

# The Trinity Tripod

Vol. LXVIII, No. 5

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD

September 23, 1969

## Senate Considers Constituency Plan Tables Re-election Motion

The Senate Sunday night tabled a motion calling for new elections in order to consider a constitutional amendment providing for dormitory constituencies.

A similar amendment calling for "residential representatives from the dormitory wherein they reside" was narrowly rejected last Wednesday. The new proposal deletes the stipulation necessitating candidates reside within the dormitory they propose to represent. Like the rejected amendment it proposes twenty-six senators be elected from dorm constituencies, and three be elected at large from each of the rising sophomore, junior, and senior classes.

The Senate adopted a motion asking that the Trinity College Council hold its regular Wednesday meeting in Wean Lounge this week. Senators expressed displeasure with the "inaccessibility" of previous TCC meetings. The motion urged student TCC representatives not to participate in the meeting if the request is ignored.

Attention was drawn to the meeting when David Appel '72, a member of the TCC, outlined his dissatisfaction with the judicial proposal to be considered Wednesday. Appel said that he didn't think the TCC was willing to sufficiently amend the proposal submitted by the Judicial Committee. He noted four points of contention: 1) The Board of Original Disposition which decides if a case is to be acted upon and under which judicial panel it should be tried, should only be comprised of members of the specific College constituency to which the complaint concerns. 2) "Trustees can prosecute students but students can't prosecute trustees." 3) No assur-

ance is given that the President or the trustees will not intervene. 4) No procedure has been set forth how the judicial proposal will be passed.

According to most senators the legitimacy of the present Senate is questionable. The general consensus is that the motion which calls for the resignation of the present Senate and the holding of new elections will pass Sunday all but unanimously.

Michael Jimenez '70, sponsor of the proposal, reasserted the need to make the individual Senate members "consciously representative" of their constituency. He said that questions of the Senate's legitimacy, past and present, stem directly from problems of communication. He asserted that the restructuring under the proposed

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## Spock Condemns Vietnam Policy In University of Connecticut Talk

by Jay Mandt

Anti-war leader Dr. Benjamin Spock called President Nixon's announced troop withdrawals a "pacifier, a sop, an insult to the intelligence of the American people" in a speech before an audience on the University of Connecticut campus Thursday night. Spock called on students to "scare the jeepers out of the President" by convincing him that he cannot be re-elected without an early end to the war.

Spock's remarks came after a week in which the administration had announced several measures



Dr. Benjamin Spock, noted anti-war leader and pediatrician, denounced the Nixon Administration's troop withdrawal as "an insult to the intelligence of the American people" in an address at the University of Connecticut last week.

which observers considered to be politically motivated actions aimed at calming the nation's vocal anti-war movement. In one move, Secretary of Defense Laird announced that the November and December draft calls were being eliminated and replaced with a phased implementation of the October call of 29,000 men. This will mean calls of 10,000 each in October and November, and 9,000 in December. Laird added that a projected call of 35,000 men for January would be reviewed in December with the implication that this might be reduced as well.

A Connecticut Selective Service official, Major Frederick H. Russell, announced that the state's October call had been reduced from 348 to 120 men. The remaining 228 men would presumably be called in November and December, the official said.

The President has also ordered the withdrawal of an additional 35,000 men from the Vietnam theater, and called for the help of other nations in ending the war in an address before the U. N. General Assembly.

The combined announcements by the administration have been regarded by many observers as being aimed both to the Hanoi regime and the political dissent within this country. The Nixon policy now appears to center on convincing the North Vietnamese that U.S. forces will remain in Vietnam for several more years, and that as a consequence, they should proceed rapidly to meaningful negotiations at Paris.

A Pentagon official quoted in the New York Times conceded charges made by Dr. Spock at the University of Connecticut when the official referred to the draft reforms as "buying time" on the homefront, where, the source conceded, the patience of the people, especially in Congress and on the campuses is necessary for the Nixon administration's Vietnam strategy.

The domestic opposition to the war however, is presently reor-

ganizing behind the Vietnam Moratorium movement. In his UConn address, Dr. Spock revealed plans for a mass march in Washington on November 14 and 15, coinciding with the second period of the moratorium. Spock estimated that 500,000 people would take part in the march.

Spock, recently cleared of charges of counseling young men to evade the draft, claimed that the original prosecution of his case had been the result of an attempt by the Justice Department to "pacify" Selective Service Director Lewis Hershey. Spock pledged to continue his active role against the war, and urged students at UConn to organize themselves for anti-war activities on October 15, the day of the moratorium.

## Students Feel Lockwood Plan Weakens Position

Two members of the Trinity College Council and a former president of the College chapter of the Students for a Democratic Society were in agreement this week that President Theodore D. Lockwood's ideas for a new College governing board would weaken the position of students in the community.

James T. Preston '72 and Stuart W. Mason '71, student representatives on the TCC, and Steven H. Keeney '71, former SDS president, said in separate interviews last week that Lockwood's proposed all-college deliberative board would take power away from the senate.

David W. Steuber '70, president of the student body and president of the Senate, endorsed Lockwood's proposal.

"I believe it will make the Senate stronger. The Senate will serve as a base for the student members on the board. Without a strong Senate the words of those members won't mean anything," Steuber said.

## Universities Modernizing Governance

The leading academic institutions on the east and west coasts announced a major restructuring of their systems of governance on Thursday.

In Palo Alto, Calif., Stanford University Trustees voted unanimously to fill two vacancies on the Board of Trustees with faculty members from other academic institutions. Four young Stanford graduates, under 35, will be included in a nine-man expansion of the board's membership.

Stanford President Kenneth S. Pitzer said that the trustees would invite students and faculty to serve as voting members of most trustee committees.

In Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University announced it would name a 35 member university-wide committee on governance to develop proposals for changing the structure of Harvard.

The formation of the new group was recommended in a report by a Board of Overseers Committee, chaired by Judge Henry J. Friendly, of the United States Court of Appeals in New York.

The changes at Stanford were all recommended after a five-month study by a trustee committee headed by Dr. John W. Gardner, a 1935 Stanford graduate. Gardner is head of the Urban Coalition and was formerly Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Before the board can be enlarged from its present 23 to 32 members, Stanford must get court approval for a change in its charter.

The nine new members will include the university's president, now an ex-officio member; four graduates 35 years old or younger, and four older alumni. The alumni members will be elected by a vote of alumni within their age groups.

The Gardner committee's recommendations were in line with requests by faculty and student groups during the past year. The Stanford chapter of the American Association of University Profes-

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## Frat Selectivity Proposal Tabled, Awaits Election

Last semester's controversial proposal to bring fraternity selectivity under Senate control remained in the background this week while the Senate debated its own restructuring.

The proposal was tabled last spring to allow time to draw up specific selectivity guidelines. If the proposal were enacted, fraternities that didn't conform to the guidelines would be censured by the Senate.

Michael J. Jimenez '70 said the fraternity proposal, which he spon-

sored, is in a state of "limbo" because of renewed concern for the Senate's structure.

Jimenez charged that there is "a good deal of hatred on this campus" stemming from "the discriminatory misuse of fraternity power."

Jimenez conceded that other issues were thought to be more important by most students, but held that elimination of the "hatred" caused by fraternities should be the Senate's chief concern.

The Senate's failure to have rush week postponed for two weeks this year killed the "momentum" of the fraternity proposal, Jimenez said.

The Senate passed a motion requesting the faculty to postpone rush week in anticipation of establishing a set of guidelines in time for this year's rush.

Jimenez attributed the Senate's inability to agree on guidelines last year to "uncooperativeness" and "resistance" from the fraternities.

Jimenez's proposal had called for restructuring the units of student power under final control of the Senate. The Freshman Executive Council and the Independent's Council, were to be included as well as fraternities.

### Non-Western Colloquium

On Wednesday, September 24, the Non-Western Studies Colloquium will sponsor a critical discussion of Barrington Moore's comparative study, *THE SOCIAL ORIGINS OF DICTATORSHIP AND DEMOCRACY*.

Participants in the panel will include Prof. Robert Oxnam (China), Prof. Henry Ferguson (India), Prof. Anthony Netting (Japan). The discussion will be held at 8:00 P.M. in Wean Lounge. All members of the college community are invited to come and to participate.

# Latin Conference Held At Wesleyan

by Carlos Martinez

"The sixties was the decade of the Blacks, the seventies will be ours." With these words Manuel Del Valle initiated the first Latin American Leadership conference held last weekend at Wesleyan University.

Del Valle stated that the purposes of the Conference were to effectively organize Puerto Rican students already on college campuses, recruitment of more Puerto Rican students, and the institution of a Puerto Rican studies program in the regions where pertinent, such as the East Coast. He went on to say that "colleges purport to have diversity, but if they do not represent the second largest minority (Latin Americans), they fail."

Piri Thomas, author of *DOWN THESE MEANSTREETS*, Professor Antonia Pantojas, founder of *ASPIRA*, Vincente Jimenez, a Mexican-American working in the office of Economic Opportunity, and Miguel Suarez, who works with Puerto Rican migrant laborers in Connecticut and Massachusetts, attended as guest speakers.

Professor Pantojas spoke extensively on the need for positive identification among the Puerto Rican people. "We were playing a word association game - Someone said 'Puerto Rican'. I thought 'cockroach'. This is negative identification." She addressed herself to the establishment of Puerto Rican studies courses, and she strongly favored this. Miss Pantojas hoped that colleges and universities in the New England area would not prove averse to the concept, and that it would be sad if Puerto Rican students were forced to resort to violence to see that this was done. "They (the colleges) should not do this out of magnanimity, or think that they are doing us a favor. It is our right", she declared in conclusion.

Vicente Jimenez represented the Mexican-American viewpoint. He predicted close cooperation be-

tween Puerto Rican and Mexican-American groups because their problems are basically the same. He attacked the educational system of the southwest which is, in his words, "designed to produce hand laborers." Jimenez then cited statistics that showed the tenuous position occupied by Spanish-speaking peoples in industry and business.

Piri Thomas, noted author, spoke on the subject of Puerto Rican identity and pride. Speaking of Puerto Rican pride he said, "Walk with your head up; do this with pride but not arrogance."

"We are being had as Puerto Ricans", declared Miguel Suarez. He revealed the plight of Puerto Rican migrant laborers in the northeast. He spoke of the intolerable living conditions and sub-standard wages.

The student participants discussed these and related problems. It was decided to emphasize the Puerto Rican aspect of the situation, and that the term "spic" was insulting and degrading if used by anyone outside of the Puerto Rican group in reference to Puerto Ricans.

Manuel Del Valle, President of the Association of Latin Collegians at Princeton, originated the idea for the conference. He was assisted by seven Puerto Rican Wesleyan students. The necessary funds, \$10,000, were procured from the Ford Foundation through the efforts of Del Valle.

Individuals from eleven colleges and universities, including Fordham, NYU, Vassar, Amherst, Trinity, Mt. Holyoke, Princeton, and Wheaton, participated. Ten high school seniors from the greater New York Metropolitan area and Philadelphia attended as observers. *ASPIRA*, a Puerto Rican leadership organization based in New York, was also represented.

The College was represented by Elaine Cardenas, '73, Carlos Martinez, '72, and Carlos Rodriguez, '73.

## Stanford, Harvard

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sors proposed last fall that "membership on the Board of Trustees should be more representative -- professionally, politically, geographically, and in age distribution -- of the composition of contemporary American society."

Another campus group, the Steering Committee of the Study of Education at Stanford, recommended in March that students serve on trustee committees. It also urged that the board seek a greater diversification of its membership.

At Harvard, the interim report of the long-range study committee of the Board of Overseers, recommending the restructuring effort, was approved in principle by the entire board last Friday.

Judge Friendly's committee declared that there was an urgent need "to re-establish the high sense of mutual trust and confidence that formerly prevailed at Harvard."

The committee's report called for "rededication of teachers to their primary task of learning" and recognition that "a difference of opinion may be honest and not mere hypocrisy."

The report held that student unrest and violence across the nation stemmed from the Vietnam war and the military draft.

"The majority of Harvard students believed the war to be unjustified and many considered it to be positively immoral," the report said.

Widespread concern over the problems of institutional racism and social injustice was also cited.

The Friendly committee suggested that the new university-wide committee study ways to strengthen the central administration by providing the "burdened" president with officers "able to detect trouble areas." Better communications between all segments of the Harvard community are "rather plainly needed," the report held.

The new 35 member committee is to include two overseers, one of the fellows of Harvard College, a trustee of Radcliffe College and an alumni representative.

Harvard's President, Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, has asked deans of eight faculties to nominate two faculty members each, while the Dean of the major Faculty of Arts and Sciences was asked to name two faculty members and three students -- one student each from Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges and one from the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences.

## Senate

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a amendment and the recently passed amendment forming a new executive committee can transcend these problems in the future.

The Senate voted to sponsor the road show of the Broadway play "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to New England." Matther Hall Board of Governors was allocated \$1,200 to cover expenses. The show will be held October 3 in the Austin Arts Center and profits will go to the Scholarship Fund.

## review

# 'Last Summer'—Convincing

by Ted Kroll

Bracing myself for another "tell - it - like - it - is - about - American - youth" movie from Hollywood, I went to *LAST SUMMER* at the E. M. Loew's expecting to see a glossy postcard-beautiful movie by some middle-aged director to sell well among us kids by patting us on the head and telling us how much fun it is to be rich, white and eighteen. Well, I am happy to say that I was wrong, but only partly.

Just with the film's opening sequence, Frank Perry, the director, will not let us be lulled into a technicolor world. Instead of opening with a clever credit sequence with your and my favorite rock group grooving on the soundtrack, Perry throws us into the initial encounter on a Fire Island beach between three of the four main characters, two blond boys who are friends (one has a large mole on his cheek) and a beautiful long-haired girl who has an extremely beautiful body and knows it. But she is no model-pretty, perpetual virgin like *THE GRADUATE*'s Katherine Ross. We get a smiley surprise when she opens her mouth and all this swearing comes out. This is one of the strong virtues of *LAST SUMMER*. For the first time in a Hollywood made film we get people swearing naturally and not sounding silly or phony. In the same way the girl's breasts are shown free without the usual titilla-

tion of fast cutting found in most big money films.

The fascinating charm of *LAST SUMMER* is found in the early parts of the film with the episodic development of the resulting triangle. The two boys are bewitched by this self-assured teenage siren who shows no favoritism to either one. There are all these fine little scenes with them sitting around, just talking, exploring each other. Sometimes the direction becomes a bit silly like in the pot smoking scene. No one can tell me that kids today who are eighteen or so (that is how old they look) are going to be so naive over a single joint as shown in the film. A major problem of the movie is this haze of another generation's morality that hangs over the actions of these seemingly "hip" kids. However, as long as the camera focuses on the intricacies of the triangle, the pretensions slip away and the film becomes almost enjoyable. Perhaps the most telling and amusing scene with the three together is in a movie theatre with the boys on either side feeling her up and all three loving it.

Instead of concentrating on the development of this unusual triangle, Perry moves away from it by adding a fourth, a very plain looking girl with braces from the Mid-West. With her arrival the film shifts down a gear and the tension of the triangle is left to

sag. With a bit of clumsiness, Perry tries to center the film around this ugly duckling and in doing so gropes for the "bit message." Although there are several excellent scenes with the new group of four, the film's direction rather dishonestly tries to switch around the sympathies that have been carefully building up. The playfulness of the original three is now made to look like decadence and evil which can only lead to destructive ends. Because of this abrupt and unsuccessful shift in sympathy toward the characters, the wild violent ending left me more annoyed than disgusted as it was intended.

What Frank Perry has done in making *LAST SUMMER* is to show several interesting relationships between a group of teenagers in a more convincing and honest way than has been seen before in Hollywood type movies. When the kids act like kids (and they do this well) the movie is a joy to watch. But when they start mouthing the profundities of the script, it just does not work. Rarely is there a film that can pull off a preconceived big message of profound truth (whatever that is). Rather the cinema gets its excitement by showing the natural actions and passions of people. Although *LAST SUMMER* fails to come across with all its lofty intentions, it is a fine movie about four smilingly human characters.

# Frumunda: The Blues Exchange

by D.J. Reilert

The American Blues Exchange is about to join the ranks of thousands of groups around the country next month. For in a few weeks, they will release an album which they recorded a week ago, and will no longer be Trinity's best-known rock group, but the "band from Trinity with a record." Which is to say, another college band which somehow coughed up enough cash to record.

Why record at all? Well, first of all, it's really nice to see your name in print (what do you think brings in half the Tripod articles?), and doubly nice to hear something you've worked out on a lump of plastic, preserved to be aurally appreciated for all eternity. Second, it's the small profit of the venture if enough albums sell (besides, anybody who is anybody will want to have one . . . it's the first thing to come out of this cloister that you can play for your date without having to explain to her why you didn't get into a fraternity and socialize with these neat, well-rehearsed pipe-types, dad).

And then there's the economics of it. An album means a higher asking price at gigs. Their manager can say "They put out an album," and zap, fifty more dollars summon themselves from that big piggy bank in the sky. And your fandom can grow in living rooms across Western New England.

Last spring, this writer decided to play at being a record producer. So he went to old friend Roy Dudley, and rapped about working something out, and soon there was a loose verbal agreement with the group. Very loose. Plans to have a dozen songs (original, of course) recorded and whisked down to the big guns in New York by June 15 didn't quite work out, first because the recording equipment hadn't materialized yet, second because only three songs had been worked out.

So the Exchange practiced a lot for two weeks, and got a break: a steady, thrice-weekly job at the Frank Davis resort in Moodus (later dubbed the Last Resort), a job that would at least guarantee a steady income. After a few jobs and a bad Dan Mixter shoulder, ABE

began to tail off. The jobs were scarce, new material was slow in coming, and Big Macs were giving everyone indigestion.

Then Strawberry Pete Hartman and Mixer wrote a folky thing that was just sitting there. Their friendly producer injected some Illinois Speed Press, and out came 'The Taker'. Roy Dudley was at work on a few things, and Danny let the Exchange take precedence over his personal affairs, and things began rolling. Late summer practice for the early school jobs, and the original stuff was ironed out, joined by an Briggs instrumental, 'Big Max Revenge' in honor of our many summer dinners (when one or more musicians weren't receiving artistic incentives from the Saga Foundation).

Recording dates were set, then postponed when the machines fell out of a truck, and the whole thing was rescheduled at a studio (Fiesta in East Hartford), with manager Dick Booth mixing and band backer from West Hartford supplying the capital incentive.

And now, there is an album of nine tracks, totaling over forty minutes, with seven vocals and two instrumentals. Dale's drumming can be heard, and Peter doesn't sound as if he's in the next room. So ABE will have a nice album out. Then what?

## Lockwood

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Mason said community governing board would be tantamount to a "unicameral" system. "The only way to keep the school moving is through a tricameral system," he held.

Students, he said, must gain power by uniting and acting as an independent political force on campus.

"Upperclassmen have too much work to do to be concerned with the financial aspects and institutional progress of the school," Mason said.

If the centralized governing body becomes a reality, Mason held, a strong Senate will be needed to maintain control of it and to define and represent student issues.

This is the time for nasty little ideas of stardom to start creeping out of the woodwork. Hence, Frumunda Productions just might arrange to have the Exchange exposed to some of its friends in the Big, Bad City. If someone down at Atco (that was the plan last spring) likes the thing, then it's new cars and toys for everyone. If not, then the Blues Exchange will be "another really fine college or local group which has put out an album." Then, in five years, someone will say "Too bad about the American Blues Exchange. Didn't they make a record for a few people once . . . man, they really were good."

Therefore, we leave Briggs and his Corp at the crucial time where they will have to decide between being a big little group, or make the leap and take the chance of being an awfully little big group. Ah, the burden rock stars have to bear.

## NAVY PROGRAMS

Seniors interested in Navy officer programs can consult Dr. R.D. Foulke for information. Dr. Foulke will be available on Wednesdays and Fridays from 2:35 to 4:00 p.m. in his office, Seabury 01A.

## OPERA

An informal concert of operatic excerpts will be presented Thursday afternoon at 4 p.m.

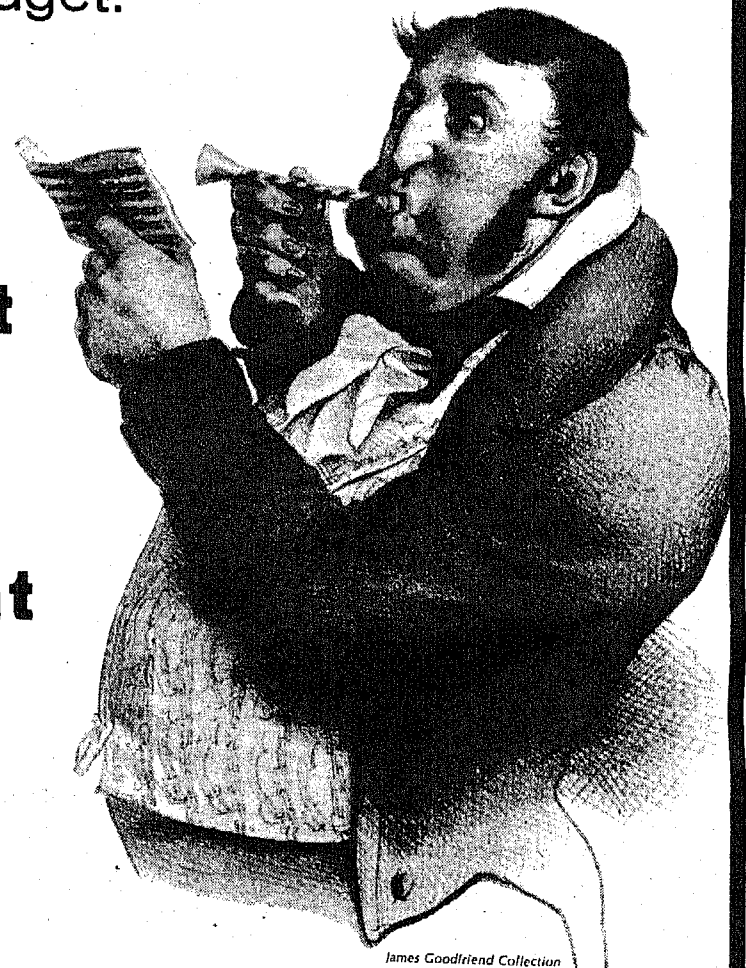
Baird Hastings will direct a sixteen-piece ensemble in selections from Purcell, Handel, Agostino Steffani and Virgil Thomson. The Thomson selections, from *FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS*, have been arranged by Hastings especially for this program.

# **Q: How Does A Student With A Limited Budget (There's No Other Kind) Get The Most Out Of His Taste In Music?**

Lucius B. Fargenswallow III,  
economics major on a  
limited budget.

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- 1) avoids "Brand X" equipment**
- 2) knows and cares what it's doing**
- 3) can offer the best equipment in terms of Performance/Dependability within the context of a limited budget.**



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# Trinity Tripod

## EDITORIAL SECTION

September 23, 1969

### The Senate, Again

It appears certain that the current session of the Trinity College Senate will dissolve itself on Sunday. No doubt its reign has been the least productive in recent history; perhaps its only accomplishment was demonstrating once and for all the inadequacy of student governance at the College.

The reasons for this inadequacy are not mysterious. There are first of all structural problems, and the Senate has taken steps to eliminate them. Hopefully, its death-wish can be contained long enough to pass the dormitory balloting amendment. It is of critical importance that the new Senate inherit a system free from structural obstacles.

The greatest non-structural problem cannot, however, be solved by legislation, because the legislators themselves are its cause. It is the apathy of the senators that cripples the Senate. As one faculty observer noted, "The Senate doesn't work because the senators don't work."

\* \* \*

There must be a strong student government before students can enter confidently into the kind of governance system President Lockwood spoke of in his Convocation address. Last spring the Senate found it impossible to supervise the four student representatives on the Trinity College Council. Unless the new Senate begins to work, controlling the representatives to an all-College assembly will be an even greater difficulty.

# Trinity Tripod

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## Confrontation—One Year Later

by William Unger

(Ed. Note: This report on the April 1968 sit-in was written by a member of Trinity's class of '69. It is reprinted with permission from the Summer 1969 issue of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

More than a year ago I participated in the occupation of the Trustee Room of Trinity College. The room, in a brick clock tower which hyphenates the administration building and the neo-gothic chapel, is beneath the offices of the Religion Department and above the main archway opening onto an elm-lined quadrangle. I don't know if the original ordering of these buildings was intentionally symbolic, but during the tensions of last spring it seemed an increasingly appropriate arrangement as the students awkwardly tried to move the focus of authority out of that tradition-locked tower and onto the quad, where everyone (including especially the faculty) who met at the distant end of the campus might see each other clearly; see and listen clearly enough perhaps to realize that even the quadrangle could no longer serve as a boundary accosting responsibility as a trespasser and granting self-interest of way.

But of course this symbolism is too neat for an understanding of what happened. I suppose as with many other schools the frictions preceding and following our demonstration conform to certain patterns. The constituents are familiar: a fragmented faculty, an aloof administration, and an invisible Board of Trustees on the one hand, and on the other an active SDS chapter, an increasingly militant group of Black students, and a student body more and more convinced that all their attempts to affect the policies influencing their lives would be submerged in committees or in a plethora of rhetoric. Depersonalization on all sides was another familiar pattern; individuals were continually reduced to stereotypes, and groups were transformed into adamant power blocs which made decisions on the basis of a bizarre coupling of ideology and rumor. Issues refused to stand still, merging and separating, moving up and down an abstract hierarchy of things-to-be done now, thereby reinforcing the climate of mistrust and frustration. Much of the campus became enamored of an excitement born from desperation.

But again, this is too neat, too simple; for to mention only these patterns is not unlike being satisfied with the arguments that "campus unrest" is caused by SDS revolutionaries, or by a vocal few abusing a quietist majority, or by spoiled youth in need of a firm father-figure. Once accepted, the arguments themselves become as much causes, as explanations of the problem; they are the progeny of that abstract DEUS EX MACHINA we are all so fond of, which descends onto the stage wiping it clean of complexity, of the personal and the concrete.

So what happens at a school like Trinity College to make it erupt? Many things: in particular, the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Some students didn't notice. Others did, but were not concerned. Still more withdrew into a shroud of guilt and despair, certain that nothing could be done. But many of us -- some might say too many -- were not inclined to dissociate, to be passive. We had not yet been fully conditioned by the necessary habit of "taking things in stride" when this meant ignoring the impulse to feel disgust at the nightly news catalogue of buildings burned and numbers killed. It was not that we had rejected the beliefs of those before us, but that we had listened too closely.

There was concern which led to talk which, in turn, led to an all-college meeting with eight hundred students present. A resolution was adopted pledging \$50.00 from each student's general fee (money normally refunded upon graduation) to create a scholarship fund for ghetto students, asking for courses in Black history and urban affairs, creating a student organization to channel work into the local white and Black ghetto areas. Finally, the students asked the administration to cooperate in the implementation of the resolution.

The meeting ended and the students felt that something had been started in their "community." Eleven days later the administration had still not responded. No one knew why. Considering the administration's history of delay and subterfuge, the Black students decided to act. After a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, the Black students and all those who wished to join them, were to confront the Trustees and ask for a response. On April 22 two hundred students walked into the administration

there wondering why I had left the building; I was not a spokesman, I could not control the crowd, and at five-feet-five I was not physically intimidating. I spoke over my shoulder: "You're not doing any good. Let's go back; we'd better get back inside." At that moment a porcine head obscured by a big cigar emerged from the window above us. Attention shifted to the Trustee in the window. "Can you leave?" he was asked, "No, they've got us locked in. Come in and let us out!" He accompanied this with a wave of his arm, as if to call the boys home. I was no longer frightened of what MIGHT happen, of students fighting each other, charging the door, fists breaking glass, destroying the possibility of change because there would be nothing left to change, but of what WAS happening; frightened by the fact that we had pushed each other too far, that we adhered so strongly to our own beliefs that we had neglected to consider our own intolerance. We had confronted the abstractions and, in the very act of confrontation, recreated the stereotypes we were desperately trying

"Attention shifted to the Trustee in the window. 'Can you leave,' he was asked. 'No, they've got us locked in. Come in and let us out!'"

building and sat down quietly outside the room in which the Trustees were meeting. Then the unexpected happened. A Trustee came to the door and attempted to leave. The Black students, immediately in front of the door, had to improvise a plan; they asked that he remain until after the Trustees had explained their response to the student resolution.

He replied that nothing had been decided yet, that he had no opinion on the matter, and that he must leave. The sit-in then became a "hold-in" as the students stood in the doorway while the Trustees remained in the room, refusing to consider the proposal with the students there. Both sides were stalemated.

After two hours like this a counter-demonstration gathered below the window of the Trustee room. A spokesman for the Black students left the building to talk to the group outside. I followed him. I was a "marshal," one of about fifteen demonstrators who had volunteered to organize communications and maintain order. Before leaving the building and entering the crowd, I had impulsively thought that I might be able to prevent a fight, at least to help separate the other students from the crowd if and when tempers exploded. Outside, standing back to back, the two of us were the center of a whirl of shouting students, confused and angered by the sit-in. Why, they demanded, were the Trustees barricaded in the room? My friend explained: we were confronting the Trustees to display our support of the student resolution and to hear a response. He did not say, for it could be assumed, that we were also there in fact to SEE the Trustees, to discover what these men were like in person.

Those around us (about fifty in number) wanted the Trustees released. As my fellow demonstrator tried to calm the crowd, I stood

to repudiate. At the same time, I remember a certain satisfaction in seeing that Trustee at the window. "Why, he's a gross bastard, after all," I thought, even while he was probably thinking of us as punks. The crowd began to chant, "Let, them, out! Let, them, out! Let, them, out!" The other demonstrator and I walked past the student guards we had posted at the door and went into the building.

Not long afterwards, after having been kept in the room for three hours, the Trustees were released weaving in single file down the stairway on which students were sitting. But 160 students remained all that night, all the following day, and into the early morning hours of the next night when an argument was finally reached with a special faculty-administration negotiating committee. During the sit-in time was like a cascade: there were press releases to be written, food to be brought and distributed, doors to be secured, policy to be explained, argued, and voted upon; students entered and left the building as they pleased, with some going out to get books and blankets and others coming in to question the motivations of the demonstration. There were group discussions on Vietnam, Black Power, the Draft, and Trinity Education. Folk singers were in abundance. Despite the threat of arrest, of invasion by groups of counter-demonstrators, in spite of one student's being struck by an administrator who was refused entrance, most of the people inside were very happy with their community. But its reality was necessarily a temporary one.

I remained until the sit-in steering committee announced that an agreement had been reached establishing a scholarship fund. The student senate would provide

(Continued on Page 6)

On Target

# In With the New

by Alan Marchisotto

This year's freshmen should be feeling especially deprived about now. They were treated to a soporific Freshman Week which employed the new curricular theories of open periods and which provided for so much free time, that they never got around to going to any meetings. Thus uninformed, they were free to engage in the current educational fad sweeping the campus, independent study. They were denied the opportunity of participating in the American Ball Game where it is possible to be crushed to death in less than three seconds or be attacked by inebriated sophomores. But most importantly, they were denied the most impressive ceremony they will ever experience at Trinity--Matriculation. The administration had originally planned to phase out the ceremony in such a way that by 1973, you would have to be an alumnus before being able to attend. In this way, the administration could be reasonably sure that the individual was aware of the laws of the school to which he was swearing allegiance. And if, as an alumnus, you chose never to return, you would miss out on the whole deal. The administration soon found to its dismay, however, that even a relevant regime such as their own had to provide some spectacle to keep the masses happy. This amazing conclusion was arrived at originally in the earliest days of mankind and was definitely confirmed as a valid theory by the experiences of the Roman Empire. Somehow, this fact did not quite fit into the new order of things, being old and all, and so the administration merely labelled the whole event "A Scene in the Chapel."

The invitations for the event were done in distinctive blue and white mimeograph and stated specifically "Barefoot preferred, sandals acceptable." Dress was semi-formal--blue jeans, sweat-shirt, and decorated headband. The ceremony began unimpressively enough with a procession headed by Dean Fuller in his usual academic garb. Following him was the faculty, which has been reduced to three in order to accommodate the proposed 150% increase in the school's enrollment. The fifteenth president of the college brought up the rear. The chaplain was not invited. As they marched in to the strains of "Why Don't We Do it in the Road" one was struck with the thought that he was wit-

nessing the ultimate refinement of administrative attitudes and taste. The ceremony, in English, was the original text used by the City University of New York--Brooklyn Branch. After an opening denunciation of society, the establishment, and anyone whose name happened to be yelled out by the audience, the President arose to give his address, nicknamed The Speech. It basically consisted of two, five thousand word sentences which drew the listener into a verbal jungle and then left him there to die. Rumor had it, however, that it contained the usual plea for student rights and participation. After this belabored interlude, listed in the program as Rhetoric Rendezvous, one of the freshmen arose and read an epic protest poem which he had written especially for the occasion.

This freshman was one of the new breed specifically recruited by the admissions department, working under guidelines set down by the Administration. He had, of course, never been to prep school or even to a good high

school. He lived in a city and dropped out of school at sixteen, a victim of his environment and a broken home. Most importantly, he has never, ever worn a jacket and tie. He does, however, write poetry. It is very, very bad poetry, but a good deal of it was written while he lived in a dingy basement in Greenwich Village. He has also shown great initiative by teaching himself to play an Indian love song on the flute while naked. He will, according to admissions, provide Trinity with "unique and different perspective on current problems." A tremendously enlightening experience to be sure.

The ceremony thus concluded, the procession filed out and the president greeted each freshman, presenting him with authentic blue and gold Trinity peace beads. Along with the matriculation certificate, mimeographed of course, they constitute what the administration has called "Worthless Memorabilia." Progress has finally come to Trinity College. Viewing it, one wonders how anyone could ever have resisted it.

# "They're Bombing"

by Randolph Friedman

(Ed. Note: The author of this column witnessed the Israeli bombing of East Ghor Canal during a visit to the Middle East this past summer.)

Our eerie Journey through deserted Syrian villages at an end, our VW truck crossed that imaginary line marked now only by the olive coffin of a 1967 pill box emplacement. Now past the remains of a once impotent Arab farm, a right, then over the crest of the Golan Heights, and down. The green of the Jordan valley offered itself as refuge from the heat, dust, and emptiness of the once Syrian held Heights. Now all was Israel's, all was being changed, and the Sea of Galilee, stretching its blues to the North congratulated us for our efforts.

On my right, Doo Doo (Israeli nickname for David), began to stir. The jostling of the truck made it hard as hell to sleep, and the sun was still too hot. Every day after work I would remind myself to sit on the ride back, only to give in to weariness, stretching out on the ribbed floor of the truck mixing sweats with those Sabras sleeping

around me. And by the time we would get back to the Kibbutz my back was always killing me.

We would be late getting back this afternoon, forced to take an inefficient dirt route, because of the war. There was a faster way, a paved highway running past the Israeli front line, down through no man's land, scurrying aside the double barbed wire (strategically mined) divider between Israeli held Syria, and Jordan. That indeed was the most exciting adventure of all, racing along the Yarmuk river valley, the steep hills to our right concealing a variety of Israeli gun emplacements we had just passed through, the barren mountains to our left populated by Jordanian troops, artillery, and the exaggerated El Fatah. Yet all I could ever see was landscape, and so focused my attention on that barbed wire guardrail entertaining visions of only a slightly painful sniper wound which would surely bring my name to the lips of Cronkite. Very little ever happened during the day. Yesterday, had proven to be an exception, however, and a bus containing 14 Israeli soldiers had hit an electrically detonated mine on that very road. Two had been killed and we were instructed to take the long way home.

At the bottom of the Heights, four Kibbutzim welcomed us with the shade of their dense vegetation. All four were old timers going back to the British mandate when Israel, then Palestine, had been permitted a narrow strip on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee. For twenty years they had been continually bombarded by Syrian guns mounted on the Heights. They had lived with it, survived, even managed between shell bursts to cultivate their land and produce a crop. The Six Day war had changed that and their crop production had responded gratefully.

Unexpectedly the VW coughed to a halt permitting the dust at last to catch up and shower us. Ahead an Israeli soldier dressed in one of those half-assed fatigue uniforms motioned us to the side of the road. Peering over the cabin, I saw about four or five cars, buses or trucks lining themselves up before a military road block. One of the soldiers, his Uzzi burp gun casually slung about his shoulder, walked over to us and explained the situation. The Sabras in the truck perked, then all jumped out, one grabbing the binoculars out of the glove compartment. "What the hell? ... " "They're bombing" came

(Continued on Page 6)

## LETTERS to the editor

### ode to allen

To the editor:

This is to inform our quiescent and dormant campus of the ignominious living conditions of the Allen dormitories.

the crumbling, crackling plaster and plethora of writhing cockroaches

abound about my dazzled brain encased in my tormented body; and from all directions loathsome things impinge upon me leaving the impression of a desultory world

telling me, bluntly, to take leave at once, to abandon my treasures, priceless pearls

and cry, shamelessly, for surcease

but, perhaps, some ulterior force, would it were a bomb, would justly intervene.

Carlos Martinez '72

### 'crack police'

To The Editor:

I would like to congratulate the

crack Trinity College Security Organization for another one of their continuing acts of heroism beyond the call of duty. Recently after checking our handbook I parked my car behind Clement Chemistry. I found no regulation in the almighty book prohibiting parking in the parking spaces behind Clement. The sole reference to this area states "Parking is forbidden at all times in driveways, delivery areas and service roads; specifically . . . the loading areas of the Chemistry Building." Seeing nothing in the regulations to prohibit me from parking behind Clement I did so, and two days later found two lovely blue slips from our crack police which said that I had "ill. park-chem." Fearing the wrath of the security department I was forced to move my car to the rocks where two days later I came out to find that my battery had been appropriated by some persons unknown. I may also add here that the Hartford cop who took down what had happened showed his keen interest in my troubles by saying that "these things happen all the time" and "there is no way to stop them" and

that "maybe I could buy it back from a gas station in town, but probably some kid had it in his car by now." I was going to suggest that maybe if someone had been patrolling that street it might never have happened, but it did not seem like either the time or place to mention that.

My insurance man tells me that I had better have an alarm system put in my car. This will cost about \$80. I am beginning to wonder if I shouldn't ask the college to help subsidize this effort. But, then, they don't even have enough money to replace the slab of wood that I sleep on here in Jones basement with something with springs in it. . .

Ronald J. Cohen '72

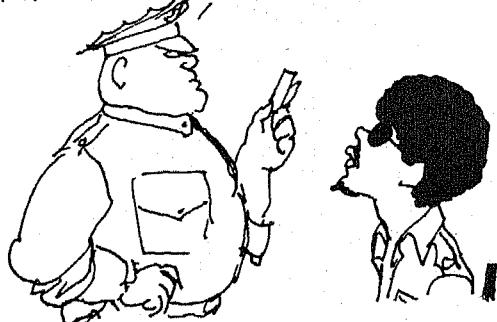
### 'stop kidding us'

To the Editor:

As for the women - I think they are a wonderful addition to the Trinity scene this fall. But I ask, do they have a monopoly on dirty laundry? I can understand the desire for a full length mirror,

(Continued on Page 6)

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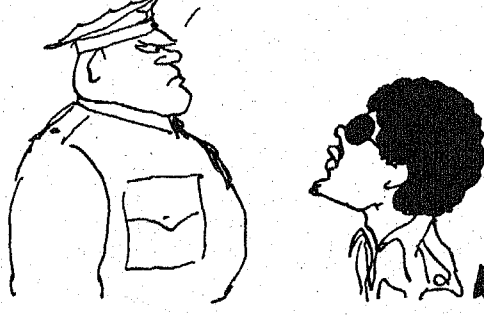
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# THIS WEEK

**TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23**  
 4:00 p.m., Crown Investment League, Alumni Lounge  
 4:00 p.m., Concert Choir Rehearsal, Garmany Hall, A.A.C.  
 7:00-10:00 p.m., --Fall Tryouts, Theatre Arts Production, Goodwin Theatre, A.A.C.  
 7:00 p.m., Instrumental Rehearsal, Garmany Hall, A.A.C.  
 10:30 p.m., Compline, Chapel  
**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24**  
 12:00 Noon, The Eucharist, Chapel  
 3:30 p.m., Alliance Francaise, Wean Lounge, Mather Hall, Speaker, N. George I. Duca, "French Culture in Countries of West Africa After Their Independence" (Lecture in French)  
 4:00 p.m., Concert Choir Rehearsal, Garmany Hall  
 8:00 p.m., Non-Western Studies, Panel Discussion, Wean Lounge, "Barrington Moore: A Critical Discussion", Prof. Robert Oxnam, Prof. Henry Ferguson, Prof. Anthony Netting  
**THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25**  
 4:00 p.m., History Dept. Social Hour for History Majors, Wean Lounge  
 4:00 p.m., Concert of Operatic Excerpts, Widener Gallery, A.A.C.  
 10:30 p.m., The Eucharist, Chapel  
**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26**  
 Last day to change registration in courses.  
 7:15, Hillel, Sabbath Service, Senate Rm.

7:00 & 7:30 p.m., Founders; Society Reception and Dinner, Widener Gallery, A.A.C. and Hamlin Hall  
 8:00 p.m., Italian Film Series, "Variety Lights", Kriebie Auditorium  
**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27**  
 2:00 p.m., V. Football - Williams - Away  
 8:00 p.m., A "Coffee House" Concert of Baroque Music, Hamlin House  
 8:00 p.m., T. C. Film Series: "Outcast of the Island", Kriebie Aud.  
**SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28**  
 10:30 a.m., The Eucharist, Chapel  
 1:15 p.m., Newman Apostolate Mass, Alumni Lounge  
 5:00 p.m., Music at Vespers, Hartford Chamber Choir, Chapel  
 8:00 p.m., T. C. Film Series: "The Strongman" (silent comedy) -- Goodwin Theatre, A.A.C.  
**MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29**  
 Noon, The Eucharist, Chapel  
 4:00 p.m., Concert Choir Rehearsal, Garmany Hall

If you'd like to take pictures for the TRIPOD, call the office at 246, 1829, or drop by Wednesday evenings or Sunday afternoons.

the tardy reply from ahead. "They're bombing in front of us."

Explanations the next day were to be violently contradictory. The Arabs would term the bombing of the East Ghor Canal, (the irrigation canal necessary to the survival of Jordanian farms along the Jordan valley), an atrocity, cry for unity of action, reiterate their pledge to annihilate the Jewish usurpers. Israeli Prime Minister Mrs. Golda Meir, a homespun mother figure, would rationally explain it away as retaliation for the bombing of the bus. Moshe Dayan, and his more vitriolic Rafi supporters would emphasize the doctrine of two Arab eyes for every Israeli eye. And Mr. U Thant and his band of UN eunuchs, what would they do? A report no doubt, but a very good one nonetheless.

The roaring of a helicopter overhead emphasized the attempted rationality of the Israeli war effort. Should one of the converted American Sky Hawks be shot down in action that helicopter was ready to swoop down and save that all important life. The Israelis fight a desperate war of survival, and yet they have not reached that desensitized point where one can calmly wedge one week's 300 dead between an advertisement and the weather. Straining our view we could see the Sky Hawks begin their ritual. One after the other dipping their wings, diving for the ground, only to pull up at the last possible instant, a speck or two being discharged beneath their underbelly, a flash of black smoke, and then the reassuring delay of sound like on the Fourth of July. Again and again, no opposing planes and only the slightest detail of flak dotting the sky.

The crowd was now quite large, a bus with tourists caught as we were on the wrong side of the Sea of Galilee was emptying its assortment of Madras Bermudas and Instamatic Cameras. The filth of my working attire and the seasoned blackness of my body drew their attention. "You work at a Kibbutz, do you?" an elderly member in powder blue with a complex apparatus tied around his neck inquired. "Love Israel, don't you. Fabulous place for young people. Love it myself, been here 34 times." Helping my Kibbutz cap to a more professional posture, I made the obvious Israeli retort. "Live here?

No, you see, I do more good for the State working at home. I have brought over a thousand people to live here. You see I am one of Mr. Billy Graham's closest followers . . ." He was distracted from his monologue by a particularly loud explosion. "Mr. Graham is one of Israel's greatest supporters. You see we teach people from the holy book . . ." Not a sermon. "We bring them over here; take them to these holy places and read to them of Saul, David, Moses . . ." A Skyhawk grabbed his attention, descending at a particularly dangerous incline, down, down, bomb release . . . "Did you see that," "did you see that! Two bombs, at least two bombs, he dropped that time . . ." he cried with the glee of a baseball spectator. Enough, enough, I mean what the hell was wrong with him. I walked away into a nearby field of grapes. It was too early; the grapes tasted sour.

I remember thinking at the time, that the problem with a holy war, (even a war in the holy land), is that everybody is permitted the luxury of absolutes, blacks and whites, crusaders and barbarians. Those Jordanian farmers would

have no water tomorrow, by the end of the week their crop would be ruined. Tomorrow one of the soldiers killed in the bus bombing would be buried at the Israeli war cemetery, and today the Jerusalem Post carried his picture on the front page. Two hours of bombing at last at an end, the crowd emotionally spent, returned, all smiles, to their cars, and awaited the permission of the soldier to continue their journeys. It was like a baseball game, only without popcorn. The Israelis had won this day, and the faces of the Sabras in the truck . . . Those cocky bastards were happy as hell. The truck jerked into motion. Joseph Alsop was soon to write in the Washington Post his revelation acquired at the Suez that the Israelis were quite prepared to endure this war for survival ad infinitum. Doo Doo looked at me and grinned. Damn I couldn't get the sour taste of grapes out of my mouth.

## Fellowships

Information on New York State's Regents and Herbert Lehman fellowships is available in the Placement office.

## LETTERS to the editor

(Continued from Page 5)

but washers and dryers in the south campus area are totally unnecessary. If, anywhere, the north campus area would be the most effective place. Any basic geography can tell you that the distance from the north campus area is about four times that from the south campus area to the Cook A basement laundry facilities. And the weight of a load of dirty clothing increases proportionately to the distance it is carried. Consequently, if the south campus dormitories are privileged enough to have the facilities, why shouldn't any other dorm get washers and dryers?

Also the question of finances comes into the perspective. There are places on the Trinity campus which should merit more attention than they are getting and certainly more than washers and dryers for the girls - the Jarvis bathroom situation, to name one. Stop kidding us, Dean Graf, about the rough edges on a new program and

remedy some of the oft-mentioned-but-never-acted-upon deplorable situations that were here before Trinity women were ever dreamed of.

Richard D. White '72

## 'moratorium'

To the Editor:

Your editorial on the war in Vietnam (Friday, Sept. 19) was excellent.

The President has made his moves to disarm the war critics. He is now awaiting a response in October to determine just how insistent the peace movement intends to be, and how broad-based it is.

It is essential that this community make a very visible show of its opposition to the war during the Moratorium.

Nicholas G. Maklary '71

## Confrontation—One Year Later

(Continued from Page 4)

\$15,000 to be raised or supplied from its budget, and the school would match this by providing full five year scholarships for each Black student admitted to Trinity. Most of the students cheered, but six students were to be held responsible as leaders of the demonstration: three Black students and three white students. (The steering committee had been composed of five Blacks and one white.) I was number six on the list.

The other people in the sit-in signed a statement demanding that they be held equally responsible; in an attempt to avoid more conflict, this was accepted by the administration a day later. One hundred and six-four students were held liable to a charge of "restricting the right of free access and exit of eight Trustees and two college administrators" and were tried by a student-faculty tribunal. The decision, supported by a vote of the faculty, committed the demonstrators to various social work projects and the raising of money for the scholarship fund; it never went into effect. The Trustees came on campus once more -- this time, to overrule the decision of the student-faculty committee. All illusions of due process were discarded. The campus was chaotic; there were more all-college meetings; the faculty held emergency sessions; among other things the President of the school even

threatened to resign; there were anonymous threats of fire-bombing. Armageddon was predicted. Chiefly because of the judiciary society (consisting of seven students, two of whom were on the original list of six sit-in leaders), the college avoided Armageddon; in its place came the reprieve of a new committee and summer vacation.

Admittedly, this is a bare outline of the events. It should be emphasized that none of the groups involved, including the Trustees, could be understood as having acted out of a single motivation. However, the tension of accumulated reactions often made this appear to be the case. The demonstrators, meeting AFTER the sit-in, could not even agree on a method of defense before the tribunal; in fact, we could not agree on whether or not we should be defended! Almost as many proposals were raised as the number of students. Everyone soon realized that the "community" that had been created during the sit-in was again a gathering of extremely diverse individuals, each wishing to explain his own motivations for participating in the demonstration. After a three-hour spasm of participatory democracy the meeting ended; it was to be our last.

This year, while the colleges and universities around Trinity have become a tangle of force, knots of

emotion which everyone, from the local dean to President Nixon, seems determined to unravel, our campus is experiencing a hangover; like the morning after, drained by memories of over-exertion, we accept a period of change that must be "lived through." The majority of last year's demonstrators have withdrawn to their rooms, the student senate is an unpardonable joke, our SDS chapter does not even merit laughter, and there is a new President to create new committees which no one cares to serve on. I do not believe any of us expected a revolution. Most of us do not want one, for that would only create new slogans, new alliances for revenge, new habits of guilt. However, we did see change as a possibility -- change that would become a process, not an end, for we could not afford to be content with decaying preconceptions to accept outworn rules, to become accustomed to venomous sentimentalities. We would respond to a national crisis.

This was the stuff of our naivete; our basic fault being that even those who began strengthened by a REAL POLITIK, did not appreciate the degree to which their actions would be transformed by the alchemy of time. Issues and leaders would pass too fast for any attempt at uniting imagination and practicality. And finally, our motivations would be disguised by a slogan created by the needs of others.

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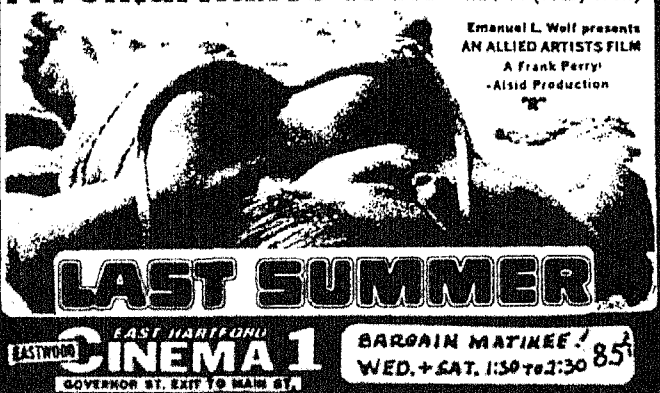
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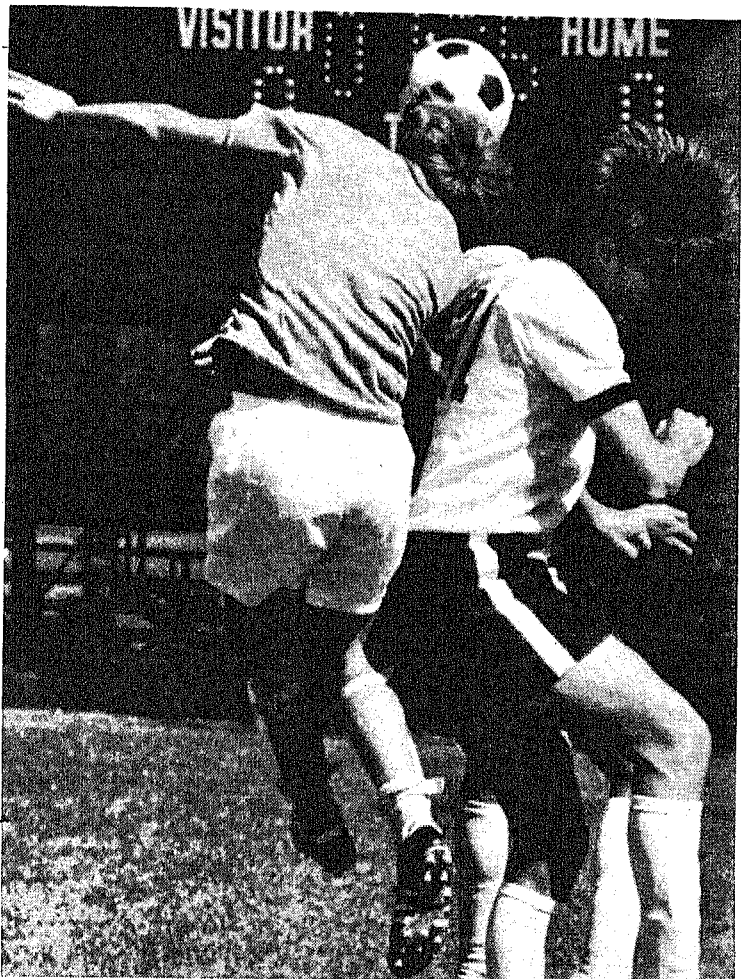
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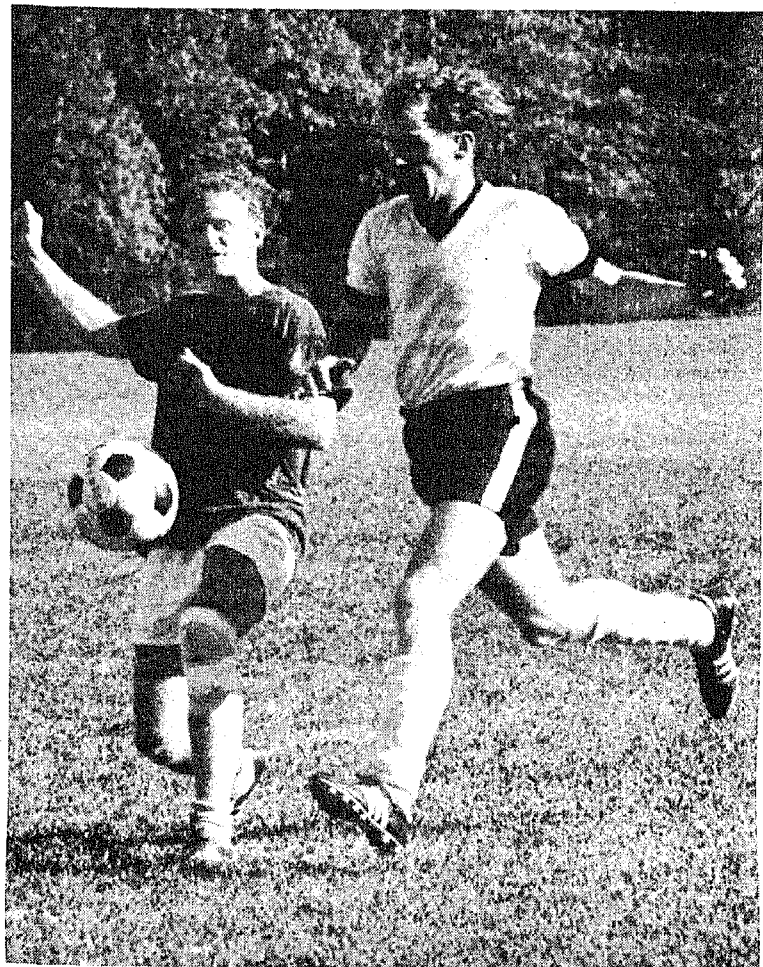


# Booters Set For MIT Opener

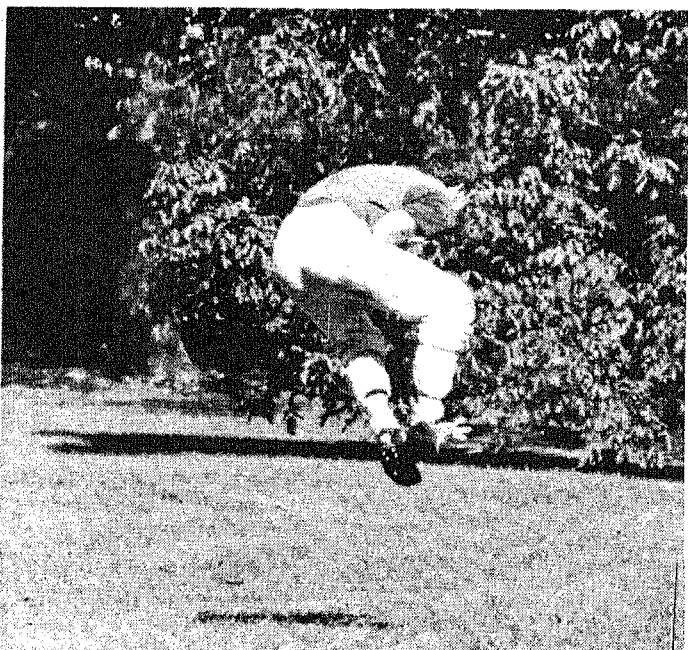


Trinity lineman Pete Wiles heads the ball away from a Bowdoin defender in Saturday's scrimmage. Wiles scored the Bants' only goal earlier against Middlebury.

*Photos  
By  
Pete Devine*



Back Roy Blixt races to catch a Bowdoin defender.



Did you ever have a dull pain in the pit of your stomach? If not, ask Bantam goalie Tom Lom how it feels.



John Robson attempts a steal but a Middlebury player seems ready to dispose of the ball in his own way.



Chico Roumain, expected to be one of Roy Dath's most potent scorers out-heads a Bowdoin opponent.

## Bantams Nip Middlebury, Tie Bowdoin in Jamboree

Trinity proved itself a stubborn host last Saturday afternoon as Roy Dath's booters met Middlebury and Bowdoin in a novel Jamboree. The meeting of the two schools was for practice purposes only, and consisted of morning and afternoon sessions with each team opposing each other twice.

In the first 20-minute period, Trinity battled Middlebury and wound up with a 1-0 win. Defense was stressed against the Panthers from Vermont, as Chico Roumain tallied Trin's lone score in the encounter.

The Bantams next faced a surprisingly tough Bowdoin outfit and battled the Mainers to a scoreless tie. The first afternoon session found the Hilltoppers again opposing Middlebury, and Dath's charges once more wound up on top, 1-0. This time Pete Wiles scored Trin's sole goal.

Trinity completed a busy afternoon of soccer by playing Bowdoin to another tie score, this time 2-2. Ron Megna and Marty Williams scored for Trin, as the Bants once again were stifled against the inferior Bowdoin team.

The scrimmage saw Trinity pass well against both teams, although the Dathmen missed a good number of shots, especially against Bowdoin. Defense, while at times effective, did appear a bit ragged, undoubtedly a result of an adjustment to the 3-3-4 player setup against the 4-2-4 system usually employed by the booters.

Both Bowdoin and Middlebury possessed fine teams, and the Bantams' success against Middlebury in particular is promising as the season draws near. There were no outstanding performances in the Jamboree, just overall satisfactory team play.

Dath was quick to point out that the team did make several mistakes in the scrimmage, but he was just as anxious to emphasize the tenacity of the Bantams against strong opposition, and he feels that any miscues in the Hilltoppers' performance can be ironed out before Trinity's season opener on Oct. 4 against M.I.T.



A tough Trin offense forces the Middlebury goalie to go high for a save. Trinity wound up with a pair of 1-0 wins over the Vermonters in the scrimmage.



# American Soccer Variations Derided By Foreign Athletes

by Dick Vane

There is a great American idea which goes that the American version of anything is better than anything else. This conception carries over into sports too. Thus the winner of four games in a seven game set between two American baseball teams becomes the world champion and the winner of a football game between two American teams becomes not only a world champion but a super champ as well. Americans fancy themselves better than everybody in every sport, but are they? No. How about soccer.

Chico Roumain and Marty Williams are two great soccer players and two even nicer men. Chico and Marty are not from the United States however, they're from Haiti and Wales respectively. They are different in many ways. Chico is dark haired, plays center forward and prefers a short pass type of game. Marty is blonde, plays right wing and prefers a game with more contact in it. They are alike in one way however, they both feel that American soccer is inferior to the brand of ball played abroad.

"In Haiti," says Chico, "soccer is played like a chess game. The emphasis is on short passes and working the ball up slowly from the fullbacks to the halfbacks to the front line. It is an art. In America this type of game is virtually ignored."

Marty agrees. "Welsh soccer differs from Haitian ball in that it is rougher but it is still far more contained than the American style of play. Here soccer is played in more of a 'kick and rush' manner and there is no real concentration on passing."

It is the view of the boys that professional soccer died in the United States because the promoters here tried to Americanize it. They had two referees and a half-time and the game lost some of its spontaneity. Also Marty added, "most of the players were foreign and as a result there was no affinity between the players and the fans because the home town crowds knew little about the athlete's background and therefore could not identify with them."

But the trouble with American soccer lies far deeper than just its relationship with professional soccer. The real difficulty is located in America's psychology towards the game. In the U. S. when a boy turns three he receives a baseball glove and bat or a football or basketball. When a boy reaches his third birthday abroad he is rewarded with a soccer ball. The result is that the foreign child grows up with soccer as do his friends and there is both ample interest and manpower for him to become truly adept.

In America however, the youngster who would like to play soccer becomes an outcast because he desires to play a sport which is socially not accepted. Having no one to play with and no leagues to play in, the soccer aspirant will have no chance to develop his abilities, and therefore will fall far behind his foreign counterpart in undoubtedly the most important area of sports, experience.

He probably won't get to play soccer until junior high school or high school and there, already retarded in his soccer development, he will meet another obstacle. All too often the people with whom the young soccer enthusiast will be playing, will be the boys who weren't good enough to play football and who decided that rather than staying home on autumn afternoons and watching soap operas on television, they might as well play soccer. A boy who does this is bound to bring with him an indifferent attitude which may infect his teammates and thereby ruin both the team's morale and the individual's desire to play.

By the time the American soccer

player reaches college if he plays at all it's likely that it will be more with desire than ability. However, even at college his progress will be inhibited because of the method of play here. Marty explains, "in Europe, soccer is played with eleven men and only one substitution is allowed. As a result each player knows the other's moves as well as he knows how to breathe, and a much smoother type of game evolves. In America there is unlimited substitution, and with a great number of men in and out of different lines one never really gets to know the other's moves and so teamwork becomes extremely difficult."

The best way to Americanize soccer Marty thought, would be to approach it the same way the U. S. approaches football. There should be more coaches who can work with the boys on the individual facets of the game. There might even be a separate coach for the goalies, and one to teach the halfbacks how to control the game the way a quarterback does in football. Films should be taken to show the players what mistakes they have been making so that they might correct them before the next game. Also, scouting reports should be made available so that the squad may be

aware of what the other team's tendencies were and how best to attack them.

The trouble lies in our country's whole attitude toward the game. "When we come home from an away game the first question the kids usually ask is, who won," says Marty. "The next question invariably is, who scored the goals?" The point in soccer is not who scored the goals but how the team fared. This is the way it is covered in the English papers, they cover the scoring action from where it started, sometimes even beginning with the goalie."

"In my country," says Chico, "soccer is more than just a sport, it is almost a religion. Wars are fought over it and referees are sometimes killed because they made a bad call. It's an entirely different game here."

Chico's right, it is an entirely different game here. America has ruined the game with its methods and killed it with its approach. Thus, American soccer is doomed to mediocrity unless the American people are willing to alter their psychology towards the game. If the psychology is not changed that will mean that the great American dream of superiority will not be fulfilled. But then again, can it ever be fulfilled?



## "Computer" vs. "Syndicate" In Pick-off

It seems to be a current fad for sports forecasters to make their bold predictions on "contests that could go either way," emerge with a fantastic percentage of accuracy, and then sheepishly decline credit (a la Bill Lee) for their brilliance.

And to continue tradition once again the Tripod Sports Department has the privilege to present a group of battling sophomores who will share their knowledge by predicting fall sports contests of major interest. Their predictions will appear side-by-side in each Friday issue to prevent any unintentional help. On one side we will have Albert "Philadelphia Slim" Donsky, known for his computer-like brain and his cool calculating manner. Opposing him will be the "Jarvis Syndicate" headed by Ham Clark, and assisted by his boys, Willie Schaffer and Phil Nelson. The Syndicate is world famous for their background in all forms of sports, and known for their inside knowledge and hot tips. They have direct lines to all the major sports centers in the country, and receive information even before "Jimmy the Greek" hears it in Vegas.

So get your bets down now. Who will emerge as the more accurate sports prognosticator? Their predictions will be tabulated at the end of the season, and the one with the greatest percentage of correct picks will be awarded a yet undetermined prize of great value.

## Ferris Center Nears Completion

After years of being burdened with woeful athletic facilities, Trinity College has recently constructed the George M. Ferris Athletic Center. Begun a year ago last spring, the complex is scheduled to be finished in about four to six weeks; there is presently a limited availability of certain areas. When finally completed, the center will, in the words of Mr. Karl Kurth, Director of Athletics, "be one of the most complete small college athletic centers in New England."

The athletic center is named after Mr. George M. Ferris, a 1916 graduate of Trinity. While at Trinity, Mr. Ferris was very active in intercollegiate athletics, particularly football. Mr. Ferris firmly believes that athletics did much to prepare him for later life. As such, he is strongly in favor of making athletics an integral part of one's education and is very interested in Trinity's athletic program.

The new complex basically con-

sists of four main buildings. The central building is the newly constructed locker room facility. Linked to this building are the new basketball gymnasium, the physical education building, and the Trowbridge Memorial Pool and Field House.

Before World War II, the only athletic facility on campus was the Trowbridge Memorial. The building originally consisted of a swimming pool with locker room facilities and squash courts upstairs from the pool. Today most of the lockers have been replaced by offices for the football staff and indoor golf cages.

Shortly after World War II, a field house was added to the Memorial. The field house is used for indoor track and in times of inclement weather can be used to hold practice sessions for sports like football, baseball, and lacrosse. Also included in the field house is a steam bath which is, unfortunately, ignored by the major-

ity of the student body.

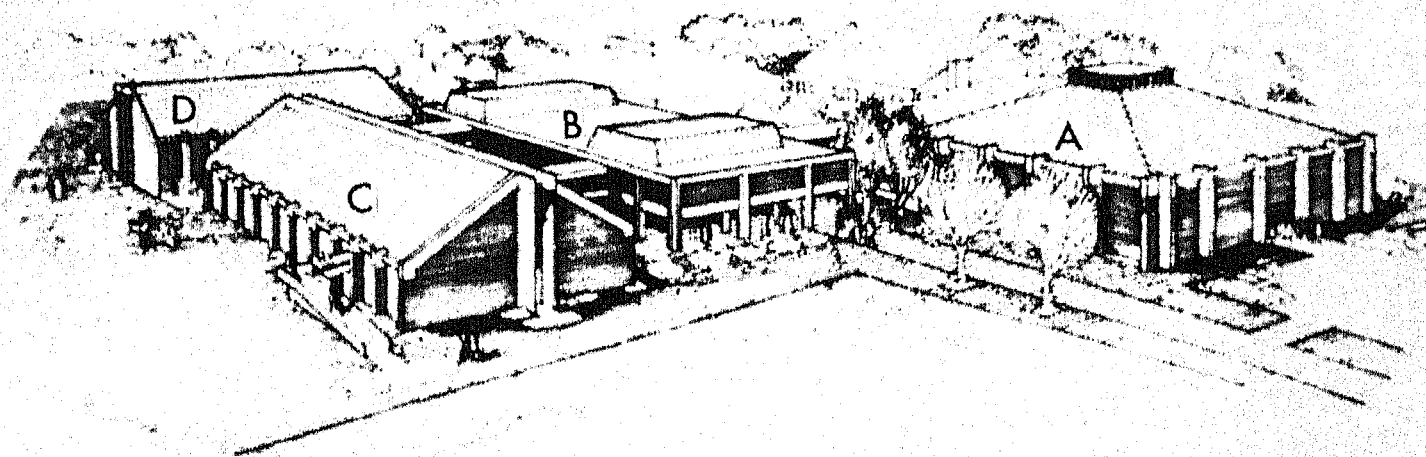
The physical education building is used for intramurals, physical education classes, and free activity. Anyone just desiring to come in and use the facilities will be free to do so. The building houses a gym and a storage room for gymnastics. The gym can be used for basketball, volleyball, tennis, and fencing.

The new basketball gymnasium will contain two permanent basketball courts, three tennis courts, and coaches' offices. The floor for the courts is made of Tartan, a surface manufactured by Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company. Tartan is supposedly the most up-to-date surface for athletics and was used at the Olympics in Mexico City. In case of special events or activities, the gym is capable of holding anywhere from 2,500 to 3,000 people.

The new locker room building consists of two main floors. The top floor contains locker rooms, visiting team rooms, an equipment

room, and a training room. The bottom floor contains an intercollegiate wrestling room, a weightlifting room, and a crew room. The crew room includes two tanks donated by the Friends of Trinity College Rowing. The tanks will be used for physical education classes and pre-season practice for the crew team.

Although the two new buildings that help comprise the new athletic center are a welcome addition to the campus, they are only a beginning. As Mr. Kurth said, "There are still a lot of things that we will need in the future. Although our facilities are a far cry from what they were in the past, the new athletic center is not the answer to Trinity athletics." In particular, Mr. Kurth mentioned the need of a hockey rink, more tennis courts, and more squash courts. It is hoped that in the near future Trinity will have enough facilities to accommodate every sport on campus; the new athletic center is certainly a good beginning.



THE GEORGE M. FERRIS ATHLETICS CENTER

JOHN A. COOK - ARCHITECT