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Rix N. Yard, Ed.D., University of Pennsylvania, Director of Athletics
Belonging to the crowd, and standing out on your own.
Working toward a common goal with girls you wouldn't have known otherwise, and making your own distinctive contribution.
Sorority life—being a part of a sisterhood which lets you be yourself, an individual.

1/ Eileen Paxton
2/ Melanie Kastner
3/ Judy Varnau
4/ Linda Helman
5/ Judy Moffitt
6/ Jeannie McIntosh
7/ Mary Beth Podesta
8/ Pat Davenport
9/ Debbie Bauman
10/ Mary Adore Coloney
11/ Becky Dean

Behind the wall:
Janet Taylor
Margaret Miller
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<td>Barbara Brin</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jerry Richman</td>
<td>Arthur Yandle III</td>
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<td>Wayne Zwick</td>
<td>Gregory Gaar</td>
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<td>Mark Howard</td>
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<td>Craig Chaney</td>
<td>Ronald Fellman</td>
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<td>Faull Trover</td>
<td>Jack Dodd, Jr.</td>
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<td>George Wagner</td>
<td>Robert Bernstein</td>
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<td>Linda Griffith</td>
<td>Richard Krieger</td>
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<td>Paula Burgess</td>
<td>Paul Mogabgab</td>
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<td>Richard Hindes</td>
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<td>David Eisen</td>
<td>Robert Schimek</td>
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<td>Douglas Joseph</td>
<td>Dr. James Knight</td>
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<td>Clare Cooper</td>
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Today, Alpha Epsilon Phi has met the challenge of undergoing the process of self-evaluation. In order to survive on the Newcomb campus, sororities must destroy their superficial facades and examine their values, goals and ideals. With this realization, the women of A E Phi are carefully questioning the traditional structure of Greek life. Striving for honesty and unity, A E Phi will remain a stable structure on this campus. If we are willing to question rather than merely accept, we will not only survive, but make important contributions to Newcomb. A E Phi maintains an admirably high standard of academic, political and social activism, fulfilling the modern ideals necessary in attaining meaningful sisterhood.

Randy Kammer
Alpha Lambda Delta
Honorary

Aubry Crowder
Jane Graffeo
Elizabeth Haecker
Nan Heard
Deborah Jessup
Nancy Landman
Cynthia Lewis
Debra Luskey
Lucinda McDade
Marianne O’Carroll
Lynn Pearlman
Jennifer Simmons
Katherine Smith
Virginia Stein
Ilene Weinman
Fannie Russ
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Gloria Bravo
Sharon Campbell
Barbara Cohn
Karen Curtin
Kathleen Delery
Mary Dierdorff
Kordice Douglas
Sylvia Dravinkas
Cynthia Drew
Elise Dunitz
Karen Eberle
Janice Ettreim
Janice Garfield
Ellen Gibian
Susie Gildea
Marilyn Gillespie
Julie Graybill

Evangeline Greek
Ellen Harper
Alice Hinton
Nancy Israel
Vanessa Jones
Phyllis Karsh
Melanie Kastner
Lynn Keller
Linda Land
Lisa Leach
Patsy Miller
Gilda Montalvo
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Nancy Norris
Lorna Pauley
Patricia Poe
Mary Puissegur
Vickie Reggie
Lamar Riley
Sarah Roberts
Wendy Saralyan
Vonnie Serbin
Yvonne Spear
Nadine Tosk
Jill Verlander
Carol Von Rosenberg
Ann Weller
Billie Willis
Sherée Yablon
Catherine Meyerson
Francine Oberfest
Marita Oliver
Summerlynne Lolop
Jill Touby
Established in 1898 as the second oldest sorority on campus, Pi Chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi has remained a small group of friends in keeping with the tradition that sororities were founded on. Every member is an integral part of our sorority from the moment they are pledged. Our goals include scholarship, leadership, and philanthropy. Alpha Omicron Pi's involvement in campus activities, politics, New Orleans' cultural events, and our special philanthropic campaign for the Arthritis Foundation, makes us more aware of ourselves as individuals and more conscious of our community. Cooking our weekly lunches at the house and planning parties help us know each other better, but are only one aspect of our sorority.

Corinne Crozat and Betsy Marsal

1/ Maureen Cronan
2/ Missy Holbrook
3/ Betsy Marsal
4/ Lesley Holder
5/ Suzanne Taylor
6/ Becky Dalby
7/ Flora Eustis
8/ Corinne Crozot
9/ Louise Ferrand
10/ Carol Colomb
11/ Donald
12/ Kathy Schniedau
13/ Martha Sellers
14/ Susan VanHart

BACK AT THE GARAGE:
Wendy Delery
Schuyler Ruhlman
Diane Ryan
Mica Foti
JYA:
Pris Mims
Debbie Olivers
Susan Theisen
Alpha Sigma Phi

Alpha Sigma Phi is a prime example of the vast amount of change that Tulane University as well as the Fraternity System has undergone in the past ten years. Last year Alpha Sig celebrated the tenth anniversary since its inception on the Tulane Campus in 1962, and many alumni who participated in the festivities were astonished at the change which had taken place in so short a time. There was one thing, however, that had not changed: The fact that Alpha Sig is a group of individuals with a wide variety of interests and backgrounds. In this sense, there is no particular qualification a man must meet in order to become a member. Alpha Sig is interested in a man whose character and ideals (not whose opinions or background) make him worthy for membership. Surprisingly enough, the vast divinity among the membership of Alpha Sig does not lead to chaos; on the contrary, tolerance for different opinions and character types is perhaps the major strength of our fraternity today.

David Martin
ATO's at Tulane have moved through the present year with one major goal—enrichment of the total individual. Emphasis has shifted away from the primarily social organization to one that will force the brother to discover himself—both in relation to the concrete pressures of the present and to the more abstract ones of the future. Beta Epsilon has realized this goal by providing a pledge program which stressed adjustment to the university, by participating in a number of community service projects, by sponsoring a series of career lectures, and by holding the traditional social functions.

Essential to the success of any fraternal organization is the cohesiveness of its membership. ATO's have concertedly helped each other to develop within an atmosphere of intense difference of opinion. The fraternity has thus been able to complement the university and offers activities that can not be appreciated by any random group of college students. As a result, Alpha Tau Omega has strengthened itself through a collective experience of pride, ambition, and work.

Tom Burke
Lesley Drucker
Rosemary Mudd
Louise Leple
Anatole Pohorilenko
E. Gayle Nett
Nancy Bohan
 Randall Lyle
Christine Crane
Richard Crane
Kathleen Carlin
Philip Thompson
Beverly Bastian
Robert Lozano
Barbara Holmes
David Harshe

STILL DIGGING:
James Brogdon
James R. Dorsett
Paul Hoblit
Claude Jacobs
Maurice Onwood
Roger Ward
Charles W. Webb

Anthropology
Architecture - First Year

1/ Thomas Breard
2/ Kevin Johnson
3/ Steve Newman (T.A.)
4/ George Payne
5/ Paul Geiser
6/ Craig Wolff
7/ Sally Nettleton (T.A.)
8/ Richard McCloskey
9/ Paul Schilling
10/ David Crawford
11/ Steve Corso
12/ Anne Rein
13/ Thomas Brutting
14/ John Payne
15/ Cynthia Miller
16/ Camille Wingo
17/ Robert Frazier
18/ Lewis Gartenberg
19/ Martin Van King
20/ Robert Harvey
21/ Marsden Moran
22/ Eirhei Sterling
23/ Manuel Goicoechea
24/ Evangelo Vamvas
25/ Paula Gish
26/ Ronald Domin
27/ Mark Patterson
28/ Dennis Gordon
29/ Martin Burton
30/ James Butner
31/ Mark Cantor
32/ Susan Roberts
33/ Richardson Powell
34/ Raymond Springer
35/ Steven Quarls
36/ Carl Rogers
37/ Peter Trapolin
38/ Hanes Leonard
39/ Johnathan Ericson
40/ Stewart Given
41/ Robert Weber
42/ Jerome Weems
43/ Kathleen Amrock
44/ Eric Simon
45/ Jose Fernandez
46/ Brian Thomas
47/ Max Cannon
48/ Gregory DeCoursey
49/ Kurt Jensen
50/ Keeneh Nazor
51/ Vonee Reneau

UP THE ARENA:
Joan Anderson
Joel Byko
Michael Donovan
Christopher Duckett
Allen Karchmer
Steven Masicott
Mark Schrader
Vance Smith
Mitchell Wood
Architecture — Second Year

Angulo, Victoria
Arvites, Paul G.
Bargas, Maria
Barlett, Lawrence E.
Benner, George A.
Bird, Samuel B.
Black, James N.
Boebel, Amy Jean
Bonner, Darcy R.
Booth, H. Freddie, Jr.
Bowers, Cyril Y.
Braunstein, Barbara
Bray, Lloyd B.
Briggs, Robert M.
Brocato, Thomas K.
Bursian, Leslie G.
Carrion, Rodrigo A.
Condit, Bruce D.
Cvejanovich, Kenneth
Cvejanovich, Robert C.
Dent, Gary A.
Desler, Charles K.
Diaz, Eduardo R.
Diaz, Ivan H.
DiLeo, Lucas A.
Fairbourn, Richard D.
Feng, Frank C.
Fetick, Michael P.
Ford, Deborah Hame
Fyvolent, Samuel S.
Glass, William K.
Goldberg, Eugene B.
Gremblum, Gary P.
Gutierrez, Manuel T.
Haine, Ross S.
Histed, Ralph T.
Hubbard, Philip H., III
Johnson, Eric B.
Landry, Thomas J.
Lombard, Joanna Lee
Lupo, Robert E. S.
McCarty, Leroy P., Jr.
Magill, Carl W.
Moloney, Craig E.
Monserrat, Robert A.
Moore, Dennis B.
Morse, Gertrude L.
Naryka, Nancy Sue
Nobles, Carl F.
Pierce, Carla Jane
Powell, John M.
Rodriguez, Sergio G.
Schmuelling, Ann
Schuldt, Arthur J.
Smith, Richard C.
Spencer, Charlotte Ann
Swartz, Paul R.
Thistlethwaite, J. R.
Webre, John C.
Wegman, Bradley H.
Wepfer, Julia Jane
Wiggers, Richard C.
Wilde, Ronald H.
Williams, Ernest C., Jr.
1/ Serena Fitz Randolph
2/ Robert Joseph Stumm
3/ Jerry Daniel Withers
4/ Michael C. Richardson
5/ Gene Marvin Bates
6/ William Clayton Wright
7/ Joseph Dale Coleman
8/ Dwight David Theall
9/ Jeffrey Hugh Goldman
10/ Henry Sprott Long
11/ Charles Henry Auerbach
12/ Clyde Ernest Carroll
13/ Philip Peter Drey
14/ John Gregg Rock
15/ Steven Shannon Tousey
16/ Spiros Costaros Vamvas
17/ Francisco Antonio Rodriguez
18/ Mark Clark Spellman
19/ Robert Harper Rickey
20/ Roland John Fangue
21/ David Allison Ebert
22/ Christopher Joseph Young
23/ Hector Kenneth Nadal
24/ Dennis Francis Diego
25/ Theodore M. Pierre
26/ Joseph Richard C. Davis
27/ Jose A. Rodriguez
28/ Peter Garrett Schmidt
29/ Thomas Durbin Saunders
30/ Jean Ann DeBarbieris

OUT OF SIGHT:
Francisco Alecha
Creed W. Brierre
Kenneth L. Burns
Miguel Carlo-Calon
John C. Dabney
Louis A. Dill
Daniel J. Hall
Gary D. Harrelson
Donald W. Hollings, Jr.
Curt E. Jurgens
Antonio M. Lucas
David A. Millet
Jane Mocs
Robert C. Olivier
Laurie J. Petipas
William D. Rogan, Jr.
Stephen Sobieralski

Arthitecture
Third Year

[22]
Architecture
Fifth Year
Army ROTC

Army ROTC at Tulane helps fill the national need for both career and reserve Army Officers by providing the Army with highly trained and proficient individuals whose personal backgrounds and specialties are diverse and separate from strict Army disciplines. The cadet who is proficient in tactics and weaponry may also serve in the Army as a lawyer or engineer; thus the Army makes the fullest use of his professional capabilities.

In keeping with America's tradition of a citizen soldiery, students enrolled in Army ROTC are also extensively involved in other parts of the University. Seeing no advantage to an isolationist point of view the Army ROTC student of 1973 is a part of the country he has sworn to defend.

This year's ROTC program at Tulane has offered a wide area of study for those enrolled. Special committees on tactics and leadership have worked to insure that those entering the Army in May will be prepared for what they are to meet.

Thus when the program goes full circuit and the student accepts a military career or rejoins the civilian world both the Army and the individual profit. The Army has had the service of a well trained, productive officer, and the individual has acquired the satisfaction of this highly unique and educational experience.

Griggs Thomas
Army ROTC

This year Army ROTC recorded its first enrollment increase in four years, its first battalion level field training exercise, and the first time it sent two cadets to Ranger school.

The battalion strength jumped by 19 men to a strength of 96, thus ending a four year decline in enrollment caused by the un-popularity of the Vietnam war. Army ROTC saw a high of 315 cadets in 1967-1968, but within three years this number would be cut by more than two thirds. The battalion reached an all-time low of 77 men last year.

"You grew up in the Vietnam era," explained Capt. Joseph Arlauskas to our reporter, "but even as late as 1967 a soldier could walk down the street and people would say 'hi'. He'd walk into a bar and people would buy him drinks. There was a certain popular feeling and status for the military. The Vietnam war changed all that, but now I think the pendulum is beginning to swing back a little bit to the way it was before."

On March 31, the battalion went on its first battalion level field training exercise. Due to its reduced size, the battalion functioned as an understrengthed rifle company while in the field.

Six other field training exercises were staged during the year, drawing individual ROTC cadets and midshipmen who also participated from Tulane NROTC, Loyola AROTC and Southeastern Louisiana University AROTC. This was a great increase in the number of actual, in-the-field learning experiences over former years. Also, helicopters were used much more extensively with these operations than in the past.

Steve Gardner and Mark Wagner were the first cadets to attend Ranger school from Tulane. Five other cadets attended airborne jump school last summer, thus doubling the number of Tulane Army ROTC-jocks who have passed through that school.

Chris Caton received the Award of the ROTC Medal for Heroism and for the part he played while working as an ambulance driver during the sniping rampage of Mark Essex at the downtown Howard Johnson Motor Hotel on January 7 which resulted in the deaths of eight people. Caton was shot in the back while strapping a fireman he had rescued into his ambulance. Caton has since recovered very well, and may be back in the program next year.

The battalion experienced one major disappointment during the year. A cadet's suggestion that the battalion be provided with horses for a mounted honor guard was taken up by the Professor of Military Science, Col. William Berridge, but was turned down by 5th Army. The expense of such a project, plus the fact that the use of horses was not thought to be in keeping with a forward looking, modern image were the main reasons cited for the turn down.

Terry Breen
Art History

Janice Felgar
Cynthia Ferguson
John A. Mahe II
Lynne Ossick
Jo Bounds Reed
Mardelle Schweke
Dicey Taylor
Diana Withee
Laura Wooldridge
Michelle St. Clair Favrot

Mike Deal
Bill Jordan
Don Herron
Lea Topmiller
Wayne Mann
Karlton Allsup
Margaret Thorn
George Schmidt
David Lowe
Chet Kasnowski
Jan Saunders

LOOKING FOR THE ROOF:
James Furr
Frank LeBlanc
Marilyn Moore
Janel Nelson
John Pruessner
Linda Ridgway
David Smith

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Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

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Sophomore  
Newcomb

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Freshman  
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Junior  
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Newcomb

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Newcomb

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Freshman  
Engineering

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Freshman  
Newcomb

Kerry A. Barnett  
Junior  
Newcomb

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Senior  
Medical School

Jaime J. Barraza  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences
Herbert B. Bowers  
Senior  
Law School

Keith W. Bowman  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Julius W. Boyar  
Senior  
Arts and Sciences

Deirde D. Boyd  
Sophomore  
Newcomb

Van R. Boyett  
Junior  
Arts and Sciences

John A. Boyer  
Freshman  
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Pat Boylston  
Senior  
Newcomb

Frederick G. Boynton  
Senior  
Law School

Rebecca Bracker  
Junior  
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Freshman  
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Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Bridget J. Bradley  
Junior  
Newcomb

James T. Brannam  
Freshman  
Law School

Charles M. Brandt  
Senior  
Law School

Robert C. Brandt  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences

John D. Brandt  
Freshman  
Architecture
Dana F. Braun
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Alma P. Braun
Sophomore
Newcomb

Susan C. Draverman
Freshman
Newcomb

Gloria M. Bravo
Freshman
Newcomb

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Senior
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Margaret Bretz
Newcomb-American Studies
University of Paris

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Sophomore
Newcomb

William J. Bright
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Trena C. Brieste
Sophomore
Newcomb

Beverly E. Briggs
Sophomore
Newcomb

Robert H. Briggs
Sophomore
Architecture

Richard A. Briner
Senior
Medical School
## Tulane University Band

**FLUTES**
- Carol Stone
- Emilie Daniel
- Susan Buttermann
- Sarah Roberts
- Susan Setliff

**OBOES**
- Timothy Gibson
- Linda Cauley

**BASSOONS**
- Lee Lanier
- William Hiltbert
- Loran Raburn

**CLARINETS**
- Michael Pierce
- Ted Oienst
- Steve Herron
- Jan Chang
- Cindy Weeks
- Mark Hicks
- Danny Horn
- Carol Von Rosenberg
- Michael Ferrante

**ALTO CLARINET**
- Nancy Chachers

**BASS CLARINETS**
- S. Craig Daniel
- Jacob Pique
- Thomas Farney

**ALTO SAXOPHONES**
- Phil Read
- Omar Gonzalez
- Nicky Howe
- Joel Marx

**TENOR SAXOPHONES**
- Martin Paley
- Jeff Jones
- Will Lucke

**BARITONE SAXOPHONE**
- George Payne

**TRUMPETS**
- August Fleury
- Jonathan Lake
- Rick Streifler
- All Cheever
- John Cowan

**BASS TROMBONES**
- John Craft
- Mike DeCarlo

**FRENCH HORNS**
- Ray Mann
- Archibald Creen
- Marilyn Coeey
- Mark Fitzpatrick
- Laura Gibbons
- Jerry Kane
- Martin Van King
- William Toups

**TROMBONES**
- Art Becker
- Arthur Martinez
- Dan Hall
- Richard Jamison
- Louis Mizell
- Harold Burkert, Jr.
- Juan Foi

**BARITONES**
- Bruce Pollock
- David Landry
- Leslie Berenson

**TUBAS**
- Douglas Johnson
- Billy Huey
- Lloyd Drinker

**PERCUSSION**
- Rick Mackle
- Marc Miller
- Eric Bloomfield
- Sally Lam

**MARCHING BAND ONLY**
- Richard Bowden
- Mark Epstein
- Tyrone Harriss
- Peter Hill
- Mike Kaplan
- Leon Margules
- Nancy Miller
- Bonnie Moulen
- Richard Peacock
- James Rickard
- Randy Rahan
- Joseph Trahan
- Steve Ventura

**DRUM MAJORS**
- Dan Hall
- Caesar Jaime

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### Barracudas

1/ Jill Duncan
2/ Alice Stevenson
3/ Marcela Mayo
4/ Cindy Weeks
5/ Kreis Sally
6/ Jan Strider
7/ Wendy Rosenblatt
8/ Carol van Rosenberg
9/ Vicki Reikes
10/ Elana Hurtado
11/ Jane de Butts
12/ Pat Schuster
13/ Nancy Bushwick
14/ Cathy Watson
15/ Ann Welch
This year's baseball team had a tough act to follow. The diamondmen were touted as winners, veterans of the Cinderella team of the previous year which compiled a surprising 23-6 record. In 1973, however, the Greenies couldn't conjure up much of that come-from-behind magic that saw them through 1972, coming out of the season with a 15-13 record.

The competition was plenty tough. Tulane led off the season against national power Oklahoma, and had nothing to show after the series except an 0-2 record. In other games against national powers Tulane was hot and cold. Particularly painful losses came at the hands of LSU and LSUNO, as the Wave lost all four games scheduled with these rivals.
FRONT ROW:
J. Kuhlman
J. Ryan
C. Dunbar
B. Whitman, Alt. Capt.
C. Zimmerman, Capt.
E. Bernard
I. Christian
F. Steele

SECOND ROW:
M. Rowen
J. McCormick
B. Martiny
F. Schroeder
T. Beaulieu
D. Seay
K. Cronin
S. Pumilia

THIRD ROW:
G. Bernard
J. LeBlanc
D. Tazier
M. Rogers
R. J. Barnos
D. Zeringue
G. Roney

BACK ROW:
B. Thomas
B. Moore
B. Morris
G. Lyman
J. Alamz
Dr. Tanner
A. Gangoff
M. Retif

[51]
Basketball

Everyone had been optimistic at the start of the season, no one more than Coach Dick Longo. The basketball team was going to turn around last year’s 8-18 record, he said at the time. This was to be the first winning cage team at Tulane in six years. The Loyola orphans, John Kardzionak and Ernie Losch, were the supposed keys to victory. But it was not long before Losch’s lack of rebounding skills - previously hidden by a leaping Loyola squad - became painfully apparent. Kardzionak was scoring and that was a big plus, but he couldn’t guard the paper this is written on. Everyone was feted to disappointment as the team slid to a 12-14 finish. Longo had not produced. Everyone was disappointed, with the exception of the States-item and the Times-Picayune. The papers seemed to thrive on Longo’s losing. True, to say that Longo just didn’t handle the media very maturely would be an understatement. But at times what was printed was so totally heaped in inobjectivity that it completely negated its value as news. “I’m resigning because I’ve been asked to resign,” said Longo, and he added, “I thought I’d do a good job.” He thought that his release probably had a lot to do with what he called his “aggressiveness” with the press. “You can’t tell the truth and keep your job,” he said, Longo made it clear that he felt an awful lot had been “blown completely out of proportion by the press.” He cited the media’s sensationalizing on his having problems with his players. “With regard to having problems with the players I really can’t think of any other problems besides the run-of-the-mill that every coach has on his hands,” he said. Athletic Director, Dr. Rix Yard, evidently did not agree that there were merely “run-of-the-mill” problems when he asked for Longo’s resignation. “I do not believe that the team could be pulled back together again under Coach Longo,” he said. Yard felt that next year would have been “a continuation of the problems of last year.” Yard cited “internal squad problems—a reflection of the way a coach handles a team. There were coaching errors made in strategy, game preparation, and too many changes in philosophy and personnel.” Yard said that the team was “uncertain as to exactly what the coach wanted from them.” In regard to Longo’s dealings with the press Yard said “I think he made some ill-advised statements.” Longo had explained that he had come out against the press “to protect my players.” As for the players, as one put it, they would “like to forget about his past season and start looking forward to a new season with a new coach.” Longo had remarked that the season has been a “guessing game. It was hard to find five guys that excelled above the rest of the field.” The players admitted that this was true; “Our abilities changed from day to day.” But as for the jealousy thing that the papers had harped on “that was Longo’s invention. Sure there was jealousy but it was normal, competitive jealousy.” The players said that Longo was “alienating us, we were all so down near the end.” The players felt that Longo “tried too hard to keep everybody happy, but missed the boat as a coach.” Of Longo’s resignation, the players thought that “probably no one was more surprised than Longo himself,” and that, “the change can only be for the better.”

“The change” turned out to be a replacement with impressive credentials. Charles Moir, recently of small college power Roanoke, beat out over 100 other applicants for the Green Wave basketball coach’s job. A veteran of 21 years in the coaching profession, Moir has a career record of 428 wins and 114 losses. At Roanoke he guided a team to the national championship of the NCAA College Division, en route becoming the National Basketball Coaches Association “Coach of the Year.”

And once again everyone is optimistic.
IN MEMORY OF
DAVID BERGER '66
FROM
HIS ISRAELI COUNTRYMEN
AND THE
JEWISH WELFARE FEDERATION
OF NEW ORLEANS
APRIL 12, 1973
Beta Alpha Psi

Antonio Carlos Pereira Almeida
Charles Lafayette Atwood
Alan Duchesne Bell
Gerald Charles Bender
Roy Thomas Cochrane
Robert Alexander Dawson
Thomas Scruggs Edenton
William Ernest Frisco
Daniel Richard Gresham
Peter Bruce Harrington
Robert Charles Irvine
Catherine Lucille Kirgis
Leopoldo Leon Kuong
William Barry Mabry
James Edward Maurin
Joseph Daniel Mrozinski
Bruce Schoendorf Stinson
David Kirk Stirton
Donald Wait Thompson
James Clark Tudor
Alvin Earl Wendt

Beta Gamma Sigma

John William Barter III
Gerald Charles Bender
William John Clark
Philip Jerome Farrelly
Daniel Richard Gresham
Peter Bruce Harrington
William Thomas Hewitt
William Gary Jones
Richard Bessom Ladd
Cesar Augusto Lombana, Jr.
William Barry Mabry
James Edward Maurin
Thomas Francis McMorrow
Robert Emery Seger
Oscar Guillermo Sevilla
Stuart David Smolkin
Elizabeth Reed Casellas-Faculty
James Julian Coleman-Honorary
Membership in a fraternity is possibly the most valuable experience someone may possess while an undergraduate. The rewards are many, but the important factor is the chance to work with people in projects of your choosing. An excellent preparation for later life, the fraternity provides a smooth basis on which to begin your education in cooperation and understanding. Many fraternities and sororities swamp incoming freshmen with the idea that their organization is a "group of individuals," attempting to deemphasize the value that comes from working in a group towards a goal. The total effort of a fraternity's membership enhances their friendship toward one another, and at the same time encourages the growth of leaders within the organization. No doubt, every member of Beta Theta Pi does not share the exact same feelings in regard to his fellow actives. However, a brother pulls his equal load in the fraternity, and each year makes his bond to Beta a bit more strong.

David Sims

Beta Theta Pi

1/ Jane of Boston
2/ Dynamite Foxy Queenie
3/ C. Monk Richoux
4/ Phil Esposito
5/ Poncho Floury
6/ Number Six
7/ S.P.T. Sellers
8/ Jughead
9/ Smokie Kokie Strokie Okie
10/ Carol Sue
11/ Women of the Streets
12/ Squeaky
13/ Roach Wench
14/ Cock Roach
15/ That Chick
16/ Lugnuts Layton
17/ Humplta
18/ H. Quailhington Quarles III
19/ T. Estes Schmuck
20/ Poodle II
21/ Bib B. Bagot
22/ Safety Pin
23/ Pin Ball Wizard
24/ The Mighty "J"
25/ Twiggy Benson
26/ Ivories Charbonnet
27/ J. P.
28/ Metro Goldwyn Molony
29/ M. ROODAH Jilbert
30/ Allissoon
31/ Dumb Broad I
32/ Dumb Broad II
33/ Jubal T. Wishbone
34/ Homo Slopus Powell
35/ Todle Fields
36/ Rapacious Richard
37/ Dumb Brohman Dilt
38/ Rauchen Rick Richoux
39/ Buzzsaw Woogersh
40/ Chiquita Banana
41/ Doctor Stash
42/ The Deet
43/ Mooch
44/ Young Love Stime
45/ Le Grand Merde de Nouvelles Chemins
46/ Roberto "The Enforcer" McKennoninni
47/ Pinch Me
48/ Handy Andy Chopilwsky
49/ Moose Ericson
50/ Kareem the Shiek
51/ Anita P. W. Bryant, Jr.
52/ Candy Ashe
53/ Gelding
Biology

1/ Michael Innis
2/ Daniel George
3/ Claudia de Gruy
4/ Priscilla Brown
5/ William Knowles
6/ Michael Harpold
7/ Ernest Snow, Jr.
8/ Raymond Shenfield
9/ Ruth Howell
10/ James Holmes
11/ Kenneth Roux
12/ Mark Hoffman

UNDER CONSTRUCTION:
Steven Ackerman
Gantt Boswell
Gerald Bresnick
Joseph Browne
William Buztrey
John Caruso
Frances Cashner
Robert Cashner
Barbara Clarke
Evelyn Clausnitzer

John Conner
Sue Fingerman
Austin Fitzjarrell
William Fleming
Wayne Forman
Robert Hammond
David Heins
Merrill Heit
Charles Hill
Julian Humphries
David Lesley
Robert McCue
John McGlynn
Carl Mohrherr
Roy Ponthier
Linda Reel
David Sever
Henry Stibbs
Bruce Sutton
Frank Thomas
Bruce Thompson
James Turpen
Linda Vacca

[58]
Graduate Business Administration
Michelle J. Carroccio
Freshman
Newcomb

Charles S. Carter
Freshman
Law School

Connie R. Carter
Sophomore
Newcomb

Kenneth P. Carter
Junior
Law School

Nenetta B. Carter
Freshman
Newcomb

William P. Carter
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Lon O. Cartwright
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Peter V. Casano
Senior
Arts and Sciences

John P. Casey
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Carol J. Caspar
Senior
Newcomb

Richard L. Casper
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Jorge M. Castellanos
Freshman
Engineering

Teresita J. Castellanos
Junior
Architecture

Philip D. Castille
Senior
Graduate School

Ernest S. Castro
Senior
Law School

David I. Catt
Graduate Law
David F. Clapp
Junior
Arts and Sciences

David M. Clark
Senior
Graduate Business Adm.

Jerry E. Clark
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Richard P. Clark
Junior
Engineering

William P. Clarke
Senior
Medical School

Jeanie Cleary
Freshman
Newcomb

Janet L. Cline
Sophomore
Newcomb

James H. Clement
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Susan D. Clett
Freshman
Newcomb

Cindy L. Cloninger
Freshman
Newcomb

Pat Closs
Junior
Newcomb

Marilyn J. Coody
Sophomore
Newcomb

James A. Cobb
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Guillermo A. Cochez
Graduate Law
The Community Action Council of Tulane University Students is a student organization designed to provide Tulane students, faculty, and staff with a vehicle through which positive community action programming can be coordinated. Unfortunately, most members of the Tulane community, including those most closely involved with CACTUS, have thought of CACTUS as a relatively small service organization mainly concerned with tutorial projects. In actuality, CACTUS is the programming board for all the many diversified community projects, both potential and actual, of the Associated Student Body of Tulane University. As such, it is an executive board of the Student Senate; its “membership” is really the entire student body. Perhaps one of the greatest achievements of this year is the gradual realization of this fact, and of the greater challenge which accompanies it. The members of the CACTUS Executive Board and other interested students have sought to greatly expand the scope of Tulane student community action. Old projects have not been forgotten, but rather have continued very actively. The Urban Experience project finally began to realize some of its potential during the second semester; such urban exposures as a harbor tour, parish prison discussions and tours, and lectures on Mardi Gras, skid row, and education have interested great new groups of students in the New Orleans community and its problems and promises. New programs established on campus include a chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union and a consumer protection group as well as an on-campus tutoring program, sponsored jointly with the Afro-American Congress of Tulane. CACTUS has also worked on voter registration, the Mardi Gras Coalition, and the advisory committee on cable television for the City of New Orleans.

The regular service projects do deserve mention. The great majority of volunteers in CACTUS projects are involved here. Hundreds of students have put in long hours as tutors, hospital aids, “big brothers and sisters”, and in other dedicated volunteer roles. This personal relation with the people of the community is still the most important aspect of true community action.

CACTUS must continue to encourage Tulane students to examine the problems of the community face to face and to try to do something concrete about them. Hopefully this community action will not merely be something to do with one’s spare time, but rather a real, dynamic part of one’s college career.

A final word, one which should be felt forever, to all those individuals who gave a bit of themselves to others in the community is a very simple one: Thanks very much.

Campbell Hudson
Chairman, CACTUS

CACTUS
TULANE UNIVERSITY
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Campus Nite

1/ Randy
2/ Glenn Dismukes
3/ Ellis Joubert
4/ Roxanne Wright
5/ Sheelah Strong
6/ Donald Oliver
7/ Joseph Aucremanne
8/ Julie Pellerin
9/ James Guyer
10/ Tom Barton
11/ Christian Steed
12/ Pam Title

13/ Kyle Ellis
14/ Glenn Rick
15/ Andrea Kislan
16/ Mr. Pete
17/ Milton Gay
18/ David Carey
19/ Pat Galloway
20/ Kenny Oliver
21/ Alma Cuervo
22/ Nick Pavur
23/ Jon Disavino
24/ Mike Katz
1/ Mike Christiansen
2/ Sam Jones
3/ Tom Beighley
4/ Randy Reid
5/ Joni Anderson
6/ Don Peterson
7/ Debbie Luskey
8/ Nancy Hall
9/ Andi Servos
10/ Pege Sternberger
11/ Steve Danner
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

James J. Bishara
Vasudev D. Prabhu
Marvin K. Jones
Fred C. Srubis
Renold S.W. Yu

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING GRADUATES

Dennis Ducote
Jolin Macestaugas
George Webb
Jeff Hodges
Dan Aspebrd

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING SENIORS
Many women do not feel the need for sorority life, but this does not make its existence a force or an anachronism. On the contrary, the sorority offers a chance for friendships based on common interests. A girl is no longer content to be identified with a particular sorority. A sorority consists of individuals who contribute to the whole by sharing ideas with one another rather than conforming to them.

Both as a group and as individuals, Chi Omega strives to uphold the ideals of Newcomb as a reputable college. Active in a multitude of campus organizations and activities, we pride ourselves in being an organization which is doing something now to produce mature and open-minded citizens.

Each girl knows that her successes and failures are felt and accepted by the other members. Her personal convictions are neither condemned nor lauded. Chi Omega demands nothing more than any other bond of friendship—mutual love, loyalty, and self-respect.

Leslie Albertine
Civil Engineering Graduate Students

Herbert Albert
David Anderson
Ballard Argus
William Burk
Dale Biggers
Leroy Brown
Thomas Clapp
Allen R. Coates
DeWayne Campbell
Joseph Call
Govind Chaudhari
Agustin Chin
Alvin Cirino
Herman Colligan
John Dane III
John D'Antoni
Alphonse Fabre
Norris Fant
Arthur Flotte
Paul Flower
Rodney Gannuch
Roy Giangrosso
Larry Gilbert
Albert Gooch
Dale Hunn
David Hebert
Gerald Hanafy
Ben Haney
George Kleinpeter
John Leary
Wayne LeBlance
Arthur Lynch
Sorrell Lanier
Ronald Legrand
John Mahoney
Harold Malchow
Edward Mason
Daniel Marsaloni
Emmett Mayer
Jens Nielsen
David Nevers
Alfred Naomi
Thomas Phillips
Gene Pharr
Narichandra Paterson
Adolf Ramirez

Barry Ripple
Charles Rhinehore
Arthur Seaver
Donald Schaneville
Barney Smith, Jr.
John Virtue
Stephen Walton
Alan Weber
John Williams
Walter Zehner
Rajnikant Amin
Larry Mickal
Gerald Schroeder
Behzad Samimi
Fereydoun Ittihadieh
Hugh Blein
Joe Milliron
Jimmy San Martin
William Settoon
Marvin Drake
John Hillaspie
Charles Grimwood

Swinging From The Hook:
Basil Godwin
Bill Brundige
Carlos Nevares
Classics Department

Stephen Lee Pearce
John Meunier (sitting)
Diego A. De La Guardia
Freshman
Law School

James G. Delery
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Kathleen A. Delery
Sophomore
Newcomb

Winifred Delery
Sophomore
Newcomb

Celeste C. Delgado
Freshman
Newcomb

Joseph Delise
Freshman
Engineering

Ivonne F. Del Portillo
Senior
Newcomb

Shelley M. Demar
Freshman
Newcomb

Arthur A. Demarest
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Petri Demasters
Freshman
Newcomb

Sandy Demby
Sophomore
Newcomb

Michael R. Demarico
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Ann De Montluizin
Senior
Newcomb

Augustus H. Denis
Junior
Graduate Business Adm.

Bill Denson
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Gary A. Dient
Sophomore
Architecture
Delta Kappa Epsilon

Dekes realize that as a fraternity they are one of the few people’s organizations left on campus. Deke doesn’t exist at Tulane to put out a newspaper, or to broadcast radio, or to run the student body or to computerize a name to facilitate the workings of the university—Deke exists only for the unfileable aspects of people.
The Primate Research Centers Program of the National Institutes of Health, initiated in 1960, established within a single decade a network of seven centers unlike any other primate research effort in the world. An essential prerequisite of research on human disease is the establishment of an animal model in which diseases can be duplicated and studied, their causes and effects documented, and effective methods of prevention and treatment developed. Nonhuman primates are man's closest relatives in the animal kingdom and are therefore indispensable allies in the effort to understand and control problems of human health.

Because of the Louisiana climate, the Delta Regional Primate Research Center has been able to develop resources for behavioral studies and radiation biology unduplicated anywhere in the country. Research projects are designed wherever possible, to take advantage of the special opportunities this setting provides.

Largest of the seven centers both in acreage and in the size of its roofed facilities, the Delta Center is located 35 miles from New Orleans. Its complex of research buildings surrounded by well-kept, attractively landscaped grounds attracts many visitors. In addition to large outdoor areas where behavioral studies of arboreal and other primates can be conducted, the center has a unique radiation facility which features a Cobalt-60 radiation source located in a protected field 1,000 feet long.
Delta Tau Delta has, for 84 years, been a brotherhood where college men could come together for interpersonal actions between similar individuals. We feel that college men today need the experience of a deep, bonding friendship. A sort of haven from the computerized and faceless society that we are approaching. The Delts have members from all parts of the country and disparate origins. Out of this a brotherhood is established where all members can learn and grow from each other's experiences. In the past year the Delts have expanded to include Little Sisters. This enables us to grow not only from the brothers, but with women, opening more opportunities to enrich our personal lives.

The Delts also put a premium on enjoying ourselves. Frequent social functions are both enjoyable and important if we are to take advantage of our college years.

We are striving to help each other become complete as an individual, not just academically, but also to help each other learn to live with different people, and different ideas, and from this form better individuals, and better lives.

John Mahoney
Bill Kirk
Ann Drummond

Delta Tau Delta

DELTA WITH:
Cool Clyde Guinn
Mike Kiernon
Flash Irvine
Sonny Wheelahan
Benton Jackson
Scott Stonewall
J. J. Baehr
Don Freeman

1/ Pete Priola
2/ Don Sharp
3/ Allen Cox
4/ Don Scoot
5/ Jim "Pushup" Barnhouse
6/ Claudia Dowl
7/ Steve Schultz
8/ Pat Bryan
9/ Nancy Snurd
10/ Julie DeMasters
11/ Tom Schnieders
12/ Ron "OTR" Newton
13/ Hannibal S. Bernard
14/ Peter E. Peterson
15/ B. J. Chotiner
16/ Patti DeMasters
17/ Hick Dooper
18/ Stere "the Bod" Danner
19/ Jim Stevenson
20/ George McGovern
21/ Pretty Boy Howe
22/ Gordon "Dildo" Stone
23/ Stork Swanson
24/ Tchai Kirk
25/ Ann Drummond
26/ Vicki Dours
27/ John "Old Man" Mahoney
28/ Medora DeShields
29/ Rusty Hornsby
30/ Jungle Joe Rusinko

[95]
The public is well aware of what marvels man can accomplish, with moon walks and heart transplants, so it expects more from its government now than ever in the past. And governments have taken on greater responsibilities . . . I insist we have, and are exercising, the capacity to serve the needs of our constituents. Government can and does work . . . Atlanta is a healthy city, morally and fiscally, just like many, many others in this state and across this country, and I think we should tell the predictors of doom that we plan to stay that way. These are exciting times, both for the scientist in his lab and the elected official in his city hall. Government is working and working well, and we in office should be able to prove just that.
I don't happen to believe that local government can administer without strong federal government. I don't know of any major social progress that has been made over the last 150 years that was not instigated by the federal government. But I have to even now share in the optimism that given the opportunity, the cities can at least stabilize, and provide the things within the cities to make them as livable as they have normally been in the past.
Richard Bach

In the life of any truly selfish person there come those moments when you can't really be selfish without giving back something of what you've seen of your loves to a few people in the world who share some common sight, of some little fire with you...this giving back is an element of our own selfish completeness. Jonathan Livingston Seagull is a blue print for the life of anyone who would be a selfish and happy person. He is also a history of anyone who has found his love and followed it no matter what...He is a story of Jesus Christ, and Jonathan is also a story of Christopher Columbus, and he's a story of Martin Luther King, and of the Brothers Wright...he's a story of anyone who saw his love and walked after it no matter what the rest of the world advised him to do. He's the story of our life too, if we choose to do what it is that we love. And in Jonathan lived the very simple secret of living a pure and complete and happy life. The hardest thing in all the world is to find the thing that you love.
I told you earlier that you might be receiving a great deal of misinformation. I've answered some of your questions with figures with things that I believe are facts. But I say to you now, don't take my word for it, check me out. Don't let me get away with anything I said up here without you checking it out to see if the figures and facts actually are correct. But do it with everyone else who appears to be for you. Do it with the columnist, do it with that fellow on T.V. and do it in the classroom, when something other than the exact rules of an exact science are taught to you, when opinions are given, check them out. Make sure that you get both sides of something. Don't go along believing that you have the answer because you have heard one side that aroused you emotionally or that seemed to fit you and your own thinking. If you would keep in your minds that every moment the idea that you are a member of a debating team and you've been given the wrong side of the question as far as you personally are concerned. If you will go to the trouble and effort to find out how you would defend that side, you may find that you'll change your thinking on a lot of things. Because there is a great misinformation in this country today. And the greatest threat to this country is the economic and political mythology that I've mentioned so often, that so many people believe. And if you learn one truth, the demagogue is helpless.
Friday/March 30
A human being is born in a particular time and a particular place—we of which are called Southerners. And that’s got to matter. We come from a particular historical circumstance, which in our case has been tragic...has been tragic for the whites and tragic for the blacks, it’s been tragic for all of us. But we are products of history—there is only one past and it cannot change. I want to talk to you about the possibility of there being some good things about being born a Southerner...What we are faced with as Southerners or as Americans or as human beings is the tremendous compartmentalization and the homogenization of all of human life. And if we continue in this way, we’ll all meet in that gigantic Rexall’s in the sky someday. I don’t think we want that. I think we want to preserve individual and regional and sectional differences. Differences are based on localities. They are based on people living for a long time in a certain place. We are Southerners. But the small amenities of life—the easy going fruitful things that make it easier and better to live from day to day—we had in the South and we still have fragments of it. The homogenization of the American culture is something that I regret bitterly...The South is a way of taking existence and it has to do with the land...ultimately it has got to have something to do with the lands...If you lose that we go to that great Rexall’s in the sky. That’s where we’re going to go if we don’t have some way of preserving the relationship to the cycle of nature and all that mysticism bullshit. But it may just not be bullshit...I am quite convinced that diversity and difference is the thing that keeps human hope and aura and interest alive. Difference, not sameness. Difference, not the gigantic Rexall’s in the sky, but differences and diversity. The greatest thing that can happen to anybody is to know where he belongs, and to want to be there, and to be there, and to be among his own kind, and to feel the sense of belonging, not only to his people but to the land. That’s what we’ve had here in the South. And for God’s sake, let’s don’t lose it.

James Dickey
Karl Marx said of the Confederacy something which applies to the South, "It's not a country but a battle sore." We have seen in my time in the development of the South so many changes that the conscience of this unique entity has been lost perhaps for many of you. It has certainly come under assault as an entity from mostly those in my profession of journalism and many of those in history and sociology and others who would find that the South has become a national entity—Homogenized, finally destroyed, absorbed and made whole, made sick, made anonymous by the forces of modern America.

Hodding Carter, III
Saturday/March 31

Senator Joe Biden
I think power corrupts. I mean the beauty of our system of government has been that we have kept somewhat of a parody among or between the three branches of government. You know the old checks and balances from eighth grade civics. But I think that's been the key to our success, and we are losing the key. And I don't think that some of my colleagues in either house appreciates that.
Mr. Justice William O. Douglas

When the university does not sit apart, critical of industry, the Pentagon, and government, there is no fermentative force at work in our society. The university becomes a collection of technicians in a service station, trying to turn out better technocrats for the technological society. Then all voices become a chorus supporting the status quo; there is no challenger from the opposition warning of dangers to come. The result is a form of goose-stepping and the installation of conformity as king. Such has been the increasing tendency in this country for the last quarter century.

There are many facets to that problem, but they all lead, I think, to what has been called "the diminished man." There is more knowledge and information than ever before; the experts have so multiplied that man has a new sense of impotence; man is indeed about to be delivered over to them. Man is about to be an automaton; he is identifiable only in the computer. As a person of worth and creativity, as a being with an infinite potential, he retreats and battles the forces that make him inhuman.

The dissent we witness is a reaffirmation of faith in man; it is protest against living under rules and prejudices and attitudes that produce the extremes of wealth and poverty and that make us dedicated to the destruction of people through arms, bombs, and gases, and that prepare us to think alike and be submissive objects for the regime of the computer.

Sunday/April 1st
Nancy Eagan
Sophomore
Newcomb

Roberto D. Eager
Junior
Graduate Business Adm.

Holly M. East
Junior
Newcomb

Gary R. Earle
Freshman
Engineering

Jared G. East
Junior
Graduate Business Adm.

Gregory M. Eaton
Senior
Law School

Karen E. Eberle
Sophomore
Newcomb

Diana G. Eblen
Senior
Newcomb

Randi Echols
Newcomb-American Studies
University of Paris

Cynthia L. Eckert
Junior
Newcomb

Thomas S. Edenton
Junior
Graduate Business Adm.

Mark P. Edgar
Sophomore
Engineering
Julia LeBon, Don Kemp, Rick Kirkpatrick, Paul McDevitt, Dave King, Al Link, Alden Fows, Mike Cox, Sykes Wilford, Frank Martin

Economics
Electrical Engineering Graduates

Forrest Brown
Y.Y. Chen
Lansing Evans
S.T. Hsieh
Gebhard Thierer
Parvis Nikravesh

Slipped Off!
Arlando Acosta
Abhaya Asthana
Javier Gonzalez
Syed Moinuddin
Isaac Porche
Niaber Rouziek

Electrical Engineering Seniors

1/ Mike Sperry
2/ Joe Wall
3/ Randy Haase
4/ Ed Paulson
5/ Ted Saba
6/ Vic Carriere
7/ Mike Magee
8/ Lloyd Bingham
9/ Ms. Carol Mullen
10/ Rookie Mahood
11/ Mike Burnett
12/ Wayne Lolan
13/ Oliver Harris
14/ Tom Yalents
15/ Jorge Casellas
16/ Stefanos Kambolias
17/ Wayne Nalmoli
18/ Bob Wilson
19/ Ali Riahi
20/ Steve Troxler
21/ Tip Fowler

Behind The Tree:
Steve Blust
Mohhammad Ramadan

BEHIND THE TREE:
Steve Blust
Mohhammad Ramadan
The Tulane Program on Science, Technology and Man

All across the country there have been increasing demands for a new definition of the relationship between man and his technology, with Engineering coming under heavy attack. The Engineering School at Tulane responded with one of the first organized programs meant to deal with these problems. The Tulane Program on Science, Technology and Man runs several seminars each semester. Students from A & S, Newcomb, and Engineering crowd into small seminar rooms to struggle with issues as varies as technology and the family, euthanasia, the ethics of planting electrodes in peoples' brains, the effects of the Aswam Dam on liver flukes and on the poor peasants whose bodies the flukes invade, and a working computer model of New Orleans. The composition of the seminars is perhaps surprising: each seminar is taught by two faculty members, one a humanist and one an Engineer, and each class has fifteen students. The classroom sessions are very informal, and everyone participates in the lively discussion. Each seminar is offered for one half unit credit, and slightly over half the students who have taken the courses have come from A & S and Newcomb.

The Tulane Program is not limited to the seminars. A lecture series is part of the program, and the speakers are chosen because their work is somehow connected to the problems of technology and society. The speakers give a lecture that is open to the University public, and they meet in the evening with the seminar students for a more casual discussion. Some of the speakers have gone out to lunch with students in the seminars. Lunch with Langdon Gilkey from Chicago was especially popular because he brought his wife, a lovely sculptress who is an amateur astrologist and a believer in the occult. Listen to what some of these men had to say about Engineering and society.

David Billington, Princeton, Civil Engineering, talked about
arches, bridges, the relation of structure to design . . . slides of ancient and modern bridges, the famous (or infamous) St. Louis arch . . . "The value system of a country is reflected in its public architecture . . . some buildings are pieces of jewelry rather than structures, or demonstrations of the art of cosmetics. Dishonest buildings, arches that have no purpose of existence other than decoration—they say something about us, about our values." He had spent a long time in Holland, had numbers of shots of the Dutch public works buildings: beautiful, clean lines and bright colors against white concrete. "There's a relationship between the sharp edged, architectonic painting of Mondrian and his country. Dutch buildings are an expression of the values of the culture and the people as professionals."

Langdon Gilkey, University of Chicago Divinity School, Theologian, wore a purple crushed velvet suit, lavender shirt, aurora borealis tie . . . Biblical symbolism remains important to us, he said, because Biblical symbols better represent man as he really is in the world in contrast to the scientific symbols. These symbols arise in "fundamental symbolic thinking that speculates on the meaning of scientific theories. Such thinking is actually mythical and religious in form, and then it masquerades as scientific, empirically based." . . . Going on to consider the Engineer in contemporary society, Gilkey declared that "the easy and amoral "out" with regard to the use of technology by Engineers is no good—namely, "we are technicians only; we are hired to do a job and we do it—it is our skill that's paid for. So we don't ask, what it's for, or whether it's worth it or a waste, or whether it is wrong—unless we are paid again as technician to investigate these questions. Policy is for our bosses, not for us—we are for hire—Engineers must regard themselves as belong to a true profession . . . that professes certain absolute values and applies its ethics . . . Not for hire, when the job at hand violates the ethics of Engineering."
Donald Shriver, North Carolina State, a theologian: "Why would anyone in these days want to be an Engineer? Everywhere you turn, mud is being thrown on Engineers. Not that I think it is entirely deserved, you understand, or I wouldn’t be working as closely with Engineers as I do, but it does make some people wonder about the future of the profession . . . ."

And a student Engineer: Engineering is what I can do best. I have an obligation to myself and to society to do the thing that I can do . . . to contribute my skills and talents. I don’t mean to be one of those who destroy through thoughtlessness, and that is why I am taking this course. I want to know what kinds of decisions I am making—what the values are that these decisions are based on.

Shriver: "But you’re not on the right track until you extend the meaning of doing your best a little. It isn’t enough to leave it a matter of skill and talent, properly applied..."

Charles Fried, Harvard Law School: "... doing your best has to be defined in terms of deciding what the good is, choosing between alternatives. For instance, take electronic monitoring as a substitute for the traditional check-in parole. It sounds good—just turn on the button and find out where the fellow is and what he is up to. But think of what you’re doing to the parolee when you make that choice. How is it that a person lays up the moral capital which allows him to enter into relationships of trust, affection, deep friendship and love? He does it by having a private life which is his to share as he wills, with those few whom he chooses. Now, you take away from him with your electronic monitors his ability to be private, and you’ve removed an essential element from his human integrity."

The Tulane School of Engineering early recognized its responsibility to deal with the challenges presented by the critics of Engineering and technology; the parts of this Program are seed that will grow into constructive responses to the criticisms many people have offered. The speakers invited to the School, the seminars themselves, the interdisciplinary work done by the humanists and Engineers who teach in this Program—these are an indication of the willingness of the School to meet the shifting demands of an uncertain age.
Gerlad Feltus  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Richard T. Fenton  
Junior  
Law School

Judith E. Ferenczy  
Senior  
Newcomb

Margaret A. Ferguson  
Senior  
Medical School

Robert W. Ferguson  
Graduate  
Law School

Luis G. Fernandez  
Freshman  
Engineering

Orlando Fernandez  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences

Rodrigo J. Fernandez  
Senior  
Arts and Sciences

Rick A. Fernholz  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences

Sheila Ferran  
Senior  
Newcomb

Louise A. Ferrand  
Sophomore  
Newcomb

Michael F. Ferrante  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences

Bruce P. Fierst  
Senior  
Arts and Sciences

Suzanne Fife  
Newcomb; French  
University of Paris

Barbara M. Finch  
Sophomore  
Newcomb
Dallas C. Finch
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Ira M. Fine
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Elizabeth S. Fink
Junior
Newcomb

Steven A. Fink
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Idalyn Finkel
Sophomore
Newcomb

Diane Finkelstein
Freshman
Newcomb

Arnold Finkleman
Senior
Medical School

Juan R. Fiol
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Debra J. Fischman
Sophomore
Newcomb

Terry S. Fischl
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Nathan H. Fischman
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Daniel Fishbein
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Cindy A. Fisher
Freshman
Newcomb

Frances S. Fisher
Junior
Newcomb

Nancy J. Fisher
Sophomore
Newcomb

John Fitzgerald
A&S-Pol. Science
University of Paris
Steven M. Foldes
Junior
Law School

Bruce D. Ford
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Deborah J. Ford
Sophomore
Architecture

John P. Ford
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Dan M. Forestiere
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Giovanni Forestiere
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Stephen L. Forrester
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Sheri J. Forster
Junior
Newcomb

Thomas M. Fortner
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Paula S. Forward
Junior
Newcomb

Mica M. Foti
Freshman
Newcomb

Calvin L. Fox
Senior
Law School

Justin C. Fox
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Bruce E. France
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Hernan R. Franco
Senior
Law School

Pam Frank
Senior
Newcomb
Football

The Tulane Football team approached the 1972 season without fanfare. Little was expected from the Willow Street squad, as they had skidded to the depths of a disappointing 3-8 season in 1971. When the star of the offense, halfback Rick Hebert, broke his leg in the fall's first scrimmage, doom was predicted. But die-hard Greenie boosters soon found things to cheer about: Tulane was listed in the nation's top twenty by the third week in the season and came within a yard and a half of tying a knot in the LSU Tigertail.
Boston College 10-0

The red tide and the Green Wave rushed in to Boston in mid-September, and Boston wasn't able to do much about either one. Boston College was a big, highly regarded team (owning a 9-2 record the previous season), but they were overcome by a stingy, aggressive Tulane defense, as well as their own costly mistakes. Quarterback Steve Foley set the stage for an outstanding sophomore year as he took charge of the offense in the second quarter of the game. Three Foley passes for twenty yards and two passes to tight end Basil Godwin, the second going for a touchdown, provided all the scoring necessary for the win. Boston was held scoreless. An early B.C. threat was dashed when a center snap on a field goal attempt sailed over the kicker's head and was recovered 35 yards behind the line of scrimmage. B.C. passers completed only 10 of 33. It was that kind of night for Boston.

Georgia 24-13

On the second Saturday of the 1972 football season, Tulane had one of its best games ever, defeating the Georgia Bulldogs 24-13 before a regional television audience. The Bulldogs came to New Orleans tagged with a Number 16 national ranking and were given a 10-point spread by oddsmakers, but they were soundly defeated by an alert Tulane defense and a determined offense. Georgia drew first blood following a 29-yard drive with a touchdown by Jimmy Poulas. The Bulldogs got possession of the ball on a controversial play. David Lee was attempting to field a punt for Tulane when it fell short and took an odd bounce. An official ruled that it touched Lee and was a free ball recovered by Georgia. Lee claimed - and the films of the game seem to support him - that he never touched the ball. The Wave took charge of the game right after the Georgia score. Lee Gibson booted a field goal, and then Tulane struck for a couple of touchdowns before halftime. One of the scores was made by Jaime Garza, a freshman playing in his very first college game. With star quarterback Andy Johnson sidelined by an injury and the Greenies ahead 17-7, the Bulldogs failed to regroup in the second half. After the game Georgia coach Vince Dooley attributed this failure in large part to the punting of Randy Lee, who won Southeast Lineman of the Week (AP) for the second week in a row for his efforts against Georgia. George Ewing iced the game for Tulane with a 57-yard punt return in the second half. The Bulldogs were beaten physically by the Wave during the second half and were only able to push across one TD after the issue was out of doubt.

Pittsburgh 38-6

The Pitt game was the first time during the season in which Tulane was favored to win. Hapless Pittsburg came to New Orleans winless and left the same way. In his first start, soph quarterback Steve Foley led the greenies to a ten-point lead over the big, slow Pitt team. As always, Tulane alternated quarterbacks. Senior signal caller Mike Walker came in and finished two drives with personal scoring runs of seven and 40 yards. Pitt was plagued by errors of all types in the game. The Wave defense forced five fumbles, recovering three. In addition, the Tulane offense recovered a fumble on an interception return. That particular play is indicative of the way the Panthers played the whole game, as they attempted a sandlot lateral which was promptly dropped. The Greenies looked as good as the Panthers looked bad. Almost every phase of the Tulane game was successful against a Pitt team that was demoralized before the first half had ended. Tommy Thibodeaux, breaking into the starting lineup after an injury slowed tight end Basil Godwin, caught the first of what was to become an avalanche of Tulane touchdowns. The scoring was completed by freshman split end Jaime Garza, who became the first freshman to start for the Tulane varsity. The score came on a beautifully thrown bomb from Foley. George Ewing proved that his touchdown return against Georgia was no fluke when he received a Pitt punt at his own 17 and sped 83 yards for a TD.
Michigan

A surprising Tulane team packed up its 18th place national ranking and headed north to play the toughest team on its 1972 schedule, the Michigan Wolverines, then ranked 8th. A nervous Tulane team which arrived at the field late after the charter buses failed to show up on time, was greeted by 84,000 screaming Michigan fans. Off the form which had carried it to two victories, the Greenies were soon bowled over by a wall of Wolverine muscle and buried by crucial mistakes. Tulane was too cautious in the early going, waiting a full quarter before taking the game to the opponents. The Green Wave found out in a hurry that Michigan was too strong, too fast, and too alert for the cautious approach. Michigan set out simply to block and tackle and let the game take shape the way that they wanted it to. Ed Shuttlesworth, the 230-pound Michigan fullback, crunched out a quick touchdown, and the Wolverine defense soon added another on the return of a Mike Walker interception. Tulane might as well have headed South after that, sparing itself a thorough shellacking.

Michigan has a simple approach to football and the personnel that allow the Wolverines to apply turn the philosophy into victories. In the sequence below, fullback Ed Shuttlesworth, a 30 pound blockbuster who gained 151 yards and scored three touchdowns in the game, is shown executing the basic play of the Michigan offense. It's a simple off-tackle run and weick up the action as Shuttlesworth (31) takes the handoff.

The Wolverine line forces the defensive line toward the middle of the field and Shuttlesworth chooses his own hole inside the defensive end.

With great downfield blocks, the big ball-carrier moves into the secondary and shoves past an official.

The tight end blocks the safety and the cornerback is going to wish he had eaten an extra bowl of Cheerios for breakfast.
Miami

In the October 18, 1972 Arkansas Gazette, sports columnist Jim Bailey told a story about a man named Mickey O'Quinn. It seems that Mr. O'Quinn was the coach of a high school football team that lost a bitterly contested game on an illegal play erroneously allowed by the officials. Needless to say, Mr. O'Quinn and his school were very upset when the opposing school refused to forfeit the game. So upset were they that they listed the game as a win in their yearbook.

"In baseball," wrote Bailey, "games can be protested and replayed if umpires are caught in rulebook errors. Football has a different structure—one that does not make replaying a game feasible or even possible—and therefore, a different philosophy.

"So Bennie Ellender's recourse is the same as Mickey's. Tulane can put it down in the yearbook the way Tulane saw it."

With this in mind we afford the reader the option to circle the one of his choice:

A. Tulane 21, Miami 17
B. Miami 24, Tulane 21

The Wave admittedly didn't play as well as they should have during the game, but the team felt that they played well enough to win. Generally poor line play and eight fumbles let Miami stretch out to a 17-6 lead, but the Greenies refused to throw in the towel. Mike Walker came in and led the poised Tulane team to a 21-17 advantage that looked safe until . . .

When Miami quarterback Ed Carney (11) had time to throw, he was deadly against the Green Wave. This pass attempt came on the legitimate fourth-and-twenty-four down. It was incomplete, but referee James Harper and linesman Richard Allen gave Carney and the Hurricanes another chance. With only 54 seconds remaining, they used that chance to score the winning touchdown.

President Longenecker, who handled the attempt to recoup the lost game with dispatch and dignity, was in contact with University of Miami officials before leaving the Miami airport. He called the disappointed team together for a short update on the situation before the departure.
MIAMI VS. TULANE
FOURTH QUARTER (continued)
Press box play-by-play

1/10 T40-- Carney passes incomplete to Beckman (overthrown)
2/10 T40-- Carney passes to Marcantonio for 22. (Fell)
1/10 T16-- Foreman I iT for 2. (Fellen)
2/8 T16-- Carney passes incomplete to Foreman (short)
3/8 T16-- Carney passes to Foreman for 11. (Ewing) (Played called back, Miami loses 5--ILLEGAL PROCEDURE)
3/13 T21-- Carney back to pass loses 11. (R. Lee)
4/24 T32-- Carney passes incomplete to Corrigan (overthrown)
4/24 T32-- Carney passes to Beckman for the touchdown.
Manchera holds, Burke kicks PAT.

SCORE: MIAMI 24 TULANE 21 (Time Elapsed: 14:06)

Miami: Some Thoughts

The final outcome of the Tulane-Miami game hinged on precedent. Only one other time in the history of college football had the outcome of a game been determined by a fumble in the final moments of play. In 1940 Cornell scored the winning touchdown over Dartmouth on a fumble. When gamblers confirmed the mistake, Cornell swiftly offered to concede the game back to Dartmouth, and Dartmouth accepted.

Tulane, faced with a similar situation, cited the Cornell-Dartmouth outcome as a precedent, reasoning that the team that suffered from the error should always be compensated as in the case 32 years ago. Unfortunately for Tulane, precedent—according to Miami's interpretation—dictated nothing of the kind. Miami claimed that the precedent set in the old Cornell-Dartmouth matter was simply that the winning team has the option and means to change the outcome. Of course, Miami set something of a precedent in refusing to show the type of sportsmanship shown by Cornell so many years ago. For doing this it is only proper that the Florida school should receive some sort of award; therefore, the staff of the Jambalaya has sent to them a lasting symbol of recognition. This symbol, somewhat longer than it is wide, has a special, lasting function. And lest the people at Miami forget its function, the Jamb will send them a telegram every October 15th, telling them exactly what they can do with it.

At a Sunday morning press conference held in New Orleans, President Longenecker and Coach Bennie Ellender discussed Tulane's position in the matter. Coach Ellender is shown with a Sunday edition of the "Miami Herald". The lead line of the game story said, "University of Miami football team finally found a way to win Saturday night."

But Miami wanted to win a football game more than anything else in the world.

...
West Virginia 19-31

Stung by the theft of a game that they had already won, the Greenies went back on the road to Morgantown, West Virginia for a chance to release their frustrations - but the Mountaineers had other ideas. West Virginia was a strange team in 1972, depending almost entirely upon their lightning fast offense to carry an incredibly porous defense. In the three games preceding their encounter with Tulane, the Mountaineers scored 35, 49, and 36 points respectively - but they gave up 41, 34, and 39. Unable to put the game away early after numerous WVU mistakes gave them the chance, the Green Wave was finally overcome by their own mistakes. The Mountaineers wiped out a 13-0 Tulane lead and took charge of the contest while WVU put the game away for good on a 95-yard punt return. At that point they had scored 31 unanswered points.

Georgia Tech 7-21

Unable to capitalize on numerous Georgia Tech errors, the oft-injured Wave succumbed to the Yellow Jackets in the fourth quarter in Atlanta, 21-7. Playing without the services of several first-stringers and sustaining a number of injuries during the course of the game, the Greenies still managed to give a strong Georgia Tech team a tough game until a 67-yard Eddie McAshan-to-Mike Oven touchdown bomb iced the game. Tech sophomore Randy Rhino's 40-yard scoring dash with a pass intercepted from Mike Walker sent GT into the lead in the middle of the first quarter. But Steve Foley's running kept the Greenies close as they tied it at 7-7 in the second period on the soph quarterback's seventh-yard touchdown run. The hometown officials gave the home team a couple of little boosts and the score stood at 14-7 Tech at the half. After a scoreless third period, the Wave defense kept Tech pretty much bottled up. Several Tulane possessions netted zero points. Tech was shoved into a deep hole, but managed to escape. Again the defense, aided by penalties, pushed Tech back. But McAshan, who had a mediocre day passing the ball, would up and threw against the patchwork Green secondary for the touchdown to Oven. At that point, the issue was no longer in doubt.

Kentucky

Tulane was held in check by a good Kentucky defense for over half a game before the Greenies finally came to life and ended a three-game losing streak, 18-7. George Ewing, still not fully recovered from an ankle injury that sidelined him for two games, came off the bench to score Tulane's initial touchdown on a pass interception return of KU quarterback Dinky McKay's errant toss into the flat. McKay, who supplied most of his team's miniscule offensive threat, had minutes earlier guided Kentucky on a touchdown drive that sent the Wildcats to a seven-point lead. After the touchdown by Ewing, the Wave defense got new life and cranked up a couple of scoring drives of its own. A 41-yard pass to Coleman Dupre from Tulane quarterback Steve Foley, who went over the 1,000 yard mark in total offense for the season, set up the go-ahead touchdown. Freshman Steve Treuting scored from the five, giving the Greenies a 12-7 lead. (Earlier the PAT kick failed, and the try for two after the second TD was no good.) The Wildcat offense, inconsistent all during their season, made another mistake shortly after that sewed up the game for Tulane. Charlie Moss intercepted another McKay pass at the KU 25. The Kentucky defense, which had been playing more and enjoying it less all year, surrendered another touchdown after Tulane kept the short drive alive by converting a fourth-and-inches play. The try for two failed again, but with the score 18-7, the game was out of reach for Kentucky.
The Greenies had about a year to think about the 30-7 surprise whomping that Ohio had administered in 1971, and recollections of that earlier encounter weighed heavy on the minds of the Wave as it ruthlessly ravaged the Bobcats in 1972. Tulane was on a late-season upswing when Ohio came to town, and won in a barrage of touchdowns, 44-7. Mike Walker and George Ewing both broke all-time Tulane career records that night. Senior quarterback Walker broke the record for most career passing yardage set two decades ago by Joe Ernst. Cornerback Ewing's third punt return for a touchdown during the season broke the record held jointly by Joe Bollerd and Lester Leutenschlager. That return put George number one in the nation statistically for punt returns.

Vanderbilt 21-7

Tulane was favored in the Vanderbilt game, but Vandy had a habit of winning in the long series when they weren't expected to, so the Greenies went into Nashville cautiously. The Wave had a rough time getting uncorked on a cold, rainy afternoon, and soon found themselves behind after a long touchdown run by Vandy speedster Walter Overton. What should have been a breather turned into a day of touch-and-go. Tulane fought back methodically, a few yards here and there, with injuries. A clutch interception return in the late stages of the game finally slaved off the Commodores, ensuring the Wave of a winning season.
Of the 85,000 people who crowded into Tulane Stadium on December 2, 1972, about half watched in frustrated frenzy as the Green Wave came within a yard and a half of bringing a merciful end to a 23-year losing streak. The other half breathed an uneasy sigh of relief after watching Tulane prove to be Tigerbait once more.

Few games in Tulane's history have been as exciting and hard-fought. From the opening kickoff until (literally) the final gun sounded the huge crowd—largest ever to witness a night college football game—was on edge.

Bert Jones, the All-Everything glamour boy of the LSU offense, was completely held in check as Tulane refused to yield. In the bitterly waged battle for inches, the game's late stages provided much of the ground gaining action.

A scrambling second string LSU quarterback, Paul Lyons, was called in after Jones was decked hard once too often. Lyons broke off several nice runs which eventually set up field goals which provided the winning margin for the Bengals.

But Steve Foley, something of a scrambler himself, provided one last cardiac arrest to end the game. Trailing 3-9 with little in the way of time or timeouts left and much in the way of yardage to go, the Tulane offense began a desperation drive on their last possession. Play after play saw Tulane pressing toward the LSU goal, Foley supplying much of the yardage himself on elusive runs.

Finally, with no timeouts left Tulane found itself five yards from the long awaited win. The clock running, Tulane regrouped fast enough to get off one last play, a pass to a back in the flat. The pass was a little off, slowing the receiver slightly and giving a lone LSU defender one last shot at saving the game. The ball carrier needed only a yard and a half more, but never got it.
With perhaps a greater diversity of membership than ever before, the Tulane fraternity system enjoyed an interesting school year in 72-73. A number of encouraging trends emerged this year, trends that hopefully can be carried on for a while. For one, the governing body of the system, the Interfraternity Council, made great progress in re-establishing itself as an effective representative of the chapters. For another, an increasing number of fraternity men got involved in University affairs, working in the Student Senate, the Huitabaloo, and WTUL. The volume of community-help activities performed by the chapters was on the rise. Certainly, these signs are encouraging.

But in each of these areas, the room for improvement is vast. The Council’s potential is immense, but its work needs greater support from the individual fraternities. Fraternity involvement in University life also could be much improved, but that is a decision each chapter must make. During the recent past, the tendency has been for the fraternities to shy away from such an involvement. Community-help possibilities for the Tulane fraternities are staggering. In a city the size of New Orleans, the organizations requesting help are indeed many and in the past fraternities have done their share. But this is not to say that the chapters could not, or should not, do more.

The year of 72-73........interesting and encouraging.
Fraternities

Fraternities
Jan Gessler
Sophomore
Newcomb

Charles M. Getchell
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Manouir Ghiasseddin
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Marsha L. Ghormley
Sophomore
Newcomb

Salvador J. Gardina
Freshman
Law School

Laura C. Gibbons
Freshman
Newcomb

Pamela S. Gibbons
Junior
Newcomb

Ellen B. Gibian
Freshman
Newcomb

Pamela Gibson
Newcomb
Psychology
University of Madrid

Laura C. Gibbons
Freshman
Newcomb

James A. Gresmann
Senior
Engineering

Marilyn K. Gillespie
Freshman
Newcomb

Robert M. Gingold
Senior
Medical School

Paula Gish
Freshman
Architecture

Michael J. Giuliani
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Stewart M. Given
Freshman
Architecture
Debra L. Glasser
Freshman
Newcomb

Robert L. Glasser
Freshman
Law School

Alan U. Glazer
Freshman Arts and Sciences
Arts and Sciences

Steven M. Glazer
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Mark E. Glumcher
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

James B. Godwin
Senior
Engineering

Bulent Gokturk
Junior
Graduate Business Administration

Amy S. Gold
Freshman
Newcomb

Gary A. Goldbard
Senior
Medical School

Michael L. Goldblatt
Graduate Law

Richard D. Goldblatt
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Alan H. Goldin
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Esther A. Goldstein
Senior
Newcomb

Fran Goldstein
Sophomore
Newcomb

Sandra J. Goldstein
Senior
Law School

David E. Gold
Senior
Law School
John Manfred Ehlers, John B. Hampton III, Eva-Maria Urwantschky, Michael D. Eaker, Tedd L. Hallam

UNDER THE DESK:
Gabriella Ayres, Robert B. Dewell, Sidney E. Disher, Jr., Aubrey Jerome Ford, Russell W.

Godwin, Diane R. Kumpf, Dwight E. Langston, Brigitte E. May, Diana R. Newton, William M. Odom, Mrs. Sydney Palmisano, Lucy A. Perron, C. Franklin Sanders, Werner Schroeder, Chrhitiane W. Struppeck, Victoria Read Thornbury, J.T. Thornton, Bernd Ulken
Golf

Ralph Brennan
Mike Butler
John Heyman
Jim Joseph
Scott Nicholas
Andy Reinhart
Mike Rodrigue
A. J. Vallon
Nancy H. Hall  
Senior  
Newcomb

Thomas C. Hall  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences

Brian C. Haller  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Michael B. Hallet  
Junior  
Arts and Sciences

Sandra J. Hallet  
Freshman  
Newcomb

Eric Halperin  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Teresa Hampton  
Newcomb-Sociology  
University of Southampton

Azile Hansen  
Newcomb-Psychology  
University of Madrid

Elizabeth Hampton  
Freshman  
Newcomb

George Hampton  
Senior  
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Jane H. Hancock  
Junior  
Newcomb

Barbara Hanks  
Senior  
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine
Cynthia S. Heaberlin
Sophomore
Newcomb

Deborah A. Heaberlin
Junior
Newcomb

Nan V. Heard
Sophomore
Newcomb

Karen Heausler
Junior
Newcomb

Richard K. Hebert
Junior
Engineering

Robert F. Hebler
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Frederick T. Hecht
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Mark H. Hecht
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Sherry L. Hecht
Sophomore
Newcomb

Aster D. Heidgrath
Freshman
Newcomb

Web R. Heidelberg
Senior
Law School

Robert W. Heidt
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Judith L. Heiman
Sophomore
Newcomb

Michael D. Heine
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Andy A. Heldman
Senior
Arts and Sciences
Eric A. Hitchcock  
Junior  
Arts and Sciences  

Ngoan Hoang  
Senior  
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine  

Margaret D. Hodson  
Newcomb-French  
University of Paris  

William G. Hocking  
Senior  
Newcomb  

Jeffrey H. Hodges  
Senior  
Engineering  

Ann M. Hodgson  
Freshman  
Newcomb  

Thomas K. Hofer  
Senior  
University College  

Michael Hoff  
Senior  
Medical School  

Joseph M. Hoffman  
Senior  
Law School  

Mitchell J. Hoffman  
Senior  
Arts and Sciences  

John E. Honsin  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences  

Peter D. Hogerton  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences  

Brooks D. Hogg  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences  

Frederick H Hohenschultz  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences  

Liza D. Hohenschultz  
Sophomore  
Newcomb  

Nancy L. Hoffman  
Freshman  
Newcomb
David G. Hughes
Sophomore
Engineering

Robert M. Hughes
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Elizabeth Humphrey
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Steven G. Hunick
Freshman
Law School

Lawrence R. Hunter
Freshman
Engineering

Shepton F. Hunter
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Grady S. Hurley
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Robert R. Hurst
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Elena Murtado
Junior
Newcomb

Jules Hutagalung
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Mark A. Huvard
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Cassandra L. Hyde
Freshman
Newcomb

Pat A. Hymson
Sophomore
Newcomb
Monte E. Ikemire
Senior
Medical School

Edwin C. Iliff, Jr.
Senior
Medical School

George F. Inest
Senior
Arts and Sciences

George S. Ingalls
Junior
Law School

Julie H. Ingraham
Sophomore
Newcomb

Judith A. Inman
Freshman
Newcomb

Margaret W. Innis
Freshman
Newcomb

Nancy H. Imlay
Freshman
Newcomb

Daniel C. Imming
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Robert C. Irvine
Senior
Graduate Business Adm.

Matthew J. Irwin
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Nancy A. Israel
Freshman
Newcomb

Michael L. Israel
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Bruce J. Ivey
Senior
Medical School

Jack R. Itzkowitz
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Janet E. Ivey
Freshman
Newcomb

UA
The Interfraternity Council is continually striving to find ways to better serve the needs and interests of the individual fraternities. The Council is indeed moving in the right direction, as it is evolving into a well-recognized organization representing a sizeable portion of the student body.

On a national level, fraternity membership is on the rise again. The IFC aspires to do everything in its power to pave the way for this trend to reach Tulane. Council members have attended regional and national workshops, hoping to uncover new and better ways of serving the fraternities. The Council has established a communication line with other successful IFC's from major private institutions, hoping to learn of their successes and failures.

By continuing our community service activities, our student scholarship program, and our remaining campus endeavors, the Interfraternity Council is intent upon leading the way for increased fraternity involvement in University life.

Bill Pratt
President IFC

Comment

The gradual realization that four years has now dwindled to one has affected me more than anything else this year. Suddenly I find myself loving this city full of life—and I realize how much I will miss beignets, and trolleys and Favrot Field House, and 805 Broadway. Like the man with only a year to live, I'm filled with a sudden recklessness—the desire to do and see everything this city has to offer. But unlike the man, I will go on living at the end of my year, treasuring four years of memories and a few very special friendships.

Andi Servos

Comment

New Orleans—very much a lady city. A mother, a lover—a tacoosta lavishing her gifts on her children. Eve and Eden. Apples and sin. Eden, Oz, Wonderland, Narnia, and we are the dazzled child-wanderers, beholding strange marvels and calamities that don’t occur in Kansas, Cleveland, Connecticut, or even in California. A different sun rises over New Orleans—because under this one there is something new every day. And at last, each new thing is insignificant beside the fullness you wake up to when you expect life to be rich, interesting and a little shocking.

Donna Glee Williams
Comment
In an airport limousine outside Laguardia the stud in the back seat is as attracted to the girl beside him as I. After amenities about the weather, he dazzles her with hype about really outdate times he has at school. Hip euphemisms flow like an underground travel brochure. This guy is transparent and his school must be plastic. His description focuses and, to my surprise, he’s describing Tulane. I puncture his monologue with a question and the bored beauty perks up wondering who I am and where I’m from. But I won’t tell her I subscribe to his brand of image.
Dan van Benthuysen

COMMENT

So this is the Deep South . . . Part I (Evening)

So this is the deep south . . .
So this is what a charming place is like . . .
New Orleans, your arms are always open—
Yet in your subtle way, you can squeeze the life out of those who know—
Too bad I’m not a tourist,
Then I could keep a superficial view.
But in three short years the fog has lifted, and the haze in my eyes has been replaced by dirt, sadness and decay—
Growing up with downtrodden roots and sagging limbs leaves me yearning to leave this crescent courtesan—
Perhaps you’ll tempt me again,
but I wait for it now; cautious and ready to pass it up—
Betrayal and soul-stealing is your undercover game . . .
Your tortured, twisted streets bear witness to the lives you’ve toyed with—
Your people are your puppets . . .
If I were to say, “I believe in you,” you’d run like the Mississippi,
leaving me high and dry on your soggy banks—
I can’t take another empty Canal Street at four A.M.—
Thank God for those who know your lights are but mirrors of the pain you bring—
How can anyone be optimistic about a sun that shines with no warmth, or a bird without the gift of flight . . .
I’m tired now; of your 15c streetcars,
your pretentious evening streets, your quaint homes and your empty, strangling arms . . .
But I know that soon I’ll be free to grasp for other things outside your sickled sphere . . .
Until that day I’m handcuffed to the bitter-sweet chains of your heart—Only without delusions now, just a brilliance in the distance that could prove just as cynical as yours—

So this is what a charming place is like,
I’m sorry New Orleans, your charms have cost me far too much.

Part II (day)

The sky is swollen with blue now; the stars are past—
Your trees shimmer greasiness on the pancake surfaces—
How ephemeral your whisps can be—
I am conscious still, I haven’t lost the feel.
Through thin smiles, winged greetings and squandered closeness, the depths of my thought peers ever into the distance—
Along the oak-lined sidewalks, the seedy wharves, the rooms and rooms of imprisoned cares, springs the coy old influence the makes some stay—
As I travel through your perilous traffic, my fabric weakens in sympathy for those who live contentedly within your fickle boundaries—I sour at their callous indifference . . .
Perhaps they are the lucky ones and I am just affected . . .
But untamed passions, stunted growth and losing battles leave me no alternative . . .
Old New Orleans, you’re neither South nor North, East or West, you’re just a place with a wry director—
I look beyond you now, tempering my attitudes, protecting my battered walls, searching for the release from the iron lacework which holds me in—
Undomed towns, single progress and cleaner atmospheres beckon my soul to them—
If their current runs parallel to yours, cast me among the contented ones—
But now I must swim against your tide of churning gumbo and boiled crawfish, learning that can float and make your daylight last.

Rob Pisani

[173]
Christine D. Jellow
Junior
Newcomb

Thomas W. Jenks
Senior
Architecture

Charles T. Jensen III
Junior
Law

Lois Jensen
Senior

Debbie J. Jessup
Sophomore
Newcomb

Jean Y. Jew
Senior
Medical School

Norrie Jewell
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Day Jimenez
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Charles L. Johnson
Senior
Medical School

Douglas W. Johnson
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Jane L. Johnson
Junior
Law

Marshall B. Johnson
Senior
Graduate Business Adm.

Randolph M. Johnson
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Roderick G. Johnson
Junior
Graduate Business Adm.

Scott A. Johnson
Junior
Graduate Business Adm.

William R. Johnson
Junior
Arts and Sciences
Vanessa M. Jones  
Freshman  
Newcomb

Thomas W. Jordan  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Brent A. Joseph  
Senior  
Medical School

George C. Joseph  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Ronald Josephs  
Freshman  
Arts and Sciences

Nonette L. Jueco  
Senior  
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Michala F. Joyce  
Sophomore  
Engineering

Jane R. Josephs  
Senior  
Newcomb

Sherry E. Judson  
Sophomore  
Newcomb

Wayne E. Julian  
Senior  
Arts and Sciences
JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL

As Photographed by Michael P. Smith
Richard C. Katzoff  
Senior  
Arts and Sciences

Gail S. Kaufman  
Junior  
Newcomb

Siavash Kavousi  
Senior  
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Dickie Kay  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

James R. Kay  
A&S-Pol. Science  
University of Glasgow

Jenat R. Kay  
Sophomore  
Newcomb

Marilyn R. Kay  
Freshman  
Newcomb

Richard F. Kay  
Senior  
University College

Stephen G. Kayes  
Senior  
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Lila Kay  
Senior  
Newcomb

Ayodele Kehinde  
Senior  
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Jerry W. Keel  
Junior  
Engineering

Dorothy N. Keenau  
Newcomb-English  
University of Reading

Pamela C. Keeth  
Sophomore  
Newcomb

Arthur E. Keiser  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

William B. Keiser, Jr.  
Freshman  
Law School
The objectives and ideals of college fraternities are having to conform to the modern collegiate campus. The accomplishment of a fraternity's ideals will have to be shown if fraternities are to endure. Richard T. Fellow, Knight Commander of Kappa Alpha Order, expresses this idea, "The pursuit of excellence must sooner or later make way to the necessity of performance." He adds, "A work of art must be declared finished."

A fraternity's espoused ideals, however, are not enough. Kappa Alpha has implemented a new pledge program incorporating a new idea. It is the intention of this program to help build greater self-awareness in the individual, greater awareness of other persons, and greater awareness of one's self in groups. We feel this will make our fraternity more relevant and rewarding to each member.

Kappa Alpha Order

TENDING STABLES:
Ronnie Karr
Dixon Montague
Joe Schwartzel
Jim Somerour
Johnny Braun
Bob Chapman
Leroy Canby
Rick Cummins
Mark Peterson
Terry Solimon
Mark Bieleddy
Tom Goveby
Kappa Alpha Theta

1/ Ann Muller, 2/ Paula Gish, 3/ Susie Salassi, 4/ Laura Freidman, 5/ Beth Exum, 6/ Liz Wetzel, 7/ Karen Heausler, 8/ Vicki Reggie, 9/ Karen Kilgore, 10/ Diane Hudock. 11/ Nancy Heausler, 12/ Susie Frere, 13/ Cathy Small, 14/ Lorna McMullen, 15/ Bev Briggs, 16/ Peggy Dillon, 17/ Ann Packer, 18/ Susie Atkins, 19/ Lyn Keller, 20/ Claire Waggenspach, 21/ Martha Azar, 22/ Joanna Lombard, 23/ Lucie King, 24/ Barbara Dickson, 25/ Amy Dillon, 26/ Sheryl Tyrrell, 27/ Lynne Tortt, 28/ Margaret Innis, 29/ Margo Stowers, 30/ Suzie Chaik, 31/ Carol Nilson, 32/ Charlotte Medley, 33/ Carrie Gassoway


Kappa Alpha Theta provides an opportunity for personal growth for each member in many different ways. Learning how to get along and work with people as well as leadership and efficiency in daily life are the main goals of the Theta.

Working for the sorority and maintaining high standards gives each girl a greater appreciation for work outside the group. These support foster child and solicitor various charitable organizations, individually and as a group. The sorority stresses working together for the community as well as exercising individual development. Working as a group, the sorority stresses the need for each girl to support and encourage individual achievement in daily life.

The friendship and encouragement in the sorority is important in the development of any girl. The sorority stresses the need for each girl to support and encourage individual achievement in daily life. The friendship and encouragement in the sorority is important in the development of any girl. The sorority stresses the need for each girl to support and encourage individual achievement in daily life.
Kappa Delta Phi

Robert Chauvin
Joseph Dalevisio
Steve Herron
Earl Lindsay
C. Roger Longbetham
Charles Moss
William Pratt
Kent Smith
Christopher Timken
Mark Wagner
Professor Charles Fritchie

Kappa Delta Pi

Mrs. Bernice Abroms
Mr. Harold Anderson
Mrs. Christiane Ascani
Miss Linda C. Bauer
Miss Carol F. Babelle
Mr. Stephen J. Boyard
Miss Irene Briede
Miss Emily Antoinette Bryant
Mr. W. Alton Bryant, Jr.
Mrs. Patricia G. Campbell
Miss Mary Alice Carrigan
Miss Cathy Lee Cockrum
Miss Patricia Cohn
Miss Sharon Dalovisio
Mrs. Gail H. Desler
Mr. George J. DiGango
Mr. Albert A. Doekey
Mrs. Mary Beth Ellis
Miss Michelle S. Favrot
Mrs. Beth F. Fleming
Mrs. Frances May Gillano
Mrs. Vickie F. Green
Miss Suzanne E. Grote
Mr. Gregg T. Kall
Miss Frances M. Kean
Mrs. Justina H. Keller
Miss Karen Klingman
Mrs. Glese V. Knowles

Miss Joan B. Kostmayer
Mrs. Eula B. Lewis
Mrs. Sara Jo Lother
Mrs. Lee C. Maloney
Miss Cynthia McKoin
Mrs. Dorothy L. Mitchell
Mr. Michael B. Moon
Mrs. Joel G. Myers
Mr. Richard I. Neal
Mr. Philip M. Peterson
Miss Nancy Picard
Miss Margaretta Pickert
Mrs. Evelyn Pizani
Mrs. Paula H. Platt
Miss Stella L. Poindexter
Mr. George Price
Mrs. Olive W. Pruski
Mrs. Jo Anda O. Reed
Mrs. Kathleen Riess
Sister Mary Teresita Rivet
Mrs. Margarette B. Russell
Mr. D. Kenneth Schubb
Miss Mary Karen Swenson
Miss Penni B. Trent
Miss Janice C. Yukon
Mrs. Jane DeCell
Miss Susan Totzke
"We cannot too often be reminded that of all the influences brought to bear upon our lives and characters, few are more potent or permanent in effect than the friendships we make, the associations we form . . ." 
Anonymous
"Brotherhood" - That is the most important word in the dialogue surrounding a fraternity chapter. The actives at Kappa Sigma Fraternity not only firmly believe in that word; but also the principles that stand behind it. Here at Kappa Sigma, we feel that brotherhood plays a key role in two important areas. One, it teaches a student the importance of working within a group harmoniously, and in doing so, showing the student the need for him to give up some of his personal wants for the benefit of the group. Two, brotherhood prepares a student for "life in the world" after his college days. How does brotherhood accomplish this second goal? It does so by showing a student that a fraternity, like a business, does not run by itself. It teaches him the aspect of organization, finance, and government of a corporation.

The actives at Kappa Sigma would like the students at Tulane University to take a "new" look at fraternities. We hope that in the near future, students, instead of degrading fraternities or labeling them as "social clubs," would view them as organizations interested in preparing students to become "better men" in their post-college lives.
La Crosse

1/ Coach Rix Yard
2/ Mark Davis
3/ Wendy Chamberlin
4/ Joe Lee
5/ Clint Taskoe
6/ Rob Sutter
7/ Joe Verschueren
8/ Middle Tilghman
9/ Bob Rainold
10/ Andy Holcombe
11/ Bob Herrick
12/ Loyd Whitley
13/ Dave Matasar
14/ Watts Wacher
15/ Dick Helman
16/ Mark Wiederlight
17/ Albert Nelthropp
18/ Vic Barbieri
19/ Hank Spicer
20/ John McMillan
21/ Duncan Davis
22/ Mark Muller
23/ Pete Bryden
24/ Rob Smith
25/ Phil Niddrie
26/ Jack Reavill
27/ Clark Haley
28/ Bob Chapman
29/ Pete Hitt
30/ John Cvejanovich
31/ Jon Saiber
32/ Steve Spomer
33/ Tatham Hertzberg
34/ Dom Tamburo

Kampree Kaocharran (Thailand)
Juan Jose Icaza (Nicaragua)
Earle L. Blizzard (United States)
Tavesit Kunratanasiri (Thailand)
Guillermo Alberto Cochez (Panama)

BACK HOME:
Francisco Jose Barrientos (El Salvador)
Miss Marie-Paule Bonnerue (France)
David Catt (Australia)
Chote Prypioomroj (Thailand)
New Leviathon Oriental Fox-Trot Orchestra

LOUISIANA
FLASHBACK
JUNIOR YEAR ABROAD

As Photographed by Michael Noble
James G. Martinez
Junior
Graduate Business Adm.

Betsy J. Marsal
Junior
Newcomb

Ben S. Martin
Junior
Engineering

Claire H. Martin
Sophomore
Newcomb

Debra A. Martin
Freshman
Newcomb

Judy S. Martin
Junior
Newcomb

John O. Martin
Senior
Medical School

Marvin L. Martin
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Richard T. Martin
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Stephen A. Martin
Junior
Graduate Business Adm.

Arthur Martinez
Senior
Engineering

Elisa S. Martinez
Senior
Newcomb

Pamela A. Martz
Freshman
Newcomb

Philip E. Masquelette
A & S-Economics
University of Paris

Jess A. Masyr
Junior
Law School
Lee Metcalf
Sophomore
Newcomb

Thomas P. Matthews
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Keith S. May
Senior
Law School

Robert S. Mayer
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Marcia V. Mayo
Freshman
Newcomb

Michael S. Mayor
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Laurence J. Mazzotta
Senior
Medical School

Frederick P. McBrier
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Rose A. McCabe
Senior
Newcomb

Rosanne McCaffrey
Senior
Newcomb

John C. McCarthy
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Scott D. McCaul
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Charles B. McM lain
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Katie M. McCluer
Freshman
Newcomb

Deirdre McConathy
Freshman
Newcomb

Wayne W. McConnell
Senior
Engineering
Kip R. Meeboer
Freshman
Engineering

Abha H. Mehta
Freshman
Newcomb

Vincent T. Meis
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Jane M. Meloy
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Edward B. Melton
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Elaine Mendel
Junior
Newcomb

Lorell R. Mendelsohn
Freshman
Newcomb

Monroe L. Mendelsohn
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Roberta J. Mendelsohn
Junior
Newcomb

Robbie M. Meropol
Sophomore
Newcomb

Kay Menwether
Freshman
Newcomb

Denise A. Michelet
Junior
Architecture

Joan Michelson
Junior
Newcomb

Mark Miehle
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Douglas A. Miele
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Lynn Milam
Sophomore
Newcomb
Sarah A. Minard  
Junior  
Newcomb

James H. Minge  
Junior  
Law School

Paul S. Minor  
Senior  
Law School

Eduardo J. Miranda  
Senior  
Graduate Business Adm

Marc S. Mirsky  
Junior  
University College

Michael Mirzanimorad  
Senior  
Graduate Business Adm

Malinda L. Mitchell  
Junior  
Newcomb

Paul C. Mitchell  
Freshman  
Engineering

Richard M. Mitchell  
Senior  
Medical School

Tracy Mitchell  
Junior  
Arts and Sciences

Francine H. Mittlemark  
Freshman  
Newcomb

Barry Mittenthal  
A.S.-Pol. Sciences  
University of York

Michel A. Mitternight  
Senior  
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Louis L. Mizell  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Deborah K. Mobberly  
Junior  
Newcomb

Kristopher L. Modenbach  
Senior  
Arts and Sciences
McGovern Shriver '72

Kenneth H. Mullin
Senior Medical School

Mike L. Mullin
Senior Arts and Sciences

Maureen A. Murphy
Freshman Newcomb

Rudick J. Murphy
Junior Arts and Sciences

Clifford P. Murray
Sophomore Arts and Sciences

Michael T. Murray
Freshman Arts and Sciences

Randy C. Muse
Senior University College

Ken J. Muszynski
Sophomore Arts and Sciences

Janis Myer
Senior Newcomb
Majorettes

Melinda Walker
Jill Duncan

Adrienne Petit
Sherry Judson
Mathematics

Mechanical Engineering Graduates

STILL DIGGING:
Jwo-Min Chen
Dilip Darooka
Iraj Farhi
J. Wallace Grant
Adam Harris Harsanyi
W. Brant Hathaway
David M. Hegedus
Jannan G. Lai
Hsin-Sun (Sam) Lin
Mehrabadi-Mirzaia Mortez
Wayne E. Morse
Paul M. Munafò
Bani P. Raychaudhuri
S.C. Sinha
T.S. Soundararajan
John S. Templeton III
Patrick Tou
Charles J. Waugaman
Warren N. White

IN THE RACKS:
Benjamin Burch
Janet Diem
Erasmus Feltus
Simon Frias
William Greene
Tucker Hathorn
Dietrich Helmer
Joe Hendrickson
Fritz Krauss
Fred LaMartín
Jane Moffatt
Kunnavakkam Satagopan
Roger Tischler
James Tomberg
Klaus Utkai
Januario Varela
David Wallace
William Wilfong
John Yuen
Mechanical Engineering Seniors
1) Lyn Going
2) Bye Simmons
3) W.D. Smith
4) Reid Townsend
5) George Stewart
6) Minas Joannides
7) James Cook
8) Hap Loid
9) Rafael W. Bianco
10) Glenn Hedgpeth
11) Mike Harris
12) Sam Robinson
13) Chuck Stedman
14) L. Lorglyon
15) Ronnie Stedman
16) Bruce Razza
17) John Agnone (Bone)
18) Branch Craig
19) Larry Sarafyan
20) Folin Wu
21) J. Pemberton
22) Robert L’Hoste
23) Michael Wall
24) Sheila Balot
25) Curtis Miles
26) Hunter Watts
27) Lauralee Thompson
28) N. Nelson Faux
29) Holley Haymdes
30) David Hebert
31) Leonard Gately
32) Wes Dobrian
33) Terrence Toma
34) Elizabeth Deering
35) Kitty Davis
36) Bill Luer
37) Janet Johnson
38) Tilden Childs III
39) Billy Rubin
40) Karl Metz
41) Katherine McArthur
42) Carolyn S. Mohr
43) Lee Moss
44) Jim Dodson
45) William Kepper
46) Jack Kelly
47) Steve Cibb
48) Robert Bourgeois
49) Thrasos S. Calligas
50) Dick Herklots
51) Sue Churr
52) Friedrichs Harris
53) Rich Sugar
54) Mark Hewson
55) Mike Yarbrough
56) Robert Rice
57) Mark Forman
58) Brian Rydwin
59) Ferriss, David
60) Salpi Adrowny
61) Phil Henderson
62) Nikki Jo Asa
63) Kenneth Counselman
64) Lee Rodgers
65) Jim Gosay
66) Greg Dwyer
67) John Stallworth
68) Glenn Palmjano
69) Cynthia Sandlin
70) Paul Anderson
71) Thom Franklin
72) Bob Kitchen
73) Darrell Davidson
74) Ron Quinton
75) Michael Neuland
76) Darrell Davidson
77) John N. Carter
78) Dennis Shoff
79) Andy Sumner
80) Laurence Lotz
81) Rod Harris
82) David Spencer
83) Mark Beny
84) Jeanne Stangle
85) Hap Luscher
86) Thomas Levy
87) Ted Gay
88) Robyn Tyler
89) Rick Finley
90) Bullet
91) Rob Welch
92) Barbara Lukash
93) Rick Manganaro
94) Craig Crouch
95) Phil Synar
96) Ann Price
97) Hollis Reed
98) Bill Anderson
99) Eliane Uninsky
100) Thomas Burguiere
101) Lillian Strobach
102) James Schu
103) Larry Kaplan
104) David Harris
105) Jeff Kopperman
106) Richard Stewart
107) Candy Davis
108) Don Schexnayden
109) DeDe Charbonneau
110) Bill Gottwald
111) Marleta Reynolds
112) Bruce Wheeler
113) M. Martin
114) Allen Ball
115) John Hansen
116) Joe Kandiko
117) Anthony Bouligny
118) Robert Murphy
119) Rick Etts
1) David McLain  
2) Michael McFadden  
3) Robert B. Clark  
4) John W. Meyer  
5) Charles M. Fischman  
6) Kirk F. Bellard  
7) Mitchell S. Thabit  
8) Louis B. Bonita  
9) Arthur C. Jones  
10) Jayne L. S. Gurtler  
11) Kermit L. Waiters  
12) Judith A. Giolitto  
13) Steven R. Klein  
14) Robert L. Caldwell  
15) Candice M. Rohr  
16) Barbara A. DeNais  
17) William H. Hill  
18) Thomas D. Reed  
19) Mark H. Stein  
20) William D. Caldwell  
21) Robert G. Jeffers  
22) Larry G. Barnes  
23) Henry LaRocca, M.D.  
24) Bruce Healey  
25) Geoffrey Wiedeman  
26) Steve Heard  
27) Don Fisichella  
28) Douglas Wagner  
29) Dickins Stokes  
30) Clay Skinner  
31) John Eck  
32) John C. Howard  
33) Patrick A. Dolan
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<td>Bruce Samuels</td>
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<td>45</td>
<td>Jay Rohn</td>
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</tbody>
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Music

Constance Hagen
Susan Hanemann
Nancy Williamson
John Joyce
Betty Blancq
Frank Kennedy
Janet Mallory
Brian Taylor
Bill May
Jennifer Mills
Leslie Durth
Byron Smith
Janice Budge (sitting)

IN CONCERT:
Richard Greene
Linda Pierce
Charlie Blancq
Emily Karrere
Paula Donn
Elise Cambon
August Flury
Ray Luper
I guess it was realizing, after damn near three years of college, what Lennon meant when he said "I'd give you everything I've got for a little peace of mind."

Leonard Cohon

If we think about college in terms of what we will remember in twenty years or so, the things we're sweating nor seem trivial. Whatever affected me most will emerge someday as a strong memory, and I can only hope it will contain some of the people I am coming to know.

James Wren

Awareness, I am indebted to it. I can now see with at least one eye that all that meets the eye is not real. An awareness that qualifications don't always merit rank and the world doesn't spin like a top but turns like a screw. Awareness, I am indebted to it. It has made me see that there are things I must do and things I can't do. I can't see for miles and miles but at least a few feet farther than last year.

John Scotto
Newcomb Nursery School
BASIC PRICE INFORMATION

Information regarding the lawful base price for any item sold by this store not posted may be obtained by filling in a Base Price Information Request Form and handing it to the Manager. You will receive a speedy reply by mail. This store will make every effort to hold the line on prices. Where costs to the store are increased by the supplier, the regulations permit the prices to be adjusted accordingly.

National Association of College Stores
Omicron
Delta
Kappa

Robert Benne
George Byrne, Jr.
James Cobb, Jr.
Albert Cohen
Benjamin Elchholz
John Hyslop
C. Roger Longbotham
Paul Minor
Charles O'Brien III
Michael Pinnolis
William Pratt
Ross Rosenberg
Michael Rudeen
Walter Stuart IV
Basile Uddo
Professor Hugh F. Rankin
Professor Bennett Wall
Mr. J. Mason Webster
Bernard Pettingill
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Susan Pevarott
Freshman
Newcomb

Gregory L. Peyts
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Dennis J. Phayer
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Deidre M. Phillips
Senior
Medical School

Wendell F. Phillips
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Humberto A. Picardi
Junior
Engineering

Peter C. Piccione
Senior
Law School

Salvatore A. Piccolo
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Margaretta K. Pickert
Senior
Newcomb

John W. Pickett
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Charles E. Pickren
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Kathleen S. Pierson
Senior
Law School

Mulle A. Phila
Senior
Newcomb
Lee L. Prina
Sophomore
Newcomb

Barbara J. Pringle
Sophomore
Newcomb

Pete F. Priola
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Louis Prisco
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Claude A. Pritchett
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Thomas G. Prisch
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Arthur P. Protoe
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Louis J. Provenza
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Jeanne L. Provosty
Junior
Newcomb

Patricia E. Pruett
Senior
Newcomb

James C. Pruitt
Freshman
Law School

Pamela J. Pryor
Sophomore
Newcomb

Philip A. Pryor
Senior
Graduate Business Adm.

Michael D. Pugh
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Mary L. Puisségur
Freshman
Newcomb

Stephen M. Pumilia
Freshman
Engineering
JESUS CHRIST SAVES FROM ALL SIN. PRAY TO JESUS TODAY. HE HAS ALL POWER.

READ THE BIBLE DAILY.

WARNING!! DON'T GO TO HELL, LIVE FOR JESUS CHRIST.

Ronald J. Pursell
Sophomore
Law School

Michel D. Purswell
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences
Some people, it seems, go through life just trying to fit pieces together. Somehow, they're led to believe that one day it will all come together in their minds; and that they will have arrived at an understanding of sorts.

After more than twenty years, my own little quest has taken a turn. Beyond it, there's much more for me to learn.

Charles P. Colee

My father gave me hopes wrapped neatly up to fit inside our handshake, and I set out on the road my feet made. After a three-day's journey, I felt like a new-born calf first trying to raise its head; the first arresting hint of mortality.

My father's hopes became as party favors.

Scattered about me were old discarded dancing shoes, scraps of vaudevillian antiquity, and other rusted contraband of previous travelers. I despaired and paid them little mind.

A whiskered old man came to me, scratched himself, and wheezily giggled as if the alone knew some dirty word that hadn't been written on a bathroom wall yet. I let him pass, but I couldn't help hearing his words:

The more I grow, the smaller I become.

You laugh, Fools; yet, you hold your life like a dead man's hand; not knowing what to do with it. The old bastard was right...

Dan Ellerman

Comments

Keep after, Parson, leave our worship in the zero. Away away. There and back again, falling out of the sky as it were. My Quikotic notions are very real, with no windmills to stand in my way. All things will change, some to be righted once more. Like a great silver hawk I stand looking over my terrain, and it will be good. There is much below, and much to do. I face the task with a smile, it is my task. My arms are spread, palms up, to encompass my children.

Stephen Peace
FRONT:
Marilyn Coady
Marc Miller
Carol Von Rosenberg
Nancy Chachere
John Craft

MIDDLE:
Sally Lam
David Maier
Roger Schultz
Craig Daniell
Tommy Lake
Jim McGrath

BACK:
Bill Hilbert
Ron Aspaas
Pete Wolbrette
George Thompson
Art Becker, Director

Pep Band
LOOKING FOR A PITCHER:
Doug Johnson
Rick Jamson
Mike DiCarlo
Jim Wren
Billy Huey
Tom Farney
Bruce Pollock
Les Berenson
Emilee Daniell
Robin Pollock
The Groupies
### PHI BETTA KAPPA

**Artists and Sciences 1973**
- William Abramowitz
- Frank Arcele
- William Bedman
- Edward Berman
- Benjamin Bialek
- Charles Caine
- Michael Carrico
- Steven Cavalier
- Franklin Chu
- Thomas Cornell
- Francis Coyne
- Blackwell Evans
- John Eick
- Allen Goldstein
- Charles Griffis
- Edward Hall
- Manning Hanline
- David Herbert
- Michael Hickok
- Douglas Hill
- Mark Howard
- John Hyslop
- Larry Kaiser
- Philip Libott
- James McLean
- William Monnet
- Gorden Moughon
- David Olson
- John Payne
- Michael Pinnolis
- John Reinsch
- Stephen Reubon
- Dennis Richard
- Richard Richoux
- Ross Rosenberg
- John Stephenson
- Richard Streiffer
- William Templeton
- Richard Thalhelm
- Wayne Vial
- George Wagner

**Other Members**
- Guy Weinberg
- Anthony Whiting
- Harvey Wagar
- Charles Zeanah
- Wayne Zwick
- Vanann Allen
- Paula Bass
- Barbara Brin
- Ilene Buchalter
- Dennis Cassens
- Patricia Cohn
- Cathy Dalton
- Jane Decell
- Jill Doucette
- Mary Dowling
- Leigh Drake
- Shelley Frocht
- Phyllis Gutterman
- Roslyn Harris
- Lile Kay
- Ann Kessler
- Karen Kieger
- D. Lane Lake
- Karen Lautz
- Jane Lazaroow
- Rosanne McCaffrey
- Beth Marx
- Elaine Menge
- Margaret Miller
- Regina Mutnick
- Louis O’Nan
- Barbara Petersen
- Margaretta Pickert
- Mildred Pille
- Linda Respolich
- Rebecca Ray
- Genie Roth
- Jane Strauss
- Catherine Tench
- Judith Wallick
- Alleen Wiglesworth
ARTS AND SCIENCES:
- Charles Adams
- James Adams
- Wilbur Baird
- Christopher Barrillaux
- John Beatrous
- William Bell
- Eric Bloomfield
- Gorden Blundell
- Jorge Belanos-Abaunza
- Ronald Buescher
- Robert Casey
- Warren Chandler
- Barry Cohen
- James Cohen
- Daved Corecy
- Kenneth Devis
- Robert Defratos
- Douglas Dodd
- Larry Dumont
- Charles Eick
- Geoffrey Erwin
- Orlando Fernandez
- Arthur Fishman
- David Fussell
- Timothy Geiszler
- Michael Giuliani
- Neil Glenn
- Richard Goldblatt
- Kevin Grant
- Earl Greves
- Jerome Herbert
- Raymond Hicks
- Tommie Graham
- James Lockwood
- James Heightower
- William Homor
- Steven Herten
- David Kabakeff
- Jerome Kane
- Michael Kieman
- Thomas Kingsmill
- Albert Kline
- Jeffrey Levine
- Robert Levine
- Jeffrey Lewis
- Craig McGee

PHI ETA SIGMA

Phiysics (Physics)

Prof. Karlem Riess
Terry Sonnonstine
Larry Minnich
James Bowers
Nguyen Le Tuan
Blair Williams
Michael Collier
Nolan Adams
William Hecker
Prof. Frank Durham
Prof. R.D. Purrington
Prof. Robert Morris
Prof. Slavatore Bucchino
Prof. Raymond Wilenzick
Prof. Allen Hermann
Joseph Peng
Allen Johnson
Marvin Jones

Mark McLeod
James Miller
Edward Megabgab
Jeel Owens
Paul Parker
Robert Parsons
Dennis Phayer
Rafael Prats
Louis Prevenza
Michael Ray
Robert Richie
Sanford Rosensweig
Robert Rothenberg
Rogar Schultz
Steven Seegers
Mark Sindon
Pierre St. Raymond
Michael Sego
Robert Wagner
Billy Wilson
Michael Wright

ARCHITECTURE:
Raymond Springer

ENGINEERING:
John Copper
John Youngblood
Anthony Ard
George Bartlett
Juan Diaz-Garcia
Gregory Gurbach
Friedrich Gurtler
Kim Hervey
Rodney Huddleston
Thomas Manson
William Melony
Timothy Peglow
Carlos Pid
James Pinner
Jon Schellsack
Jayeshkumar Sheth
George Thompson
Wei Man Tong
Turegane Mark
Paul Vander Heyden
Juan Vidasarranzaga
Nicholas Viviane
Dennis Whittaker

Prof. R.J. Deck
Prof. Joseph Kyane
Prof. C.L. Peacock
Tommy M. Adams
Richard Allen
Deved Bucchieri
Vernon Cottles
John M. Daley
Cherlene Suzanne Dittmer
Kai-Li Ko
Douglas B. Lawson
Dirk Lueders
Edward D. Miller
Beverly Wayne Motel
Steven M. Sperry
Graduate Philosophy
The women who join a fraternity at Newcomb today are skeptical and individualistic women with many diverse goals. In a fraternity they find the type of small group relationship that is needed in such a complex world. They find ideals for living and friends who share these ideals. They find a way to express themselves through co-operative activity in whatever they are interested in.

Phi Mu fraternity was founded in Macon, Georgia at Wesleyan College in 1855. Georgia's Healthmobile and Project Hope (a peacetime hospital ship), are but two results of the efforts of Phi Mus around the country. Delta Chapter at Newcomb has entertained at the Crippled Children's Hospital and worked with a girl scout troop of mentally retarded girls.

Whether we gather together to lead a girl scout troop or to have a crayfish boil is not really as important as why. Since 1855 Phi Mus everywhere have strived to attain their ideal Noble Womanhood. If you understand this ideal, then you understand to some extent what it means to be a Phi Mu. To those who still decry the fraternity system I ask; for how long have love, honor, and truth been useless and irrelevant?
Pi Beta Phi is a diversified organization which offers to its members varied outlets for learning and enrichment. The multiple interests and talents of the members lend to a unity broad in scope. Pi Phi is not merely a social club, but a group whose interests and efforts are directed toward philanthropic projects and campus and community affairs. The group's own functions are not limited to Pi Phi's, but also include other Greeks and independents.

Finally, Pi Beta Phi is an organization of women who enjoy working together and sharing the wide realm of college experiences.

Liz Williams

Phi Beta Phi

1/ Frannie McCoy
2/ Mary Helen Beecherl
3/ Lisa Fisher
4/ Marcia Mayo
5/ Pati Fuller
6/ Anne Higgins
7/ Anne Montgomery
8/ Joan Powell
9/ Liz Wood
10/ Toni Owen
11/ Dama Bennett
12/ Caroline Loker
13/ Polly Sartor
14/ Kitty Hoselton
15/ Cindy Ittmer
16/ Helen Loker
17/ Jody Sartor
18/ Sylvia Dravininkas
19/ Debbie Glasser
20/ Mary Davidson
21/ Libby Danielsen
22/ A Friend
23/ Lynn Poliard
24/ Lucinda Huffman
25/ Honey Brown
26/ Ginger Stein
27/ Pam Monast
28/ Bev Brown
29/ Carter Wells
30/ Sally Whittington
31/ Joanie Cleary
32/ Dru Crabtree
33/ Janie Law
34/ Linda Rowley
35/ Debbie Frederick
36/ Cathy Nelson
37/ Tricia Ramsy
38/ Irene Briede
39/ Julie Stratford
40/ Camille Simpson
41/ Melinda Wilson
42/ Anne Pence
43/ Tricia Bowen
44/ Debbie Darnell
45/ Courtney Burge
46/ Dana Robinson
47/ Lou Coots
48/ Mary Helen Powell
49/ Liz Williams
50/ Gretchen Neff
51/ Polio

AT BRENNAN'S:
Susie Brown
Janet Burney
Jaime Crow
Sharon Dalovisio
Jane DeButts
Debbie Gaddy
Kim Harris
Nancy Kistler
Beth Lervis
Arleen Livaudais
Debbie Lozier
Bobbie Maxwell
Kathryn Miller
Mary Plauche
Vonnie Keneau
Jan Shipman
Helen Sneed
Anne Talbot
Mary Ellen Wallace
Missy Weber
Linda Wilkinson

JYA:
Mary Ann Day
Debbie Dutton
Randi Echols
Suzy Fife
Beth Gaddy
Delle Perry
Mary Kickard
Pi Kappa Alpha

If there is something more to life than just work, striving, and success, what is it? If there is more to education than classes, books, and teachers; where can one find it? Through people—find a friend. Because through people we obtain intangibles: love, trust, respect—happiness.

As brothers of Pi Kappa Alpha we have the opportunity to develop strong personal ties. Daily associations, common interests, and mutual concern for one another: these comprise the basis of our fraternal relationship. Our comradeship, meetings, parties, and functions lend us the knowledge of people. We learn to respect people because of their individuality, morals, and beliefs. And we learn more about ourselves.

In and out of classes, our education for life must depend upon people.

Rob Ritchie

AT THE FIRE:
Bill Cherbonnet
Sandy Webb
Steve Akin
Pat Akins
Fritz Knarr
John Agnone
Andy Andrews
Steve Spence
Tom Stillings
Bill Daume
Initiates Pi Tau Sigma (HONORARY)

Students;
John C. LeBas, Jr.
Stephen J. Meade

Honorary;
John L. Martinez, Asst. Dean of Engineering, Tulane University
George E. May, Retired Vice President, N.O.P.S.I.
Edward A. McClellan, 1934 Graduate, McClellan Supply Co.
Arthur J. Naquin, Head of Safety Department, N.O.P.S.I.
William C. Van Buskirk, Asst. Professor, Tulane University
Political Science

Robert A. DeVille
Manfred Ernst
Lawrence Romans
James A. Robertson
Wilhelm Wulf
Marwan H. Hujeij

...and the rest of the family:
Robert Albergotti
William P. Avery
Gabriel Bach
Robert Earl Bender
David M. Bethune
Michael J. Boughton
Paul Buhl
Nguyen Trung Chanh
Louis D. Coffin
Richard J. Collings
William L. Dowdy, III
Don L. England
Manfred Ernst
James W. Fahey
Dean G. Farrar
Margaret E. Gates
Timothy T. Gibbons
Edward D. Grant, III
Kathy Harmon
Paul Herrick
Stephen Hethcote
William N. Hink
Herman Hooker Cabrera
William C. Hunter
Diane Phillips Jennings
Willie J. Johnson
Ronald M. Labbe
Russell A. Locke
James A. Meador
Janet M. Miller
Lawrence W. Moore
William V. Moore
Glenn A. Nichols
Peter Pardo da Zela
John A. Pecoul
Frank Petruzak
Bernard G. Pyle
Nini Rynning
Dennis F. Schill
Hugh Stinson
Mary Anna Tead
Bruce Unger
Douglas Robert Youngren
Ellis Baker Murvo
George Harrison

Portuguese

Claire Paolini
Maria Lago
Almir Bruneti
Genaro Perez
William L. MacKnight
Jorge Reyes

SHOOTING:
Maria C. Sanchez
Psychology
John A. Raber
Freshman
Engineering

Peter V. Robins
Senior
Medical School

Mary F. Radford
Junior
Newcomb

Michael T. Rafael
Senior
Medical School

Lorenzo G. Ramirez
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Edgar O. Rand
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Jacqueline L. Ramey
Senior
Newcomb

Diane S. Rapaport
Freshman
Newcomb

Patrick A. Rankin
Senior
Law School

William J. Rands
Senior
Law School

Lark J. Rand
Sophomore
Law School

Serena E. Rentschler
Junior
Architecture

Edgar O. Rand
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Jacqueline L. Ramey
Senior
Newcomb

Diane S. Rapaport
Freshman
Newcomb

Patrick A. Rankin
Senior
Law School

William J. Rands
Senior
Law School

Lark J. Rand
Sophomore
Law School

Serena E. Rentschler
Junior
Architecture

Edgar O. Rand
Senior
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Jacqueline L. Ramey
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Freshman
Newcomb

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Senior
Law School

William J. Rands
Senior
Law School

Lark J. Rand
Sophomore
Law School

Serena E. Rentschler
Junior
Architecture
Kenneth C. Raphael
Freshman Arts and Sciences

Mark Rapoport
A & S - Physics
University of Sheffield

Arthur S. Raskin
Senior Arts and Sciences

Robert A. Raskin
Senior Arts and Sciences

William R. Raskin
Senior Agricultural School

Linda K. Rasporich
Senior Newcomb

Richard K. Rathbun
Senior Arts and Sciences

William E. Rau
Sophomore Engineering

Gary W. Rauber
Junior Engineering

Harry B. Rauch
Freshman Arts and Sciences

Janice A. Rauch
Freshman Newcomb

Joseph T. Rauls
Senior Law School

Aida A. Raverta
Senior Newcomb

William Rawlings
Senior Medical School

Lamar R. Ray
Freshman Arts and Sciences

Michael T. Ray
Freshman Arts and Sciences
RACISM

Southern Style

Louisiana has a rich cultural and social heritage. Steeped in its early multi-nation influence, the area developed to the ante-bellum days right around the 1850's. From modern times we see a sleepy image of riverside mansions, white columns, and huge knarled oak trees. The sunlit image of formal lawn parties and cool breezes seem to come from scenes of "Gone With the Wind." Driving down River Road one can recapture the honey-suckle sweet aroma of days when life wasn't all that complicated and the great threats of the present were non-existent.

At least that's how I think of it.

The other side of the coin is considerably more stark. A bitter history of sweat and tears follow a lot of people in the South. Straining muscles and days of unending labor were the main components of lives. The often brutal treatment of one class of humans by another caused an unbalanced society which eventually led to the destruction of both halves in one of the worst periods in American civilization.

At least that's how some think of it.

Several years ago, four young blacks walked into a counter restaurant in a small Mississippi town and asked for service. They were refused. Their act astounded and infuriated some and even frightened them at the time, but this helped to start one of the largest social change programs in the history of the modern world. These men had seen the remnants of the dead slave-South. The destruction and terror that characterized the Civil War was unable to purge the root of the troubles. That root gradually took hold again, and even though there was no chance of a repeat of early Southern society, some of the effects were still felt. "Special" places to eat..."Special" places to sit. The neatly printed signs—"We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone..." These things marred the American tradition of opportunity for anyone willing to work for it.

Many things have happened since the days in Mississippi. It is fortunate that we have had men who sought justice and equality and rejected unreason. It is equally so that we have refused to hear those who want justice through war. "equality" through repression. This country obviously cannot survive if it kills itself. History reeks with the stench of dead nations; nations that tore themselves apart in social conflict.

But what about now? What do we reach for in the future? Those men who wanted justice also wanted a homogeneous society. Forget the differences, they'd say. We must build from here and we must build together. But is that what is happening?

Truly most men believe in equality. The last pieces of unthinking prejudice are waning. The young grow and replace the old and bring new ideas with them. This is not to say white racism doesn't exist—it's just losing. The work must continue but the progress is easy to see. The thing to fear now is a new entity. Black racism seems like a contradiction at first, but it is becoming more distinct. For reasons only social scientists understand, a new kind of segregation is happening. We hear the responsible people fearing the same homogeneous society for which their predecessors worked.

"I don't see how a black man or woman who thinks white, can overcome those problems (of blacks) either."'

We see this in all levels of society, even specifically in University life.

"Tulane has always in the past preached white values, just as it does today and will tomorrow."'

Why is it necessary to "think white," talk of "black values" or support "this or that system"? There are dangerous possibilities here. We run the risk of creating a schism that will haunt us the rest of our shortened lives. It is necessary to stop inflaming situations with new forms of racism, just as it is necessary to drown the ones that exist.

A man once said, "I have a dream." Well, he's gone now and his dream hasn't come yet. But by remembering that his dream wasn't white, nor was it black, it should become a reality a little sooner.

'Gary May (A&S, '72), HULLABALLO

[329]
Rugby

Sitting:
Jim Ficheson
John Buntlin
Brian Stockard
Stan Smith
Rich Levenstein
Ron Quinton

Kneeling:
Mike Neuland
Chuck Brent
Joe Hoffman
John Walsh
Joe Bruno
Jerry Cave
Tyrone Yokum, Scrummy
Howard Taub

Standing:
Otter
Emile Bertucci
Greg Eaton
Jack Adams
Steve Davies
Laird Craby
John Howe
Bill Daniel
Rusty Pierce
Jon Johnson
Bob Rice
Thomas Sprott
Linwood M. Singletary
Sophomore
Engineering

Enrica Singleton
Senior
Hgy. and Trop. Medicine

Glenda L. Singleton
Sophomore
Newcomb

Irene D. Siragusa
Sophomore
Newcomb

Aluswe J. Sisay
Senior
Hgy. and Trop. Medicine

Ronald K. Six
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Donald R. Skotty
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Anne J. Slonim
Sophomore
Newcomb

Scott Slonim
Freshman
Law School

Hal A. Slonim
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Carol H. Sloss
Sophomore
Newcomb

Catherine Sloss
Sophomore
Newcomb

Alan N. Smason
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Sander J. Smiles
Junior
Engineering

Arthur C. Smith
Junior
Arts and Sciences
Sailing

REGATTA
TCU Invitational
Tulane Invitational
U. T. Invitational
Seisa C/B Sloop
Baldwin Wood
FSU Invitational
Timme Angsten
Sugar Bowl
Round Up
Windjammer
SEISA Intermeditate Sloop
SEISA Single-Handed
Championship
SEISA Dinghy Championship
No. American Single-Handed
Championship
North American Team Racing
Championship
North American Dinghy
Championship

FINISH
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans
Austn, Texas
Tallahassee, Florida
New Orleans
Tallahassee, Florida
Chicago, Illinois
New Orleans
Austin, Texas
New Orleans
New Orleans
New Orleans
New Orleans
New Orleans

First
First
Second
Second
First
Second
Fourth
Fourth
Third
Third
First
First
First
First

Participated in Sixteen Regattas. Won Seven and Finished Second in Three, and Third in Three.
Augie Diaz - A freshman engineering student from Miami, Florida whose major sailing interest has been in the snipe class prior to coming to Tulane. In snips Augie won the Junior National Championship in '69 and '70; first place medals at corks in '70 and '71; a silver medal in the Pan American Games in '71; and the Western Hemisphere Championship in '72. In addition, Augie has campaigned 470's, finns, and lasers in national and international competition. Intercollegiately Augie won the SEISA Single-Handed Championship and finished sixth in the North American Single-Handed Championship and was "A" division skipper on Tulane teams which finished fourth in the Timme Angsten, third in the 1973 Windjammer and first in the 1973 National Championships.

The Tulane University sailing team will long remember the 1972-73 season and Eagle Mountain Lake in Fort Worth, Texas. It was here that in September 1972 the team successfully began its drive towards the 1973 North American Intercollegiate Sailing Championships which were hosted on Eagle Mountain. Captain Dan Nash and freshman Augie Diaz were skippers in the Wave's first win in the TCU Invitational. Fifteen regattas later the Greenie sailors won their seventh first place of the season, but the single most important victory in the history of Tulane sailing when they won the North American dinghy championship.

Led by all American sailors Doug Bull, Augie Diaz and captain Dan Nash the Wave completed the 32 race series among the top sixteen intercollegiate sailing teams in North America with 163 points. Second was Yale with 176, followed by U.C.Irvine 163, N.Y. Maritime 202, and Navy 222. Bull was low point skipper for the series with 60 points on finishes of 4, 5, 5, 1, 1, 5, 2, 3, 7, 1, 5, 1, 2, 3, 2, 10. Crews for the gruelling three day event were Lee Shuman and Toby Darden, Darden, Bull and Nash were skippers on the SEISA team which won the North American team racing championship with a record of six wins and no losses in competition with six other intercollegiate teams. Shuman also crewed in this event as did Pat Boylston, John O'Connor and Brian Zipp.

The entire team is returning next year and eagerly looking forward to defending their national championships in Boston, Mass.
Scabbard
and
Blade

Honorary

Charles Amann
Albert Bond
Philip Boogaerts
Dabney Ewin
Travis Farmer
Gerald Gandolfo
Richard Giaviano
Rex Holmlin
Clavin Jones
Raymond Kinney
Paul LaCruix
John LeBar
John Long
Danny McDaniel
Raymond Moon
Michael Noble
Rodney Nuss
James Satrom
Timmy Terrebone
James Thrasher

SECOND YEAR MEMBERS:
Chris Azbill
Theodore Barkerding
David Burnett
Stephen Gardner
Paul Messina
John Oldfield
Robert Peterson
Philip Savoie
William Rodriguez
Joseph Romano
THE POWER OF THE SENSUOUS WOMAN

MALE CHAUVINISTS

WHOS WHO, PHI BETA KAPPA, COLLEGE, AND I CLEAR A KID 95 A WEEK
Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Perhaps more than any other campus organization, fraternities are called upon to justify their existence. For Sigma Alpha Epsilon, which is composed of some seventy men and has been on the Tulane Campus for seventy-five years last January. The task is a simple one. The individual is offered an opportunity for growth and development among a group of others whose ideas, habits, and background are substantially different from his own. With them he shares basically two things, one a bond closer than friendship, and the other an abiding loyalty to the organization which allows him to enjoy it. This has not changed over the past seventy-five years, but in a time when the system generally is decreasing in size the fraternity is called on to reiterate it. With such a unity of purpose it is difficult to take seriously those who say that the death knell has sounded. To prove the point Sigma Alpha Epsilon has just begun the first stages of a massive remodeling job on the house. Obviously the fraternity intends to be around for some years to enjoy it.

George Nelson
A fraternity is an idea that people working together can undertake and accomplish goals which are a benefit to all. If a fraternity does not supply the opportunity to live constructively with other people, participate in new responsibilities and experience new experiences then it is not serving its function. It is the hope of Sigma Chi to help every member get the most out of the years he spends in college and strengthen his abilities for the rest of his life. Rush, self-government, planning of social events and working on house improvements are areas where members are expected to explore and work for any needed changes. We feel the brothers are vital, seeking answers in their lives, improvements in national and university affairs as well as their fraternity. As interests change so must organizations such as fraternities or their usefulness will be gone.

It is the desire of the members that the fraternity be a rich dimension in our lives—an area to exercise our thoughts.
1/ Jamie Jacker
2/ Judy Weiss
3/ Susan Epstein
4/ Sharla Rudberg
5/ Carol Carp
6/ Ellen Patterson
7/ Kathy Frey
8/ Lee Bing
9/ Maryann Berman
10/ Elise Reingold
11/ Dede Dubinsky
12/ Betsy Freund
13/ Susan Hurt
14/ Lynn Freeman
15/ Debbie Rosenblum
16/ Andi Servos
17/ Taicy Gerstenbluth
18/ Debbie Rachlin
19/ Julie Forb
20/ Carol Shure
21/ Riedy Lustig
22/ Bonnie Weltzenkorn
23/ Jan Berky
24/ Susie Gore

OUT OF ORDER:
Jennette Brickman
Anita Jarrett
Eve Koven
Barb Krugman
Peggy Moss
Suzanne Oztekin
Debbie Shackelton
Debbie Stein
Alice Weil
Ilene Weinman
Carolyn Weintraub
Sigma Nu

The contemporary Tulane student is one who demands a great deal from a fraternity system. He is not contented to simply belong to a "social club" which does not serve to help him develop his character and intellect. The brothers of Sigma Nu pride themselves on having developed an organization in which the members can make college a much more meaningful and well-rounded experience. Sigma Nu serves a very diverse number of members with many interests. We not only have a very active social program, but excel in athletics and various intellectual pursuits. We also feel that we have one of the best little sister programs on campus. This enables not only Tulane students but Newcomb students as well to interact with one another. Thus at Sigma Nu provides a chance for a great many individuals to come together as a unified whole.

Eric Doerries

1/ Tom Ploch
2/ Mike Pugh
3/ Connie Carter
4/ Tony Thomas
5/ Babette Ehemann
6/ Pete Scarpelli
7/ Charlie Getchell
8/ Steve Horton
9/ Charlotte Medley
10/ Perf Sanderfer
11/ John Youngblood
12/ Mike Petrakis
13/ Sid Jacobson
14/ Dr. John Hyslop
15/ Brenda Tudor
16/ Reyn Archer
17/ Sue Lynch
18/ Doug Johnson
19/ Doug Bull
20/ Pete Mandich
21/ Celend Delgado
22/ Bruce Bolvared
23/ Jack Vereen
24/ Marta Rose
25/ March Perel
26/ Eric Doerries
27/ Julie Pellerin
28/ Debby Robertson
29/ Mike Stepenson
30/ Jim Satrom
31/ Butch Baker
32/ Charlie Calderwood
33/ Clyde Pilkington
34/ Jane Graffeo
35/ Mitchell Scur

36/ Charlie Brown
37/ Miknight McGee
38/ Doug Brown
39/ Rocky Scanlon
40/ Mike Richardon
41/ Larry Comiskey
42/ Ken Voss
43/ Hot Dog Jones
44/ Rusty Berridge

TARRING THE ROOF: J. Pack Macey
Dean Strobino Sam McNee
Pasquale J. Papale
Hudson Smith
Ed Wolff
Rob Stumm
Rick B. B. Orfinger
David Carey
Phil Savole
Dave Pickert
Mark Weisburg
Tony Ard
Betsy Aronson
John Duff
Ed Baldwin
Phil Fant
Mark Hanudek
Glenn McElroy
Darrell Higgens
Dan Jesse
Tom Sinks
Bob Warren
John Raber
Lamar Warmack
Sigma Xi
Honorary

Mark Bernard
William George
Merrill Heit
David Hagedus
Natalie Herndon
Jannan Lee
Peter Mansell
Charles Norris
Thomas O'Brien
Daniel Purrington
Robert Smith
Terry Sonnonstine
Robert Wilkerson

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS:
Keith Brown
Frank Dienst
Miles Dumville
William Garland
John Hansen
Robert Hammond
Elizabeth Henrik
Shieh-Taing Hsieh
Barbara McClinton
Robert McCue
Daniel Moriarty
Louis Morris
Daniel Neufeld
Michael Patterson
John Templeton III
David Wade
Soccer

Kneeling:
Steve Seegers
John Sharp
Dennis Diego
Tony Bond (co-captain)
Juan Jose de Vidaurrazaga
Jorge Bolanos

Standing:
Pierree Courbris
J. R. Davis
Stephen Troxler (co-captain)
Felipe Woll
Carlos Baumann
Ali Riahi
Kitt Rodkey
Coach Fred King

In The Press Box:
Mark Fell (S. O. S.)
Carlos Pinzon
Rafael Alfonzo
Cy Bowers
Mark Bowers
Andre Galliard
Andy Stokes
Richard McDermott
Evangelo Bombas
Rick "Foxxo" Hebeler
Dave Ohlsen
Joe Wall
Hsieh T. Shieh
Dave Henry
Mariano Christians
Kurt Jurgens
Mark Fleming
Ivan Diz
Santiago Angulo
Susan McCullogh
Roberto Roche
Carlos Hernandez
Bill Lind
David Kremintz

Sociology

Standing:
John Denton
Karen Hiffman
Paul Williams
Professor Graney
Mr. Cohen (Instructor)
Joan Nasser
Gayle Wykle
Pat Clancy
Lillian Kerth
Ed Lampman

Sitting:
Sidney Burton
Ms. Friedman (Instructor)
Ms. Nager (Instructor)

Raising the Flag:
Flora Blackstock
Ann Carroll
Peggy Dobbins
Nila Garces
George Hoag
Wayne Hogan
Tupper Lampton
Martin Simpson
Kay Tiblier

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The people—the freaks, the ROTC, jocks, the straights, the dopers, my friends, and my not so good friends—people have affected me most. Hell, I think that really what a university is—People.

Where else will you get new outlooks, new ideas . . . stagnation can't be good. It breeds pests . . . things aren't perfect all of the time, just as they are . . . all of your ideas, opinions can't be right. You can't even truthfully say they're right for you until your really knowing what's not right for you. People give you new insights and ideas to help determine what is right for you and how you effect your total environment—which includes people.

Dick Feuille
A hazy October morning in New Orleans, the autumnal climate is nowhere to be found. Helter swelter in early morning with puckered-mouth school kids flipping lunch money and junior high football players boasting of their pubescent prowess. New Orleans at its finest—sunptuous, sweaty, stir-crazy, and a taste of salt on the back of the tongue.

What could be more typical of New Orleans than the streetcar rumbling down the track like something out of "You Can't Go Home Again," halting for scampering shrews and languorous lovebirds, belching open its telephone booth doors and gutting the fifteen cents in exact change that comes tinkling into the maw of the register? With all of the grandeur and earthiness of Tennessee Williams and his play's namesake that sits in the powdering distance of the Cafe du Monde, the trolley (alias streetcar) moves on its grumbling wheels more smoothly and consistently than a political machine, and with the backing of historical data and evolution that would make Mr. World Book himself lie back on his binding and spread his leaves.

In 1835 the New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad coughed its way from New Orleans through a series of small settlements to Carrollton, a resort community 11 miles upriver from the city. The St. Charles streetcar, the only line left in a once proud fleet which covered the city, takes that same route today.
Horsedrawn Railroad

First the railroad was horsedrawn, then steam locomoted. Because it connected the outlying communities of Lafayette, Jefferson and Carrollton to New Orleans, the street car helped the city to expand geographically. Switching back to the horsedrawn car until 1893, the transit system made the final change to electric cars on the St. Charles line on February 1, 1893 and took over the reigns from the horses once and for all.

The electric streetcar was the only public transit you’d ever catch a foppish dandy escorting his sweetie onto until the late 1930’s. When the trolley coach, a rubber tired vehicle that operated on the streets and was powered by the electricity from trolley lines (the overhead lines carrying the electricity), became the novel and popular mode of transit. During the 1920’s the streetcar peaked, coursing 225 miles of track in and around New Orleans. Today there are only 13 miles of track in the city.

The advent of buses in 1924 helped to deal the swift blow of declining demand to the streetcars. As they could cover their routes more flexibly than could the trolleys, tied to their electrical ththers, the buses seemed the logical favorite for a burgeoning, accelerating, hustle-bustle USA. An accident on the streetcar line would hold up all of the cars on the track, whereas a bus could not cause this problem.

Streetcar Statistics

The Public Service Company still employs 35 streetcars, each weighing in at 44,000 pounds and measuring 46 feet and eight inches long. At the peak hours of demand in the morning and afternoon, the
cars run at three and a half minute intervals. Working on an eight-speed system, the trolleys are designed to cruise at 29 mph while piloted by the fifty or so drivers who work in eight hour shifts.

Actually, the job of operating a streetcar is more complicated than might be expected. Marcel Builliard, a long time employee of the Public Service Company and at one time a driver and operator, is an instructor at the training school for trolley car operators here in New Orleans. A very friendly and accommodating man to talk to, he explains the training school is a regular school with classrooms and a 22-day training course.

Important Aspect

The most important aspect of the training is the learning of transfer rules: which transfer tickets are given and for what times, and all of the possible transfer routes. The men are quizzed on the final examination for this knowledge, safety information and driving specifics. Of course, they all do well, but as Builliard admits, some insist on cramming the night before. A strange breed?

When Builliard was driving a trolley twenty years ago, the cars on the St. Charles line were running every 45 seconds. A trolley car philosopher himself, he spent his years as a driver watching familiar faces filing on to his car. He remembers in particular one old woman who used to stand in front of Charity Hospital, seemingly lonely and depressed. Making a special point to tell her hello, he made a regular acquaintance of her.

As he says, "some of the people who live down here have no contact with the world other than the familiar face of the trolley car driver. There was one old driver who worked for 52 years and said 'thank you' to everyone who stepped on the car in the course of those years. People appreciate those kinds of things. For instance, on a rainy day, every passenger will get on and tell you how miserable the weather is. But, you just react to every one of them like it's the first time you've heard it."

The transportation system is highly organized and monitored, as evidenced by the "superintendents" who keep tabs on the schedules of the cars by watching on designated street corners with watches. A Public Service spokesman, Donald Schultz, admits that fares are now under discussion for a possible nickel increase. A 20 cent transit fare would still leave New Orleans with one of the cheapest fares in the country, he claims.

Is final demise ahead for the remaining St. Charles line? The Public Service thinks not, nor does Mr.
Bulliard. As he insists, "the trolleys are a great tourist attraction. People will travel a thousand miles just to ride one."

For those interested in a little trolley folly, a streetcar can be rented for a private party for roughly twenty-five dollars an hour. Any ideas for a rumbling happy hour?
Student Life

Clockwise from left front:
Don Moore
Kariem Reiss
Bob McIlnerny
Leland Bennett
Will Rinnert
Fred Davis
Mason Webster
Claude Mason
Mike Moon
John Stibbs
To attempt an effective anology comparing student government with some other concrete idea, would be similar to attempting a comparison between an air balloon and an empty grocery bag. I've never before tried to evaluate my personal experiences publicly, but this time I feel that what I have learned about the governing of this institution needs to be made known. For years, student government served as kind of an ultimate social platform. Being an officer topped belonging to the best fraternity or even being a great athlete. It seemed, however, that along with the decline of fraternities and great baseball heroes, has also come a change in student government. At some schools the students have taken an active role in the governing of their University. At Tulane, the opposite has unfortunately occurred.

At a quick glance it would appear as though it is the students who are at fault. A closer evaluation, however, reveals that this hasty analysis is not fair enough. During the time that being an officer was a coisial standard, the people that controlled the school—namely the administrators—did not have to concern themselves with involving students in their decisions. Their judgements went unquestioned because the people that they affected were relatively aloof from everything that was going on.

Coupled with the increase in national awareness that brought TLF to Tulane was an increasing student concern as to how their university functioned and how they could make it operate more effectively. It appeared to many that the students of Tulane, like their peers on campuses on both the west and east coast, might finally step out of their baby shoes and take on some of the responsibilities that could in actuality be theirs. It was only a select few who did not hold this ideology. It was only a few who saw the students as mere apprentices to the great, masterminds of the university's authority. Unfortunately, these select few were (and still are for that matter), in the position to keep their ideas as the dominant one in the governing of this university.

It really does not take much effort to realize that this is so. Time after time students' attempts at a more equal voice in the governing of their university have been virtually disregarded. Such things as voting representation on the important University Senate committees have been denied to us. This year a Student Bill of Rights was written only to meet its death by an overwhelming wave of administrative influence. In these modern times, the administration must grant some representation to students in order to maintain credibility. Realizing this, the administrators have granted the students taken representatives on their University Senate Committee. The students haven't and equal voice, but they definitely are represented. They cannot decide what goes on, but they can certainly hear it.

Student government appears to be a useless institution to most of the students at this school, and in fact, without support it really is. Not only does it have no social merits, and it unfortunately has no meaningful benefits either. It does not attract the people who could make something out of it because even a novice can figure out that it is a waste of time. As a result we are inflicted with personal attacks in our newspaper and we have to put up with dirty smear campaigns at least once a year. Surely a system involving student interest and based on integrity would not play petty to such antics.

It is the fault of the administrators that they remain stagnant in a changing environment. It is, however, the fault of the students that nothing has been done about it. Student Government can be made into a viable institution, an organization that spends $190,000 annually of your money must have some possibilities. Many people wonder why there is still a language requirement. Many others wonder why we cannot have the Grateful Dead play a free concert on the U.C. Quad. The answer is really very simple if you do not care enough about how this university is run to do something about it yourself, you really cannot expect the students who do care, to hold any kind of credibility in the eyes of the administration. There does not have to be a language requirement, there does not have to be an absence of students on University Senate committees. There will be, though, until you decide to take an interest in how your time and money is being wasted. Without a unified concerned student effort, the administration will always keep our hands tied and student government will remain a farce.

Steve Golden
"I've been able to say the same thing after the last three seasons: That was the best team we ever had," said Coach Dick Bower at the close of the 72-73 collegiate swim season.

And he was right. It's somewhat easier to measure the success of swim teams than other competitive squads. The times that this year's swimmers posted and the 14-1 dual meet record they owned at season's end said a lot. The only blot on the dual meet schedule results was a loss at the Air Force Academy. The claim that the 5000-plus Colorado Springs altitude was responsible for the loss was substantiated when the Air Force visited Tulane later in the year and was beaten handily.

Bower said that although most of the Tulane varsity records were broken by this year's squad, more could have been broken if the lineups hadn't been juggled for the purpose of scoring extra points in meets. The fact that Tulane awards a total of 10 tuitions in a four year period is a decided disadvantage when competing against teams that carry 24 swimmers on full scholarship. This became readily apparent during the Southern Independent Championships when the University of Miami's depth won the title for them. For example, in the first event (the 500-yard freestyle) Tulane took second and third places, but Miami outscored the Greenies because points were awarded all the way down to twelfth place. In the second event of the meet (the 400-yard intermediate medley) the problem showed itself even worse as Tulane copped first and second, yet still failed to outscore Miami in the event.
Hollis C. Taggart
Junior
Law School

Anne S. Tallent
Junior
Newcomb

Campbell M. Tally
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Dominick M. Tamburo
Senior
Law School

Ezther Taubenbaum
Junior
Newcomb

George R. Tate, Jr.
Senior
Medical School

Lynn R. Tanner
Senior
Arts and Sciences

George J. Tate
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Henry W. Tate III
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Howard A. Taub
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Ethan L. Taylor
Junior
Graduate School

Laurent H. Taylor
Freshman
Arts and Sciences
Martha C. Taylor
Sophomore
Newcomb

Vivian A. Taylor
Senior
Newcomb

Clifford M. Telich
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Will S. Temple
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Thomas R. Templeton
Junior
Arts and Sciences

William M. Templeton
Junior
Graduate Business Adm.

Catherine L. Tench
Senior
Newcomb

Bert M. Tenenbaum
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Peter M. Terminie
Freshman
Engineering

Timmy J. Terrebonne
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Catherine D. Terry
Senior
Newcomb

Sean Terry
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Mark A. Thalheimer
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Susan Thiesen
Newcomb - Italian
University of Rome

Nancie H. Thiesen
Freshman
Law School

Thomas R. Thibodeaux
Junior
Arts and Sciences
Robert P. Turner
Senior
Architecture

Roger W. Turner
Senior
Graduate Business Adm.

Joseph E. Tuma
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Joseph P. Tynan
Junior
Law

Sheryl A. Tyrrell
Freshman
Newcomb
Elected in December, 1972:
Craig Bernard Chaney
Clifton Eugene Grim III
Robert William Mahood
James Louis Perrien
Stephen Arthur Troxler
Randall Scott Winn

Elected in April, 1973:
Patrick Joseph Burns
James Thomas Cronvich
Raymond Joseph Dunn, Jr.
David Charles Gerstenberger
James Benjamin Lane
John Charles LeBas, Jr.
Harry Fred Quarles
Robert Edward Rouquette
Lucius Lay Spencer III
Steven Joel Steinberg

Tau Beta Pi

Tennis

Steve Buerger
Mark Harner
Davis Henley
Leon Marks
Bruce Mertz
Jeff Smith
Sean Terry
Mike Zygmunt
Theater Graduates

Front:
Mark Bassel

Rear:
Leigh Seely
William Groom
James Fay

CURTAIN CALL:
Sara Beasom
Clarence Blanchette
Roland Borey
John Dezauche
Brian Katen
Jane Petersom
Dean Showalter
Kneeling:
Melvin Perret
Steve Meyer
Frank Murphy

Middle:
Warren Chandler
Fred Basher
Jim Rickard
Robert Sahuque
Steve Hartberg
Jason Collins

Back:
Mark Welch
Marty Oramus

TRACK
TULANIANS
1/ Kathy Ross
2/ Lucinde Huffman
3/ Marsha Ghormley
4/ Debbie Klein
5/ Janice Killiebrew
6/ Steve Bauman
7/ Louis Renaud
8/ Janie Lazarow
9/ Sid Jacobson
10/ David Baulman
11/ Steve Jones
12/ Jane Graffeo
13/ Chris Steed

14/ David Carey
15/ Rick Rathbum
16/ John Turner
17/ Lynn Pollard
18/ Roger Longbotham
19/ Randy Wynn
20/ Jim Satrom
21/ Irene Caldwell
22/ Keith Hooks

SWINGING:
Marti Bellingrath
Mark Wagner
Tulane - A Possible Utopia

Many people here at Tulane have not had the opportunity to attend a university in the North where friendliness and fun just aren’t cool. This is why many of us don’t appreciate our school as much as we should.

I have had this opportunity though. I spent two years of my college career at a school in Ohio, thinking that I would leave with nothing more than a degree. However, I wanted more than that, and it didn’t take much courage to transfer from that jungle because I couldn’t have done any worse—so here I am.

Much to my surprise, Tulane has renewed my faith in people; so much so that I don’t want to leave this place. The kids here have a lust for life and genuinely care about each other. We have a student body made up of every kind of person imaginable, yet, each person’s individuality is respected.

Sorority and fraternity life here is also something that I hope will never die. It’s true that not everyone wants to join, but their very existence adds a great deal to a college campus. As for myself, being a member of AE0 has meant more to me than my sisters could possibly imagine.

My memories of Tulane can be nothing but fantastic—from 5 A.M. drinking parties, to the Tuesday-Thursday dinner crew, to Nute-a-belle, to my Siamese twin, to kidnap breakfasts, to Frisbee, to one snowball fight, to Bourbon Street, to a spur-of-the-moment-trip to Pensacola, to TGIF’s, to Star Trek, to Mardi Gras, to “studying” on the second floor of the library, to basketball games... and to all of my friends. As my roommate would say, “I can’t believe it’s over, I can’t, but I can.”

I would like to quote a card I read in the bookstore (yes, our bookstore had a good card) which I feel paints a perfect picture of the atmosphere here:

“I AM LIFE WHICH WILLS TO LIVE IN THE M IDST OF LIFE WHICH WILLS TO LIVE.”

To all of you at Tulane, “Keep Dancin’ in the Moonlight,” and don’t ever stop.

Beth Turkish
Spiros C. Vamvas
Junior
Architecture

Daniel Van Benthuysen
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Kathleen S. Van Buskirk
Freshman
Newcomb

Carl J. Vandenberg
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Paul D. Vander Heyden
Freshman
Engineering

Barbara L. Van Eaton
Freshman
Law School

Susan Van Hart
Junior
Architecture

Tamara Vannoy
Senior
Newcomb

Somasak Varakamin
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Michael J. Vargon
A & S - Pol. Science
University College of Swansea

Joan Vassilakos
Freshman
Newcomb

Steve G. Venturatos
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Glenn L. Vereen
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Jill W. Verlander
Freshman
Newcomb

Lee D. Verlander
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Michael J. Veron
Junior
Law School
Comment

I sit and stare out the window. It's warm and breezy outside. The sun shines brightly and brings out the colors. The blue sky. The green-brown grass. The bronze bodies lay on towels soaking up the sun. In the center of the field a frisbee is being thrown. They chase the orange disc in a graceful, carefree run. I should go to the park today. What I'd really like to do is find a girl and go to the park. I'll go out and see what I can find. No, that won't make it. I'll get a few smiles, but nothing more. If I make it to the park I'll end up reading alone under some tree. Besides, I've got all this work to do.

I sit and stare at the paper. The numbers stare back at me. I get mad and erase them, only to rewrite them again. They begin to move. They dance in large circles on the paper. My head feels full and the room hot and stuffy.

I stare back out the window. It's nice out. But I've got to get this work done. It sure is hot in here.

"And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep"

Mark Buehler
Comment

Being a junior transfer student to Tulane this year I was accustomed to most aspects of University life. I was however rather astonished by the large number of pre-med students at Tulane, most of whom are concerned with the attainment of high grades rather than knowledge. These students prompted me to write the following about Tulane.

The number points of knowledge
So many striving for crossed peaks on white paper the all important mark four years of life
A hundred sleepless nights directed toward a worthless end.
for all but 2 or 3
who saw peaks of a different kind climbed them, and now stand upon them.

Karl Bozicavic
Nancy J. Walker
Sophomore
Newcomb

Connie Walker
Junior
Newcomb

Mark T. Walker
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Melinda H. Walker
Graduate
University College

Vicki C. Walker
Freshman
Newcomb

Guy E. Wall
Freshman
Engineering

Isid D. Wall
Junior
Beauty

Arch L. Wallace III
Senior
Law

Mary E. Wallace
Senior
Newcomb

Janet Waller
Newcomb – Art History
University of Paris

Judith N. Wallick
Senior
Newcomb

Wendy L. Wallner
Newcomb – Sociology
London School of Economics
and Political Science

Maureen M. Walsh
Senior
Newcomb

Alice Wandel
Freshman
Newcomb

Wayne D. Wands
Senior
Arts and Sciences
Robert F. Ward
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Mark W. Washaw
Senior
Medical School

Alina Washington
Sophomore
Newcomb

Lisa P. Washington
Freshman
Newcomb

Evelyn A. Wattley
Sophomore
Newcomb

Julia J. Webb
Senior
Newcomb

Julie Webb
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Robert D. Weber
Freshman
Arts and Sciences

Wynnette R. Webster
Sophomore
Newcomb
Cynthia S. Weeks
Sophomore
Newcomb

John Weems
Freshman
Architecture

Stephen T. Wehrle
Junior
Arts and Sciences

Paul S. Weidenfeld
Junior
Arts and Sciences

David C. Weigel
Senior
Law School

Alice R. Weil
Senior
Newcomb

Kevin M. Wein
Senior
Law School

James K. Weinacker
Junior
University College

Guy L. Weinberg
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Samy E. Weinberger
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Debbie G. Weiner
Freshman
Newcomb

Laura R. Weiner
Sophomore
Newcomb

Shelly Weininger
Sophomore
Newcomb

Richard A. Weinman
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Joel P. Weinstein
Junior
Law School

Michael Weinstock
Senior
Arts and Sciences
Arthur W. White  
Senior  
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Cheryl A. White  
Freshman  
Newcomb

David A. White  
Junior  
Arts and Sciences

Emily P. White  
Sophomore  
Newcomb

Linda D. White  
Sophomore  
Engineering

Warren N. White, Jr.  
Engineering  
Imperial College

Loyd G. Whitley, Jr.  
Senior  
Arts and Sciences

John F. Whitney  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Sally B. Whittington  
Sophomore  
Newcomb

George C. Whitty  
Junior  
Engineering

Albert F. Widmer  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Marc F. Wiederlight  
Sophomore  
Arts and Sciences

Richard C. Wiggers  
Sophomore  
Architecture

James C. Wilber  
Senior  
Arts and Sciences

Alan K. Wild  
Junior  
Arts and Sciences

Debra K. Wilkerson  
Freshman  
Newcomb
Billie V. Wilson
Freshman
Newcomb

Clarence L. Willis
Senior
Arts and Science

David Willis
Senior
Hyg. and Trop. Medicine

Billy H. Wilson
Freshman
Arts and Science

Caroline G. Wilson
Freshman
Newcomb

Gregory L. Wilson
Sophomore
Social Work

Gregory S. Wilson
Freshman
Engineering

Junius Wilson

Melinda Wilson
Sophomore
Newcomb

Theon A. Wilson
Senior
Newcomb

Gary M. Wiltz
Sophomore
Arts and Sciences

Leroy J. Wiltz
Senior
Arts and Sciences

Richard A. Winder
Junior
Social Work

Diana L. Winoker
Junior
Newcomb

Cheryl E. Wingo
Senior
Newcomb

Diane B. Wingo
Junior
Newcomb
Zeta Beta Tau

ZBT has been on the Tulane campus for sixty-four years, so we must be doing something right. We have maintained a well-balanced program of social, intellectual and service affairs. But, the things we do have no bearing on why we are what we are. The key to our success has been the guys (some prefer the term brothers) themselves. We’re southern, we’re northern, we’re eastern, but we can’t figure out where the guys from the west have been hiding. At any rate, a paragraph of gibberish could not convince anyone of the deep feelings that our members have for the frat club. We’re a close-knit group of individuals who believe in ourselves and our peers. We have good times, as well as bad—but that’s life, isn’t it?

Maintaining the largest house on campus, we have succeeded in proving that a fraternity and the fraternity system in general can be an integral part of the Tulane community. From baseball on the squad to Christmas for orphans, from Newton Mass. to Gulfport, Miss., we’re a diverse and interesting set of men just trying to make Tulane a happier place to go to school.

Carey Fischer
4
Dating: How people end up with each other
By Susan Norwood
"The Dating Game is complex, tiresome, frustrating, enticing, aggravating. Those who profit most from their intensive participation in the Game find that success is best measured not in season statistics but in the degree of positive change each player experiences."

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Dorm Life
By Florence Andre
Karen Meador
Deborah Lipstade
A series of letters written to a freshman Newcomb student's parents, her boyfriend from highschool, and her best friend from back home. The letters depict the thoughts and lives of many students.

18
Athletica - what joins them together
21/4 Athletics - and then we have Jocks
By Gary Grisham
25/Oversight
By Dr. Rick Yard
Director of Athletics
Values of existing sports on campus.

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Up and Away JUNIOR OUTLAWS

32
Occupant
By Gay Simmons
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Those "never intended to be mailed" letters everyone writes. How and why they help to release energy.

38
The Clothed Myth
By Roy Hoffman
A better understanding as to why we put them on and take them off.

42
Reflections by McAlister Auditorium-Orgenlam
By Paul Womble
Why an auditorium needs to exist coupled with a fascinating history.

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The psychology behind their perspective relationships. The author demonstrates how differently the professor and the student perceive the same course (attitude filters).

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Audubon...
Poem by Gail Brockett White
Everyone needs Audubon Park. You know why.

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Alcohol and Drugs - or what somebody forgot to tell F. Scott Fitzgerald
By Wallace K. Tomlinson, M.D.
Psychiatry and Counseling Service
University Health Service
Arrival on the college scene causes students to be exposed to a greater variety of drugs, as well as increased accessibility. The reasons for turning to drugs vary with the individual; however, certain generalities can be noted. Explanations for the usage of drugs include: Cure for boredom, experimentation, general amusment, profit, from pushing, temptation of illegality, a means for escape, desired physical effects. After all, the end of the semester is no time to try to cope with four or five months worth of work.

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Tomorrow's Winner
By John Cwolanovich
Any student who has spent an entire night studying for exams without sleep will appreciate the author's train of thought.

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"The University of our times is set within a framework quite different from the medieval world in which its historical roots are implanted. Though internal changes have accompanied its growth over the centuries, the modern university, many believe, is not sufficiently responsive to the individual needs and societal aspirations of today's student community."

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591.48/h5686X
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The library often presents itself as an amazing experience.

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Next time a friend or relative wants to take a vacation and travel into the mysteries of the past, to some exotic untamed city, suggest New Orleans.

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By Claude A. Mason ".........."

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Too Much
"Education often fails to prepare us for life, in which case graduation means little or nothing."

*Title is a direct quotation taken from the letter of Deborah A. Segalot. She is presently participating in the Junior Year Abroad program at the University of Glasgow.
### Photographic and Art Credits

**Cover design:** Ann Savage  
**Cover photograph:** Wade Hanks

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DATING:

Now, it's his/her move. Or is it? The Dating Game is complex, tiresome, frustrating, enticing, aggravating. Dorm rooms reek with discussion of who's seeing whom, who's available, who scored and who got shot down. Students are overheard talking directly and indirectly about new strategies to try in the Game, or how to improve on traditional moves. The Game is pervasive and persistent—those who profess no interest in playing are pegged as those who suffered losses.

For all the analysis, calculation of Game plans, and thwarted strategies, the Dating Game remains the champion long-playing sport and the least scientific of all, far behind football. Like most games, however, the Dating Game involves identification of teammates and opponents, scouting, formulation of game plans, practice, the game itself, instant replay, post game interviews and analysis of victory or defeat. Auxiliary personnel play an important part: coaches, referees, spectators.

Fall semester appears to be scouting season and the time for figuring odds and planning strategies. Once a tentative Game Plan is established and the goal is in sight, practice sessions may occur, often by means of Blind Dates. Perhaps a scrimmage may be arranged in the first semester, although the threat of a definitive loss so early in the season deters many players from taking the risk.

The Game itself may come early in the Spring Semester, in the form of the Big Date. Your coach is usually your roommate or a close friend, though parents sometimes send in plays from the sidelines. Parents also appear at times as referees, but usually the officiating is done by the opponent, a characteristic quite unique to the Dating Game. Spectators may be almost anyone, but all interested persons have theories about the progress of the Game; these theories are exchanged and discussed among the spectators during half time, often over coffee in the U. C. on Monday morning.

The Dating Game differs from other games in one important respect: once the Date is concluded, it is sometimes very difficult to determine who wins and who loses. Very often the decision is a draw. Because of the vagaries of victory and defeat in the Game, post-Game analysis and interviews may be very painful for the players, who have endured instant replays throughout the Game. Most spectators, players and coaches insist upon a clear estimate of the success or failure of the Game. It is only by comparison of season statistics that most players can measure their own worth as participants.

Most of us assume that in the long run the Game will lead us to "happiness," to finding someone (ANYone) to trust, depend upon, share with, love. Watching the progress of our own and of their players' pursuit of victory, however, we wonder how that ultimate win ever comes about, when for the lucky ones, it does. Sometimes the goal is the relationship rather than the Date, or sex instead of companionship.

The variable nature of the goal often confuses players, who may apply inappropriate strategies or assume victory in defeat. Often, opponents find they are playing entirely different versions of the Game, an exasperating situation which leads to name-calling of "Newcomb Bitch" or "Tulane Twerp" in the post-Game interview.

"The Dating Game is complex, tiresome, frustrating, enticing, aggravating."

"...it is sometimes very difficult to determine who wins and who loses."

Dropouts from the Game may attribute their defection to unbeatable odds or lack of worthy opponents, but the number of active participants attests to the sustained hope for victory. Perhaps the most unlucky dropouts are those who settle into a "serious relationship," thinking that the years of formulating Game plans have paid off at last. If the average duration of such relationships (and subsequent marriages) is any indication, it may be that this type of dropout has simply tired of the Game at the same moment a likely opponent is conquered. Though usually billed as a victory in Game write-ups, this dropout may soon be back in the huddle, disillusioned but without an acceptable alternative.

While lack of success in any other game may clearly be due to inaccurate scouting or poor execution of plays, in the Dating Game misinterpretation of motives is almost always the problem. If a girl says she likes your car, does that mean she likes you or she digs Volkswagens? If a guy walks up to a strange girl and says hello, is she to think he's lonely or just wierd? If the girl answers him with a smile, does he conclude she's ready to move into his apartment? If she acts indifferent, is she telling him to get lost or is she being coy? When you date's last words are "I'll call you," does that mean he will or he won't?

As most well-established sports, the Dating Game may be refined through practice and experience, but essentially the Game is unchanging. Coed living situations on campus and a relaxed social code can help to disguise the ongoing Game, but the pitfalls and traps remain basically the same—and the pressure to play unabated. Those who profit most from their most intensive participation in the Game—four years at Tulane—find that success is best measured not in season statistics but in the degree of positive change each player experiences in relation to the Dating Game.

It's your move.
Dear Mom and Daddy,

Orientation was such confusion I hardly knew you left. Now that registration has been conquered I have time to realize how much I really do miss you. What a disappointment — everything I thought sounded interesting for courses is only for upperclassmen. I tried to tell them that I already know that I want to major in pre-med. My dorm advisor was rather helpful tho’ she told me what professors to avoid if I have to take the freshmen courses.

My roommate and I are quite different. Now she is sure of herself and so is her mother (who is still here). Sally’s mother picked out the bedspreads and curtains to go with your rugs she said. Needless to say, it’s not like having your own room… nor is the house-keeping, such as it is. This place is really pretty crummy, they keep saying it’s because the building is so old, Sophie herself probably slept here! It’s really worse than camp. The showers don’t work right, it’s hot… at least at camp you had mosquito netting to get away from the roaches.

There seems no end to the social life here. I’m wondering if the students ever get tired of all those parties, fests, programs, etc. I thought this was an academic college. Fraternity guys are constantly around, so social girls always fixing you up. I still miss Randy though.

We start classes tomorrow. Hope to get some sleep tonight. Had a great time down in the Quarter last night, a couple of junior guys gave a neat apartment down there. I think I like beer better than rum and coke, although I’m told bourbon is the drink to drink in the south.

I’ll call you this week.
September 2

Dearest Randy,

I really, really miss you. I hate it here, especially without you! My last letter was mild compared with how I feel now. I don't think many of the kids around here know what it's like to have a really meaningful relationship with a guy. Can we possibly see each other before Thanksgiving? I could probably cut a day or two of classes, it's not the professors it's the dorm rules you have to watch. Anyway, just let me know.

Actually, the city itself is not bad, it's quite lovely. . . when it stops raining and it's not too hot. Our dorm has no a.c., so you can't even stay inside to keep cool. A lot of us have taken to sleeping in the nude just to keep cool. It supposedly cools off in another month, maybe you could manage a visit then??!!

Yes, I have exercised our agreement to date other people. A couple of fraternity parties, a free flick, and last night a group of us went down to the French Quarter to have a little party. This activity should slack off once school gets in high gear . . . I'm really ready to start studying, the whole dorm seems to feel that way. Last night, a group of girls took down the firehose and started "skating" in the foam. Tonight there is a stripette contest going on in the hall. I know the whole thing sounds like a group of children . . . but I think it's the boredom and booze that's doing it. (You can buy your own liquor here, not many kids smoke anymore). Classes start tomorrow, hurrah! By the way, did I tell you we can have male guests in our dorm for 9 hours on Fridays and 12 on weekends . . . can't wait for you to visit so I can use the privilege.

Must get some sleep, it's 2:30. Thought I'd wait up for Sally but she must have taken a Key Night . . . second one in a row . . . didn't come in till 8 this morning . . . I am not about to ask, and it's killing me not to!

Will write tomorrow.

Dear Ann,

It's hard to believe we have only been away from home for two or three weeks. I've been so busy at times and absolutely bored at others, but haven't been to bed before 2 a.m. My first two days of classes . . . far more stimulating than our highschool days, huh? Of course at State I guess you can only take what they tell you to. I placed high enough in my language exam to go into the third level. You have to take a language here, they say that makes the difference in good colleges and mediocre ones. Of course, there are so many girls here who have been to Europe or studied abroad that it's not quite fair to us peons. My roommate, for instance, spent this summer in France and the one before in Mexico. I know she doesn't try to flaunt it, but it does come into our conversations more than a little.

Have you heard anything from Randy? . . . He promised me he would write to you, too. I miss him so bad I'm going crazy! But, on the other hand, we did make that pact to date other people now . . . so that's what I'm doing. The men here seem so much more mature than at home, of course I'm not talking about the freshmen guys, have only dated juniors and seniors. No one is here to tell me what to do (or NOT do), who to go out with, what to wear, etc. Actually, Newcomb is a little more provincial than State . . . if you can believe that! Freshmen women still have hours here . . . till one or two a.m. But the city does compensate for the lack of freedom . . . at State what can you do at 3 in the a.m. anyway?? . . . Here the Quarter is still going . . . the bars never close. I wrote and told Mom and Daddy I had learned to drink rum and coke, but didn't tell them where. I really do enjoy the city . . . just want to keep them off my back (Mom and Dad).

You'll have to come visit and meet some of the girls on the hall. We have already had a few personality clashes resulting in room changes, but for the most part they are a great group. The girl across the hall is from Puerto Rico, her roommate is from Chicago. Lots of girls from Texas and Florida but a surprising number from the East. Lots of Jewish girls but not many blacks. But all in all, it's more cosmopolitan than I thought. A lot of them were valedictorians or top in their class, class presidents or student body presidents. Lots of big fish in a little pond. I toyed with running for a class office, but it really seems a little highschoolish, if you know what I mean. After all, didn't we both decide this was the time to become "New Persons" . . . I guess it's easier for me since no one at all knows me here.

Must close, am meeting my roommate for dinner. We are quite different . . . from different backgrounds (her parents are divorced) and opposite surroundings . . . she's from Washington, D.C. . . . went to a private school, the whole bit. But we are learning a lot from each other and managing quite well.

Tell me all about State and who's there that I know.

[13]
Dear Mom and Daddy,

Thanks for the care package. My eating habits really have improved though. I got out of the meal contract (the food at Bruff was really greasy and starchy) and rented a refrigerator with the refund money . . . Sally is sharing the cost. We have lots of salad-type foods and Sally has a popcorn popper that will cook almost anything!

Mom, you really don't have to send me Ann Landers clippings . . . my sleeping patterns are just fine. You can never go to bed before 1 a.m. around here anyway . . . that’s when everyone gets in and there’s just too much going on. Really, if I can’t write to you without you getting so upset I just won’t write at all. And you don’t have to call every other night. I’m miserable enough as it is without hearing from home everyday. I’m not sure this was the right choice of school for me . . . the courses seem easy, some are repeats from highschool. But somehow I can’t study enough, my grades are still average and Sally doesn’t study at all—nothing seems to bother her. Maybe I should have worked for a while or maybe if my grades are good enough I can transfer into a really challenging school.

Please tell Aunt Mary that I just didn’t feel like joining a sorority, it’s not the same as in her day. There are some very nice girls in there but I just don’t want to tie myself down to one group yet. I’m kind of tired of all that from high school. I know Ann pledged, but you have to at a state school or you’re lost in the crowds. Here you can’t live in the houses anyway, the college is too small and cliques have already formed as it is.

Right now all I’m interested in is studying for my exams and getting home. I can’t wait to see Randy and Ann and you, of course. And, Mom, can you have some of your great roastbeef waiting? Yum!

December 9

Dear Randy,

Only a few more days then home!! I don’t know when I’ve studied more, eaten more, or have been more frustrated. Hope it’s all worth it. We had a firedrill last night about 3 a.m., just as I was finally getting to bed . . . scared the hell out of me and then made me mad to think we have to be treated like we’re still in grade school. You’ll be glad to know I was here when they had a bed-check last week . . . that action is even worse than the firedrill . . . real rotten. And of course Sally was out, illegally. I wanted to call her but I had no idea where to find her or who she was with. She has to stay on campus for two weeks now . . . and though she was mad as hell at first she has managed not to suffer too much. Besides it couldn’t have happened at a better time. She has actually been studying. I say that with a little bit of contempt as I sit here slaving away. Anyway, while doing all this booking I’ve had a chance to see what really goes on in the dorm . . . nothing really devastating but there are some gals who NEVER go out of their room except to go to the john. I guess everyone is getting home fever right now, heard one girl crying last night because she didn’t think she could wait to get out of here . . . at least I am not that bad! I must get some sleep!

See you soon.

Dear Ann,

Congratulations on your sorority bid . . . that’s supposed to be a good group. And congrats, again, on your recent election to the council. Sounds like you are really getting involved in campus life around there. We have such a small student body, if you only count Newcomb, that it really isn’t necessary to be gung-ho to meet people. One thing you must be though, is not shy. You have to speak first sometimes or else some people just look straight ahead. It’s partly due to sophistication of the people here I guess . . . I don’t mind it . . . I’m learning to be that way myself.

Can’t wait till the break to hear all about your new love. Wow, he sounds great. I’m concentrating on studying more than socializing at this point. I want to be able to take a biochemistry course next semester and I think my social life has been given too much attention in the past month. I’m grateful for Randy, at least a convenient relationship and long distance “social” intercourse is about all I can handle right now. I’m sure he doesn’t believe I stay in on the weekends, but I have been lately. So are a lot of the girls . . . we take study breaks with group exercises or yoga, sometimes we all go over to the Parlor to splurge on a banana split or something, and last night we each ordered a pizza around midnight. Sometimes I think all we can do while at school is think of food . . . It’s probably a form of compulsive frustration.

Anyway, can’t wait to get home to see you and to share some of my hopes for the future. I’ve been attending some pre-med meetings and a couple of the women’s movement meetings, it’s a shame you don’t have a women’s group at State. Of course, you have to put up with jibing remarks from some of the guys. There is one guy here, though, who really tries to understand and thinks the movement has real merit. Will talk about him, too, at home.
January 21

Dear Mom and Dad,

Sorry I haven't written for so long, there has been a lot going on. Recently, I've been wrapped up in spending time with a certain fellow here. Ergo, no time for letters.

It seems like an entirely new campus this semester. A few girls have left but others have taken their places . . . mainly town students who couldn't get in last semester. Our hall is so loud and together that someone from the outside would probably go nuts living here more than a day or two. Really, since break everyone seems to genuinely care for everyone else . . . I think we missed each other.

Speaking of the break . . . it seemed longer than it really was . . . mainly, I guess because things aren't the same on the home front. Not YOU, God knows, but Ann and Randy seem to have developed different ideas . . . they are growing a different way. She is already counting on marrying that guy she met at State (planning devious ways to make him propose). And Randy doesn't seem to know what he's doing. I also get the feeling he really doesn't think much of my wanting to go into medicine. He's planning on coming here for Mardi Gras, but I can't get too excited about it . . . which should please you no end. I don't agree with your assessment of him, we just aren't interested in the same things . . . funny how things can change in 3 short months, or were they longer than I thought?

Hope you are pleased with my grades . . . I was . . . guess it all payed off. I might be able to do some independent studies next year if I can keep it up. Thanks for the good times at home . . . sorry I wasn't there as much as you would have liked, Mom. Next time I promise. Loved those home-cooked meals.

Dear Randy,

Sorry I haven't written, but the studies have gotten to me, besides I want to be well caught up so I can devote time to you over Mardi Gras. They tell me it's as much fun the weekend before as it is on Fat Tuesday itself . . . and it will be great to see you if even for the weekend. I've made arrangements for you to stay in one of the dorms with a friend of mine. Unfortunately, there is no way I can get a car, but we can manage somehow. I can't wait to share all of this with you. By the way, I started taking the pill again so everything should be alright by the time you get here.

Since the break I have been giving lots of thought to our talk about my transferring. I'm not really sure that's the answer right now. I kind of intimated to my parents that I wanted to change, but I didn't tell them I had sent off for forms and all. A lot of us on the floor felt that way before Christmas, now we are talking about giving it another year here. It will be harder on our relationship I know, but if something is really there we'll last anyway. I might as well tell you that I've thought about this summer, too, and am looking into the possibility of getting work here and sharing an apartment with some friends. We'll talk about it when you're here.

I think you'll really like this guy you'll be staying with. He's into music and has this wild idea about combining music and engineering as a major. Really the type you can talk to easily and loves to do fun, spur-of-the-moment things.

Can't wait to see you.

Dear Ann,

That was really fast work . . . congrats on your engagement. Will you stay in school? I hope so, you are too smart to settle down to the housewife role at your age . . . You've been such a dear, close friend I feel I'm losing a part of me. We've gone through so much together.

While I'm talking of love life I might as well tell you I think Randy and I are going our separate ways. It's just a feeling I have. He's coming here soon and we'll try to patch things up . . . in one way I know it's probably better that we end our relationship. However we've sort of grown up together and it hurts already to think of not having him around. Anyway, I'll let you know what happens . . . it will only become complicated if Randy decides to stay for Mardi Gras day . . . I already have a date (with the guy he's staying with) . . . I guess I've become a real Newcomb bitch.

Other than studies, which have gotten to be quite interesting, and weekend raps or movie going, I've been spending more of my time enjoying the friends I've made in the dorm. Some of them I still don't understand . . . like the girl who still thinks going to class stoned is a real kick . . . (I thought everyone got over that in high school) . . . or the gal who thinks she has a date every night because of her "charming" personality. A lot of us have tried to talk to them to help them see what's really going on, but it seems useless. It's funny to see the different backgrounds we all come from . . . actually the school is pretty cosmopolitan and not as one-sided as I thought. On the lighter side, some of the girls are amassing the world's largest collection of gin bottles. It would be a three-ring circus if everyone decided to get high together—the Greenie Cops couldn't handle us all! We have a new freshman on the floor and it's already a feeling of deja vu when she comes in drunk and her roommate has to help her to the john or put her to bed. Last semester seems so long ago.

Fill me in on the wedding. I'll soon know my plans for summer and will then be trying to convince Mom and Dad.
Is College Bad for Girls?
A BOOKLET BY E. J. RICHARDS, AVAILABLE FROM YOUR DOCTOR

A Personal Canvass—Articles:
• Evils of Dormitory Life—Midnight Hours of Who Knows What?
• Flirting & Speaking to Male Students without Proper Introduction & Chaperone.
• Reading Improper Novels, Magazines, & Other Suggestive Literature.
• Forming of Unladylike Habits that May Harm the Health & Morals of a delicate Girl—Such as Smoking & Card Playing.
April 21

Dear Ann,

I will certainly get home for your wedding, even if I have to take a day off from work. Fill me in on the details soon. You'll also have to tell me what you would like for a wedding present, yours will be the first one I've ever bought!

Sorry this must be so hasty but you know the pressures of exams. Am also trying to get to a program at the University Center on time. Not much to report really. Randy and I are finished. Mom and Dad have finally consented to let me spend the summer here... after fighting the battle royal. I think they understand, maybe if you could say hello once or twice while you're home it would help.

New horizons for both of us!

Dear Randy,

Even though we talked it out I feel compelled to re-emphasize that I hope we can be friends. I don't see how you find this impossible. We want different things in life and have already found a different circle of friends. I'm staying here this summer not only to work but to help myself become more aware of the world around me. We may eventually end up at the same oneness again, but I've been too much a product of other people and their opinions... yours, my parents... to know who I am. I keep thinking I've matured so much since last August and yet I'm even more confused. The difference now is I'm enjoying the confusion, the need to understand different lifestyles, and the idea of not committing myself to anyone or anything at this time.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I hope I can prove to you that all the phonecalls, letters and tears about my staying here this summer were worthwhile. Please don't blame Dr. Spock for what is happening to me. As far as I'm concerned we are still a family... and we're a lot better off than some I've heard about. One thing dorm life has shown me is that we have a pretty good relationship compared to some of the other girls and their parents. Don't blame the school, I have a feeling I'd feel the way I do regardless of where I was. And making me come back home to go to State would probably do nothing but create resentment. I'm still not convinced I'll stay here 4 years. I know you are still my parents and could still control or limit my activities if you really wanted to... but I am no longer your "little girl" as much as you would like me to be. And I can also see that you are more than just parents... you are two individuals who happened to marry and I happen to be a product of that marriage... you have your weaknesses and problems, too. I'm not on drugs and I haven't become a "tramp," I'm just becoming a person.

And right now I'm both panicked and mad... exams are coming and I have three papers to write. To top it all off, the buggy weather is back and our fan was ripped off not to mention the fact that someone stole my favorite jeans right out of the dryer!

P.S. I know I have a lot of growing and gropling to do and I know you're trying to understand.

It has been a strange year for all of us.

[17]
what joins them together
Athletes and then we have Jocks
The University administrators have apparently come to a firm decision to back the athletics department to the hilt. After years of total abandonment, then tolerance, and finally the '70 rally that brought semi-equality with the rest of the University, the Department is on the verge of establishing its sports contention. Yes, the "Year of the Green" is gone and "Year +1 is history too, but "Bennie's Bunch" is solidifying, and the jokes of —"wait until next year for Baton Rouge" aren't quite as funny. Good 'ol Charlie Mac has gone from, 'Tulane is a rest stop before Ole Miss', to 'Don't be the first team in 24 years' to lose to Tulane. Even the most realistic of teamwatchers have seen an end for this one-sided battle in the next two or three years.

What about the people who comprise this system? What kinds of young people make up the athletic program in this University? Most conspicuous, of course, are the Jocks. Now everybody knows the Jocks. I do believe that if a total hermit were to suddenly emerge from his exiled state and land on Tulane campus, he would gawk just like the rest of us when one of these specimens goes lumbering by. The bulging, extra large Tulane T-shirts, the characteristic movement in packs and the occasional presence of leg casts make these creatures difficult to ignore.

However, before the nasty letters arrive or the staff members begin mysteriously disappearing, I should recognize the rest of these interesting personalities. We have what could be called "low-keyed" Jocks at Tulane, and they come primarily for an education. Of course they are exceptions, but the numberous A & S, Architecture and Engineering populations can attest to this fact. This school just isn't ready—thank goodness—to mass produce N.F.L. material, so the ones who go through the motions are getting something besides 16" biceps.

As for the rest of the athletic population, there are swimmers and basketball players and soccer players and tennis players; a whole menagerie of people looking for perfection in their activity. And while some work just as hard as football players, most people tend to classify them apart. They aren't Jocks anymore than Ph. D. Candidates in Physics.

There are the student athletes, the swimmers, basketball players, gymnasts. Those are the ones that blend in more, but they have a sideline from the routine studies. Then there are the ones in limbo; the soccer and rugby players. They are very much athletes, but unfortunately their games either aren't understood or appreciated to the degree of others. And at last we have weekend athletes. Intermurals abound here and the sailing club does its thing and everybody comes back Monday a little happier because he got away from the rest of life for awhile.

I'm sure some sports are left out but they aren't hard to classify. Generally the programs seem fairly nice. They are there if you want them and in the intensities you want. They could round you out or break your arm—what-ever you happen to desire. And like a lot of other things around this school, they are a little more valuable than you think.
Increased opportunity and participation are indicative of the ever-changing society in which we live, and these trends are reflected to a great extent in the attitudes of the current student population. College students today are interested not only in changes, but also in activity, and this is evidenced in many ways by the programs of physical activity on campus.

You enjoy watching skilled athletes in action, but you enjoy even more participation in an activity yourself. Colleges and universities throughout the country are witnessing similar desires in their students and must accommodate these changes in athletics and interests.

When you come back as alumni next year, what changes will you see? Will they reflect a trend that you started, or will they reflect the thoughts of a new generation of students? I predict that the trend started during your stay at Tulane will continue in the field of athletics, and that the big change in years to come will be recognition and support of the club sports program by the Department of Athletics, plus continuing progress and success in the intramural and varsity programs.

—Dr. Rix Yard
Director of Athletics
If you really want to get where you’re going in a hurry, don’t forget skyjacker’s paradise. Don’t forget the airlines. They make an unbelievable amount of bread on their inflated prices, ruin the land with incredible amounts of polluting wastes and noise, and deliberately hold back aviation advances that would reduce prices and time of flight. We know two foolproof methods to fly free, but unfortunately we feel publishing them would cause the airlines to change their policy. The following methods have been talked about enough, so the time seems right to make them known to a larger circle of friends.

A word should be said right off about stolen tickets. Literally millions of dollars (continued on page 28)
Pretty annoying, huh? There you sit, waiting for A.H. to give you the next step in the “How to Screw the Airlines” game, and suddenly you’re stymied. Lo and behold, the culprit is no other than that damn New Orleans rain.

We’ve all felt its scourge at one time or another. In this case, it’s pretty frustrating. You’re transformed from an absorbed pupil to a slightly angry and quite disappointed reader. A mood has been altered and you’ve just played guinea pig.

Now sit back and listen to the damp.
MEMO

Dear Tom Lee

Tedane Dambelaya—
you may publish up to 10 pages of
STEAL THIS BOOK in your 1973 yearbook.
If you include
"Taken from STEAL THIS BOOK"
by Abbie Hoffman. Available for
$2.50 from Pirate Editions, 640
Broadway, NY, NY 10012.
I send a copy of your yearbook to Pirate Edition.

Sincerely
Abbie Hoffman

designed by Jack Gevins
litho by Walnick litho & printing co., Inc.
Dear

It's been quite a while, hasn't it? I guess the last time I wrote to you was around two years ago. Maybe that's just as well though. I suppose it's good for us to get along without each other.

But don't think I've forgotten how it was. During my freshman year we shared a lot of pen and ink. Of course I wrote to a lot of people then too. I guess it was being away from home for such a long time, and then too I didn't know anyone at Tulane. I sure wasn't ready to break any ties with people at home and those letters that came in the mail certainly helped me out. You know I still remember being disappointed when
There wouldn't be anything for me at Buff. Seems kind of stupid now.

Then after a while letters started seeming different somehow. I knew I was writing less often. I guess that's normal though. I was really getting into college and the things that went on here. They just seemed more immediate, more real to me. And, after all, my life was here, not
back home. I think my friends were changing too. The letters from them came slower and it was almost as if those people were becoming, well, more sure of themselves. They didn't need the old contacts either.

Now it seems like I write when I can't get any satisfaction by talking or doing something. Sometimes I have to get something out of my system and this looks like the best way.

You know, I envy you in a way. You don't seem to have any strange quirks like the rest of us. Of course, each year a new crop of freshman come in and right away you start getting letters. I suppose that's the reason. You probably have more friends than anybody I know.

Well we really don't need each other any more, so I guess it's time to say good-bye. Be good to the others.

Take care.

Sincerely,

Me
A slow beat of wings thrummed the mountain air as the muses began to descend into the valley. Epidermis’ long, rich, artificial eyelashes caught the wind in even rhythmic sweeps. Her gold spun petticoats billowed in an updraft of wind and blossomed like the petals of the gods. The red rouge on the left side of her face and the green on the right, flashed into the airy path ahead, and warned the emptiness of their arrival.

Epidermis landed lightly, her sequined toes touching the lush ground. The day girdled her brightly. Endodermis, her younger sister, who had been riding naked in Epidermis’ arms, now climbed down and stood shyly beside her. Endodermis viewed her older sister with timidity and respect. The sight of Epidermis’ thick, ebony eyelashes sloping all the way to the ground, the glowing red bandana flapping at her neck, the body shirt sparkling in the breeze, and the scintillating corset eclipsing her weight and fruting her figure denuded Endodermis of strength. Her older sister wore experience like an expensive apparel.

Epidermis parted her eyelashes like a curtain in order to talk to Endodermis. “My young sister, it is time for you to learn of the clothed myth. Endodermis, it is time for you to learn why nudity is a travesty and clothing a divination. Then you, like the gods, can take place in the rhapsody of fashion.”

These words touched the threads of Endodermis’ innocence, weaving a skein of guilt in her heart. “Yes, my sister, Epidermis, but please go slowly, for shedding my ignorance is a painful disrobing.” Epidermis smiled. The silvery tinkle of her earrings wrinkled the crisp mountain air as she started to speak.

“A long time ago there was a garden of delights. Inhabiting this garden were two humans, created in their natural state with a skin of clothing rather than flesh. The man, Terry Cloth, had saddle oxford feet, gauchito legs, a toga waist, a tuxedo chest, and French puff arms. The skull of his head was a navy watch cap. His most beautiful features, his eyes, were a pair of no glare sunglasses. In this natural state, Terry Cloth was an exquisite creature.

“The garden of delight, called the Garden of Mode, but sometimes confused and spelled backwards by scribes, was a paradisical interweaving of color and form, created by the great god, Fabricus. The ground was a rich and matted wool, the rocks a corduroy craggy and bold, and the banks of the rivers were a gleaming, vernal cotton. Only the sky was as ours today, for Fabricus was concerned solely with a material world, as his whole race of men has divinely come to be today.

“Terry Cloth’s solitude caused his nerves to fray, though. His rapture ran threadbare and his ecstasy unravelled. His unhappy state had been anticipated by Fabricus, who knew that Man, though being of the same material substance as nature, had a huge, invisible, impalpable loom working within him to isolate and strand. Terry Cloth needed company.

“One night when Terry Cloth was asleep, Fabricus came on soft soles. The god plucked a thread from the side of the man, and sewed a miracle from it.
"Hanging from one of the lowest branches was a limp, oily, golden suit of skin, shimmering in the afternoon light."

"The next day, when Terry Cloth awoke, he was surprised to find a silk breast lying next to his tuxedo chest. Lace arms were thrown over his toga waist, and jump suit legs stretched down to his saddle oxford feet. Suddenly the body of cloth moved, then rose.

'Who are you?' he asked, frightened by her beauty.

'She cooed softly, 'Polly Esther.' Her head was the most beautiful mass of madras that he had ever seen. Her eyes were a jester's mask.

Epidermis' story was cut short by the weeping of Endodermis. 'What's wrong, my sister? Don't you find this story enchanting?'

'Yes,' Endodermis sighed, 'but already I am growing ashamed of my own suit of suit.'

'Take heart, my young sister. The Garden of Mode was a flawless and desirable place, and it is only right that you should feel the way you do. The suit of skin is a diabolical scheme, as you will now find out.'

Endodermis dried her eyes and allowed her pressing sister to continue the story.

'So, Terry Cloth and Polly Esther spent the days in colorfast bliss. They frolicked in the flannel and gamboled over the tweed. In short, they fell in love. But Polly Esther was more carefree than Terry Cloth, who had a starched and faded look in his eyes, a seeming knowledge of the corruptive forces about to tear the very fabric of their lives. He seemed to shrink from Polly Esther's touch.

'Terry Cloth said nothing, only fingered the cuff of his wrist. 'It's too good to last, Polly Esther, something just has to stain our life sooner or later.'

'Polly Esther furrowed her madras in madness. 'I know what it is,' she said. 'You don't love me. You're bored with me.' She ran away into an undercover of suede.

'She came into a clearing where there was an old and unusual tree. The branches and trunk were covered with a tan skin of flesh, tiny hairs sprouted from the flesh, calcium nails cover the tips of the buds, and in the topmost branches of the tree was a matted bun of grey hair. Hanging from one of the lowest branches was a limp, oily, golden suit of skin, shimmering in the afternoon light. Polly Esther walked up to the skin in awe. 'It's beautiful,' she said. She fingered its pliable surface. It was more attractive than fabric, and more sensuous to the touch.

'A voice boomed out from above. 'Polly Esther, I am the spirit of the flesh. My limbs are more gracious than those of Fabricus. My pores are more fetching. My contours have a desirability that clothing could never have. It is fortunate that you have discovered me, for I am your key to winning the wayward Terry Cloth. My skin never wrinkles, never musses, grows hot, moist, soiled, or raw, but can always be revitalized to its original splendour. The suit of skin is yours for the asking.'

'Polly Esther cowered. 'Oh, no! suppose he doesn't like it.'

'The Spirit of the Flesh spoke with force. 'Its irresistible.'

'Polly Esther, where are you?' Terry Cloth's voice broke into her ears. Polly Esther?

'Its irresistible,' the booming voice repeated.

'Polly Esther was mesmerized by the aural glow. She bent her lips to the nape of the neck, and kissed lightly. The flesh felt better than the cut of Terry Cloth's tuxedo chest, better than she knew her own jump suit legs could ever feel to his mitten hands.'

'Terry Cloth came running into the clearing several minutes later. 'Polly Esther, what have you done?' She stood in front of him in the satanic glory of flesh.

'Instead of the uncertainty and embarrassment Polly Esther thought she would feel, the evil grip took hold of her and she grinned slyly at Terry Cloth. The suit of skin seemed to have taken hold of her mind as well as her body. 'Come to me, Terry Cloth.'

'Terry Cloth backed away. 'You've been foolish, Polly Esther.'

'Come to me,' she whispered. 'My flesh is tender and succulent; not like your dull, itchy fabric. My flesh is . . . irresistible.'
“My skin never wrinkles, never musses; grows hot, moist, soiled, or raw, but can always be revitalized to its original splendour.”
"The next morning they awoke with a start. 'Oh, Polly Esther, we've committed a crime.' Polly Esther pulled at her suit of skin. It would not come off.

'Terry Cloth, its happened to you, too.'

"Terry Cloth felt the contours of his suit of flesh. 'It won't come off. Oh, the wrath of Fabricus!' "

Epidermis paused from the story. Endodermis looked up painfully. "Epidermis, what a beautiful, yet what a tragic story."

"Yes my young sister. Terry Cloth and Polly Esther were banished from the Garden of Mode for the rest of their lives. Vegetable life overtook the world of fabric, and animals took on fur instead of cloth. And you see, Polly Esther, man has been trying to regain the Garden of Mode ever since, and has worn different fashions in a desire for returning to his natural state, back to total materiality. That, my sister, is why clothing is divine."

"Oh, I see." Endodermis piped up. She smiled slyly and disappeared behind a clump of bushes rooted gayly into the mountainside. A few minutes later she returned wearing patched and dirty blue jeans, clogs with four inch heels, a T-shirt with no bra, and a floppy black hat.

"Endodermis!" Epidermis exclaimed. "What are you wearing, go take that off right now." Her eyelashes twittered hotly.

"Its back to the Garden. Get with it, Sis."
REFLECTIONS
BY
MCALISTER
AUDITORIUM
ORGANISM
i was born on and have always thrived on mcl alister dr.
a main vein through the tulane campus in new orleans, u.s.a.
i have been producing for 33 years now.
i am a very attractive organism
(or at least so it seems by my popularity)
when first born, my figure was a great pride to my architect-father
having the largest dome-belly in the world.
my interior consists of a large enclosed womb
covered with orderly chairs—
that are able to nurture people-eggs semi-comfortably
(plus their pets)
my womb’s shape and size limits the kinds of theatrical sperm
she can accept and procreate.
she produces pleasant vibrations and has nurtured many fine
musical groups and speakers
who have energized into and saturated the womb
and fertilized thousands of the egg-heads
into living experiences and ideas.
DEGREE BARRIER

I hope this bunch isn't as bad... I'll drop this class if it's...
Christ, I told them I wouldn't teach this many...

"... Peterson, and you'll find me in my office from...

"......"

"... and the first eight books are in the reserve room...

"......"

"... continue the lecture on Wednesday."

"... second paper will be due next week, and I hope they're better...

I've never had this many absences...

... don't think I could make this test much easier if...

"... but the midterm grades I sent in weren't very..."

"... can use the final both to review and to pull up..."

... if it's possible that just one of those kids got anything...

I hope he lets us out by...

(reading grafitti on desk)

a B in here would give me...

ahhh, shit...

maybe I can still get in...

OK. I'll sit through one more...

and I could have dropped this...

at least his lectures are better than those goddamn books we're...

... how he expects us to read all this shit by tomorrow...

asshole...

asshole....

"... and I learned just last semester that..."
Audubon more like a friend than a place the park listens when you talk
The zoo is a nice place to go on Saturdays to feed the animals and to ignore the signs that say not to feed the animals. To watch the fraternity boys making the white-handed gibbon do its mating call, and the black swan stretch its neck to feed the kinkajou which is so brainless it stuffs itself with popcorn till it gets glassy-eyed and still doesn't stop or to watch the seals. A few years ago when the seal keeper went to the hospital they refused to eat. All the keeper worried about was who's going to feed my babies?
"From the dawn of time man has sought the mind altering drugs with the same avidity with which he has pursued gold."

It seems to be one of the peculiarities of the specie *Sapiens*, the conscious animal, that he has from earliest time availed himself of a great host of naturally occuring chemical compounds which alter his state of consciousness. Precisely why he feels the need to scramble his cerebral circuits is unknown but his penchant for doing so is a feature of his life from earliest history. The discovery of the process of fermentation by which naturally occuring sugar is converted to C2H50H (drinking alcohol) and CO2 is lost in the myths of prehistory. But by the time the children of Hellas were laying the foundations of Western civilization, viticulture—the cultivation of the grape and its products—was a major industry. While Mediterranean Europe was developing the products of the vine the barbarians in Transalpine Europe were quaffing down large quantities of mead (fermented from honey) and the Celts were coming up with a concoction they called Usquabah, or "water of life," a word which has evolved into our term "whiskey." That the abuse of wine was a problem in the ancient world can only be surmised. The medical writers, Aretaeus, Soranus, Celsus, and Galen are silent on the subject. But St. Paul in his epistles to the various early Christian churches came down quite hard on the subject of drunkenness—along with sex—and much later the prophet Mohammed recorded in the Koran a stern proscription of the use of alcohol which still abides in the Moslem world.

Alcohol as a serious problem seems to date from the discovery of the process of distillation at the hands of some bibulous monks in the medieval monasteries. The products of distillation are of course vastly more potent, often addicting, frequently used drug. In the early sixteenth century the great alchemist, Paracelsus, during one of his rare periods of sobriety, included alcoholism among the Diseases that Deprive Man of His Reason. It might be added that this was the first attempt at the classification of mental illness which had occurred in a thousand years. At about the same time Sebastian Frank was reminding his readers, in an era when nautical enterprises were about as safe as modern skydiving, in *On the Horrible Vice of Drunkeness* that "more men are drowned in the glass than in the sea."

In the eighteenth century several factors were beginning to dovetail which lead to alcohol becoming a social problem of the first magnitude. The introduction of Gin which could be produced cheaply and efficiently coincided with the Industrial Revolution. The latter event was associated with the appearance of the great masses of displaced workers who managed to
survive the unspeakable working and living conditions—so graphically depicted in Gustave Dore's lithographs—only by blunting the harsh reality of their daily existence with the new liquor. The catastrophic effect of epidemic chronic drunkenness was everywhere evident. It was really during the eighteenth century which has been referred to as the most debauched epoch in English history that the Protestant churches began to take such a stringent stand on the use of alcohol and the first considerations of its absolute prohibition were advanced.

With changing social attitudes in the nineteenth century coupled with increasing interest in the medical aspects of alcohol and its abuse there was a shift away of seeing alcoholism as a moral flaw and towards conceptionalizing it as an illness. The biochemistry of alcohol and its effect upon the body also became a subject of serious scientific inquiry.

Although the production of alcohol by natural fermentation has been long understood and the chemical process thoroughly worked out, its effect upon the brain is still a bit of an enigma. Clearly it acts upon the brain as a central nervous system depressant similar to other anesthetics. As the blood level rises the more recently evolved, "higher" brain structures are narcotized with some impairment of memory and recall accompanied by a diminished inhibition of restraint, the coloring of judgement and the retardation of reflexes. The harshness of self-judgement and criticism is for a moment removed, and one's fellowman looks a bit less threatening. As the blood level increases those centers associated with the regulation and control of coordination become narcotized and as the levels continue to rise there is loss of consciousness and finally coma.

With some individuals there occurs an abrupt and alarming personality change, experienced after relatively small consumption of ethanol. The explosive, impulsive and often destructive behavior may relate to the direct effect of alcohol upon the brain or release of otherwise controlled and submerged aspects of the personality. Another very serious pathological deviation from the usual effect of alcohol is the phenomenon of the "blackout" the individual carries out what appears to be fairly normal behavior but is completely amnesiac for all events. We now know that the "blackout" is associated with seizure activity in the brain—akin to a form of epilepsy—and indicates an "allergy" to alcohol. This complication is probably inherited so that a family history of alcoholism and blackouts is often present. Some young victims of blackout came from families of total abstinence since the preceding generation has learned—often the
"The ingenuity of the human race being such as it is, it was not left to Mother Nature alone to give us drugs which could alter the functions of the mind. Recently, we have managed to invent them on our own."

hard way—the effect of John Barleycorn.

Virtually all researchers will agree (and they seem to agree very little) that the presence of profound personality changes and/or “blackouts” in young people who have had a few drinks should lead the victim to a life long trail of total abstinence. The peculiarities of their body chemistry are such that it is not for them to be destined to have a few suds with the boys down at the local pub, enjoy the fruits of the Cote d’Or or sip the occasional cocktail. Perhaps the gods dealt them an unkind fate but it will be utter disaster to tempt that fate and the closest they should come to the grape is an occasional rereading of the Rubiat of Omar Kyhayam.

It should be added for the general interest of everyone that Bacchus is not an altogether benevolent god. The chronic use of alcohol—or cannabis for that matter—in any or all of its forms can lead to varying degrees of psychological dependency particularly where it is being frankly used as a self medication to “treat” uncomfortable psychic states like depression and anxiety. The world may look temporarily a bit less ominous through a glass of beer but the realities of life are obviously unchanged and the complications grow when problems are unmet and unresolved through the passing of the years. Seriously interperate use of alcohol eventually begins to lead to organic changes in the brain and some individuals begin to experience blackouts and other mental changes after the steady attrition of years of continuous use.

No little essay of booze would be complete without mentioning the fact that it does affect the liver in such a way that it markedly accelerates metabolism. Therefore any other drugs, for example, the barbiturates, which are taken while a person is drinking daily are much more rapidly excreted from the body. If the person stops drinking the metabolism rate decelerates and a dose of barbiturates which before could have been easily handled becomes quite lethal. This of course probably accounts for the not unusual case of “accidental barbiturate poisoning.”

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Heroin and the hard stuff? Russian roulette with five chambers full. Cyanide may be quicker but the satisfaction of the death wish will be as readily served. No more virulent and highly addicting group of drugs are known and no addiction harder to treat. An addict once observed, “Monkey on my back? Hell, Doc, its King Kong and his whole family.”

Methadone, which block the action of heroin, has offered some hope in the rehabilitation of the addict but it too has the drawback of being addicting, although not as crippling an addiction so that the individual—assuming some pretty drastic changes in his life style can be effected—may return to a productive life in the community.

*****

The ingenuity of the human race being such as it is, it was not left to Mother Nature alone to give us drugs which could alter the functions of the mind. Recently, we have managed to invent them on our own. Two of these drugs especially bear discussion. First, the amphetamines which were initially synthesized in the late 1930’s and became immensely popular passing into widespread use almost immediately. There seems to have been a lag of well over a decade before the growing awareness finally dawned that this group of drugs is both addicting and dangerous. In a sense, this curious because of the Japanese experience. During the Second World War, the Japanese attempted to affect the maximum efficiency of their war effort and amphetamines were passed out like salt tablets to the munition and factory workers producing war material. The Japanese observed very quickly the serious mental disturbances, often manifest by florid paranoid psychosis, which result from prolonged and heavy use of the amphetamines and their medical literature is replete with excellent studies of the problem. In the meantime they also lost the war. But for some reason (perhaps because Japanese medical journals are not exactly widely read in this country) no one seems to have caught on and the use of amphetamines for everything from weight reduction to keeping awake for long distance driving continued to spread to the United States and abroad. If alcohol narcotizes the brain, the effect of the amphetamine is approximately the opposite. They act upon the nerve cells by probably causing a massive release of the transmitters which carry an impulse from one nerve to the next. This leads to markedly enhanced brain activity and a subjective feeling of euphoria, total alertness, and

“With changing social attitudes in the nineteenth century coupled with increased interest in the medical aspects of alcohol and its abuse, there was a shift away of seeing alcoholism as a moral flaw and towards conceptualizing it as an illness.”
inexhaustible energy. Once the transmitters are
washed out and the chemical stimulation is
withdrawn, a thundering crash brings the in-
dividual back to the world of reality. There is no
doubt but that amphetamine usage can produce
paranoid psychotic states of serious magnitude.

The discovery of lysergic acid diethylamide
(LSD) in 1938 by Dr. Albert Hoffman coincided
roughly with the advent of the amphetamines; but,
it was not until Huxley’s *Beyond the Doors of
Perception* popularized the “mind expanding”
drugs and Dr. Timothy Leary made a cult of it that
LSD really appeared on the American drug scene.
This writer vividly recalls a lecture by Dr. Hoffman
which he attended about three years ago during
which Hoffman described the events surrounding
his discovery of LSD. According to this research
notes of Friday, April 16, 1943, he accidentally
ingested some of the compound which he was
studying at the time. Later, as he records it, “I lay
in a dazed condition with my eyes closed. I
experienced daylight as disagreeably bright.”
There surged upon me an uninterrupted stream of
fantastic images of extraordinary plasticity and
vividness and accompanied by an intense,
kaleidoscope-like play of colors. This condition
gradually passed off after about two hours.” He
realized that he had discovered an artificial
hallucinogen which was to become after its pop-
ularization the sacrament of the sixties. Of course,
like alcohol, naturally occurring hallucinogens
derived from mushrooms and wheat rust had been
known from earliest time. The appearance of LSD
added a new dimension to the picture with its easy
availability and its potent mind altering effect.
In the last year or so, usage seems to be on the
curve probably because an even casual observer could
detect personality changes which occur following
its repeated usage. What had been hailed as
sacrament turned out to be a bete noir—a black
beast of the first order.

Its effect upon the brain is fairly well understood.
Those areas which are responsible for screening
out and regulating the incoming impulses of the
five senses are virtually immobilized by the effect
of LSD so that when the consciousness is
overwhelmed by the massive flood of sensory
material. The well regulated activity of the brain
which Sir Charles Sherrington called rather
poetically “the humming loom” becomes seriously
disorganized producing a disruption that Nature never
intended. The cases of crashing

*“The appearance of L.S.D. added
a new dimension to the picture with
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mind altering effect.”*

paranoia, as well as the serious mental and
psychological disorganization are grim evidence
of the impact of “acid” upon the brain function. But
the story does not end there. There is a growing
body of evidence that, after as few as a dozen
“trips”, irreversible changes begin to occur in the
tissue of the brain. These changes cannot be
detected either on gross inspection or under the
microscope but are evident in subtle alterations of
electrical activity which can be measured and
which indicate changes at the level of basic
molecular structure. The well-known “flashback”
may well be a result of spontaneous electrical
discharge involving visual circuits. Acid, like ab-
sinthe, makes a perfect muddle of mental activity
and its long range results are proving to be just
about as disastrous.

So the circle closes. From the dawn of time man
has sought the mind altering drugs with the same
avidity with which he has pursued gold. Often its
been with about the same results too. Man, the
conscious animal, is also man, the curious animal,
searching, testing, exploring. His curiosity has
more than once lead him to open Pandora’s
proverbial box. The temptation to court danger,
to bear the gods in their own lair, and then also
perhaps the feelings of one’s own person im-
unity to serious harm has lead to ex-
perimentation with that which the cool voice of
reason warns us is a danger.

Being conscious, sometimes painfully so, of a
world filled with uncertainty and incongruity, one’s
anxieties may become frankly painful, especially
during the years of transition to adulthood filled as
they are with new and pressing problems. But our
growth is measured by our ability to continue in the
face of this, to cope, to adapt, to solve, and to forge
ahead as an individual and a collective, along a
pathway which is often beset “with pitfall and with
gin,” to quote the good tentmaker who praised the
virtue of the grape.

But as we have seen, Bacchus is, like Janus, a
god of two faces. The one face is the smile of the
grape which may at least for a short while make the
world a bit more hospitable and our friends more
convivial. But the other face can also be seen in the
ruined and stunted lives of so many around us who
sought in the grape a solution where none exists.
With acid and with amphetamines we’re in a
different league. Artificial chemical creations of
man’s technology alien to the natural order of
man’s existence, to the operation of his body and
the comfort of his mind.

Like gunpowder they are best left alone.

Wallace K. Tomlinson, M.D.
Studying for finals—how many in a row? Two, three, four? Just make a deal for some speed and don't sleep until next week. But be careful, speed is more valuable than money, pot, and even life during exams. It doesn't matter if you pass out, it's the effort that counts.

Of course if you had kept up all semester, you could blow off the whole week and sleep. After all, anyone can keep up. It doesn't take any special gift from God—just an hour or two a night of conscientious studying. That's a lot of self-righteous crap you hear from some fathead who's making a 4.0. Everyone starts the semester with aspirations of academic grandeur or some related absurd fantasy. Sooner or later, life beats you. If only somebody had seen all you've been through this semester, he'd understand; no one could put up with the hassles you've been through: the stupid teachers, sickness, people, friend and love hassles—it's lucky you still
Remember your name, much less your courses.

So it is with thousands of students as they begin the pre-finals syndrome. It is the final testing ground for the individual, where stress, lack of sleep, fear, identity crises, personal revelations all take their toll in a seeming conspiracy to destroy everyone in the academic community.

Studying begins with the usual amount of procrastination and foreplay... about four hours of eating, drinking, shuffling of papers, contemplation of Christmas—or the last football game of the season and so on. You open the first book and a vision begins to form in your mind. You should have been deceiving your professor better this semester... get him on your side... also, tomorrow you have to choose your seat well... too many variables... smart and dumb students, other potential cheaters.

Position, everything in life depends on it: Positioning and foreplay... it's like one big chess game and everyone's trying to out-maneuver everyone else.

Everything you do takes a special amount and style of pre-positioning and foreplay. In fact, everything you've ever done requires it... your whole life has been one strategic move after another... all you want to do is get it on! Even when you get it on, it's just foreplay for something else. Will you ever be able to do a single thing just to do it? What if everything you ever do is preparation for something else... because that is in preparation for... all you want to do is get on! You've only begun to study and already you're questioning the sense of your entire future. So, you take a break.

After a few minutes you begin to read, and read, and read; reality fades away. Reaching into every word for its meaning, you become absorbed. The pages become like roads with a dotted line down the middle, thoughts and words drifting by in a recurring, hypnotic pattern. Pages turn—you begin to stare at them as they go by. Everything you absorb. Everything around you ceases... you only read and relax... fade out... a conversation which took place earlier slips into your mind and you think about what was said... I wonder what she meant? Why didn't I say that? Did he really mean what he said or was it just some line? Maybe I should have said... then they would have... and I could... if only I'd thought of that before, I'd be getting some... or at least I'd have some company. Someone to get high with. If only I could figure every one out, it would be so much easier. You know it's hindsight, but still... if you could learn from it and keep testing... somehow... What? You awaken, return to the real world jarred by the sound of a door. You think about friends and get something to eat. It's getting late, you still haven't gotten anywhere—just going around in circles.

Another lap around the room, check your laundry, wash your face and comb your hair. Then you take your book, throw it and begin another. Psychology over, now Political Science.

There's just so much you can read about the state, power, force and oppression before you begin to doubt all mankind. If a nuclear war

"Pages turn... you begin to stare at them as they go by."

"You've only begun to study and already you're questioning the sense of your entire future. So, you take a break."

"Studying begins with the usual amount of procrastination and foreplay... about four hours of eating, drinking, shuffling of papers..."
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"It doesn't matter if you pass out, it's the effort that counts."

"Just make a deal for some speed and don't sleep until next week."

| started, nobody would live . . . the perfect solution: no people. Powerful countries bully small ones, forcing their cultures on them while demanding total obedience . . . It sounds like the U. S. business world—cheat, connive, coerce, bully and for what? Ulcers and no friends! But if you play the nice guy, you'll get screwed. You can't let anyone get an advantage over you . . . find out what you feel, what you want, what you think! Always keep them smiling . . . and guessing. Once your defense perimeter is breached, they have the weapon and the power to dominate you. Your sovereignty is gone. Most importantly, never declare love unless it's a lie or you'll get screwed. But if everyone pulls the negotiations—meetings, routines, doubletalking and lying, no one will ever be satisfied, they'll just keep trying to balance one rip-off with another. Thus the circle of thought. Why didn't that logic course you took help . . . you always end up where you began, only older and more tired. You recall a 3-dimension spiral from a math course. On the x-y plane it's a circle, simple sin construction. It progresses linearly on the axis as it varies on the x-y plane, thus a spiral. YOU never get anywhere, just older.

By this time, it's approaching 3:15 a.m. and you've had infinitely more thoughts and revelations on life, but most are forever forgotten or so vague and mystical that you never really know what you didn't know—sort of a question's

| question.

So you run through your record collection and dust off your stereo. You stand up, look at your text and decide you need a break. By now you are feeling guilty and afraid of failing in the morning, so you're back in about 10 minutes. A text can't read that . . . turn around . . . a notebook: Anthro.

Human Origins. Peosimil . . . social tendencies and dominance hierarchy. Maybe they have a beaurecracy and they had more freedom and they feed each other. Perfect Socialism. True Christians they must be. You wonder how extensive a vocabulary they might have. Speech. That's all the U.S. knows how to . . . Bull Shit!! Shovel it here; pass it there—buck pass, in-out and record, foil, Buckpass, copy then send it to the central office . . . micro-filmed. People started to talk for some reason, but then were stuck with it and felt the obligation. Maybe they were afraid to end the conversation. That happens a lot at parties, so they invented junk to talk about—cigarettes, they're help for some people too. People might have had a chance if they were never able to talk . . . blindness would have helped too. Beginning to wonder about people in general. Everybody is some case study with some trauma. Well . . . .

You lean back, the light goes out. So you replace it, look around and decide the rooms need cleaning. Coke can, notes, newspaper. The latest Invention—plastic garbage liners. Must have new gadgets. You look at the papers. Employment aff, CIA wiretaps and dossiers, six people jump from burning building. Good news, sort of makes you forget your problems. You begin to think what you are going to do when you graduate? Maybe a waiter, or work for the CIA. Of course! The CIA. You could cover as a garbage collector and stamp tag and sort garbage. Then some other graduates who can't find work could analyse and file it in dossiers. They could pay for it with a security tax or something.

If the CIA could only get ahold of your fantasies . . . but maybe those Pentagon people just sit around talking about their own absurd fantasies. Then you begin to wonder about yourself. If everyone else is mixed up, why not you, too? You don't know what you're going to do the next day, much less for the rest of your life. You question the rationality of everything; why must everything have a final cause? Everything you study is trying to claim to be the final answer, but you never get any closer. It's just one big circle; you just get older. So what are you doing in school? Why not just leave and live or die and turn to just eating? What we have here is classic paranoia identity crisis. Due to the combined . . . NO! That's just a perversion of the psychology answer to everything. Everything gets down to . . . Nothing gets down to anything! You need something to clear out your head and get high. |
And so it goes for hours. Just as you feel you’ve won, a roach runs across your garbage can. Winners, America is psychotic about winners, everyone has to be the best at something. But after it's all over, there is only one winner. In the darkness and night, he rules supreme. Nothing you do can destroy him. The roach, Nature’s lowest creature runs amuck over everything you hold important. So you finally remember your place and just give up and go to sleep. Tomorrow . . . . . .
The role of the university as the basic institution for higher education in American society engages the attention of students, scholars, and professionals. Challenged by an expanding technocracy; faced with drug advocates, “the new morality,” and the clamor for international peace; puzzled by the cry for involvement and relevancy; confronted with urban unrest and socio-political expectations—the university of our times is set within a framework quite different from the medieval world in which its historical roots are implanted. Though internal changes have accompanied its growth over the centuries, many believe that the modern university is not sufficiently responsive to the individual needs and societal aspirations of today’s student community. As a result, the American university is the focal point of much study and reflection. Any meaningful reflection, however, requires an understanding of the role of the American university as an educational institution. To arrive at such an understanding, we must necessarily seek a definition of “education” in order to have a broad basis for addressing the question, “What should be the primary objectives of the American university?” In this context, the American university should be seen in the light of human development and service. Beyond that, any speculation on the future of the American university will have to be directed toward the university’s usefulness in a democratic society.

Turning to the Oxford English Dictionary, we find that the term “education” comes from the Latin root educere, which means “to lead forth.” Whereas the Latinate “education” no longer evokes a concrete image, the translation “to lead forth” conveys a definite idea. Viewed from the point of modern life, education is a two-fold process. Traditionally speaking, education aims at the release of human potential through the acquisition of knowledge and basic skills. More profoundly, it seeks to liberate the individual from limiting environmental experiences from which myths and prejudices spring. In the process, intellectual expansion takes place; social redefinition occurs. Continually, the creative genius of the human being is called forth.

If the American university is to fulfill its mission in these times, it must appraise its effectiveness in terms of human development, individual differences, and social priorities. To do this, it must pursue...
objectives that contribute to both academic excellence and community life. For the sake of brevity, this discussion will center on five basic features which, though not exclusive, should characterize the American university in the pursuit of its educational tasks. These I consider essential to its expansion and survival.

First, the American university must be a vehicle for the transmission of culture. By culture I mean our ideas, artifacts, social patterns, nuances, and traditions, which together form the social behavioral patterns of the American people. These patterns are important in establishing the individual's relationship to the social order. Through the transmission of culture, he is, also, given a frame of reference for his ideas and actions. In a way, culture is the heritage of each generation.

Consequently, culture should never be forced on the young or regarded as fixed. Rather, it should, according to The Churches Survey Their Tasks, be "viewed as a stage in development" so that "younger minds are trained to receive it and improve on it." The American university must promote a fuller investigation of ideas on every level. This would bring to the halls of academe a new climate of inquiry. This would, indeed, strengthen the cultural ties of young Americans.

Since the early 60s, however, American culture has been under attack, especially by university students. While we must never silence criticism and dissent, they should be balanced with a proper appreciation of the democratic system. We are the recipients of a comparatively enviable political and social philosophy. This Greco-Roman heritage, buttressed by Eastern thought and African influence, bears great significance. In this regard, the American university must become more responsive so that it will not adulterate and degrade culture. Similarly, it must resist any political force which seeks to define its academic role and societal relationship. If the American university continues to be a haven for unpopular ideas, investigation, and open dialogue, it will successfully transmit and im-

prove culture.

Secondly, educators must give as much attention to man's affective posture as to the cognitive domain, important as the latter is. To develop the intellect in isolation from basic emotions is to ignore an essential part of the person. Indeed, a learning experience should contribute to a sense of personal satisfaction. In curriculum planning, class assignments, and evaluations, the emotional factor should be given proper weight. This, I think, is important motivation and learning.

In retrospect, today's world differs greatly from that of our grandparents. Changes in economics, values, and internal resources have produced a cultural gap. "We are in an era," writes T. George Harris, "in which individuals expect much more of themselves, and consciously raise the ante on their definition of what it takes to be a normal, sensitive human being. Neither the traditional classroom nor the dehumanizing lecture hall can contain the millions who now demand a fair share of the nourishment necessary to develop their potential, as individuals and as participants in a better society." I suspect that this mood will change only through affirmative action.

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"If this generation has any point of distinction, its insistence on 'integrity' and 'credibility' stands out. That is the reason why the university cannot rightly ignore ethical ideas."

Obviously, in emphasizing emotional well-being, one must not lose sight of the practical goal: training students for human service. In an industrial society like ours, technical demands cannot be ignored. The university must not be an ivory tower for esoteric exchanges. It must equip it for meaningful tasks in the world of work. Given intellectual training and adequate emotional attention, a more humane person is apt to be produced by the American university. This is both its responsibility and opportunity.

Undoubtedly, the third objective of the American university must be in the area of social change. Because of its diversity, affluence, and freedom, our society is beset with complex social problems that compel our attention. Prominent among these are racial inequities, drug traffic, and sexual freedom. Each adversely affects the social fabric of human society. Because the university is a microcosm of the larger society, it is irresistibly drawn into the vortex of social conflict. Given its position and resources, the university has much to contribute to social health in the community. We must, therefore, reshape university structures by extending them into the whole society.

Any movement, however, on the part of the American university must be backed by persons of considerable expertise and adequate funds. Differing from those who believe that the university should mind its own business, I would suggest that it cannot afford to isolate itself, for the destiny of the university is inextricably bound up with that of the society. Hence, the academic community must forge a cooperative relationship with community leadership.

When considering social change and community problems, the rapid obsolescence of technical knowledge comes to mind. What alternatives does the American university offer the out-dated professional? Similarly, what should be done for the larger body of citizens that, for reasons of times and economics, cannot fit into the traditional classroom? Can the university, based on successful intra-community experiences, develop
proposals in support of the civil community's efforts to achieve racial amity? To what extent is telecommunications being utilized for mass education? A survey of social problems and middle-American politics will underscore the need for extensive public education and opportunity.

I hasten to emphasize that in the extension of educational opportunity, we must work assiduously to preserve academic standards. Mediocrity must never, under any pretext, be allowed to replace excellence; any decline in scholarship will undermine the university as an institution. Clearly, the American university must maintain its standards while extending its program of study to accommodate the larger community.

Few will find the fourth educational goal unacceptable. For years, the young and old have been asserting that learning to make one's own decisions is a natural part of growing up. Many paid lip service to the platitude without realizing its implications. Breaking with the "quiet generation" of the Fifties, a new breed of students demanded changes in university affairs. These students wanted to be free to make their own decisions. As a result, most have been emancipated from rules governing dress, dormitory hours, visitation privileges, and sexual behavior. Today, one would have to search far and wide for a college that still clings to the doctrine of 
in loco parentis and accepts responsibility for the students' personal lives as well as for formal education.

Many students, admittedly, seem sufficiently mature to use their freedom wisely. Others, no longer able to use school officials as scapegoats, find it difficult to resist questionable activities in the face of peer pressure and misinformation. This difficulty creates real anxiety and tends to affect their learning experience.

I have always held the view that policing private behavior is not the role of the university. In fact, no administrative fiat can reverse a trend toward permissiveness. For the most part, the university receives people of limited experience. Many lack accurate information on drugs and sex. Yet they are expected to make sound decisions. For these students with unlimited freedom, the university must provide adequate information and open forums on a consistent basis. Facts will combat ignorance and gullibility in the face of social pressure. With possible consequences understood, students will be prepared to make a choice. From that point, it is a matter of conscience.

Apart from the world of the private person, the university must foster decision-making through university governance. Whenever feasible, equal student representation should be given in all academic bodies. In addition to representing an important point of view, students will share the responsibility of the university community. For those who aspire to public-service careers, university governance is an appropriate beginning. The university community must draw on its consistent elements and resources in matters of policy, curriculum, and governance. Future implications for students and community are tremendous.

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[69]
As a final objective, I would require the American university to direct its attention toward ethics. If this generation has any point of distinction, its insistence on "integrity" and "credibility" stand out. That is the reason why the university cannot rightly ignore ethical ideas. They are fundamental to social development.

Beyond that, education must have as its focus the total person—cognitive, affective, and spiritual. Without usurping the role of traditional religion, the university must try to advance moral thought. Conceivable, courses could be developed around Gibran's *Prophet* or Hammarskjold's *Markings*; discussions could be held on the ideas of Gandhi, Thoreau, or Niebuhr. That kind of approach can instill in tomorrow's leaders a commitment to ethics and values. Any success, in this regard, will certainly contribute to a better society.

A close examination of social problems and issues will reveal that, in almost every case, there is an underlying moral dilemma. As such, we must prepare this generation to approach problems on the basis of causes rather than symptoms. Meaningful solutions result from the casual approach; only palliatives are found for symptoms. That is why an understanding of ethics and values must be encouraged in the American university.

American society is at a cross-roads. An intellectual vacuum exist in the ranks of leadership. Unaided, our society cannot solve the complex problems that engross its attention. "The modern university," writes David P. Gardner, University of California Vice President, "is society's chief instrument for the discovery, the evaluation, the organization and transmission of knowledge. Now it will use its competence in more extensive ways, or it will lapse into a marginal role." The problems of our times are clearly set before the American university. Objectives respective of individual differences and attune to social needs will enable the university to fulfill its capacity and mission. Will it arise to the challenge or will it falter in its duty?
I'm slouching up the concrete ramp towards the entrance of Howard Tilton Library, as I consider the paradoxical Joe College bind that I'm in: I have for some time been a firm believer that, Resolved, weekends shall begin at sundown Thursday. But I've never started a paper until the night before it was due, and it's Thursday night and my paper is due tomorrow. Something had to give and, well, I'll just do the old nightbefore special and get it out of the way so I can get down to some serious weekending.

It was either Socrates or Norman Cousins—I forget which—who said, "A library is the delivery room for the birthplace of ideas." So through the big automatic glass swinging doors and take a left. The card catalogue is a savior in such times as these, because it contains three-quarters of a million—give or take—titles, authors, and publishers that can quickly be narrowed down to ten bibliography entries. No use in actually looking up all ten, just find one of them and transcribe the catalogue information about the other nine to my notebook. From the one I'll plagiarize enough for the basics of the paper, fill in with some paraphrasing from the course textbook, and fake the necessary footnotes from the nine bibliographical entries. Fools 'em all, from t. a. to department head.

This paper is for Dr. Lemming's psychology course. The general topic concerns maze-learning by rats. Dynamite. Lemming is a clockwork man, not interested in grammar or aesthetics, only in the number of times that a rat will bar press for a reward in the Skinner box. So I'll just grab some psych
titles and make sure that I've got something about Pavlov's classical conditioning and Skinner's operand...

Okay, the titles and info are here. Now to find the source of my plagiarism. Man, this has got to be it: *The Brains of Rats and Men* by Herrick, 591.48 H5666X. Find it, plunder its contents for the cause of higher education, and get out of here so I can get to a typewriter and complete my coup.

The reference number—is it Dewey decimal or Library of Congress notation?—tells me little about how to find the book. The map and charts over there should help.

Now, is psych Humanities, Science, or Social Science? Is my would-be source a book, pamphlet, or microfilm? Maybe this map will help...

Oh! Such horrible cartography should make Amerigo Vespucci roll over in his grave. Well, the second floor is where the best looking chicks usually are, so I guess that's the best place to begin the search. Up the stairs, into the stacks area and find the numbers that match the ones given in the catalogue. 621.50620, 612.8-605.7, 601.9-590.1... and that's where they end. No 591.48, no nothing. There's A-C, D-F, H-I... I wonder if H5666X is around here.

No luck. This is so frustrating! I'm beginning to realize how those little white rats in the maze must feel. Speaking of rats, I think I'll see what the encyclopedia has to say about them before I renew the search for my number.

"The albino Norway rat, used often in laboratory experiments, has proved—III!" Wow! I think that girl over at the next table is looking at me. Far out. The second floor comes through again. Play it cool; don't appear overanxious. She's getting up... picking up her things... coming this way... she's smiling... I'm sweating...

"Hi. Can you tell that I have a book hidden under my coat?"

"Uh." And she's walking away. Just like that. Frustration like this I don't need. "Aversive Stimulation," as Dr. Lemming would call it. Back to the book search; I've got to get out of here.

I might need help, so I suppose the main desk should be the next stop. Going down the stairs and spotting my reflection in the glass...
partitions, I notice that I'm losing color in my face. Sort of getting a little gray around the edges... ah, forget it. A good weekend will fix that.

Behind the desk is the aging librarian who always appears frail yet still capable of violent things. But tonight she looks more frail, more receptive to an inquiry.

"Excuse me." Why was my voice so squeaky? "I don't seem to be able to find a book."

"Have you checked the on-loan printout today? Just look up your book on here."

"But I..."

"Just look up the book by its call number, young man."

"But I..." She doesn't understand what I mean. Oh, well, it's less hassle to just play along. Grab the printout, pretend to look up the book.

"Not in today's printout? Then you should see the lady at the desk on the third floor. She'll help."

"Thanks."

More frustration! Dr. Lemming would call that a "blocked goal" if I were a rat in a maze, and then he would study my response. Well, my first response is to decide whether to take the elevator or the stairs up to the third floor... I could use the exercise.

Up the zig-zag, back-and-forth flights of stairs, turn left and through the door from the lounge area to the information desk. Now I remember seeing the third floor attendant before. A couple of months ago two of my friends made a bet concerning her. One bet the other that he couldn't get "Stoneface," as they called her, to carry on a conversation with him. The bet was taken and the second friend walked over to her and said that he had just made a bet that he could get her to say more than two words in conversation to him. "You lose," she said.

And now it's my turn.

"I'm sorry, but I can't find the book whose title is written on this piece of paper."

"First floor."

I had better get out of here before I freak out completely. First floor, second floor, third, first, cards, printouts! I can't win. I just need one book, one lousy book. Scurry here, dart there. I'll go nuts before I get out of here...

Catch the elevator for the first floor. Here it comes, no one else waiting to ride but me. Good. I need a little time alone to pull myself together.

Door opening. Oh, no. I have to share the elevator with someone coming down from the fourth floor. Hmmm, kind of strange that he's wearing a raincoat and it hasn't been raining today. Also kind of funny looking because he's not wearing shoes, socks, or for that matter it doesn't look like he's wearing any shirt. Really sort of a weird expression, and... no! He's unbuttoning the raincoat!

"Hey, hold it right here, fellow! If you open that coat I'll smash you with my paw, er, I mean I'll... hit you... with my hand."

Thank God. The first floor. Get out of this elevator. Gotta pull myself together. Right... I know, I'll go down to the basement and calm down in the concession area.

Run through the lobby. Out the big glass doors. Down more and more zig-zag stairs. Past the telephones. Right turn. —Wait! Look at my reflection in the glass of the fire extinguisher box. Why, the whiskers at the sides of my mouth have grown out really long since I shaved this morning. But the rest of my beard is normal. What's happening to me? —C'mon, get a grip on it. Forget everything for a while. Get a coke and relax. Everything will be okay.

Rush inside the concession lounge. Wait. Those two guys in there must be really flipped out. They're just sitting there amid masses of half-empty cups and melted Mr. Goodbars. One is obviously a freaked out engineering student, because he's sitting there bug-eyed and twirling the sliderule case on his belt with the precision that only an engineering student could manage. Judging from his actions, the other one must be a Political Science grad student. He is transfixed, mumbling catch phrases from American Political Science Review and the Congressional Quarterly. The engineer is getting up. He got a Coca-Cola from the machine and he put it down and—unspeakable horrors—he is methodically decarbonating it as
the grad student watches aghast! This place is worse than upstairs. I've got to get out of here. Oh, Dr. Lemming, I'm beginning to see the true meaning of aversive stimulation, rewards, punishment. The library destroys human dignity! It turns us into—Do I dare admit it?—RATS!!! No! Yes! No! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Quick, scurry into the bathroom. Look into the mirror. Aughh! The whiskers... no, I understand! And the graying complexion, and the squeaky voice, and the Freudian slip about my paw in the elevator, and now look in the mirror: my ears are getting bigger—rat ears!

Rats. Mazes. Library! With B. F. Skinner's help, they have devised techniques of control, and now we must devise ways of escaping the techniques—what am I saying? I've got to find that book!

Out of the bathroom. Up the zigzag maze stairs. Through the glass doors, across the lobby, and through more glass doors. Find the call numbers, find the book and get out. Faster, faster. Everyone is probably staring at me because I look like a rat. Or am I so totally out of it that I only think I'm turning into a rat? No matter. Just find the book and get out of this place. That is all that matters now. There's the book I have been looking for all this time. Snatch it and run.

Out the door and into the lobby. Slither over to the front and give the book to the aging librarian. And she does look capable of violence now. Hurry, I've got to get out of this maze, or it's more aversive stimulation, more punishment.

"Can't you speed it up?" I'm squeaking out of control.

"Are you speaking to me, young man?"

"Yes, would you please hurry before I do something we all will regret?"

"Listen, you'll have to behave yourself in the library, or I'll have to call Dr. Gibbon."

"Gibbon? Who's that?"

"He's the library director. He's the big cheese around here."

Oh, no! At the very mention of cheese I'm beginning to salivate uncontrollably. Now they will know for sure that I'm a rat! I've got to get out of here!

Grab the book and run out of the building. Past the checker at the desk by the doors. Out the big glass doors. On to the ramp. Trip over a 10-speed Flandria parked outside. Get up and run again. Faster, faster.

Across Newcomb Place toward the University Center. They must be chasing me. Run on four legs instead of two, it's faster. Run behind the U. C. where the garbage bins are. Hide. Crawl under one of the bins.

Try to catch a breath. Stop panting. Hide from them...

Now pull yourself together. This is crazy. I can't really be a rat. Tell yourself you're not a rat. That's it, breath deep. Look at things in perspective. Think of reassuring things... Right... Think of more Norman Cousins and Socrates quotes...

Ah, yes. It was either Lenny Bruce or Sir Francis Bacon—I forget which—who said, "Some books are to be tasted; others swallowed; and some few to be chewed and digested."

And gnaw, gnaw this one sure is good.
J.P.A. PEOPLE ARE NOT DEAD.
JUST GONE TEMPORARILY.
TO A BETTER WORLD

God has surely blessed Wales.

Bangor, Caernarvonshire: I was chucked out of Neuadd Rathbone, the dorm, when the Warden saw two young men jump out my window. I went out the front entrance and met them in the back, only to hear a voice calling from above, “Aiding and abetting, are you, Louisa?”

Then I moved into Mrs. Roberts' dig. With Ann, Fiona and Lynne. Ann was a silent creature from Scotland; Fiona and Lynne were fat and fanny.

Sunday morning it was common law to arrive at breakfast dressed in robes. As we smiled mutely at one another, we would hear Alistair Cooke on the radio speaking in his Report from America. During tea, baked beans on toast, we watched the news: the electricity strike or the mining of Haiphong. I cringed; but Fiona and Lynne, Mrs. Roberts and Ann were equally baffled by Mr. R. Nixon than by me. Someone admired my striped trousers, and Mrs. Roberts said, “Yes, Americans like colorful clothes, don’t they?”

In the Quaker discussion group I was trying to explain what encounter groups were. “In my first encounter group,” I was saying, “one of the things we did was split into pairs and sit back-to-back to try to express our feeling that way.”

“Express your feeling . . . ?” Eyes blinked. “Back to back?”

“Yes, to see what it is like to communicate with our backs. If nothing else, I began to appreciate eyes, you know?”

They didn’t know. “Oh.” The idea of sitting back-to-back to communicate was as bizarre to them as the idea of unsafe streets, endless land, or having to carry an identification card.

—Bangor is a rough town on a Saturday night, a woman from the Isle of Anglesey nearby warned me. Indeed. On Saturday night all the fondable Welsh girls would scream and giggle, like six-year-olds playing hop-scotch, by the Upper Bangor fish and chips shop, then disappear to emerge sleepily over Sunday Times and cups of tea in the Prav. cafe.

Boys with hats on bicycles, and yellow meadows whisper and smile
in England.

But Wales is not England, they will tell you defiantly, and did you know, by the way, it was a Welshman from Portmadoc who discovered America?
"If someone asks me what I have been studying during my stay at Tulane, I would proudly reply that I have been reading about 100 pages every day. I would only be afraid that one would like to know precisely what it was all about."

My first impression of the United States was vast stretches of land and hugeness. I was delighted in front of the landscape surrounding me. In New Orleans, I really enjoy the sight of old houses, the wonderful gardens and the strange oak trees. Unfortunately, the scenery is spoilt by the poverty and filthiness of some districts, especially where black people are living. The contrast between rich and poor areas is extreme. It seems that Louisiana has remained the same since the beginning of the twentieth century. Even if improvements have been made, they did not annihilate the prejudices you can already feel just by looking at the city itself. Only optimistic people can hope in a better future for this state.

To live on the campus at Tulane University is for me like being in a small village, with the same provincial atmosphere. I meet nearly the same people every day, and hear so much gossip, that I finally know everyone, even people I have never met. Although the gates are always wide opened, I have often stayed on the campus for weeks without going out. Not that I did not wish to do so, but because nearly everything is provided on the campus or because I was busy studying. But to be a student does not imply over here the same advantages you can get in other democratic countries. I finally took the good side of the medal and avoided to buy anything in the bookstore.

Physically the first problem I met was the climate. I arrived in August and for a few days could not move a finger without sweating. To get used of the heat does not mean to be impermeable to the effects of the weather, chiefly in New Orleans. You can sweat going to a class than one hour later, when going back, be caught by a heavy rain. You just have time to get a cold and the sun is shining again. In brief, the fluctuations of the temperature must be faced with dry humor.

The second problem was food. I was surprised by the quantity of artificial ingredients contained in it.

I have never eaten so much vitamin A in my life. The only effect I can feel is stomach cramps and disgust. The meals at the cafeteria are not so bad except that they are so heavily cooked that I am stuffed half way before the end. Much worse is the food in the snack bars where it remains cooking for hours on. After having been sick two or three times I simply avoided eating anything except cold dishes. But even then I had the sad surprise to get tainted, rotten food. I resolved the question by dieting when I am on the campus. I cannot afford to go to Antoine's every day.

If someone asks me what I have been studying during my stay at Tulane University, I would proudly reply that I have been reading about one hundred pages every day. I would only be afraid that one would like to know precisely what it was all about. I was surprised by the amount of books I had to swallow, but I do not have the impression that I have learnt much. Everything is a vague memory in my mind. I have studied much, but I know little. Most of the time I have been taught how to type without misspellings, how to write footnotes and how to put the punctuation correctly. I found it very discouraging to see that the emphasis was put on the way you write rather than on what you write. It seems that I have been trained to write articles and not to teach.

Like anywhere else there are good and bad teachers. When they are good they are very good, but when they are bad . . . I have sometimes heard teachers asserting false statements they seemed to regard as divine truths. Out of the seven classes I attended, half were a waste of time. And time is what a student needs in order to do the amount of work required. I was mainly irritated by the fact I could not possibly spend more time on what I found interesting. I felt frustrated to spend days and nights reading and writing without having the time to think it over seriously. I was only encouraged by hearing other students complaining about the same thing.

What struck me is that when a course is bad noone is submitting any criticism to the teacher. Each time I did it I was told that this was the way things should be. A seminar must not be a study course which must remain quite different from a reading course. It does not matter if the method of teaching of one of them is bad. Sometimes the lack of objectivity of some of the teachers I had was astounding. Nothing to complain about if you are on the good side. But students are often masochists who like to be judged for what they are worth. It seemed to me that respect towards the teacher does not have to prove he deserves it. I could feel very accurately the distance that exists between the teachers and the students, emphasized by hypocrisy on both sides. Fortunately, as a foreigner, I did not have to come into the play.

I had fun listening to people talking during the classes. Speak well, no matter what you say. Some were juggling with words and sophisticated and redundant terms they could hardly understand. Most of the time, I was losing the track and caught by the monotony of the whole speech and was ready to fall asleep. "Well, you know . . . it's sort of . . . I think it's a kind of, like, but . . . " You do not have to know something, just be skillful.
enough to make people believe that you know much.

In front of political problems, I met two attitudes: a lack of enthusiasm and a lack of optimism. Very few people seemed to realize the importance of the part they could play in such a domain. I was surprised by the lack of interest I too often saw before the last elections. I could only hear bitter regrets once the game was over. People seem to think there is nothing they can do toward improvement and change. Nobody really believes in the end of the war in Vietnam. I have the impression that there is no feeling of solidarity. Each one is isolated behind books, only concerned of getting grades.

This feeling of isolation is reduced by conformity. Out of the educational system students seem to be driven to uniformity. Each one finally looks the same in the way they are clad, they talk, think and act. Generally boys lack of masculinity and girls are tough enough to recreate an equilibrium. Boys' problem is to increase the volume of their muscles while the girls are concerned with weight. It seems to me that cut-offs are the uniform of the students. They have lost the value of aesthetics except for sport cars.

Anyone who thinks I did not enjoy my stay at Tulane is wrong. I do not regret the time I have spent here. I could write more about all the nice people I met, about the hospitality of the inhabitants of New Orleans, about the thoughtful friends I have now and about the way they helped me to feel at home here. Actually I was lucky because I quickly realized I could not expect any efficient help from the International office where people care less about foreign students. Some of my fellows were less lucky in order to find a place to live, a job and some guidance in their choice concerning their studies. I am aware that I could have had much more difficulties in my first contact with the United States. As a whole this year of studies at Tulane increased my sense of humour and my criticalness, but I am not quite sure this is the purpose I wanted to achieve when I decided to come over here.
Who's Who & Not So Who. How & Where To Curtsy
Ranking the Parades. What to do if You're Jewish

THE COURIER GUIDE TO MARDI GRAS
SOCIAL CLIMBING

The Inside Story by Charlotte Hays

Wealthy Jews from New Orleans celebrate Carnival by leaving town. Calvin Trillin reported this tradition in a 1968 piece in the New Yorker. Oddly enough, it wasn't the Pickwick Club or the Boston Club that responded with fury; instead, the "revelation" was denounced from the pulpit of every synagogue in town. It spelled out what could be more comfortably evaded by a February skating trip to Aspen. Jewish credentials with cachet on Fifth Avenue don't even rate a balcony seat at one of New Orleans' "society" balls.

Munro S. Edmundson, a Tulane anthropologist and Carnival Scholar, thinks this refusal to recognize things that constitute status in the rest of the United States is one way that New Orleans says that it will not follow the lead of New York, will not fall into mainstream America. Isn't—in fact—American at all except through a tricky mishap of history. And that it is a provincial capital with—of all things—an aristocracy based on lineage rather than achievement. The Garden District families that came after the Louisiana Purchase are, ironically, the most adamant adherents of this system. Carnival as a yearly ritual proclaiming our provinciality is a social control mechanism of mixed blessings. It puts up a barrier against the outside: national companies hesitate to locate offices here because the quirky local status stytem galls their officials. (Shell is the only national company with a vice presidency here.) The system also locks those who are here into an ascribed status. Carnival is both manifestation and vehicle for this control forcefully operational in the N.O. psyche. People here watch to see who's standing next to the duchess. We will know things have changed when the publicly-known Rex ceases to pay homage to an anonymous Comus, whose identity is known only to those who care to know.

Incidents from the history of Carnival, incidents never printed but always discussed in the right circles, illustrate how the system works. In the 1920's, for example, the Flapper Queen of Comus was something like one-fourth Jewish, and when she came out for the grand march around the ballroom, the floor re-echoed with hisses of "Jew, Jew!" The blunder in choosing a queen was a delicious excuse for the type of snobbery New Orleans calls dramatic snobbery. The Flapper Queen's plight is duly recorded in the memories of those who care, savor and snickered over by those of their grandchildren who still care, and a general delight to all who enjoy such nuances.

HOW TO GET YOURSELF INVITED
How such a mishap could have happened is beyond comprehension. A whole shadowy kingdom of dominions, princecdoms, and powers is at work to prevent such slip-ups, though sometimes something as outrageous as the Flapper Queen just happens. Even guest lists are screened by any krewe that is anybody to make sure that just any body doesn't intrude. Since no one knows who is the invitation committee, which also selects the court, there is a go-between. Gentlemen a little fuzzy on how to fill out their forms can contact the go-between or call their problems into an unidentified voice that will help them by phone. There are, of course, some cegorical imperatives. No Jews. No Italians. (Exception was once granted to an Italian mayor's wife who came under an assumed name. The same license is often granted to prominent New Orleanians in the same ancestry bind, willing to resort to the same ploy and, of course, to sit upstairs.) The form krew members fill in about people they might wish to invite asks if a person is from New Orleans, where if not, date of birth, occupation, two references, and a brief sketch containing other pertinent information and written, whether it be about an ex-queen of Comus or a new arrival from the country, as if neither the writer nor the committee knows the possible guest.

Pertinent information would include, of course, such obvious facts as the date of a girl's debut, though never having been a debutante doesn't necessarily preclude a girl's attending or being in the court of a good ball. (New Orleans is one of the only towns in the country where deciding who does and who doesn't is the province of little old ladies but is a decision deliberated upon and reached by business men. New Orleans society makes special dispensations for girls who are debutante material but who cannot afford to do it and whose mothers have more taste than to do it only half way. See especially Harlequins later on.)

The most desirable invitations are "call out" invitations which entitle the holder to sit on the main floor and to be called out to dance with a masker and receive a gift from him. All gentlemen and ladies who do not rate call outs sit in the balcony. The Krewe also invites gentlemen who do not belong to it to serve as floor Committee Men and to stand

[80]

*Reprinted from the Vieux Carre Courier Feb. 11 to 17, 1972
“Carnival as a yearly ritual proclaiming our provinciality is a social control mechanism of mixed blessings. It puts up a barrier against the outside...”

“In the 1920’s, for example, the Flapper Queen of Comus was something like one-fourth Jewish, and when she came out for the grand march around the ballroom, the floor re-echoed with hisses of “Jew, Jew!”

around in tails and to call out the ladies to dance. They are under NO circumstances to set foot on the dance floor. Screened and accepted, a guest’s dossier is added to the krewe’s filing system, so additional information may be added as it comes to light and to relieve the burden of research in succeeding seasons. A negative R.S.V.P. is noted and, supposedly, are any major faux pas at the ball. A member of the committee is, like Big Brother, eternally vigilant, or so it is said. Guests behave accordingly and ladies are flawless even as they trip to the bathroom for a drink from their little hip flasks (similar to the ones carried in dry counties in the country). Only a limited number of bar cards are issued by the king or queen, one way that status is maintained on the floor. All good invitations are from “the Maskers.” If you get an invitation reading “the guest of” then you have not been invited to an upper class affair.

A call out to Comus is the most exalted invitation, since of the parading krewes Comus is the absolute pinnacle, the city’s most reserved reward. Comus is composed of upper class Garden District men and is allied with the Boston Club. Momus is the same, except the members are younger—it’s less stuffy, “more fun”—more of its members fall off Momus floats drunk than any other krewe. One fallacy, Momus is the Louisiana Club. Proteus, allied with the Pickwick Club, is the easiest of the “high society” clubs to get in and takes in “others.”

A FEW DIRTY STORIES OF YESTERYEAR

Sometimes the invitation committee faces very weighty decisions. When Lynda Byrd Johnson visited New Orleans during Carnival one year, she succeeded in getting an invitation to Comus. The balcony. And she didn’t even know. Pity the poor parvenu!

One of the saddest of the parvenu stories involves both Rex and Comus. Early in this century a New Orleanian climber was able to amass a fortune and somehow succeeded in having his daughter named queen of Rex. Comus knew just how to retaliate to such shenanigans: the queen of Comus that year was a shopgirl, and when the court of Rex paid homage to Comus the queen of Rex had to curtsey to a—shopgirl. Everyone there understood, though the story now seems to have lost something.

Almost as shocking is the story of the Dallas debutante with a New Orleans background who was debuting here at Momus. Introduced, she curtsied to the floor! The balcony applauded. The call out section gasped with one accord. The aristocrat, one is reminded, never calls attention to himself, and even the tableaux at upper class balls are brief and unobtrusive. If you find yourself watching a garish spectacular, then you have intruded into a middle-class or worse event.

Harry and Bess Truman could not get invitations to anything more exalted than Moslem and even then Bess Truman incurred the disfavor of New Orleans by not acknowledging the royalty of even that court with a curtsy. What if it had been Comus?

Since nobody in certain strata of New Orleans can decide how ersatz their ersatz royalty is, the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor posed serious problems, Wallis and the Duke bowed to Rex and won points over Bess Truman—who held, after all, only an achieved position.

It must be admitted that sometimes even the Comus committee makes mistakes. Walt Disney was somehow given permission to film the Comus Ball one year, until it was learned that shots of Annette Funicello as Queen of Comus would be inlaid in the film. Comus recoiled.

And, of course, the predictable episodes of upper class daring: Oliver LaFarge once slapped a Tulane president’s daughter at Comus, and a committee member once stepped rashly onto the floor where Momus was masking. Wow!

DOWNWARD MOBILITY: THE KREWE GAP

There is a “krewe gap” between these society krewes and the next one, Hermes, whose guest list is notoriously not screened. Anybody can go, except the aforesaid categorical imperatives. Hermes is upper middle class businessmen, a more genteel form of Bacchus. Often a member of one of the elite krewes will also belong to Hermes in order to have a ball at which to entertain business acquaintances who could not, of course, sit in a better, aristocratic ball. Hermes showed its coarse insensitivity when it changed its flambeaux carriers for electric lights. They thought it was an innovation! Neon lights followed. Even Babylon, which is down the ladder from Hermes, reintroduced flambeaux carriers in ‘65 after a conspicuous absence of fifteen years.

Babylon itself an example of the downward mobility of a krewe. It started as an upper class krewe in 1938, slipped
into the middle class and is now a politician's krewe. Victor Schiro was its king. Babylon and Hermes still ascribe to court etiquette, though neither is able to score a single debutante for its court. (A few debutantes in the court is a sign that the krewe isn't a total catastrophe.)

Rex is atypical of the krewes—it is both social and civic and just about anybody can be invited to the ball. Its first king in 1872 was Jew, Louis Salomon, though this will never ever happen again. There are Jewish members but only in the outer, non-royal circle. The membership of Rex is made up of three circles, the inner circle, composed of members of the Boston Club who are active in Rex and Comus; the middle circle, made up of other Boston Club members; and the outer circle, or the Chamber of Commerce crowd and other people who've made it. The king is chosen by the inner circle from its own ranks and is considered New Orleans' highest civic honor and rather more democratic than the other "good" kingships.

The outer circle is, of course, likely to include upstarts of the sort who blasphemously see Mardi Gras as an occasion for tourism, instead of the ritual affirmation of an old order. It is late comers of this ilk who issued the infamous Tourist Commission brochure describing Mardi Gras as "the greatest free show on earth," which is so painful to the aristocratic custodians of carnival and which has been seized upon by the Mardi Gras Coalition as ammunition. The outer circle is the limited, tentative acceptance New Orleans condescends to give to over-achievers.

Bacchus is the only krewe with a national membership. Perhaps, aside from its obvious bad taste, one reason Bacchus produces tremors in confirmed Carnival buffs is that it recognizes people who are considered important nationally but are not, by New Orleans standards, anyone at all. It is an incursion from the very world that Carnival seeks to keep at bay.

The identity of the members of the upper class krewes is, of course, shrouded in secrecy, as if those in lower echelons cared and as if those who cared wouldn't or didn't know. It is, as a matter of fact, possible to construct a tentative list of
almost any krewe by studying the T-P's society write-ups over the years, if anyone is that interested and persistent. From the lists of ladies of the courts that have appeared over the years, one might, by weighing and tallying their connections, put together a fairly accurate list of the men. The T-P write-ups reveal at a cursory glance the nature and rank of a ball. For lesser balls there is an elaborate description of the tableaux, the name of the king, and a list of the court. Good balls are written up on the society page with the theme of the tableau briefly mentioned but not dwelt upon (An aristocrat never calls attention . . . ) and followed by a list of the ladies in the court. Always a typical, Rex's king is named. Over the years society editors have learned to follow this formula.

HOW TO RATE THE PARADES

Aside from evaluating the balls, New Orleanians who care also learn how to "rate" the social level of parades. There are two major float designers here and each suits a different taste. Blaine Kern designs the middle class spectaculars, and those who sneer at him a low-brow Walt Disney imagination. Like Disney, he uses lots of primary colors and his themes are more likely to revolve around Hollywood movies than themes more or less accessible to those who have had two years of Latin forced on them. Louis Cantrell designs floats with classical themes for Comus through Proteus.

Of all the parading krewes only nine design and build their own floats, and these floats are later recycled to less classy groups. One such local Carnival freak who grew up on the Avenue has compiled a tested way of identifying the social scale of a parading krewe and allows that it be quoted in full with only his name deleted:

1. If you read the king's name in the Times-Picayune the day of the parade, then this parade has no class whatsoever. (Exception: Rex.)

2. If the Farhad-Grotto motorcycle escort precedes the parade, then this, too, is a sign of low brow activity. (Same goes for the Jefferson Parish possee, etc.)

Observations by Newcomb
Editor of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

I am old enough to remember a Mardi Gras much more representative of Old New Orleans than its present version. To me, Mardi Gras is suffering from the population explosion, and the new crowds are not nearly so happy or so amiable as were the old. Until some years after World War I, New Orleans was still an island, accessible only by train, steamer, or ferry. There were no super highways; in fact, there were few highways of any kind. Of course there were no planes. No one ever heard of tourist motels, sales promotion, and such. There was no Tourist Bureau, no promotion of Mardi Gras by business interests, and no advertising of Carnival attractions. Those who came were welcomed and assimilated. There was plenty of room.

Today, the crowding along the parade route seems to be an insurmountable problem. This motorized age of ours means thousands of cars pouring their cargo into the city and crowding our streets to a highly dangerous degree. I live near a parade route, and during the parades the threat of fire or emergency haunts me.

There is a new spirit of violence invading the routes that were once filled with merry, amiable people. For the last several years Krewe members riding on the floats have been struck and injured by objects hurled from the crowd. Ruthlessness and violence are taking over the once-innocent custom of catching trinkets thrown from the floats. The Maskers, responding to perennial cries of "Throw me something, Mister!", invest in huge supplies of beads and toys intended for the young. Now the thugs are taking over, knocking down the children and snatching their treasures.

One of our greatest problems is recent and dangerous: the "swarm of locusts" that descend upon our Carnival season—i.e., the hundreds of unwashed, unequipped, and unwanted young people who come without funds, food, or housing, without plumbing or basic provisions for decency.

Mardi Gras, in its essence, is still the same as it has always been, and I have been a part of Carnival ever since I can remember. Natives of New Orleans feel a pervasive sense of Mardi Gras all their lives. In kindergarten, we made floats of cartons and had parades, and how we loved to dress up in handed down relics of Carnival balls. In our pretending, everyone had to be a king or a queen of a krewe, as we have always loved our royalty and taken it seriously. To a New Orleans debutante, her souvenirs of a Carnival season are treasures forever.

"The form which krewe members fill in about people they might wish to invite asks if a person is from New Orleans, where if not, date of birth, occupation, two references . . ."
“Walt Disney was somehow given permission to film the Comus Ball one year, until it was learned that shots of Annette Funicello as Queen of Comus would be inlaid in the film.”

3. If the captain and his lieutenants are in an Oldsmobile courtesy car, then something is amiss. They haven’t learned the gentlemanly art of equitation.

4. If the captain and his lieutenants fail to wear curtain-of-wax masks and wear, instead, make-up and false beards and too fanciful costumes with three-dimensional masks such as dice and replicas of the St. Louis Cathedral, as opposed to the traditional tunic and plumed helmet of the older krewe, then this is Carnival kitsch.

5. The lack of flambeaux signifies the inability of a krewe to pay for flambeaux or even negotiate with a krewe that does own them. (Naturally, Comus has the patent on the design.)

6. If you think you’ve seen the same float before in the season or if the title and the scene don’t match, (title: the “Barber of Seville,” design: a tropical island with a palm tree) then you’re being cheated.

7. Any day parade, except Rex, is declasse.

8. If the queen sits with the mayor while reviewing the parade, then she’s definitely not one of the 400. (New Orleans aristocracy has always regarded City Hall as alien and rarely tried to insinuate itself in politics. This could be its downfall eventually.) After the parading krewe, there are non-parading organizations ranging from those which screen their lists, to newer women’s krewe. A sampler of these includes Harlequins, founded for the express purpose of relieving young maidens in distress at not having the funds to debut. The Harlequin men are young—about 21—and so the girls in the court are predebut. Being a queen of Harlequins is equivalent to a debut. Harlequin men generally "graduate" to sit and drink out their existence as Elves of Oberon, described as “Seedy pooh, pooh.” There is one society which includes married women in its court, a sort of last chance for ex-wall flowers. This is the Mystic Club, made up of Rex types but somewhat more democratic. The Mystic Club accepts newcomers who are undeniably upper class but not (alas) from New Orleans. The Olympians are mid-brow Creole Stock, mostly the old Esplanade Avenue crowd slipped into Gentilly or Jefferson Parish. Their high-brow cousins are the Atlantians, old creoles who have remained at the top. Atlantians is so exclusive that each year there are fewer and fewer people at the ball. It will soon refine itself out of existense, a unique tribute to the New Orleans ideal of the creme de la creme.

“If you read the king’s name in the Times-Picayune the day of the parade, then this parade has no class whatsoever.”
"Atlantians is so exclusive that each year there are fewer and fewer people at the ball. Everybody delights in telling how few people they saw at the Atlantians ball this year."

Everydoby delights in telling how few people they saw at the Atlantians ball this year.

HANGERS-ON FROM THE HOI-POLLOI

The above information should not, however, beguile one into thinking that Mardi Gras is only an upper class preoccupation: there is something for everyone and hence has even been called "Jeffersonian Democracy writ large." It is the mirror for all the rest of New Orleans society at every level; for example, black balls have no dukes and lords in their courts but a full house of female royalty. Black neighborhood tux rentals also do a thriving business around Carnival.

Members of the truck clubs that follow the Rex parade allot a proportionate amount of their resources and energies as do the men who spend $500 to ride Proteus. New Orleans Shriners are busy playing Carnival. The Krewe of Apollo, composed of New Orleans homosexuals, was filmed for showing on Terry Flettrich’s Midday television show this year. People who would belong to a fraternal organization in Cairo, Illinois, belong to a Carnival club here instead and are just as easily “placed” by the club to which they belong. The Municipal Auditorium is monopolized for months to the exclusion of the symphony and, this year, Mahalia Jackson’s bier.

Few New Orleanians would disagree with Professor Edmonson’s contention that Carnival is “serious, real, and consequential.” Most would also agree that behind its antic personality, it will continue to function as a social lever only until counter forces to the N.O. upper classes develop or until its veils are stripped, like those of the Wizard of Oz, a king of very similar pretensions.
You could tell the story in architecture: the handcarved eaves of the shotgun houses built long ago for quadroon mistresses. the cupids in grillwork the lyrework patterns the cornstalk fence. And the man who wanted his initial carved in the grillwork: facing him. The public sees a backwards B. He sees his name.

Bourbon Street isn't what it used to be the old-timers say. There are places to drink and to watch girls undress but the girls' faces often look sad. "Too many people are walking around looking in the door and not paying," the bartender complains. Maybe they're looking for a girl who is happy to be dancing.

New Orleans sits on the Mississippi like Cleopatra's barge slightly tarnished.
In the Desire Project live the frustrations of the black people. Passing row on row of grey buildings, you wonder what satirist named the streets: Pleasure Treasure Harmony Desire Hundreds of children play here. None of them seem to have toys.
The food is in a class by itself. The chicory coffee and the square powered beignets you don’t find anywhere else the soul food in the Quarter and the Creole food at the big restaurants the shrimp jambalaya and oysters Rockefeller and crayfish etouffe and Creole gumbo and red beans and rice and at last the crepes Suzette and the perfect wine to relax over and think of French songs.
It's a good city to be poor in and a good city to be rich in.

If you're poor there's communes and food stamps and the cheaper antique shops on Magazine Street and the St. Vincent de Paul store where overcoats cost 45¢.
And if you're rich
there's beveled glass doors
and Breakfast at Brennan's
and the big antique shops
on Royal Street
and getting your daughter
to be Queen of the Krewe of Something
and wrought-iron balconies
and an elegance
too many places
have forgotten.
apathy
Philosophy should always know that indifference is a militant thing. It batters down the walls of cities and murders the women and children amid the flames and the
purloning of altar vessels. When it goes away it leaves smoking ruins, where lie citizens bayoneted through the throat. It is not a children's pastime like mere highway robbery.

Stephen Crane

Nothing for preserving the body like having no heart.

John Petit-Senn

The long mechanic pacings to and fro, The set gray life, the apathetic end.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Most people are on the world, not in it—having no conscious sympathy or relationship to anything about them—undiffused, separate, and rigidly alone like marbles of polished stone, touching but separate.

John Muir

The tyranny of a prince in an oligarchy is not as dangerous to the common good as the apathy of the citizens in a democracy.

Charles de Secondat (Baron de Montesquieu)

The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them; that's the essence of inhumanity.

George Bernard Shaw
The essence of the impact of apathy lies not in the relative insignificance of the individual instances, but in the totality of their impact on Tulane University. Even though apathy can be seen and felt all around us in terms of inaction or action, it is at best an extremely difficult phenomenon to define.

Apathy is cyclical, and as such can be graphed in terms of valleys and peaks. Whether the valleys are caused by the time of year, by neglect, by getting involved in too many activities or by rejection, you must strive to decrease the length and depth of your apathetic cycles.

Apathy is directional. It need not permeate your entire life. You can afford to be apathetic in satisfying your secondary needs or towards items which are insignificant to you. But beware.

Apathy is contagious. It can spread from the insignificant and from the non-feeling to the feeling.

Apathy is easy. It is much easier to be apathetic than to fight the system, yet the system must serve as a vehicle to facilitate the learning experience rather than simply serve itself.

A common denominator in a definition is the absence of emotion or caring. How many times have you responded to an inquiry by saying "I don't care" or heard someone else described as "apathetic?" What was meant? Apathy means many different things to different individuals and what may appear to be apathetic from your perspective may be sympathetic from another.

Because of all of the vested interests in the University you must look at each situation from as many perspectives as possible in order to determine whether or not apathy exists. Within the University, apathetic action or inaction will reflect a want of feeling for the overall objective of the institution which should be to provide an educational experience for its constituents.

A measure of the impact of apathy is the money not collected from apathetic alumni, yet the most pressing problem facing the University is lack of money. The impact of apathy among faculty and administrators can be measured in the time and effort wasted bickering among themselves rather than working together towards offering a better educational experience to the students, yet another major problem facing the University is a lack of unity. The impact of apathy among the students can be measured by their acceptance of a rather mediocre undergraduate education rather than putting forth the effort needed to get their money's worth.

Tulane University is fighting for its survival as a private institution of higher education. Its survival will depend to a large extent on the ability of all members of the University community to combat apathy by sublimating their departmental and college interests in order to pull together towards the attainment of University goals. To this end the students must provide the interest in their quest for a quality education. The resulting positive personal experience can lead to an increased sense of identity with the University. The faculty and staff must provide the expertise that creates and supports a stimulating educational environment, and in doing so reaffirm their loyalty to the University. The alumni must provide support for the University and in giving of themselves express their genuine concern for its future. The administrators must provide the leadership for coordinating the activities of all groups within the University in such a manner that we are proud to be associated with Tulane University.

Cycles, direction and contagiousness are perhaps less abstract than apathy, and if ACTED upon instead of just being talked about can produce the feeling, emotion and caring that will result in the identity, loyalty, concern and pride that Tulane as well as all of us need.

Claude Mason
Dear Mr. Lee,

Forgive this very late reply to your note. However I may have sounded on certain public problems I am obviously not half so depressed about life in general as you are. I think it's an internal condition with you, not so much the external condition of the world. Nobody ever "fully succeeds" in life, at least by his own measurements. So what? Do you want to sit on your hands and moan life away? You only live once. One can at least be of some help to a few individuals. But not if one lives negatively himself. As they say in the Army, stir your butt.

Sincerely,

Eric Sequareid

Mr. Thomas Lee
21 Seymour Place
White Plains, N. Y. 10605

May 25, 1972
FOUR DIE IN RAULT BLAZE

FIRE SWEEPS TOP 3 FLOORS

At Least Four Injured and Two Reported Buried in Debris

By HENRY MANLey and VICTOR AXE

Fire swept the top three floors of the Rault Building Center Wednesday afternoon and at least four persons died.

Three of the victims were killed when they jumped from the 13th floor of the Rault Center to 101 Rampart St. at least four persons died in the National Weather Service bulletin.

The fourth died inside. The bodies were identified by Dr. Carl H. Emtage, Obli- nual Parish Coroner, as Mrs. Jacqueline Ann McConnell, Mathes, 314, r. 115, after Mrs. Nettie Frazier, 83, 3322 Green Acres Blvd., Metairie; Miss. Jean中新, 39, 2828 Maple St., and Charles 2. Middle, 28, 387 David St., Kenner.

Mrs. Frazier was killed when she jumped from the 13th floor as the blast closed in behind them. The bodies were found in a bed in the 13th floor, ap- parently dead from smoke inhalation.

At least four persons were injured, and there were unconfirmed reports that two other persons might be buried beneath debris in a narrow space between the Rault Center and Travelers Insurance Companies Building which listed at 379 Loyola Ave.

Eight persons were rescued by helicopters from the roof of the center.

The explosion was identified by Wilson W. Dav, 34, 375 Coffee Ave., Mrs. Maline Smith, 39, 1302 Lloyd Cooper, 26, no address given, and William Allen, 25, 325 St.

The two women suffered multiple fractures when they plunged out of the windows with the three who were killed. The injured women were listed in critical condition at Charity Hospital late Wednesday night after undergoing surgery.

Cocktail, who suffered extensive burns, was also listed in critical condition at Charity. Allen was treated and released. Both women are employed by New Orleans Police service and were in the building making a pa- tient clock on the gas system, a 200VGSK specialist, said.

The explosion was reported simultaneous to a fire, which was reported under control.

The explosion blast, which was repeated in the department building, was first noticed by two windows on the 23rd floor. It had engulfed the 13th floor and the penthouse on the top floor.

San Sebastian and the first fire engine arrived on the scene within minutes. The blast was reported under control at 2:34 p.m.

By mid-afternoon, the roof of the five-story fire-department structure had collapsed, and the two flames could be seen from the street below.

Firemen were hampered by the broken building.

They could not shut water up high that at first. A fire hose and ladder was set up in the parking lot across Rampart Street, but the fireman running the hose kept the ladder from being raised to a safe height where it was extinguished.

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2 Snipers Hold Out; City Core Paralyzed

Downtown Under Siege
N.O.: Sunday, Bloody Sunday

BY JACQ. WAREMAN

Lowman rushes to aid of sniper victims pinned down by gunfire

The States-Item
23rd Street between St. Charles and Camp

BY ALLAN KAYE

Sniper to fancy thegeben men

The New Orleans police department reported that two snipers were still holding up the police...
TEMPORARY
SANITY
BOGGS' PLANE DOWN, MISSING

Rep. Begich, Two Others Aboard; Alaskan Search Begun

An airplane carrying U.S. Rep. Hal Boggs, D-La., and Nick Begich, D-Alaska, was down and unaccounted for Monday night somewhere along the rugged, arctic Alaskan coastline.

The Air Force launched an all-points search for the plane which carried a total of four persons. Russell Brown, an administrative assistant to Rep. Begich, was also aboard along with a pilot, Joe F. Jones.

Mrs. Nick Begich, wife of the freshman congressman for whom Boggs was substituting, told The Times-Picayune that she had received word from one of her husband's aides that the overflown airplane was down "somewhere between the Patricks and Johnnies" but added she had "no word" on the fate of the four.

No radio signal had been received from the plane.

The Cessna 318 carrying the four was on a routine flight from Anchorage to Juneau when it was reported overdue for its 6:55 p.m. CST landing in the Alaskan capital.

A spokesman for Elmendorf Air Force Base in Anchorage said that only one plane - a C-47 from the base - would remain out all night to renew the search. He said the plane was equipped with electronic equipment to search the direction.

More planes are expected to join the search. Seven planes belonging to the Coast Guard, Civil Air Patrol, out of Anchorage, and the Federal Aviation Administration were called in at the hour that initial flights (PAA) participated in the search efforts Monday.

He added the search "has been going on almost non-stop since the lady to lady flight begun of speaking that the weather was, and probably will be, so bad that we'll have to call it off because it is, you know, that bad in the air in the light." Among those were Mrs. L. Carper, whose husband was not aboard.

Begich, who had been a member of Congress since January 1965, is known in Washington, D.C., as a keen mountain climber and a scientist by trade who had been named by President Johnson to the White House Council on Environmental Quality.

Mrs. Begich said she had been "out looking" for the plane.

Begich's father, who had been in the Navy during World War II, said the plane crashed in a swamp.

On Sunday, the Federal Aviation Administration said the plane had been identified by a 41-yr-old flight.

Gary Hylm in Anchorage, an administration official, said the plane was "a C-47 from the base with a crew composed of the usual three officers - a pilot, co-pilot, and radio operator.

In Washington, the Federal Aviation Administration said that the plane had been identified by the air traffic controller as the Minnesota Aviation Administration in Anchorage, which said the pilot was missing over the Alaskan terrain for nearly an hour in his plane.

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We are publishing for a special report against the Inland Empire Regional Planning Association.

**PARTLY CLOUDY** with some dark clouds at times afternoon, no chance of rain and variable winds up to 15 knots at the National Weather Service Forecast High Tuesday, upper 80s.


**SUNO OBSERVER**

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY MURDERS

The university administration in the southern city of the nation surrounding the murder of two students at the Southern University campus in Baton Rouge on September 23rd. Students were killed in a room where they were allegedly being held for ransom.

The rooms were ransacked, and the bodies were found in the morning.

A city police officer determined that death was caused by a "shattering of the head with a sledgehammer." The jaws were found on the ground.

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Behind The Ho-Jo Massacre

FIGARO's coverage of the sniper crisis leads off with Rosemary James' interview of Mayor Landrieu's aides about the things that could have happened to the city, but luckily didn't.

Inside—along with a section of previously unpublished photographs—is a series of short articles on events and perspectives that haven't yet gotten the attention they deserve: The unfortunate, automatic racial labeling; the conspiracy theorists; the mechanics of T.V. coverage; gun control; the best eye-witness account of a second sniper; and many others.

By Rosemary James—

With this week's nightmare barely over for the citizenry as a whole and the suffering only just beginning for the families of the dead—it might sound an unfelt thing to say, nevertheless—the City of New Orleans has a lot to say thanks over.

Orleanians can be thankful that, horrifying as the events of Sunday and Monday were, they were events revolving around what can only be described as a contained incident.

You can be thankful that—however bloody, brutal, senseless—those events were confined to essentially a single city block.

You can be thankful—whatever criticism you might have of the police department strategy used—that policemen were willing to risk their lives for yours.

No Crime Outbreak

You can be thankful that there was no outbreak of crime while police were drained out of other areas into the crisis scene. (It seemed that even second-story men and armed robbers were too concerned with the sniper events to go about their normal business.)

These are not just the random thoughts of some reporter who watched with the rest of the city as the nightmare unfolded. At City Hall, those in the Mayor's inner circle are breathing a sigh of relief that—whatever the motivation of the sniper or snipers—that motivation did not catch on like wildfire.

Out of an interview with the Mayor's key aides, Dan McClung and Robert Tucker, came one key theme: New Orleans is lucky, and that luck has something to do with the peculiar nature of the Crescent City and its residents.

Both men expressed the thought that the people of the city themselves are the ones who kept the city from exploding.

(Continued on page 9)

Mark Essex's shattered, bullet-riddled body lies on the roof of the Downtown Howard Johnson Motel Hotel Monday afternoon. Three of the police officers who stormed the roof pass the body and an equally bullet-riddled ventilator. The officer in the middle is one of those wounded by ricocheting police bullets or by flying concrete when officers blasted away at the elevator housing door, behind which they thought a second sniper was concealed.

Essex's body was so mutilated by bullets that it was impossible to identify him visually. A photographer on the roof of the Rault Center witnessed Essex's deathcharge at the Marine helicopter, and says that the police continued shooting long after Essex was obviously dead. (This largely explains the numerous small bullet craters on the motel roof. The trajectory of the police bullets was approximately parallel to the roof, which accounts for the distance of some of the craters from the body.)

The barrel of Essex's .44 magnum carbine lies just below his right forearm. The butt of the rifle is to the body's left. The weapon had been broken up by police fire.

—photo by Walter Freeman, UPI
Too much.
To get out of school and to go to work, or to get out and not go to work. But to get out.

It can be a step up if one doesn't give in to natural nervousness about the future.

Maybe it's a turning point, for one is no longer tied to getting that degree. But one might be better off to forget that he has it, for it really makes him no better than any other.

Some random thoughts of different people about graduating:

"What do I do now?"

"Graduation is for mothers, seriously."

Relationships and school commitments must be held onto, one must surround himself with people he can talk to."

"It's swell."

"The play has been acted out a thousand times, each generation merely makes slight adjustments to the set."

"My friends who went to school for four years seem lost and insecure after graduation. They are waiting to be told the next step. Education often fails to prepare us for life, in which case graduation means little or nothing."

"Graduation depends on how old your mind is."

And finally, the ceremony itself:

"I think the faculty should sit on stage during graduation and degrees should be written on balloons. When the dean hands you your degree, you could turn to the faculty member that you consider most full of hot air and ask him to inflate the degree to readability. At some time in the future when it was all in perspective, it would pffftttttttttttt around the room."