

9-26-1974

# The Bates Student - volume 101 number 13 - September 26, 1974

Bates College

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# NOTES & COMMENTARY

## WHY STORIES GET REWRITTEN

Needed: a policy statement. Agreed.

The Bates Student is, like most college newspapers, in the position of soliciting most of its news articles from non-professional journalists, and just plain non-journalists. And this has its disadvantages.

It has its advantages, too. We try to find club members and team participants to write up their own group's activity, since they know the facts best, and tend to be more enthusiastic about reporting them. And encouraging a preponderance of freshmen to write for us may mean some sloppiness at first, but in the end it makes for juniors and seniors with three or four years of solid writing experience.

The disadvantage is that The Bates Student receives much material that needs to be considerably honed down and rewritten. And the non-staff writers don't understand why their articles come out sounding a little (or a lot) different.

Mind you, we do NOT - I repeat, NOT - change letters to the editor, guest columns, reviews, personal features, or verbatim, attributed quotations.

But we consider news articles fair game for the blue pencil. News articles we define as factual, informational stories on current events or situations. You'll find examples of straight news articles most frequently on our "Quickies" page, but "news" also means the longer stories on such things as the 15-minute dinner line gap, the Parent's Weekend schedule, the Outing Club lobsterbake. News, the week-to-week record of college events, we treat differently from the personal and philosophical most often found on the editorial page - as do all reputable newspapers.

News is for imparting information. News is not for showing off cute quips or for expressing your individual gripes. Good writing style doesn't hurt, but content is what counts in a newspaper. We byline articles in recognition of the reporter's efforts gathering content, not creating style.

We do not change his facts, but we rearrange them if the gist of the story isn't immediately apparent in the lead paragraph. We condense them when descriptions are unnecessarily effusive. When we're short on space, we cross out as many irrelevancies as possible. We are, after all, in the business of jamming as much information as possible into the smallest reasonable space.

We truly want news articles from any and all campus organizations. (We want opinions, letters to the editor, from any and all students, too, but that's a different topic.) But you have to realize that what comes out won't be identical with the news story you turned in.

Deadline for all printed material is noon Sunday in Parker 305. If you're worried about what changes the editor will make, turn them in by noon Friday instead, and we'll guarantee you a chance to look at our blue pencilling before the weekend ends. We'll listen to your objections. Maybe you can clarify why you chose the expression you did. Maybe you can point out our occasional all-to-human errors in advance.

As for headlines: those are written at the last minute Tuesday evening, on paste-up night, purely to fill whatever space we can spare. Sometimes it may be what you want; more often it won't. If you really want a say, come by the PA Office Tuesday night and write one to fit.

We are not journalistic "oddballs." We are not employing "questionable editorial policies." No reputable newspaper in America leaves all its news articles just as the reporter writes them. Most, in fact, re-write articles three times. They go through copy man, news editor, and editor-in-chief.

And no professional newspaper can write headlines before the article is laid on the page and the exact space available becomes obvious.

This is just how newspapers work.

Please write up your news for us. Please talk to us when you're not quite sure whether value judgements are seeping in between your facts, or when you wonder how to organize your information in the proper order. Please talk to us afterwards when you don't understand why we changed a certain phrase. We can give you valid reasons; we want to. Maybe you can explain your reasons for writing it another way.

But please don't feel personally affronted when we rewrite. It doesn't mean at all that we don't appreciate your contribution.

It's simply that the reporter's contribution is to report, and the editor's contribution is to edit.

- KAYO

(P.S. Turning things in typed and double-spaced wouldn't hurt relations.)



## SHOO FLY, DON'T

By Val Smith

The flies in Commons drive me mental!! I've never seen a more audacious breed in my life!! One would think that as a senior, I'd be used to this annual autumnal torment, but instead, every year the problem seems to be getting worse.

By this time, the industriousness that motivates the typical Batesie to go to early breakfast at the beginning of term has begun to wear thin. (At this point, we're lucky if we even make it to class!) However, a few die-hards are welcomed by squadrons of these insects over the doughnut tray every morning. If they don't get you there, beware the juice machine.

As freshmen (naive bunch that we were!) we all figured that as long as we stayed with our trays, we'd be able to keep the flies away from our food. But now, it really doesn't matter where you are, those flies are going to get some hot food in their stomachs regardless; you wouldn't expect them to get up for early breakfast for nothing, would you? God only knows what they do when you leave your tray for a second cup of coffee; not only have I seen flies walking on one half of my bagel and cream cheese as I munched on the other, but every

## WE'RE OKAY

Sept. 20, 1974

To the Editor:

"Will it play in Peoria?" I have a depressing feeling that Fred Grant's column may do just that. It corresponds so well with our dearest delusions, to wit:

I'm O.K. You're O.K. But He's an S.O.B. For there to be Holy Innocents, there has to be a Herod. In the words of the Founder, You-re-in D. Chain-y, "Why spare He-rod, when you can de-spoil de child?" Fellow Innocents, A Word to the Wiseman!!! The Faculty Friendship Committee warns you:

1.) IF YOU O.K. STUDENTS EVER HAVE TO WAIT IN LINE FOR FOOD, COME TO US TO HELP YOU. But please don't all come between 5:15 and 5:30, because there is limited seating in the committee room and we can't hear you when you open your mouths all at the same time.

2.) If you O.K. Students ever have to come before the Academic Standing Committee because of performance below O.K. Faculty rules, DO NOT ANSWER WHEN HE-ROD CALLS TO ASK IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO PRESENT ANY INFORMATION ON YOUR OWN BEHALF. IT'S A TRAP. FLEE TO EGYPT. HE WANTS TO KILL ALL UNDER TWO.

3.) If you O.K. Students ever have to come before the O.K. Students and the O.K. Faculty who have all the votes on the Conduct Committee, WATCH OUT FOR HE-ROD. HE TAKES THE MINUTES. HE COULD BLOT YOU OUT IN SECONDS.

I know this letter will mean difficulties for me with He-rod, but I thought that it was the least I could do as

Your Friend,  
John Cole

## BUG ME

morning, they swarm in and out of my doughnut hole.

Actually, I've considered getting two portions of everything (one for them and one for me?) but they can really put it away, and how would I ever be able to carry a tray that full of dishes to be emptied? (And, would I have to go back and get seconds for them as well?)

One advantage to the situation, I suppose, is that no one ever worries about going to a meal alone anymore. You couldn't if you wanted to. Nature now provides us all with more than enough company for every meal.

I've come to the conclusion that this is all part of a Carignan-Canedy plot to show that in fact, the 15-minute break during supper really does relieve congestion. I mean, Friday dinner I was all set to put some cranberry sauce into my mouth until a fly landed on the fork. I didn't open my mouth again at that meal for fear of something flying down my throat; no one in his or her right mind would seriously even consider eating a leisurely meal under those conditions.

Were Commons a restaurant, and we saw that many flies on the premises, we'd have to be hurtin' to even sit down. So, when you see that phenomenon in Commons called an empty table, don't attribute it to the ingenuity of the dinner plan; it's more a question of survival of the fittest.

One last reflection, courtesy of an illustrious Bates senior who will remain anonymous: "I can't understand why there are so many flies in Commons; aren't they supposed to breed around garbage?" No comment.

## CONFUSED

Letter to the editor

to those of you who no doubt were confused by my article "confessions of a batesian, or why i came" (not my title either), i would like to say that i'm very confused by it too. paragraphs were put out of place and mixed up. the end of my article occurs, for some reason unknown to me, in the middle. and who can make sense out of living in manhattan when the next sentence is about tokenism at Bates? Come on, newspaper staff, get with it! if the author of the article can't even understand it herself, what's the point of printing it? Better luck to you in the future - your laying-out job certainly needs it.

- patricia weil

# THE STUDENT

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The Bates Student is concerned about its relevancy to the campus scene. Now, during the beginning of another school year, is the time for the newspaper to find how it can best improve its performance in the gathering and dissemination of the news. To that end, the Student staff is holding a meeting next Thursday night at 7 p.m. in the Chase Lounge Administration, faculty, and students who want to communicate their criticisms of The Student are encouraged to attend. Refreshments will be served.

"SPEAK NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE!!!"

# QUICKIES !!!

## FOOTBALL BEER ?!

According to faculty rules, alcoholic beverages are not permitted at any Bates athletic events. Dean Judith Isaacson has asked *The Student* to remind students that this includes beer at football games.

Dean Isaacson says she has heard reports of beer drinking at last Saturday's game. "However, I am hoping we won't have to pursue the problem. I am hoping students will cooperate when they read the article in *The Student*," she adds.

She warns that Batesies smuggling beer into football games may find themselves subject to the Student Conduct Committee.

## SLIDE VALUES

By John Rogers

Last Thursday, the Bates New World Coalition sponsored a slide show entitled "American Values." The show was accompanied by two speakers, Gerry Galuardi from NWC-Boston, and Steve Ossoff, a student from Colby.

A large number of the slides were advertisements cut out of magazines. The slides were changed very quickly, leaving general impressions in the mind of the viewer rather than specific facts. The emphasis was on materialism and conspicuous consumption.

Some of the themes explored were the modern relationships between industrialization and "progress," sex and exploitation, power and convenience, individualism vs. conformity.

Discussion of advertising in American society launched the "rap session" that followed.

"The tragedy of it is that people want happiness and love, and they're told every day that they'll get it if they buy certain products," said Steve.

The session also provided an opportunity for Steve and Gerry to talk about their philosophies and that of NWC-Boston, although there is no official connection between the Bates and Boston groups.

Last Thursday the Bates NWC announced that D. Craig Canedy, Director of Food Services, has agreed to resume the Commons boycott of non United Farm Workers lettuce.

In addition, NWC announced that 190 Bates students signed the NWC's petition asking for a Congressional investigation into the CIA role in recent Chilean instability. The day after the petition was completed, the decision to hold hearings was announced in Congress.



Photo by Jim Bunnell

## NO STONES PLEASE.

By Donna James

There is a new structure going up on campus.

In order to upgrade botanical studies here at Bates, President T. H. Reynolds and the Biology Department decided to expand the greenhouse facilities. The plan was approved in April, and soon the greenhouse should be ready for use near the Carnegie Science Building.

The old greenhouse, which will still be used, contained 120 square feet. With the new addition, there will be approximately 650 square feet of greenhouse. This should be enough room to conduct experiments, and keep examples of various types of plants.

The cost of the aluminum and glass alone will be about \$6,000, and when the cost of the heating and the labor is added in, the total should come to between \$6,000 and \$10,000.

Although the greenhouse is only to be used by biology students, all are asked to refrain from throwing snowballs, rocks, and other glass-breaking missiles when near the greenhouse.

## A.A. MEETS

By Barbara Braman

About 15 people showed up for the first meeting of the Art Association, and officers were elected.

The Art Association was established very quietly about four years ago, and has sponsored a film festival and several arts and crafts exhibits.

Its goal is to bring "the enjoyment of art as a whole" to the campus. And it would like to become involved with other organizations dealing with such arts as theatre, music and photography.

All interested in any branch of art are invited to join. The second meeting was scheduled for 4:15 today in the Fine Arts Studio.

Officers are V. J. Wallins, president; Pat Williams and Jill Lindsay, vice presidents; Daphne Caperton, treasurer; and Diane Arrato, secretary.

## THIRD EYE

By Patricia Weil

A small group of Bates photographers met last week to discuss the problems that "three-eyed" students encounter here. Topics discussed included: ill-equipped darkroom, lack of funds outside of the pooled \$5 fee each darkroom user must pay, and lack of many outlets for exhibition and publication of photographs.

The group concluded that, with more interest and initiative on the part of student photographers, an official photography club might be organized to combat some of these problems.

Photography is currently an expensive hobby for those students not doing official work for the publications. Even after paying the \$5 darkroom fee and \$2 for a key, students still supply their own chemicals and paper. A club, the group decided, could proposition some funds for more and better equipment.

In addition, they could sponsor exhibitions, and exchange critical advice.

Notices will be posted of future organizational meetings. For information on darkroom rules, students may contact Fritz Hayes in Smith North 104 or Marty Kunofsky in Chase House 34.

## WRITE TO JOSÉ

By Stan Dimock

In a student poll taken by the Campus Association last year, the students of Bates decided to continue the sponsorship of CA's foster child.

Now CA is asking students to broaden the support in a more personal way - to write letters to young Jose Paulo Meirelles da Silva.

Jose lives in a small community in Brazil. His father is dead, and he lives with his mother and several brothers and sisters. The mother is having trouble supporting the family.

Jose, a second grader, says his letters from Bates students cheer him up immensely.

So far, student response in writing to him has been minimal, however. Further information, and Jose's address, are posted on the bulletin board in the dinner line.

## BIG HEART

The monthly blood bank has become a regular feature at Bates. About every four weeks in Hirasawa Lounge the blood bank accepts donations. The first drive of the school year is scheduled for tomorrow, Friday, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Anyone aged 18 or older, and weighing at least 110 pounds, and in good health, is eligible to donate. The process usually takes less than 30 minutes. Donors arrive, fill out a card, have their temperature, pulse and blood pressure taken, and their iron content tested.

Then donors lie down so that approximately one pint of blood can be drawn from the vein. Refreshments are offered afterwards.

Blood collected here is sent to hospitals all over Maine for transfusions, surgery and therapeutic use.

Last year Bates supplied around 60 pints a month.

Although donors are not paid for their blood, they and their families are given free blood in case they ever need it.

Then next month, Red Cross will take over blood collection in the state. Previously Regional Blood Banks ran the program, but Red Cross is a larger and more efficient organization. They will bring the facilities to draw blood from nine people at once; previously, Regional Blood Banks have drawn from no more than four at a time. So, starting in October, the blood bank will set up in the Co-Ed Lounge of Chase Hall.

## LA CULTURE FRANÇAISE

By Mitzi LaFille

After a summer of recuperation, students of French culture got off to a luscious start again Sept. 16 in the lower-most parts of Parker Hall.

The new female French assistant and the new male French instructor were officially welcomed by a chocolate cake, spokesman for the 50 assembled party-goers. "Soyez le bienvenu, M. O'Dea et Marie Françoise," chuckled the cake with a twinkling smile.

The 1974-75 French Club proceeded to mutilate and ingest their chocolate spokesman. Looking on were Profs. Alexis Caron and Alfred Wright. Prof. Caron, as usual, smiled throughout.

The sequel *soiree* will be sponsored by Prof. Caron in the interests of finishing up what wasn't finished last week. It will be held Oct. 6 at his farm.

## BUT WILL IT PLAY IN PEORIA?



By Fred Grant

By Fred Grant

Allow me to drift back to last year. Second semester, when my first columns appeared in the *Bates Student* as "Eternal Opposites". They have been an evolution, a public, no holds barred effort to figure out Bates.

It has been a serious effort, and in my writing some important issues have been raised. A lot of people have been upset. A lot of people have become used to looking at this column for something hard-hitting, something fierce.

This became a problem last year. If I chose to tackle a less than explosive topic in a given week, the column was regarded as a waste. People considered it an "off" week.

I don't share that feeling.

This year, the first column came naturally. It was the product of pent-up emotion, and reaction has run predictably. Some say I have a

lot of support, others say I don't.

I didn't know that was the issue.

I can't really see putting in all the hours of discussion and frustration just to give Batesians a charge.

What appeared last week was the sharpest yet to appear in this column. I have come to believe, through analysis of my purposes, it was enough.

The Deans are not ogres. They are just human beings with a job, the focal point of many pressures. I do not envy them their office, for it is an office that makes for unpleasanties.

I've really had it with unpleasanties.

So I retreat back into my dorm, absorbed with issues of the Bicentennial and campaign '74. This column has said enough.

It won't play in Peoria.

Remember that, the next time you're in Illinois.

# WHAT'S GOING DOWN

By Al Green

What almost everybody seems compelled to give Bates is, as the great Walt Toombs once put it, study ... grind ... study. This inescapable fact of small liberal arts life often prevents the expansion of mind (and body) in other directions. A question on this writer's freshman personality test read, "Which would you rather do — have sex or read a good book?" As if to say, "We'll fix you in four years." "I have to study," is the ultimate irrefutable excuse acceptable for all-purpose use.

Ironically, it is not study which makes one famous here. Those who are gone but not forgotten, at least in the minds of students, are so because of their accomplishments in spite of or in rebellion against study, grind, study.

And so it comes again to that time in the life of this column to honor those personages who have left us and who, in spite of academic persecution, managed to make some good music during their stay at Bates.

One such is Edd Glaser, the grandfather of us all, who played at coffee houses before there was a new Den. His standard midnight appearance will be sorely missed. Unless, of course, he shows up again from the blue to play for the late nighters who are usually too blitzed to realize that his guitar picking is much better than that of the Chase-imported talent.

And then of course, everybody's sweetheart, Joanne Stato, is also

missing this year. Truly, there will never be another such. Besides composing for last years musical version of "The Caucasian Chalk Circle", she plugged her distinctive singing style and original songs with piano and guitar at vespers, coffee houses, at the Point After, at the Warehouse, and on WRJR. Rumour has it that she now resides in Denver near a church that "has a piano and a friendly minister." Good luck, Joanne.

Also it must be said that Catharsis will never be the same now that Ed Byrne is gone. Missing for this year only is the Eric Clapton of Androscoggin County, Rich Pettengill, and as well Mississippi Tyler Trenholme. See ya next year.

The future holds much. Sometimes Catharsis drummer Paul Cicco has returned and will be backing up his brother Peter at the first vespers, Oct. 2. Those who caught Peter Cicco at his Bates concert two years ago will realize that this is an event not to be missed.

Noonday concerts open to Bates talent are now in progress. All interested should check with Chase Hall. Coffee houses will be on as usual. Jim McGuire is looking for an act. Things may emerge in spite of the system. See you there!

## Hello Mama

By John Rogers

Well, it's that time of the year again. This weekend all sorts of non-Batesies will be wandering around campus.

The highlights of Parent's Weekend are much the same every year. One goes to eat roast beef in the Cage, then to the football game, and on to Happy Jack's or some similar establishment. Restaurant managers and motel owners probably net the most from Parent's Weekend.

Most students asked for their opinion were indifferent, though a decent-sized minority told this reporter they were looking forward to it, especially those who hoped they might be given some money. One criticism is that parents don't see Bates as it really is. They point to the fact that the lamp posts are being painted right before the big weekend.

The activities start Friday afternoon when parents are allowed to attend classes from 1 to 4 p.m. In past years no parent has ever officially attended a class. *The Boyfriend* will be screened Friday evening over in the Filene Room.

Saturday morning there will be two panel discussions at 10 a.m.: *The Issue of Detente*, in Libbey Forum, and *New Directions in Career Counseling*, at the Schaeffer Theatre.

After the panel discussions there will be an open house at the Office of Career Counseling, now at the Alumni House on Frye Street.

The big banquet at the Cage will start at noon, probably with a long line.

Bates will then try to beat Hamilton in the football game. All afternoon and evening there will be a film festival in Schaeffer Theatre, but the concert at 8:30 p.m. in the Alumni Gym is intended as the cultural highlight.

It will feature the Merimanders, the Woodwind Quintet, The Deansmen (with John McQuade on guitar) and the Modern Dance Repertory Company.

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## Hello \$\$\$

"Your letter insisted that we come up the weekend after Parent's Weekend. Why was that, Robert?" his mother asked.

"I wanted you to get an idea of what Bates was really like. You see, we don't really eat in the Field House, or attend panel discussions on Saturday morning. You wouldn't enjoy that, would you, Dad. Dad?" Robert's father was watching a coed in painter pants and docksiders struggle into her denim jacket.

"Eh? Oh, yes, certainly not."

"Why are we standing here, Robert?" his mother asked.

"We're waiting to eat in the Memorial Commons."

"My goodness," his mother said 45 minutes later as they waited for a table, "You certainly have a lot of salads to choose from." His father was standing in line at the milk machine, a pained expression on his face.

"How is your pot roast?" Robert asked later.

"Gray." He was silent until after they had deposited their trays. "I could certainly use a drink," he said.

They sat in a quiet cocktail lounge. "Tonight," Robert said, "I thought we could go to the movies. Putney Swope is playing along with Sherlock Holmes Meets Frankenstein. Then we could go out for a couple of beers. A typical Saturday night at Bates. Unless, of course, you'd like to go to a keg party."

His mother and father sipped their drinks and exchanged significant glances. His father pulled out his wallet and began to pile small bills on the table. "A little something for a rainy day," his father said. "I think your mother and I will go back to the motel. A couple of old fogeys like us are best left to our own devices. Did you see that young woman in the baggy trousers this afternoon? Was that her hair?"

Robert nodded, permitting himself the luxury of a smile when the pile of bills had reached a sufficient height.

"Oh, it's not you," he said, pocketing the money. "Bates just isn't your kind of place."

"I'll drink to that," his father said.

— S. F. Williams



Some 19 Bates students were in England last Short Term to study "Shakespeare in the Theatre" and to experience London life. Home base was London, and between play-going jaunts in Stratford on Avon and "the City" (London), individual members of the group split to explore the parts of Britain that interested them personally.

Here are a few of their reflections.

*Charlie Zelle:*

Among the places that most stick out in my mind, I certainly remember the pubs as being a refreshing contrast to typical American bars. The English have perfected the art of creating civilized drinking institutions.

People are friendly; more than once I was treated to a pint of lager by strangers. One can often join in on a game of darts (not the electronic game played by pushing buttons). My only complaint is that they close at 11 p.m.

Any description of London cannot exclude the parks. They are many, and with gorgeous gardens. We walked through them, but also rowed through them on the lake at Hyde Park. Once I tried to keep up with John Pasquini during an exercise run through Regent Park.

There was so much to do while we were there; I always was pressed for more time. Seriously, never a DULL moment!

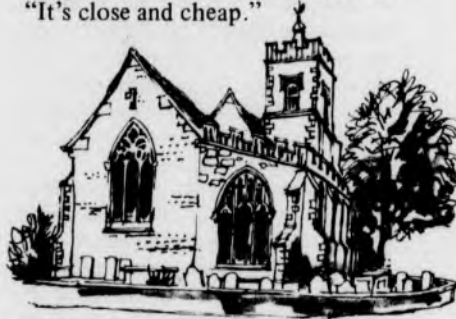
*Ann Marie Blackmon:*

Edinburgh in the rain with friends has to be the highlight of my trip. The grey drizzle kept on until everything alive glowed and everything else glistened. The city is grey stone, silent and brooding in the mist. Shrouded in mountains and silence despite its city bustle, it ponders its sometimes romantic, sometimes grim past.

In fact, Edinburgh comes into its own in gloomy weather: the great fortress in the mountain looks truly forbidding, the grey stone assumes a mysterious aspect not seen on fine days, and Scottish friendliness

seems warmer in a small dry shop. (Besides, the Botanical Gardens are less crowded with tourists.)

For there is an eminently practical side to Edinburgh which the most fanciful visitor perceives. We discovered this when, laden with baggage after a long day's travel, we tried to catch a bus to our boarding house. The driver wouldn't let us get on because our destination was only half a mile away. "Walk," he commanded us. "It's close and cheap."



*M. S.:*

I left the rolling hills  
— Slowly rising, roundly capped  
In my beloved Berkshire home  
To find a newer hill  
In Scotland and exotic Wales.

The rocky Scottish highlands  
And the towering peaks of  
Wales

Rise to the farthest heights  
Daring me to climb forever  
And brave their rugged faces.

The crags and streams dare me  
up

Enticing me and enchanting me  
Awing, inspiring, enthralling me  
Am I called by a deceitful sprite  
Or an agile, merry elf?

Though I return with relief  
To my tame Berkshire hills  
I still feel the wild and eager  
magic

Pent inside the Scottish hills  
And mounted on the cliffs of  
Wales.

*John Griffiths:*

What England means to me, in  
four paragraphs or less.

My trip to Salisbury was one of  
the best trips I took outside of

London: the cathedral itself was worth the trip. The only cathedral I saw with a single spire, it supposedly had the tallest spire in all of England. The inside was cavernous, housing a pipe organ of enormous proportions. As was typical of all English cathedrals, there was row after row of burial tombs and shrines for noteworthy personages; also in the cathedral was a clock mechanism, the oldest working clock mechanism in existence.

In the evening I attended an organ concert given by the organist of Canterbury Cathedral who was visiting Salisbury at the time; the feeling one gets sitting in the dimly lit, cavernous Salisbury Cathedral, with the swirling sounds of an ancient pipe organ washing through its chambers is indescribable.

On the same trip I made my pilgrimage to Stonehenge and spent a while walking around its mysterious ruins. The circle of huge stones juts out of the vast, green Salisbury Plain, obviously the product of some ancient's well-thought-out design; the exact purpose of that design remains a mystery to this day.

(Returning from Stonehenge that night, I sought out a restaurant and had, predictably, Salisbury steak).

Another thing that sticks out in my mind is the three days I spent touring through the county of Pembrokeshire, South Wales; seeing the mossy gravestone of John Griffiths, my great-great-grandfather, in a tiny, neglected churchyard; the dramatic rolling hills all around; the rocky coastline of Newport; the emerald bay of nearby Fishguard (yes, that's really the name), where the film version of Dylan Thomas' "Under Milk Wood" was done; the touring of two very ancient castles, one in almost perfect condition, one in utter ruin; the language of the

Welsh people, an abrupt, even harsh string of consonants, but nevertheless very rhythmic and musical in its own way.

*Chris Fahy:*

One of the real highlights of London is its world famous zoo. John Griffiths and I stood spellbound for a half hour listening to the chatter of several myna birds. Evidently the birds had a cockney keeper, for their vocabulary included such phrases as "Ello, Charlie," a rather imperious "Ave you got the time," and an impertinent, "Let me out of 'ere." The last was our favorite.

The chimpanzee family took up even more of our time. When we watched them, the family was involved in domestic strife. A young ape whom we called "the juvenile delinquent" had evidently angered the "father" ape. The youngster was scurrying through the cage, casting nervous backward glances at his methodical pursuer.

Desperately the juvenile swung aloft onto the "jungle gym" bars. Dad followed suit. Junior slid down a fireman's pole and ran to Grandmother for safety. A sulking father waited at a distance as Grandma cuddled the juvenile in her arms.

But justice is strong, even among monkeys. After a few reproachful glances from Dad, Grandma released junior and turned her back in feigned indifference. The father chimp dragged the protesting youngster off by the ear. A baby monkey, seeing his chance to revenge past iniquities, began to jabber excitedly and jump upon the back of his bullying older brother.

It was, all in all, a touching family scene reminiscent of how it must have been before we evolved. Thank God, we're civilized now!

Continued on p. 6

# Anglophiles Abroad

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From p. 5

Scott Williamson:

Buckingham Palace was the first thing I saw in England. We saw only the facade. Fences with spikes and horse guards with pikes and axes kept us out.

We stood surrounded by statues symbolizing the subcontinents once under Britain's sway, amid a crowd of tourists with cameras. There were British tourists there as well as Americans.



The public buildings in London gave me the feeling of a facade maintained at great expense. The subway system that took us to them was an engineering monument in its day. Now it was running short on help, and some of the help who remained were slipshod. Service was cut down. Stations were closed, and signs asked the public to bear with the government during the labor shortage crisis.

Our hotel manager's son explained it to us. "The government made it easy for people to start their own businesses, in order to keep their votes. So people left their menial jobs and moved into the self-employed class, for prestige. The government's spent their money without keeping much in reserve. The economy's roaring, but it's crumbling at the bottom."

We saw students assembled in Trafalgar Square, demanding larger stipends. We saw a line of marchers five to ten abreast and a mile or more long wind all through the city.

They carried their babies with them past crowds of ordinary people lining the streets while bobbies trotted between. They carried the black-and-red banners of Marxist groups from all over the kingdom and chanted, "Not a penny, not a gun, for the Chilean dictators."

People from places where Britain still holds some kind of colonial power marched. Eighty or a hundred Iranians shouted, "The Shah is a murderer." They covered their faces with hoods out of fear of retribution.

We traveled north. Away from London, the countryside grew progressively calmer. We arrived in

Grasmere in the Lake Country, Wordsworth and Coleridge's haunt, at twilight in the mist.

We wandered spellbound into a churchyard, and at once came across a small sign saying, "Wordsworth's Grave," and there were the stones marked, "William Wordsworth" and "Dorothy Wordsworth."

We found lodgings in a bed-and-breakfast place. We discovered later it was only two doors away from Wordsworth's home, Dove Cottage. There were no signs in Grasmere directed to tourists. All the houses and sheepcotes in the village and the surrounding hills were made of stones.

We never knew whether it was the mist and leaves that made that place so magical to us, or the memory of Wordsworth's and Coleridge spectral poetry written about them that we projected onto them.

We went to Lancaster, on England's northwest coast, and left the poetry of Grasmere as well as the mental turmoil of London behind. We'd gone from London, the brain of England, to her body. The rhetoric and issues of the City gave way to the farmland that supported it, to nothing but the green reality.

That evening we walked around a castle refurbished in the thirteenth century and being used now just as it was then, as a prison. The sun set over the multicolor landscape, unchanged by the power lines that marched across it. An old man walked his dog past the prison into the sunset.

We returned to London, and saw it had mellowed in our absence. The buildings had grown deeper and truer behind their facades.

A national drama reached its climax in London while we were there. The Cup Finals in soccer for all Britain were to be held the next day. Thousands came from all parts of the country.

We met a lad in the Cockney Pride, near Piccadilly, at the heart of the City. He told us he'd started down from Newcastle at eight that morning, drinking with his friends all the way down.

They were celebrating tomorrow's victory now. He shared a pint with us, and promised to buy us another tomorrow night, after the victory.

We watched the lads. They filled the tavern, standing and swaying, singing the words, "Shine clear, shine clear" to the tune of "Amazing Grace."

Continued on p. 9

## FLIX...FLIX

By P. Kael, Jr.

There's one thing you can always say about Film Board movies — they're a bargain. Whether you're crazy about the film or not, you have to admit you can see it here for about a third of the price that you could anywhere else. Well, this weekend, with the extreme help of the Development Office who paid for it all, we can beat even our normally fantastic price — nine movies and shorts for absolutely nothing! Yes, it's time for the annual Parent's Weekend film festival, and once again it's a series of fantastic blockbusters for the usual nonexistent price.

And for absolutely nothing whatsoever, you get to see such fantastic and varied films as *The Barber Shop*, one of W. C. Fields' visually funniest shorts, which contains just about the most hilarious display of musical ability in movies, when Fields tackles the cello. Also to be shown is the 1936 version of *Things To Come*, the epic Science Fiction movie based on the book by H. G. Wells, which takes a look into the future and hits uncomfortably close to modern life at times.

And that's not even mentioning *The Illustrated Man*, based on the best selling book by Ray Bradbury and widely acclaimed as a fantastic

film by such reknowned critics as Judith Crist and myself. Then there's Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone in *Robin Hood*, as swashbuckling a film as you could want; an Edgar Allen Poe trilogy *Tales of Terror*; Cary Grant, Gary Cooper and W. C. Fields in *Alice in Wonderland*; and even a half hour of Hollywood cartoons!

These are all Saturday night at various times (see the posters), but that's not all!

For on Friday night at 7:30 and 9:45 in the Filene Room, once again for free, the film *The Boyfriend* will be shown. This is a fantastic spoof on the typical Hollywood musical of the '30s, and has some truly amazing sets and choreographed spots. It stars Twiggy in her first major role, which showed she can do a lot more than just stand around and imitate an animated pencil. This will also be shown Saturday night with the others in the Schaeffer Theatre.

So don't forget — from 1 p.m. to midnight on Saturday in the theatre, a continuous film festival with all the movies you always wanted to see, and on Friday night *The Boyfriend* in the Filene Room. How many times are you going to get the chance to see these free again?

## MIX SOME CHEM WITH YOUR LIFE

By Barbara Giessler

For those interested in chemistry, and especially chem majors, Lawrance Chem Society should be of interest. An affiliate of the American Chemical Society, Lawrance Chem's purpose is to provide students with educational lectures, tours, and ideas on the opportunities for Chemistry majors.

So far, Lawrance Chem has been successful in providing a tutorial program for the freshman class and in establishing a Chemistry Council. This council provides for student representation in departmental functions, involvement in professor evaluation, and works in coordination with the Office of Career Counseling.

Lawrance Chem has quite a few events planned for this year, including:

This Friday: Virginia Curtis, chemistry professor at Bates, will speak before the Maine chapter of the American Chemical Society on "Mutational Analysis of Photosynthesis" at 7:30 p.m. in Dana 119.

Immediately following the talk, there will be a meeting of the Maine Chapter of the American Chemical Society.

Both events are open to the public. There is no admission charge.

Oct. 13: Barbecue at James Boyles' farm.

Oct. 25: Raymon M. Barnes of the University of Massachusetts will explain "Why Learn Chemical Instrumental Measurement?"

Other events for the year include speakers from Polaroid explaining the chemistry of photocolour, and from Corning Glassware and the University of New Hampshire. A bowling tournament is also planned for February.

Exact information on times and places for these events is available from the officers: Michelle LeComte, president; Henry Skoog, vice president; Debbie Bedner, secretary, and Mike Croudace, treasurer. Those interested in joining should see Mike.

Thirty new members joined Lawrance Chem at the first meeting Sept. 11.

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Willhoite gets a head.

Photo by Jim Bunnell.

## MISTAKES KILL BOBCATS

By Bob Littlefield

The Bates football team opened their 1974 season on a sad, but not discouraging note last Saturday when they lost to a big St. Lawrence team, 10-8. It was not the Larries' outstanding performance that earned them the victory. It is safer to say that it was the Bobcats' mistakes that determined the final outcome.

The opening kickoff was fumbled and recovered by St. Lawrence on the Bates 25 yd. line. This gave St. Lawrence the field position that they needed to squeeze a field goal through the uprights from the four after a fine stand on the part of the Bobcat defense. The ensuing kickoff was followed by a strong Bates drive that eventually fell victim to penalties and mistakes and fizzled out at the St. Lawrence 18.

The Larries' only touchdown of the day came later in the first period on a third down and twenty situation. Andy Reinhardt took a screen pass on his own 40 and ran untouched for the remaining sixty yards to make it 10-0. This play accounted for all but twenty-six of

the Larries' passing yardage.

In the second period Steve Lancor recovered a St. Lawrence fumble on their 12. A fine run by freshman Gary Pugatch put the ball on the one where Marcus Bruce took it in for six. A Murphy to Pugatch pass made it 10-8. The score remained that way for the rest of the day.

Some outstanding performances by Bates people deserve mention. Mark Shapiro was impressive from his split end position. He made seven receptions for 89 yards, none of which were of the routine variety. Defensive back Jim Dachos, besides making some fine plays on the field, intercepted a St. Lawrence pass that gave the offense a good scoring opportunity in the fourth period but it was followed by mistakes and the Cats had to give up the ball. Also deserving mention was the entire Bates defensive unit which produced several goal line stands and all-around solid play. S.L.U. gained but 50 yards on the ground and 86 in the air.

This Saturday the Bobcats will play host to Hamilton College for the annual Parents' Day game. If last week's game is an indicator it is safe to say that there will be some bells rung at Hathorn this fall, beginning with this week.



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## CATS LOOK GOOD DESPITE LOSS

By Steve McCormich

For a rainy Saturday morning it was a good sized crowd that came to watch the Bobcat booters play their first game of the season against the University of Bridgeport. For a contest between a small college team and a nationally ranked University it was a good soccer game.

Before the whistle blew it was uncertain how well the team would play. They looked uncoordinated in a scrimmage against U.N.H. last Saturday, and merely mediocre against an outclassed U. Maine Port./Gorham on Monday. But as the game proceeded on Saturday it was quickly apparent that U. Bridgeport would be given a fight.

Bates was first on the scoreboard with a display of "pure hustle" by Jim Tonrey who slid on the oppositions goalie who was receiving a passback. The ball popped up as the two simultaneously met it, but Jimmy was the quicker in its retrieval, placing the ball in the open nets.

The Bridgeporters kept up a constant offense which was stalled much of the first half by steady fullbacking and some impressive goaltending by "Wild Bill" Smith. But a handball led to a successful penalty kick followed closely by another Bridgeport goal to make the score at half time 2-1.

In the second half the Cats kept up a formidable defense, but perhaps because of this could not sustain an offense. Only 5 shots were taken by Bates the entire game, pelting the goalpost more times than they permitted the goalie to touch it. It was a rough, physical game too, with 33 personal fouls - Bates claiming 22 of them. In the end, the score was Bridgeport 3, Bates 1; in reality an outcome not wholly unexpected.

This Wed. the booters play a more evenly matched U. Maine at Orono; the outcome of this game might be a better barometer of Bates' performance this year.



Photo by Jim Bunnell.

Marcus Bruce scores from the one.

**EDITORS NOTE:** Beginning with this issue the Student will be selecting each week (or every other week, we haven't decided yet) an athlete from among the Bates student body to be honored as "Athlete of the Week". The selection will be made on the basis of outstanding individual effort or contribution to a team effort by a member of a Varsity, Subvarsity, or Intramural team.

### FRANK GOES TO COLLEGE

"Wake up, Frank," said his father. "We're at the college."

Frank opened his eyes and saw many brick buildings, some with ivy on the walls, some without.

"Jeez," Frank said. "College." They went to his room and helped him carry in his clothes.

"Hi, I'm Joe, your new roommate. You're Frank," said a young man who walked into the room.

"That's right." Frank said. Then he said goodbye to his parents. He lay down on his bed. "I'm going to take a nap, Joe. Don't make any noise."

"Swell," said Joe, "I'm crazy about taking naps. We'll get along just great, right?"

Frank was asleep.

### ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

The first award of "Athlete of the Week" title goes to Junior X-Country runner Bruce Merrill. Bruce chopped better than 30 seconds off of his personal best time in finishing second in last Saturday's Bates Invitational meet. The time, 24:03.5 is just 3.5 seconds off of the course record (held by Bates' Neill Minner). Bruce's time is the 4th fastest ever on the 4.85 mile course and the second fastest ever by a Bates man. It helped Bates upset Dartmouth and Boston State and win their own Invitation for the first time in three years.



## Bates Takes Invitational X-C .... or Big Green swallows the Big Apple

By Jim Anderson

The Bates College Cross Country team ran its most powerful and successful race in the schools history, this past Saturday. The incredible race saw the Bates runners literally crush four opponents, including Dalhousie Univ. and the Univ. of New Brunswick, both of Canada, Boston State and Dartmouth. The score was Bates 30; Boston State 51; Dartmouth 70; New Brunswick 113 and Dalhousie 117.

The most amazing part of the whole matter is that both Dartmouth (which incidently has an enrollment of 3300 men to pick its runners from, not to mention a great deal of money) and Boston St. (which has two track All-Americans on the team) were highly ranked teams in New England, Dartmouth being ranked about fifth. All that aside, it has been an awfully long time since a Bates team has beaten an Ivy league team in any sport. The victory also paves the way towards the possibility of an undefeated season. The record now stands at 5 wins and 0 losses.

Junior Bruce Merrill came within 1/2 a second of winning the race with the time of 24:03.5 over the 4.85 mile course. The meet was won by Mark Duggan of Boston State in a time of 24:03.0. Those times mark the third and fourth fastest times ever run on the course and Duggan's time was a meet record.

The next Batesians to finish were freshmen Tom Leonard in 5th place and Paul Oparowski in 6th place. Both beat Dartmouth's first man. In 8th through 10th places were Bob Chasen, Russ Keenan, and Rick DeBruin. Ed McPartland finished 12th, Norm Graf, 14th, Jim Anderson, 16th, and Rick Johnson, 17th, in the 45 man race.

In a normal race in the past, it would be expected that with five teams running, perhaps only the top 5 or 6 runners would break the 25 minute barrier. Last Saturday, the top 14 did, and 8 of them were Batesians. Something must have inspired our fledgling runners. Perhaps it was hard work, or maybe pride. Both have been abundantly evident.



Photo by Nick Helides

Freshmen Leonard and Oparowski.

## OC RAIDS REID

By Steven Wice

Last Sunday 600 Bates students descended on the beaches of Reid State Park for the annual Outing Club lobster bake. In a matter of six short, too short, hours, 475 lobsters, countless hamburgers and hot dogs, and enough potato salad, potato chips, brownies and lemonade to feed an army were devoured by the ravenous Batesians.

With a moderate wind and temperatures in the seventies, the day was perfect for doing almost anything. Activities at the lobster bake ranged from kayaking to volleyball. At any given moment, there were at least 24 people in active volleyball game. Such notable volleyball stars as Prof. Richard Sampson could have been found at nets.

If you looked at the ocean, either Steve Rhodes or Chris Richter could have been found in the ocean paddling around in a kayak. However, the major activities were either soaking up the sun rays, eating, or just walking around looking at the fantastic

scenery. Other activities included building sand castles, swimming in the 58 degree water, fighting off man-eating mosquitos, and, yes, some people were even studying.

Mainly responsible for organizing the event was Lydia Milne. However, she was helped by such great chefs as Todd Goble, Todd Chase, Marty "Wart" Welborne, and many others.

The Outing Club, in this reporter's opinion one of the best organizations in the school, runs many such trips like these, and in many cases loses money off of them. Almost any weekend they run white water canoeing trips, horseback riding, and many others.

On this trip, the club took a loss on the lobsters. However, thanks to the Chase Hall Committee, who subsidized the five buses, they didn't lose as much money this year as in previous years.

The highlight of the season, the trip to Mount Katahdin, is still planned for the first weekend in October.



Photos by Steven Wice





Karen Olson:

I could talk about beautiful Kew Gardens in rhododendron time, or the gypsy who told my fortune at Appleby Fair, or the archeological students who put us up at York, or about Stonehenge, awesome even in shadowless noon.

I still taste the strange mineral baths at Bath, still feel the knee-hollowed steps of Canterbury Cathedral, carved by centuries of worshippers.

I remember one still day in the midst of Derwentwater, gem of the Lake District, where I first felt the joy of rowing a small scull rhythmically.

I remember running into an old friend I hadn't seen since third grade, and I remember ogling the miles of Foyles, biggest book store in the world, in an orgy of scholarly delight.

I remember seeking Shakespeare in thatched-roofed Stratford on Avon, and longing to touch the wool of the frisky Cotswold lambs that cavorted by our train. I cried when John Gielgud played Prospero; I cried three times, because I went to see it three consecutive nights, standing room only. That's all I can say to even begin to describe how beautiful I thought it was.

But these are the unusual things. They are the things that happened to me. These are joys I can't re-live when I go back to England, which I know I must someday.

Here's what isn't going to change:

The honor system, where *no one* picks the myriad blooming tulips in the parks, whereby *no one* throws even a cigaret butt on the street, whereby people always return their empty milk bottles *because* they paid no deposit for them, and thus don't feel they own them.

The friendly corner pub, home of pork pie and the shandy, an unbelievably, decent half-and-half mix of lemonade and English beer.

Fish and chips, great in all their glorious greasiness.

The quaint comedy of street signs saying "Commit no nuisance," "Please curb your dog so as not to soil the public paths," and "Polite notice: no parking here."

Life in the streets — the human comedy comes out from all the cubicles and greets you face to face.

"When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life" — Sam Johnson. Were I tired of England, I'd have to just go sit and stagnate somewhere.

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# STUDENT

EST. 1873 26 SEPTEMBER 1974 VOL. 101 NO. 13

"Good luck with the work." — James Hepburn

## PENETRATING THE PROBLEM OF 'THE GAP'

By Karen Olson  
and John Blatchford

Dean James Carignan spent the early part of this week talking with the Bates Director of Food Services and the president of Representative Assembly in an effort to find out just how the 15-minute gap in dinner service came into being without RA's approval.

Last spring, somehow, a decision was made to close down the dinner line between 5:15 and 5:30 p.m. this fall term in order to combat congestion.

The plan was initiated with the understanding that R.A. had approved of it. However, not only did the R.A. not approve of it, members say they were not even informed of the decision until they read it in the summer newsletter.

Dean Carignan, R.A. president Sue Dumais, and R.A. vice president John Pothier met with *The Bates Student* at noon Monday to reconstruct the sequence of last spring's events. D. Craig Canedy, Director of Food Services, was unable to attend. However, Dean Carignan, who had spoken with him beforehand, reported Canedy's recollection of events.

Apparently, this is what happened:

On March 18 Dean Carignan sent a memo to Canedy and several administrators expressing concern over the congestion at Commons.

This led to a meeting on March 22, attended by Carignan, Canedy, Bernie Carpenter, Joe Glannon and possibly others. Ideas were tossed around during the brainstorming session, and Canedy came up with the idea of closing the door to Commons for 15 minutes at 5:15 p.m., when the cafeteria is at peak capacity.

"We all agreed that in order for this to work, there would have to be student support," says Dean Carignan.

The idea was broached to the R.A. Food Committee soon afterwards, at a meeting attended by Carignan, Canedy, Sue Dumais,

Sue Hawkes (last year's Food Committee chairman), Andy Lovely, and possibly other students.

No resolutions were made at that meeting, although members of the Food Committee expressed sympathy with the general goal of reducing congestion. Dean Carignan asked the Food Committee to present the suggestion to R.A. as a whole, and get in touch with Canedy afterwards.

R.A. discussed the proposal briefly on Apr. 1, and extensively on Apr. 8. Canedy had suggested initiating the 15-minute gap immediately — that is, in early April. R.A. members turned down that idea, since final exams were imminent. R.A. members also felt that Short Term was not the time to experiment with the dinner schedule.

"The idea was that the issue was to be tabled until early fall. The idea was to wait and see what happened the first two or three weeks of school, and discuss the matter then if there were still problems," says Sue Dumais.

R.A. did not vote on any resolutions related to "the gap" on Apr. 8, although the general consensus was not favorably disposed towards such a plan. Sue Hawkes, Food Committee head, was dispatched to discuss R.A.'s feelings with Canedy.

Sometime between Apr. 8 and May 20, Canedy and Carignan discussed the situation by phone. At that time, Canedy says, he was under the impression that the R.A. had approved "the gap" for the fall term. He told Dean Carignan so.

This conversation with Canedy led Dean Carignan to issue a memorandum to several administrators on May 20 stating that the new dinner hours had been approved "as a result of meetings with the Food Committee and the Food Committee's contact with the Representative Assembly."

The R.A. had never sent a

member to tell Dean Carignan of their decision because, Sue Dumais explains, the assumption was that no action would be taken without the given approval of the R.A.

And the only student to receive a copy of Dean Carignan's May 20 memo was Emily Fine, president of the Campus Association. It was sent to her to be incorporated into C.A.'s new "advice booklet" for freshmen.

Sue Hawkes, a 1974 graduate now living in Schenectady, N.Y., could not be reached for comments.

At any rate, "the gap" went into effect when school opened this September, and the protest has been vociferous. The R.A. has posted notices of its disapprobation in all dormitories, and administrators and cafeteria officials have agreed to keep the Rowe, Ramsdell and Costello Rooms open for seating when they are not "blue-slipped" for group events.

Dean Carignan told *The Bates Student* that he intends to "move forward and perhaps come up with a better solution to the congestion problem."

To this end, he has asked that as soon as the new R.A. Food Committee is chosen, members meet with him and Canedy as soon as possible. The Food Committee was to have been appointed at Monday night's R.A. meeting.

Dean Carignan also explained why neither the President's Dining Room nor the Den will be opened to students for meals: "The President's Dining Room will not be opened to students because President Reynolds has to have it at his disposal for guests to the college, special faculty group meetings, and student group meetings. And we want the Den to be the Den, not an annex to the cafeteria."

Sue Dumais feels one solution might be a 15-minute extension on either end of the present dinner hours.