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Bates College

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# BATES STUDENT

ESTABLISHED 1873

VOLUME 104, NUMBER 20

DECEMBER 2, 1977

## Westmoreland continued ...



GENERAL WESTMORELAND--"...Calley should never have been an officer; the man did not have the intelligence and the emotional stability..."

By Jim Curtin and Gil Crawford

**Student:** Once you said that the Vietnamese Army was a "first class well-disciplined, professional army," but when the end came they proved themselves not to be, in fact once before that you said that the junior officers of the Arvn troops were very, very capable.

What happened between 1969 and 1975 that caused this.

**Westmoreland:** Could you tell me when I made those statements.

**Student:** September 29, 1969 you said a first class well-disciplined professional Army.

**Westmoreland:** Where did I say that, I don't recall saying that.

**Student:** US News Reports and World Reports, an interview you gave.

**Westmoreland:** Well, I'd sure like to see the context in which I put it in. I'm just trying to think back on that interview. I don't recall ever praising the Vietnamese Army that much, my recollection of what I said at that time. The Army had improved slowly and the officers had improved but I never had the feeling that I was ever satisfied with the quality of leadership in the Vietnamese Army, never. I question that I made a mistake as categorical as that, but that's neither here nor there. I just don't believe I made a statement that categorical, however that is not your question. Your question is Why did the Vietnamese Army Collapse? I'll prove this in my speech tonight, but, Napoleon made the statement that on the battlefield morale is to the material as breathing was. We just pulled the heart string of their morale because we cut the aid in half, they didn't have enough bullets to fight with, they didn't have enough spare parts, there was a shortage in gasoline, there was talk in Congress which they knew about to stop all aid entirely. Case-Church amendment had been passed which legislated the denial of the authority of the President of the United States to use any military forces whatsoever in Vietnam or offshore Southeast Asia...and there was a general demoralization in morale ...but then there was a deterioration in military capability when the act took place because they had Russian ammunition and they didn't have it. More fundamental then that I realize that they were spread thin because they were on

the defensive and the Paris Peace Accord was suppose to Freeze in place to cease fire. And they had been led to believe that if the peace agreement was broken they weren't even going to come to the rescue. Nixon told him that not only through the Ambassador but he told him in writing that and then the communist later attacked in Phovck Ben Proviencie detest that we didn't do a damn thing we didn't even make a public statement condemning it. So they felt deserted and betrayed and they weren't going to fight under those conditions. Even under those circumstances their were some of those troops that just fought like hell. No question about it. Some of them got their orders when standing, hold everything and withdraw and news got all fouled up under the stress and strain of combat.

**Student:** There's an article by Andrew Mack in "World Politics," where he says in a guerilla war there's essentially two fronts, the conflict itself and then the home front. I was wondering how you felt this affected the morale of the American troops.

**Westmoreland:** Well, in the first place there was a guerrilla facet to this war but basically this war was invasion by the north to the south and the war ended by a regular army with well equipped troops that took over the country but it was a guerilla warfare in its early days and some associated with the final but not too many. Phen Teng Dong's discussion of this great victory well he pays little attention to the so called guerillas but I get your point. I just want to clarify that which I think its important and people are still talking about a guerilla war despite the fact when the war had

ended it was just his share of aggression by the regular troops but the home front is so important and they won the battle and the whole and they defeated the French in 1954 in the home front and they defeated us on the home front.

**Student:** What role do you feel the media played in that?

**Westmoreland:** Very profound.

**Student:** Could you elaborate on that?

**Westmoreland:** No censorship. First war without censorship. First war on the television tube. There was a very strong bias by many in the media.

**Student:** How do you feel about the Korean withdrawal program?

**Westmoreland:** I think it's being done too hastily, I think it should be done over an 8-10 year period, because both Korea and Japan are going to have to adjust themselves to this. I don't think this can be done over four years. Japan has particular concern because they look at Korea as their out post. There are many adjustments that have to be made and I think that by virtue of or default in Viet Nam by pulling these troops back at this time is pshychologically poorly timed. The countries involved feel that this is just one more evidence that we are going to pull our ass out.

**Student:** Are the Army's ethical codes viable in a combat situation, such as the conflict between orders and ethics in a situation like My Lia.

**Westmoreland:** I'm not sure that this is the case, that there was this conflict. I think that the Ethical codes within the officer's corp are important. I think that our country is in trouble if the Army can not attract and train officers of high ethical standards. But, I don't believe that the

Continued on page 4

## Hoopster data

By Bob Simmons

With almost all of last years team returning from a 9-11 season, coach George Wigton should be in high spirits for this years season. Coach Wigton decided to use 8 players for strictly varsity purposes this year. All 8 players should help the team cause. All are fine athletes and should work well together.

Three big seniors will be starting in the center and forward slots. Center Tom Goodwin (6'5")

and Jan Bright (6'5"). All three of these players are fine rebounders and all around players. It would be difficult to find a team with three players of their caliber.

The starting guards will be serior Earl Ruffin and junior Steve Schmelz. Ruffin possesses outstanding jumping ability and is a fine playmaker. Schmelz is the only non-senior started. He

saw action last year as a sophomore which shows he is very talented.

Junior guard Jeff Starrett (5'8") is the small man on this years

team but makes up for his height disadvantage with quickness and fine defensive play.

Big junior center Louis Bouvier (6'6") provides fine rebounding and shooting. Lou works well down under the hoop. He should see a lot of action this year filling in at either center or forward.

Last but not least is freshman forward Mike Green (6'3"). Mak-

ing the varsity as a freshman says a lot in itself. Green possesses outstanding jumping ability and shooting. Coach Wigton won't be afraid to use Mike in pressure situations.

These 8 players will provide the nucleus for this years team. This team is definitely one to come out and watch!

## Cultural Services, doomed

By Beth Thompson

Beginning in 1946 when Cultural Heritage courses were required to be taken for four semesters by all students, under the CORE program, Cultural Studies had a prominent place in a Bates students' education. These requirements have changed of course, just as the types of courses offered have also changed. Cultural Studies as a major was not recognized until 1972 when Cultural Studies was organized into a department for a three year trial period. At the end of this trial period it was reconsidered and the Cultural Studies department was made into a committee retaining the Cultural Studies major.

The Cultural Studies Com-

mittee by recommending to the Faculty in the November meeting to disband the committee and eliminate the major were not suggesting that there is no longer a place for the Cultural Studies major, they were saying that as a Committee they could not provide the courses and staffing needed to provide a strong major. When they were made into a Committee they were told that "neither the departments nor the College would have any obligation to provide staffing for the curricular offerings of Cultural Studies itself" In other words no one could be given tenure in Cultural Stu-

dies or be hired with the expectations of teaching just Cultural

Studies. This puts other departments in the difficult position of having to give some members of their departments part time to the Cultural Studies Committee when they may need them for their own departments. The Committee in its statement to the Faculty in November said that "Student confidence had been shaken by a series of resignations, the loss of departmental status, and the inability of the Committee to sponser a coherent program of predictable courses." Mr. Cole, Chairman of the Committee, said that "it is not a problem of enrollment, Cultural Studies had been unable to promote itself because of the staffing problem."

Continued on page 4

# Forum

## More parking space needed

### To the Editor:

With the coming of winter and the ban on overnight parking on the street sides it becomes clear again. There is a severe lack of parking space for the entire south side of campus encompassing all the houses along Campus Avenue, Wood, College, and Frye Streets.

Thus the new parking lot on Campus Avenue seemed to make a lot of sense, even though I hated to see yet another open space covered with pavement and striped with parallel white lines.

But now, within minutes of the ban on overnight streetside parking going into affect there ap-

pears a sign on the back wall of the new lot. "Faculty and Staff Parking Only" it says.

Typically it appears at the last possible moment after apparent administration disdain of any student input concerning the use of this new facility. I am not surprised. It seems to be standard policy to announce any potentially controversial decisions during academically busy times (i.e., just prior to vacations or finals).

This seems a clear example of an administration decision for the benefit of the administration and staff without regard for the needs of the paying student population. Yet it seems to be without any logical basis. Remember that the

streetside parking ban on Campus Avenue is for the evening hour **ONLY** and most of the employees of Bates College work during the day. A couple of spaces could easily be designated for those necessary overnight men. The faculty and staff could normally park on the street. Those snowy days when they couldn't safely on the street they could park next to Lake Andrews. This is clearly the preferable usage--minimizing discomfort for all.

I should like to see this error speedily rectified or my error in reasoning clarified.

Thank you  
Mark Bennett

A day of tattered trees  
Of wind ripped and ragged leaves  
Of rain dripping from eaves  
washing our words away  
washing away a small white  
spider suspended on a translucent thread  
from a thorny bush of ripe berries,  
red drops of blood on thin brown branches  
We saw the spider struggling  
and the rain sounds heavy in our hearts  
as we walk in silence  
beside a raging river  
toward a dark and swollen sea.

Andrea Simmons



## What's Happening



### SUNDAY DEC. 4

**BATES HOCKEY CLUB FIRST HOME GAME.** See the hockey team in action at the Central Maine Youth Center against Tufts. Face-off at 1:15. To get to the Youth Center, go down Central Avenue past the Jr. High and Armory. Take the first left after the stop light.

### MONDAY DEC. 5

**PETITION DRIVE FOR THE 18-20 SPLIT DRINKING AGE.** There is an important state election that day and there will be petitioners at polling places all over the state. Our responsibility includes the polls in Lewiston, Auburn, and Lisbon. No one is expected to work more than a few hours. Watch for signups in dinner line. Last chance to change the new drinking law!

### TUESDAY DEC. 6

**SIGN-UPS FOR SKI TOURING AND ALPINE CLASSES.** Registration for ski touring: 9:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. in the Alumni Gym. Registration for alpine classes at Lost Valley: Alumni Gym lobby. SPONSORED BY THE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

**SEASONAL MUSIC FROM THE MIDDLE AGES.** At 7:30 in Chase Lounge, the Medieval Music Collegium will present a concert of Middle Age singing, dancing, and instrumental music by recorders, kiummhorns, viol de gamba, dulcimer, psaltery, and various percussion.

**FILM: MARAT/SADE.** Directed by Peter Brook and starring Glenda Jackson and Patrick Magee. Presented at 7:30 in Schaeffer Theatre. Shown in conjunction with FS 001.

### WEDNESDAY DEC. 7



### THURSDAY DEC. 8



### FRIDAY DEC. 9



**SHORT TERM IN GERMANY MEETING.** Students interested in spending the short term at a Goethe Institute should attend a meeting in 304 Hathorn at 4:00. The program is available at all levels, from beginners to advanced students. It lasts eight weeks with several course locations to choose from. Students who have participated in the program will be on hand to answer questions.

**DEVONSQUARE IN CONCERT.** Chase Hall Comm. presents one of Maine's most innovative and exciting club and concert bands at 8:00 in Chase Lounge. Devonsquare is a fusion of jazz-folk-rock influences in their original compositions. Free admission.

**CHRISTMAS ART SALE.** The Art Dept. is having a sale of original wood cuts, drawings, and ceramics done by Bates students. Come and browse from 3:00 - 5:00 in the Fine Arts Building.

**BIOLOGY SEMINAR.** Susan Driscoll, a senior biology major will present an informal discussion of her work this past semester at the Dept. of Marine Resources in West Boothbay Harbor. She has been working with herring population studies as well as "red tide" data. Come to room 324, Carnegie Science at 4:00 p.m.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS

Biology Luncheons are held every Thursday in the Costello Room. Come eat with your professors from 11:15 to 1:30.

Anyone who is planning to blanket blue slip for second semester, please fill out your blue slips as soon as possible.

Any student who is interested in doing a workshop or seminar on personal budgeting for ELAN, a drug rehabilitation center in Poland, please call Sue Eisenstadt at 1-998-2904.

Job opportunity for one or two students at the Sacred Heart Church on Minot Avenue in Auburn for BEANO PARTIES! Hours will be on Wed. nights from 6:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. and on Saturday afternoon from noon until 4:00 p.m. Contact John Bourisk at 4-4875 or 4-6456.

### EXTENDED LIBRARY HOURS FOR FINALS

Saturday Dec. 3rd--open until midnight

Sunday Dec. 4th--open at 10 a.m. (but not Audio)

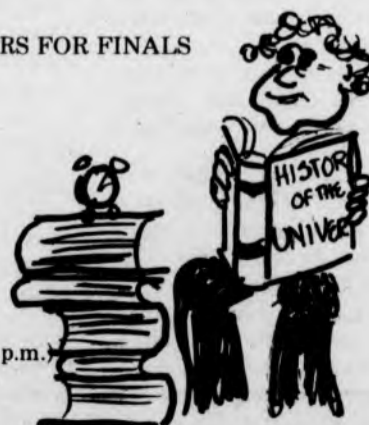
Friday Dec. 9th--open until midnight

Saturday Dec. 10th--open until midnight

Sunday Dec. 11th--open at 10 a.m. (including audio)

Friday Dec. 16th--open until midnight (audio until 10 p.m.)

Saturday Dec. 17th--close at 1 p.m.



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## The Student

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# To eat meat or not to eat meat, and what is the question?

By T. Brotherhood

Vegetarianism is a combination of State of mind and state of stomach, and usually involves reasons of both health and ecological morals. It is also an obscure term with a wide variety of categories: "ovo" means egg-eater; "lacto" signifies consumption of dairy products; and "modified" can be used for those who eat everything except red meat.

To be a vegetarian for strict ecological reasons is noble but neglects the importance of balancing the natural population once it has been under the artificial influence of human control. This theory also neglects the fact that much of our meat and poultry has been raised specifically for consumption, and therefore is not exactly part of the ecological community.

Therefore, a vegetarian diet is usually undertaken for both physical and emotional well-being. The former is largely due to the use of additives, preservatives, and flavor enhancers, and is not necessarily confined to meat and poultry.

Some methods of factory farming illustrate ecological reasons for avoiding the use of their produce. An increasing number of farmers confine their animals and fowl to insure that the flesh be tender and so that the owner of said flesh doesn't injure himself by interacting with others of the same species.

The cages, stalls, pens, etc. are seldom much larger than the animal contained therein. Close confinement also means that the same area can accommodate more produce, representing a greater profit. Many of the animals are weaned as soon as possible so that the mother can be bred again. Growth is stimulated by hormone additives in the feed and by force feeding.

These methods result in severe psychological disorders in the animals and fowl. For example, chickens confined in such stress-ridden conditions often resort to aggressive behavior towards each other, ranging from pecking to cannibalism. The mortality rate for veal may be as high as 10

percent, due to inadequate diet, nonexistent exercise, and premature weaning. Physical disorders are also evident in the form of blisters, lesions, leg deformities and weak bone structure. "Vices" produced by close confinement may be controlled through chemical additives and artificial control of their artificial environment. In calves, the consumption of iron produces "undesirable pigmentation" in muscle tissue, i.e. pink veal instead of

the only answer to factory farming. The most humane solutions include: legislation prohibiting such methods; USDA and State Departments of Agriculture supervision; and labeling, packaging, and advertising regulations to inform the consumer about individual products. Another solution is buying local foods as much as possible in the cases where mass production through factory farming is not utilized.

Nor are these animals the only

Another example; in May 1977 the Department of the Interior announced that it is considering killing golden eagles, a rare and currently protected inhabitator of the arid West, that sometimes preys on livestock.

Hunting is also a major concern. Obviously it is a justifiable means of survival, but not necessarily as a sport for those trophy-hunters who use the more impressive features of an animal and then discard the rest. Irresponsible hunters can also be a considerable menace to hikers, domestic livestock, and each other.

Those who do hunt for survival may also be subject to criticism. One example is the current use of the steel jawed trap. This device rarely kills the captured animal instantly, but rather cripples him until the trapper returns. The animals may be confined in this torture for days, in order to escape. Also, traps are indiscriminate, often capturing animals that are useless fur-or flesh-wise, such as those whose fur isn't marketable, whose flesh isn't edible, or your pet cat.

All of the above examples demonstrate ways in which we have inhumanely exploited wildlife for consumer use. This cannot endure if these fellow creatures are to survive in the manner they were meant to. Solutions must be found through the combined efforts of education, politics, and personal conscience. Vegetarianism is not the only answer, and it is certainly not the answer if it is followed for the wrong reasons. Vague notions of preserving cute little animals are idealistic and, more importantly, unrealistic. Once the balance of nature has been tampered with it cannot be left alone to its own devices, but must be considerably dealt with in terms of humanely regulating animal populations in their best interests, not ours.

Professor WERNER J. Deiman recently pointed out the thought-provoking idea that "man's desire to eat meat is ultimately related to killing of any kind, as well as to the diminishing sense of the sacredness of all life." This includes homo sapiens killing homo sapiens, for whatever distorted reason they have chosen.



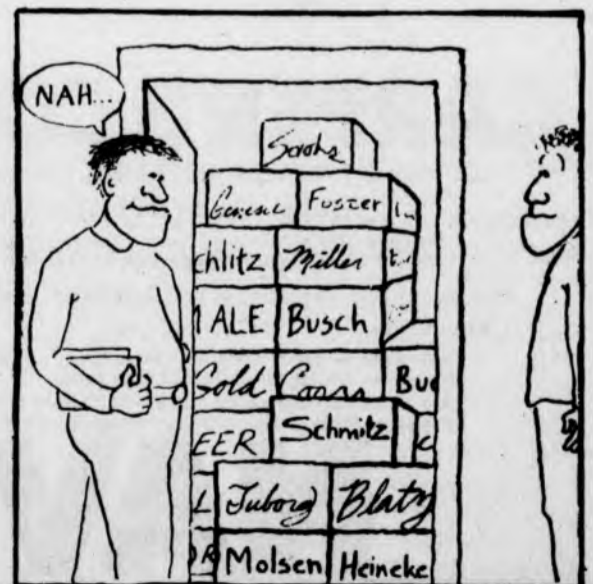
white. Iron is therefore removed from the diet, resulting in increasing anemia. Their health deteriorates sharply to lethargy, susceptibility to disease and eventual death. This, however, is ignored, since they are slaughtered for consumption before they can die such an unnatural death.

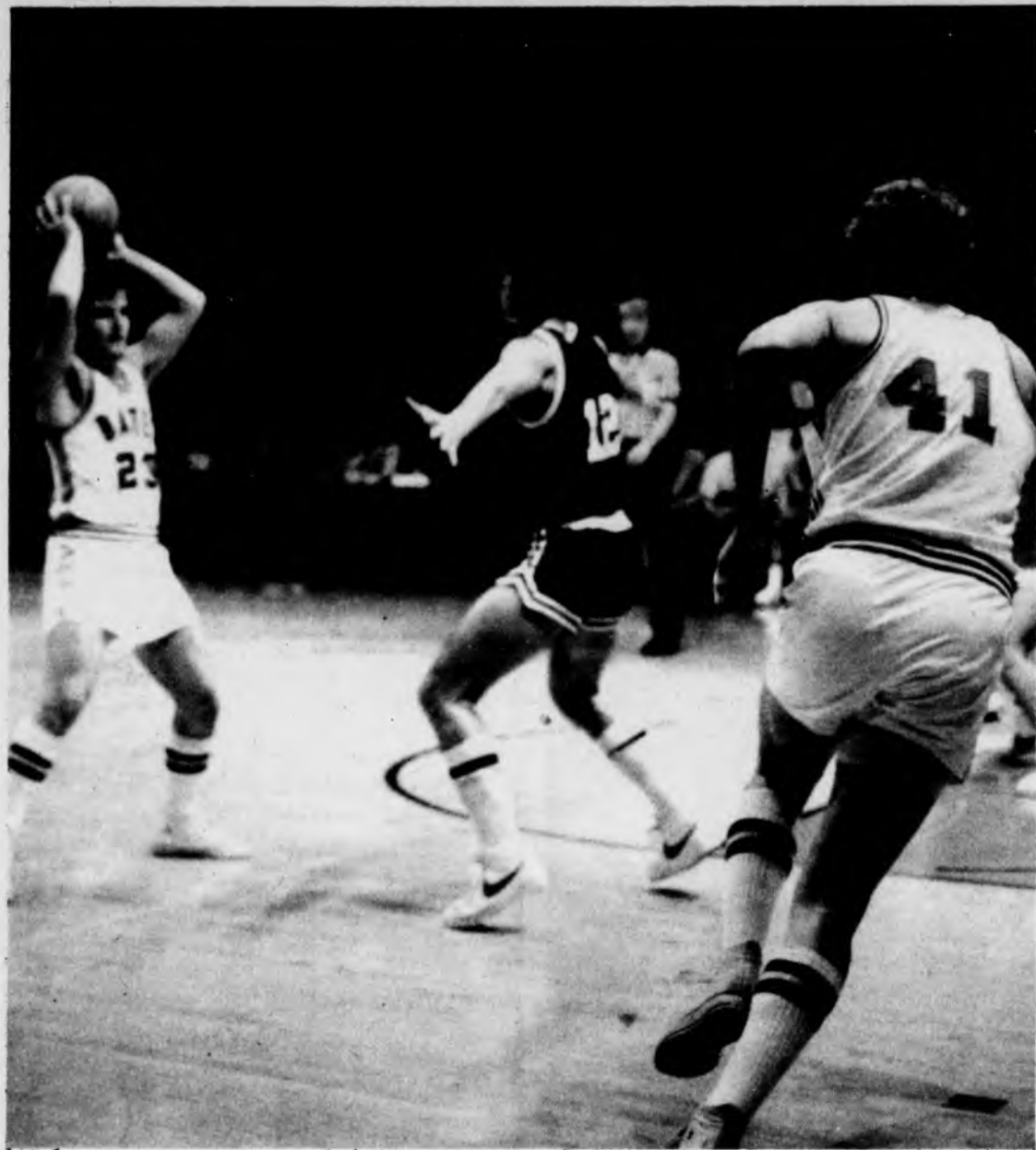
How do these various methods affect the consumer? Other than twinges of one's moral conscience, allergies to milk have been linked to chemical residues added to the feed. Consumer complaints regarding bland flesh, resulting from lack of exercise and monotonous diets, have resulted in the increasing use of chemical additives to improve flavor and color.

Obviously, vegetarianism is not

victims of mass production, or at least as much production as possible for the most profit. Due to increased use of large purse seine nets, used by tuna fishermen, since 1957, the population of porpoises has been steadily declining. Since porpoises often associate with tuna, although not always, fishermen use them as indicators of tuna schools. In the process they are killed as well. In 1976 alone approximately 6 million porpoises were harassed, hunted, captured, or killed, and U.S. fishermen kill approximately 75 percent of the world total. Not only that, but many more people were employed in catching tuna when the hook and line method was used, under which porpoises are not killed but set free unharmed.

## Nostalgia





Jeff Starrett [23] and Tom Burhoe [41] in this week's game against Babson. Babson won.

He loves me  
 (he loves me not)  
 he loves me,  
 (he-)  
 no more  
 the petals fall  
 atop one another until  
 a lifeless pool of fool's blood  
 stands alone.  
 (Where is the man who knew  
 me when I didn't  
 know myself?)

Dec. '73 RNA



TOM BURHOE [41] scoring this week in first quarter action against Babson College. Babson won.

SEA-SENSING

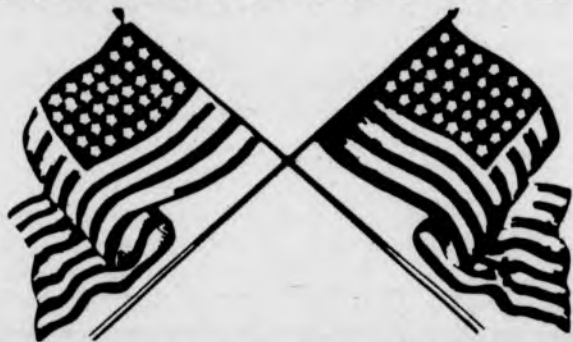
I never told  
what it means when  
a lone wave rolls  
on a once-walked shore,  
so listen to me.

In autumn surf  
with solitude  
I watch the waves  
gather sand and self  
to their deep-sea soul.

Do you know the  
silent sense of  
a freezing breeze  
that says "drown yourself  
in his warm embrace?"

If you could know  
what one waves means  
I would tell you  
of my river's tides...  
are you listening?

T.B.



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# NAVY

## Westmoreland: Continued from page 1

court's concluded that Calley was given orders to do what he did, which was a totally unthinkable series of acts, totally in violation not only of ethics but of very precise orders. New Medina, his company commander, he was tried and acquitted. He pleaded guilty of covering it up when he found out this had happened. He pleaded guilty of covering up the

atrocities but, he denied that he had given Calley orders to go in there and kill women and children. Of course Calley should never had been an officer, the man did not have the intelligence and the emotional stability apparently. He was not of officer material. He wouldn't of been an officer if it hadn't been for the college deferment policy.

## Cultural Services: Continued from page 1

The elimination of the Cultural Studies major does not mean the elimination of many of the kinds of courses they offered. Many of the courses were closely connected and can be covered by other departments. Mr. Cole felt that it was the classics, literature and translation that would suffer

most along with Oriental Civilization. Bates College will have "lost a potential home for interdisciplinary work" and the "envisioned application of social theories and methods to humanistic concepts" that Mr. Cole feels could have developed in Cultural Studies.

# A roll of my film

By Barbara Braman

They met and married within a week. Afterwards Abby would look apologetic when she explained this to someone. "Ch that's so romantic!" whoever would exclaim, "a whirlwind courtship!" And yes, Abby would agree that it had been very romantic--like something out of a novel or a short story in Cosmo magazine. Garth once told a friend that he had been drunk when he asked Abby. "Why didn't you back out?" the friend asked. Garth thought of the tears that had filled Abby's eyes when he suggested that maybe they should wait a while. Tears--but something else too, fear maybe. If he couldn't convince her to wait, how could he tell her that the whole engagement was a mistake, a mere outgrowth of a drunken feeling of extravagance. He hadn't the heart to tell her the truth. So they met and were married within a week.

They met at a party. Garth had never seen a girl with eyes so big and innocent looking as Abby's. They were child's eyes, wide and blue and unscarred. He told her about the sailboat he was building. Her wide eyes were lively with interest. Encouraged, he explained all about the sailboat. He described each step of sailboat building in loving, careful, intricate detail. Abby's interest never faltered. "A very nice girl," Garth thought. So he asked her to dance by way of reward. Abby showed more interest in dancing than she had in sailboats. They went to his apartment and she spent the night. In the morning she cooked breakfast for him. She made wonderful omelettes. They spent that whole day together. He showed her his sailboat and they took a McDonald's picnic to the beach. She took him home to her house and her mother made dinner for him. After dinner they went out dancing again. Garth had to much to drink. Abby probably did too. Garth asked Abby to marry him. Abby turned misty and ecstatic and then she accepted. She had never been so happy.

Abby's mother wanted a big wedding with all the trimmings--a beaded gown, a reception with dainty little tea sandwiches dancing bridesmaids, champagne, ushers, and all her friends. Garth was horrified by that idea and Abby was impatient with it. The day after their first meeting with Abby's mother to discuss wedding plans they decided to get married before the end of the

week.

The morning she was to be married Abby took out her instamatic camera. There were three pictures left on the roll of film. She took one picture of her room. One of her dog, and the last of her parents eating breakfast. They laughed at her. Abby said she wanted to take the film into be developed since it was her day off. She ate breakfast with her parents feeling funny because it was the last morning and they didn't know it. "Garth is going to pick me up at nine o'clock and we're going into town." Abby announced. "You'd better hurry and get ready then," her father observed.

Abby went upstairs and dressed carefully, but not so carefully that her parents might notice. She took out a new roll of film and put it in her camera.

When she went downstairs her mother was still sitting at the kitchen table drinking her coffee. The sun streamed through the window and fell on her father's folded newspaper. Abby felt suddenly insecure. "Mom?" "Yes, Abby?" "If hell was the worst thing for everybody, I mean the thing that scared them the most, what would it be for you?" "Knowing that your father and you children needed me and being unable to help you." Abby's brother was in the kitchen pouring himself a glass of orange juice. "For me," he said, "it would be insects swarming all over me!" Abby said, "For me it would be always lonely and anticipating something wonderful that is going to happen. But it never happens." Abby's voice trailed off. "Are you lonely Abby?" "No, Mom." She just wasn't so unsure. She was marrying Garth that morning.

The doorbell rang and it was Garth. He was dressed in corduroys and a tennis shirt and he was smiling. Abby thought he looked great. She took his picture while he was lounging in the doorway. Then he took her picture sitting in the front seat of the car. They went to the Justice of the Peace first. They met two friends there: Michael who had given the party and Abby's best friend Elizabeth. Michael and Elizabeth had known each other for four years and were occasionally discussing marriage. Garth teased them about being so indecisive. Abby took a picture of Michael and Elizabeth and the Justice of the Peace. She gave the camera to Elizabeth and Elizabeth took three pictures of the

short ceremony. When they left for the wedding lunch six pictures had been taken.

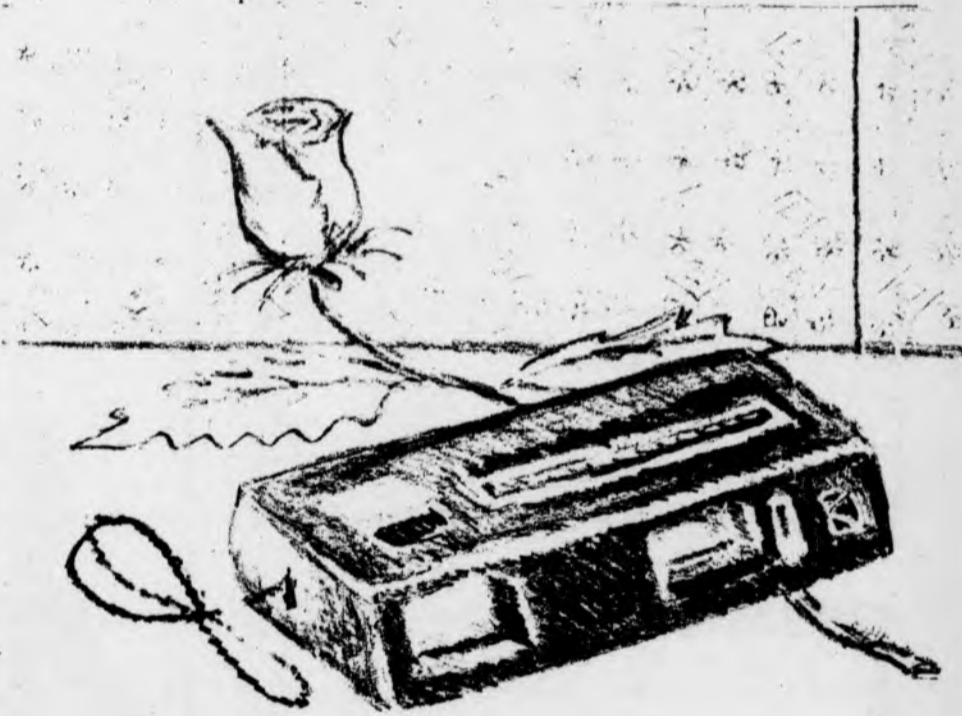
They had lunch in a fancy restaurant, Michael had made reservations in advance. The Maitre d' lookd askance at Garth's corduroy pants, but he smiled when Abby told him that they'd not just not more than a half hour before, been married. Abby had the Maitre'd take a picture of them all at the table. He brought them champagne with their meal and Abby snapped his picture popping the cork. It was a very extravagant lunch with all the required number of courses. Michael and Elizabeth paid the tab, the downpayment on their wedding present Michael said. Elizabeth laughed and said she had brought a little something else but she'd left it in the car. They all tramped out to the car. Elizabeth gave the package to Garth and Abby took his picture as he opened it. It was a photo album, the kind where you have to glue the pictures onto the pages. The binding was real leather. Even though there had been so little time Elizabeth had managed to get the cover engraved with gold. Garth and Abigail Andrews it read. Abby thrilled to the permanence of it, the concreteness that all those pages needing to be filled gave to her life.

and the whole thing was captured, commemorated on that one roll of film.

Afterwards they went to Abby's house and told them the news. Her parents were angry. After all, they hardly knew Garth and things were rushed. There was a big fight, but nothing could be done. Abby and Garth were happy. They spent the rest of the evening talking about their plans an packing Abby's things so she could move into her new home.

Being married to Garth was different than Abby had expected. They both had to work and they couldn't spend a lot of time together like they had in the few days before their marriage. They didn't have many things to talk about, except their apartment and things like that. Often they were too tired after work to go dancing or drinking. They kissed and made love a lot, especially in the winter when there wasn't anything else to do. The days ticked by slowly, full of busy little errands and runnings here and there. But the days were empty, empty. They were devoid of meaning. The future only seemed to hold more of the same.

They were building a house though. Garth was doing most of the work. Abby spent a lot of the time picking out the flooring in the kitchen, the tiles for the bathroom. The house was the first



Michael and Elizabeth left after that, Elizabeth had to go to work. It was only two o'clock and Abby didn't want to announce the news to her parents until dinner time. That way she was sure of a fully attentive audience. She did call her mother to tell her that Garth would be coming to dinner again. She hinted that they had some sort of announcement to make. She said they'd be home by five-thirty.

In the afternoon Abby and Garth strolled hand and hand through the museums and went rowing in the park. Abby took pictures the whole afternoon. She took pictures of Garth at the museum, she stopped an older man and had him take one of Garth and herself in the row boat. Garth took one of Abby on a carousel pony. It was a very important day, entirely their own

thing they really did together.

A year later Elizabeth was visiting Abby. Elizabeth and Michael still weren't married. "It doesn't matter because we're such good friends," Elizabeth said. "We'll probably get married someday," she laughed. "If we ever get around to it." Abby laughed too. "I can't imagine that. You've known Michael all these years and I've only known Garth a year: We could never be friends like you and Michael. We could never be friends if we weren't married."

Garth and Michael came into the room. "Damn right," Garth said and patted her hair. They smiled at each other. "Say Abby," Michael said, "Let us see those wedding pictures of yours." "Wedding pictures?" Abby considered. "Why, I've never had them developed. It's a shame, to, the film has probably gone bad.

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# Loonin directs Jimmy Shine

Shortly before Thanksgiving, I stopped at Schaeffer Theatre to collect some facts about Jimmy Shine, Bates Theatre's current production, for publication in the Student. In a way, I was venturing into virgin territory, for the Student rarely announces coming events. We prefer to tell everybody about what happened a few weeks ago. So, news in the newspaper is a novel idea.

Larry Loonin, Bates Theatre faculty member and director of the play, sat behind his desk, in an office lined with dusty and decaying tomes. The gold lettering on the bindings was tarnished and worn. The coverings were faded by years of use. Very professorial. But something wasn't right. In fact, the pages of each book had been carefully removed. All the empty covers were neatly glued to a long piece of wood. An old chemistry text sat on the bottom shelf -- "Discarded by the Bates Library." Journeys Through Bookland, a ten volume collection of children's stories, perched proudly above my head.

When I explained my presence, Loonin seemed glad to see me. "Why don't you interview me?" he asked. "I'm a very interesting person. And I'll talk about anything. Even my sex life." We agreed to meet after Thanksgiving.

Last Monday, in the Den, Loonin discussed Jimmy Shine. "It has a large cast, and lots of roles for college aged people," he said. "I also picked it because it has community appeal. Bates is trying to reach out into the community through the theatre."

"When you're a young director," he continued, "you try to pick plays that express your feelings and ideas. And that's not bad. But I try to pick plays that will be good for students. Jimmy Shine has characters that students can identify with. They have the same problems and hopes. Besides, it's an interesting play for the audience."

Before coming to Bates, Loonin taught acting, directing, and theatre history at Emerson College for four years. "Bates is different from Emerson," he said. "At an acting school, there's more of a sense of competition between directors. Also, students here don't have as much experience with professional theatre. They don't know about Broadway productions, stars and directors. That's good. They're more receptive. More open."

"When I first came to Bates," he commented, "people told me not to expect much. But I'm

amazed. It's a great place to work. In fact, I think Jimmy Shine is as good, if not better than anything I did with students at Emerson."

Loonin also has many years of experience in New York. He has been a freelance writer of the Village Voice. He also acted in The Brig and Six Characters in Search of an Author, both Ovie Winners. "Over the past fifteen years," he said, "I've worked on over a hundred shows." In 1969, he was stage manager for Circle in the Square's historic production of O'Neill's A Moon for the Misbegotten.

He has also written fourteen produced plays. While in Boston, he was theatre critic for the Phoenix.

Loonin is still exploring the possibilities for theatre at Bates. "I considered doing a musical during Short Term," he said. "But we had auditions, and I found only four people who could sing."

He's thinking about directing another play of his own, sometime in the future. Plans for this haven't really been formed, though.

(djc)

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# Perspective

By Dana Forman

A beam of harsh sunlight filtered through the slightly-parted curtains and caught Jim's exposed eye. He lay in bed, exhausted, not wanting to believe it was already morning. He remembered last night, and the beautiful girl he had gone out with, and the precious moments they had spent together. Each time he pictured her he was overwhelmed by her natural beauty. He relived the tender interludes where he had run his fingers through her long auburn hair, how he had gazed into her deep brown eyes, and how he had slowly pressed his lips against hers, and hers were ever so soft. Her stunning attractiveness was foremost in his mind as he dragged himself from his toasty bed and into the rawness of the day.

The realization that Julie was staying with friends down the hall poked Jim's foggy mind into a jumbled alertness. Eagerly, he flicked open the closet door, fumbled for his bathrobe, and slung it haphazardly about his frame. Snatching a towel off the rack, he strode from his room and toward the shower. He had not quite reached the bathroom when he heard Julie calling his name. Visions of the chic and slender beauty shot into his brain as he turned to bid her good morning. He squinted through the dimness of the dingy corridor, disillusioned as to what now stood before him. The long, flowing hair of last night was caked and gnarled in a tangly mass. The radiant color which had once blossomed in her cheeks had been replaced by a foreboding grey pallor. Her rich brown eyes of the previous night took on a blurry, distant stare, and her full lips of last night appeared thin, hard and cold.

She mumbled a few syllables but Jim did not really hear her. He nodded vaguely, turned, and made his way into the shower. The hot, spurting water made Jim's skin tingle. He let the pounding water dance off the top of his head in an effort to shake himself from the lingering grip of sleep. Finally, he adjusted the water to its coldest, but could endure the biting shock for only a few seconds. Jim screamed. He was fully awake.

As he stuck his head under the ceaseless roar of the wall-drier, Jim could not help contrast the ravishing beauty of the previous night with the sickly form he had rudely awakened to. It was important to him that Julie be beautiful—and she was, at least last night. He did not want to be the target of cutting jokes which his friends would direct at him if



his date were considered ugly. And as Jim wiped the last dangling drops from his toes, he had serious doubts about the actual attractiveness of the girl he had feelings for.

After dressing, Jim had planned to go to breakfast alone. As he passed Julie's room, however, he decided to ask her along. He knocked on her door and called her. She responded by saying she would be out in a minute. Jim's mind began reeling. Suddenly, he had it all planned out. If she did not want to go to breakfast with him, fine; he would not put up even a slight protest. If she agreed to go with him, he would not put his arm around her as he had done all last night. Instead, he would keep a distance from her and act as a casual friend.

After a few moments, Julie emerged. She was smartly dressed in high brown boots, a green velvet skirt, and a navy body-shirt. Thick locks of shining auburn hair graced the upper part of her curvaceous figure. The original color had mysteriously returned to her face. Her lips were full and glowing. Her cheeks were radiant and her eyes had retained their

bright intensity. Jim walked Julie to breakfast, never taking his arm from around her.

Over the next several weeks they dated often. Each time Jim was with her he was truly intrigued by her radiant beauty. Yet, he could not erase her ghastly image of the first morning from the canvas of his mind. He knew how exceptionally pretty she appeared to him now; it was just that single morning which left a twinge of distastefulness on his sensual appetite for her. He tried everything to block that morning from his thoughts, but could not. It was all so silly he thought. He was proud to be with her and he always felt secure whenever he was around this gorgeous physical specimen. Soon he became obsessed with Julie's physical beauty. If a strand of hair fell over her face, Jim would conscientiously brush it aside. He would never fail to mention the speck of food that might occasionally remain on her mouth. Even the slightest blemish upon her complexion

would draw a remark from Jim. Except for these trivial flaws, Julie was perfect in his eye.

One day Julie explained to Jim that she had to go away for an extended period. Jim immediately protested but he could tell by the look in her eye that she had to go. They would simply be separated for awhile. On the eve before she left, Julie gave him a large, framed photograph of herself with a personal inscription on the inside cover. It read, "Dear Jim, May all your perspectives in life enable you to see much truth and happiness. Love, Julie."

That night Jim took the picture home and placed it on his bureau. He stared and stared at it. Her eyes were rich and deep and full of meaning. Her hair shone and every strand was neatly in place. The soft appearance of her lips generated an irresistible sensuality which was complemented by the brilliant radiance of her complexion. Jim relished the thought that, at last, Julie's wondrous beauty had been captured eternally.

As Jim lay in bed trying to fall asleep, he realized how much he would miss Julie. Since he knew he could not be with her, he was grateful to her for the picture. In the meantime nothing could spoil Julie's everlasting beauty. The faint and steady battering against Jim's window eased him from a deep slumber. Peering through one eye he became aware of the light greyish tint that reflected off the walls. Nice weather he thought disgustedly. As he crawled from bed, he was at first depressed about the thought that Julie was away. In the next instant, however, his spirit became somewhat uplifted, for he remembered that across the room on his bureau stood the image of his love. Simply gazing into the picture would supplement that fact that his girl was away. The thought spurred Jim to amble across the room where he could study the physical beauty of his goddess. He yawned and moved close to the dresser top. As Jim viewed the picture, his heart suddenly sunk. The complexion of the girl in the picture was very pale. Jim rubbed his eyes and wiped away the salt water which had gathered in them with a tissue. Again, he peered at the photograph. The full lips of last night appeared slightly thinner and less sensual. Jim reached for the desk lamp and clicked the switch to its brightest. Once again, he gazed into the picture. Her hair seemed just the tiniest bit mussed and her eyes, instead of possessing that deep penetrating look, looked glazed.

Jim turned away and stared out the window into the grey mist, disillusioned. He recalled how Julie had appeared on that first morning. A faint smile slowly emerged on Jim's perplexed face. Then, alone in the chill of the morning he spoke aloud, "My God! She really must be beautiful ...always."

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