact of his presence upon the environment and modify his behavior in a way to make his impact as small as possible, the woods need not suffer from our enjoyment of them. Just a few practical things to think about.

CAMPING

- 1) Camp in designated areas: do not clear a new campsite
- 2) Camp below timberline
- 3) Wash dishes and oneself away from existing water supplies
- 4) Carry out all trash
- 5) Never dispose of anything in streams or ponds
- 6) Use a portable stove (or charcoal)
- 7) Don't cut boughs for bedding

HIKING

- 1) Keep to existing trails
- 2) Hiking in the early spring is especially detrimental to trails
- 3) Limit the size of your group

CUTTING TRAILS

- 1) Make water bars to divert the flow of rain water
- 2) Bridges over streams to reduce wear and tear by hikers on the banks
- 3) Stabilize steep banks by placing logs across the slope
- 4) Avoid cutting through bogs

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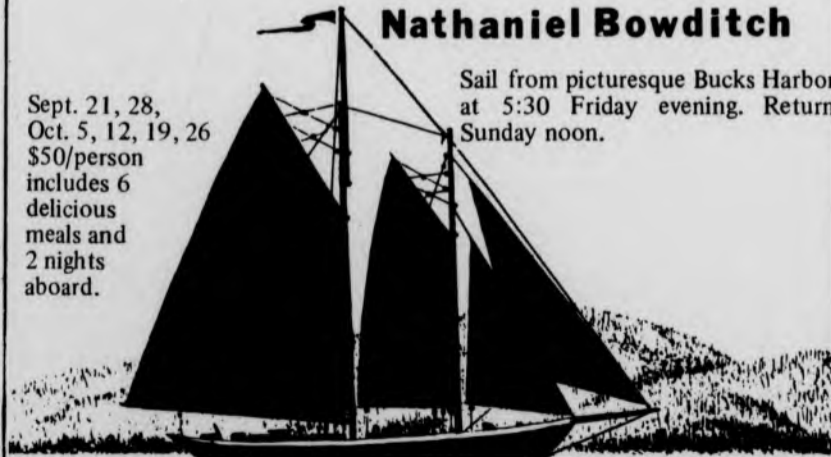
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It's that firm crack of the snow with each step, and that warmthless, ethereal glow of the setting sun, the disjointed cloud formations and the violent pink and purple hues emanating from them, that recalled that day, the day of my last visit. I remember my vibrancy, my buoyancy, my exultation at the ability to walk on temperature-hardened water. It was winter in all its briskness, just the same as today. And when days like today greet me, my mind in turn greets the memory of Old Paps.

It's on days like today that I long for my childhood, my ephemeral pleasures, my naivete. I yearn for my thoughts to be as clear and dry as the winter air, my motives as pure as the virgin snow in untramped forests. Oh, those days of unconcerned solitude and awe, the wonder of all of life, the exuberance of every motion of my body, twisting through the unmarked paths, crashing through the icy barriers, to visit with the old man. Old Paps was a legend in his own time; to me, anyway. He was creator and savior, wisdom and experience, all rolled up into a compact body that had weathered the cruelties of the elements, had welcomed the beatings with a smile, and had conquered all. His face, worn like the edges of manuscripts about the eyes and forehead, seemed to encompass eternal wisdom. He seemed to know all, to feel all, and yet to be so accessible. He rarely spoke, for there was no need for verbal communications in a world like his.

In my eight-year-old world I was fascinated with him, and all about him. Often would I tramp through the unmolested forest the five miles to his shack in the woods. No roads journeyed to his abode: he was too aloof for that convenience. He lived, alone and self-sufficient, wise and apart, in just that tiny shack, year-round. In the summer, he tilled the soil behind the house and coaxed it to sprout, a veritable Eden in the midst of chaos. In the winter, he trapped and hunted. He took from Nature what it offered him, and repaid in kind with his simplicity and charm, his care and concern; in short, by his natural characteristics. All alone, in his world of splendor and sagacity, he lived the natural life, needing no one and no thing. Except me. Me and my eight-year-old world.

As I commented earlier, I thought nothing of trekking into the woods the five miles necessary to arrive in his domain. Living on the fringes of civilization as I did (on the outskirts of the city) I dreamt not of fear, whether of the dark, the night, or the woods. Rather, I revelled in my solitude, the communion of my young being with the natural elements surrounding me, my gliding feet speeding over the wild terrain at an incredible pace. Always in the winter I would run the entire distance, often in twenty-below weather, with the frost nipping my cheeks and flaring my nostrils, scourging my breath, daring me to stop. But I was strong and tireless: I

"... IN THY VOICE I CATCH THE LANGUAGE OF MY FORMER HEART..."

Wm. Wordsworth, Tintern Abbey

never stopped. I would view with joy the shack in the distance, double my efforts, run unconcernedly over the flimsy footbridge that he had constructed over the stream that separated his property, his and Nature's, from the rest of the land, hasten to the house. There a knock would produce a knowing smile, an immediate entrance, and a warm fireplace. While thawing I would tell him of the beauties I had seen on my journey: the sun playing hide-and-seek with me through the trees, the snow-rabbits that had successfully dodged me, the crows that had barked their warnings of me to nearby friends. He would drink it all in, imbibed with my youthful enthusiasm, and although he had heard it all many times before, and had witnessed it himself on countless occasions, he would smile in his sagacity, and nod thoughtfully. I would warm on the radiance of the man, much more than on the glowing embers and steaming Cambrick tea. Then I would sit in rapt attention as he went about his work. He whittled constantly, creating a tremendous amount of invaluable trivia. His work as bagatelle to everyone but himself and me, but the value of our reverence more than compensated for that lack of tangible reward. His recompense was my youthful exuberance and inquisitive nature, mine an occasional trinket, and, of course, his very presence. He radiated vitality, energy, goodness.

There are some benefits to be derived from age, I suppose. When I came of age I got my driver's license, and a valuable means of transportation. My trips became more frequent for a while, but still it was not same. A terrible, yet inescapable thing had occurred. In my ignorance, I had learned too much. I no longer possessed my youth: I was too caught up in the maturation process. I was aging far too rapidly. I wanted the knowledge that adulthood brings. I wanted to know. But in my haste I forgot to feel. I forgot the knowledge and language of youth, the naivete, the simplistic beauty. And Old Paps could sense this, although he never said so. I blundered along, not knowing, not feeling, not realizing just what I was doing. Now, in retrospect, I see my folly, and repent it. But such are the lessons of adolescence.

I went away to school, feasting my mind but disregarding my feelings, and my visits diminished accordingly during that time. I was involved in living, and didn't really have time for the recluse, so far removed from the flux of reality. His was a dream world, not important or rational, not conscious or profound, serving only as a valuable and resourceful anecdote. The visits didn't come to a halt, though. Summer saw me

But he never let on, only took my hand and led me back to the shack, and shut the door.

I left that day in a state of suspended animation, with no age to call my own. I have since grown both young and old. One of the reasons for my reascent youth is a girl, a very beautiful girl, who taught me again what it is to feel. I had worried that I had become totally disoriented with my childhood, but the embers she fanned in my heart reassured me, and I knew that I was all right after that. I was alive again. It was only then that I realized just what Old Paps was asking me when he brought me to the grave. My response, or lack of one, disappointed him, and now disgusted me. I had to let him know that I had been reborn, that the fire had been rekindled, that I had come back to the world of the living. And so I resolved to visit him, bringing with me my wife. I would lay myself naked before him, and he would understand.

Courting and settling being rather time-consuming functions, it had been quite some time since my last visit, almost a year, as a matter of fact. This further provoked me to hurry my efforts, to quickly return to my friend and show to him that I was friend still. So I took the day off from work, told my wife to do the same, and we made the journey to the nearest point of access. We parked the car and strode into the woods, hand in hand, running briskly over the opalescent cushion, rejoicing in the beauty of all about us. The snow grunted for our efforts, acknowledging our presence, and it was not so very long before the shack loomed visible in the distance. We had run the entire route, and continued to do so on to the bridge. We squeezed across, still hand in hand, warm with exertion and love. We laughed aloud, all was beautiful and just, and my spiritual rebirth had come the full circle. I pounded on the door, waited a moment, pounded again. No problem, though, for he never locks, doesn't even own a lock. We let ourselves in, made Cambrick tea, sat before the fireplace, awaiting his return. It was getting late, he would be back soon. We waited, sipped our mild, talked idly. She wouldn't engage me in anything profound, out of deference to my emotion of the moment, knowing full well what my return voyage constituted. She knew, felt. I delighted in my fortune: the knowledge of the good, one to point the way, and one with which to share it.

After twenty minutes of sitting, our hearts having returned to their

LEGACY OF A PHOENIX

By JIM KACIAN

I rarely remembered the time. Well after the sun had moved to the next locale's succor I would hear the tramping of my father's heavy boots, then the creak of the bridge, and finally the knock on the door. He never angered, merely collected me and scooted me home. Old Paps would stand in the doorway and wave, his craggy, wrinkled features illuminated in good humor and gentle understanding.

Such was my life, my good, wonder-filled life, at eight. So simple. So happy. So total. But complications set in, as is inevitable. One cannot remain as he has been, but must become. We moved away, far away from Old Paps. It is true that distance is the greatest barrier to youth. We moved to the next town, practically inaccessible in my dependent state. My visits slackened, although I did occasionally convince my father to drive me there for a tryst. But it was not the same. It wasn't just Old Paps and me. And we knew the difference.

making a point of seeing the old man at least once a week. And one week, when he thought the time was ripe, he took me by the hand (you can imagine my shock and consternation, but I forgave him in my munificence, as he was ignorant of the ways of the world) and led me into the forest, beyond the confines of his garden, to a small knoll. On it was a golden cross the size of a crow's wingspread. He explained to me that it was his wife's grave, a woman who died before I was born, who had been his deliverance for many years. What he didn't tell me was that he was testing me, checking to see if I had lost my youth in totality. I should have realized by the grim set of his mouth, the soft droop at the corners of his eyes. Blindly I approached, felt not, and so destroyed the old man. I who had been his sustenance for these years, had now gone far beyond the old man, into a world of solipsism, of rationalism. I must have broken his heart with my unfeeling manner.

PHOENIX Pg. 8

PHOENIX

ordinary rhythm, we knew we could wait no longer. We had to find him. I knew those woods well, and what might seem like an impossible task could actually be rendered rather simply. We set off through the back door, through the garden looking about as my wife was a tourist, and I a curator of sorts.

Through the garden we walked, and I pointed out positions that would correspond to summer placements. "Beets here. . . Asparagus in that cove." She nodded and smiled at each comment. Then I glanced up, looking through the woods, to where the sun lay, expired, like the phoenix on its nest. It's reddish color glared at me, pushed itself into my brain, no longer playing hide-and-seek, but screaming at me with full intensity, cold crimson intensity, at that angle when you just can't escape its scrutiny, when you're forced to acknowledge its presence, its cogency. It brought to mind agonizing thoughts, thoughts engendered by a dying sun, gleaning its last joy in the rape of my mind. I began to run into the forest, shielding my eyes from the blinding glare. My wife, not knowing my thoughts, called after me, and then followed as best she could. I ran and ran blind, with a conscious thought tearing at my brain. I silently prayed that the sun release me, allow me to digest my newly-found and eternal happiness. But ruthless as it is, it kept up its persistent radiance, its ugly, glaring effulgence. I stumbled forward, tripping where I had once glided, arriving at length at the knoll. There the brilliant sun, just hovering over the mountain tops, tumbling through the trees, held the final message for me: it shone brightly, leeringly, off two crosses where only one had been.

She arrived in a few seconds, beheld my kneeling figure, and knew. She never said a word, not for several minutes, and when she did, how tender, how considerate her tone. "I think we had better go." Without looking up I rose, and silently drove home.



BATES GIRLS CONQUER UMPG & BOWDOIN

photo by Jim Bunnell

by Claudia Turner

This week was one of much significance for the Bates' field hockey team. They faced both UMPG and Bowdoin and were successful in both outings.

The UMPG game was important because the opponent had defeated Bates' other big threat, U. Maine at Orono who was last year's champions. A victory over UMPG would be a real morale booster in this respect. The game itself was the fastest Bates had played all year. UMPG was good, but not great. It was their speed that made it a challenging game. It was also why the opposition scored first since fast starts are not characteristic of the Batsies. When the second half started, Bates was down 1-0, and played a rather confused game. This was soon remedied though, and the girls scored three goals compared to UMPG's one making the final score 3-2. Scoring for Bates in this game were Priscilla Wilde with two and Karen Harris. One bad result of this game was an injury to Betsy Mury which kept her out of the Orono game.

The Parents' Weekend game with Bowdoin was important to Bates because in the past, games with Bowdoin have been played by the J.V.'s. Bowdoin thought that they were capable of playing the Varsity squad after defeating the J.V.'s last year and wanted the chance to prove it. Well, Saturday, they had the chance, but they certainly didn't prove it as the 8-0 score indicated. Bates played a wide open game and utilized more passing and dodging skills that, along with the smooth switching of positions by the forward line, left Bowdoin dazed. The defense did its part by effectively stopping the opposition's attacks, and freshmen, Sandy Korpela and Anne Minster

filled in very well on this unit. Overall, the biggest item Bates had in its favor was the great teamwork used in this effort.

Scorers in this game were Marty Welbourne, Irene Meyers, Karen Harris (2), Priscilla Wilde (2), Wendy Tank-Nielsen, and Claudia Turner.

The team's record now stands at 6-0 (not including the Orono and Nason games) with 36 goals for and just 6 goals against. A week from today the girls will go for the championship in a three day tournament to be held here at Bates. Why not give the team your support by being there?

SYKES

Although his approach to music has always emphasized education, Mr. Sykes has been recognized as a superior musician. From a review of a Schumann performance: "Few artists of our day can aspire with better claim to that title in the noblest meaning of the word. His whole personality interprets the profound life of musical art, which he serves with an irreproachable technique." (*El Dia*, Montevideo, Uruguay).

Before his retirement as Professor of Music at Dartmouth College, he was dean of the Lamont School of Music, Denver University; chairman at Colorado College; visiting professor at USC summer school; from 1947 to 1953, department chairman at Colgate University; in 1954, Fulbright Guest Professor at the Hochschule fur Musik in West Berlin. Such impressive credentials promise his Bates audiences that rare mutation of education into entertainment, and entertainment to education.

Go for the music.

Intra-murals

by Jimmy Lewenda

This year the intramural "A" league touch football program has a two division set-up, East and West. Each division has three teams, which play each other twice and each of the teams in the other division only once, a total of seven games. With only two weeks of the regular season play left, the Eastern Champion looks to be the Adams team. They had a bad start dropping the season opener to Chase-Pierce, but since have put together a well organized team, going on to win four straight. Smith North, without a win at press time, has been tough, scoring in every game.

In the Western Division, Chase-Pierce holds the top slot with five wins and no losses. Their defense is their strong point, allowing only 13 points in five starts. J.B., is second in the West, was the only team to score against Chase-Pierce. Boasting only a 2 and 2 record, J.B. is still a very tough competitor. Wood Street put on a strong show of football prowess last week against Adams, but failed to take home the victory.

Now to "B" league . . . Right now Milliken is the team to beat. They are sporting a 4 and 0 record and have not yet been scored upon. They have recently lost a few of their key players to the Varsity, so the race might tighten up. Adams and Chase-Pierce are close behind and coming on strong. There is a three way tie for fourth place. The Faculty Fumblers, making their appearance as an expansion team, have yet to post a win.

The division leaders will play each other to decide the overall "A" league champ, who will then go on to play the "B" league Champion. This final game will determine the Intramural Touch football Champion.

Results

| "A" LEAGUE | | | |
|------------------|-----|------|------------|
| EAST | | | |
| | Win | Lose | Points For |
| Adams | 4 | 1 | 90 |
| H-R-B | 1 | 2 | 32 |
| Smith North | 0 | 5 | 44 |
| WEST | | | |
| Chase-Pierce | 5 | 0 | 119 |
| J.B. | 2 | 2 | 98 |
| Wood Street | 1 | 3 | 64 |
| "B" LEAGUE | | | |
| | Win | Lose | Tie |
| Milliken | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Adams | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Chase-Pierce | 2 | 2 | |
| J.B. | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Page 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Smith South | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Page 2 | 1 | 3 | |
| Faculty Fumblers | 0 | 3 | |