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The Albright Book

Albright College, Reading

Pennsylvania 1973

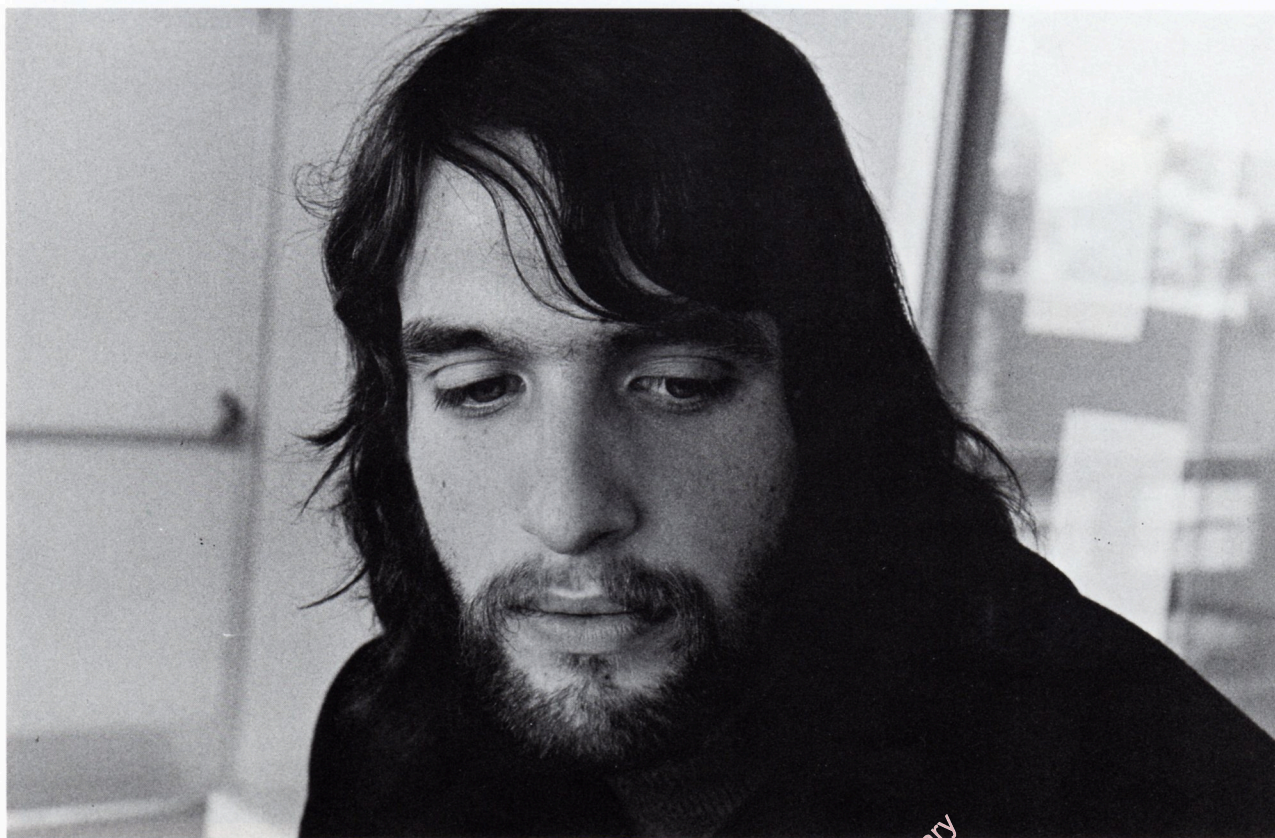
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To good people and good times — love
and laughter, pensive eyes and gentle
kisses. To green trees, sunny skies and
yellow balloons. Running free and dream-
ing free, joy and jelly beans, To Life and
its potential — to all people who have
love.

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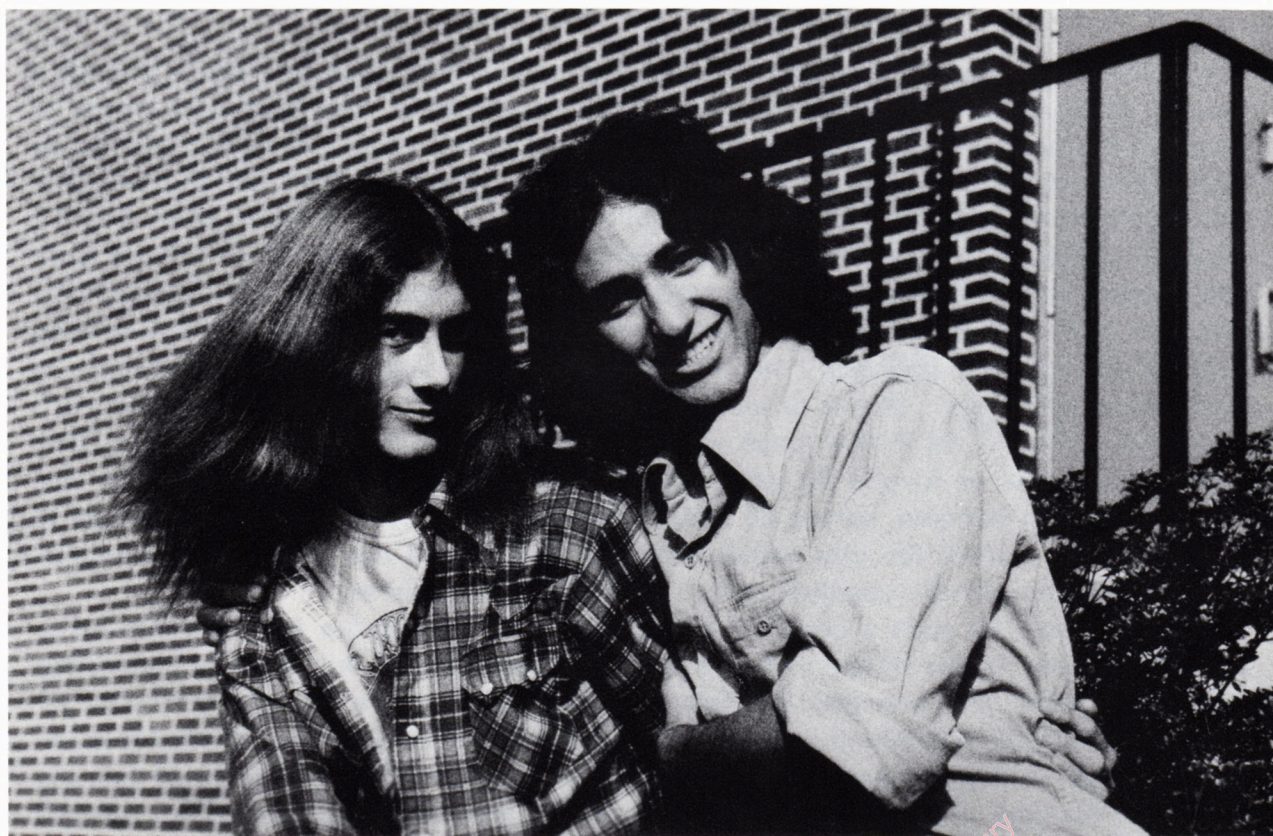


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The Albright Way

(for Doris Manzolillo and Lou Yonke, because they were family)

We die of cold, and not of darkness.

— Unamuno

I wanted to be gentle. I wanted to speak the truth of this place as I saw it in such a way as might bring us together. But truth is sometimes bitter, and those who create so much of the negative experience here are always glad of a statement which offends no ear; it permits them to carry on in the same old way. Finally, I have felt an obligation to my students and to so many friends on the faculty. I have learned from them. I have shared with them the Albright experience. I have found myself with them coming to learn and to love and to know each other more in spite of Albright College than because of it. The voice I speak is as much this collective as my own, and I have tried with all the ear and patience I have to speak here the voice of the community. To those who would say "love it or leave it," I answer that silence and acquiescence is not love; rather, if we love a place we must be honest in the way we speak of that place, and while we love it for what it is and in spite of all its faults, we must also love all it might become. Above all, where hypocrisy and dehumanization threaten to overcome the chance for true community, we must speak out at whatever personal cost. The future of man depends upon our willingness to do so.

Albright could be such a beautiful place. Our students and our faculty could be so deeply involved in the sharing of one another's experience. But there is something which year after year prevents this from truly happening. The Albright family is unreal, a make believe family in a big white house, inhabited by strangers. And it is unreal because at the highest levels of the family structure fear and mistrust are the dominant feelings. I believe that this accounts for the annual exodus of our student leaders from the positions of governance and channels of communication provided them by the administration. The students sense that so many ears purported to be cocked their way are in actuality the closed orifices of wall boned corridors of mind. I mean that the highest levels of the college administration use the channels of communication only as vehicles for pretending to listen to the students. When a potential for exchange of views arises (too often this occurs only when forced) the administration's response is to get through the situation as soon as possible. This is particularly frustrating when the student realizes that the situation is being projected outside the institution in the form of public relations imagery as an example of how everything is just fine at the school, whereas it is really an exercise in pseudo-communication, game, and manipulation through a falsified exercise of language.

Exchanges between students and board of trustee members often take the same double form. The board of trustee member will be willing to communicate only to the point where he and the student fall out of agreement. In other words, the board of trustees member is too often implicitly saying this: We can talk to each other as long as you remain a giggly adolescent girl, a high school yes man, but if you really begin to bring up ideas and feelings which I do not share or have never experienced before, I will immediately revert to my built in position of authority and either smirk, laugh at you because you are "not being mature," or just get up and walk away. Thus, in a conversation which occurred this year, when a student said he favored co-education dormitories because they would foster true interpersonal relationships, the board of trustees member replied that all the students wanted was "free sex." This is an example of how the paranoia problem is exacerbated at Albright. Instead of empathically working to understand the other person, the uptight, protestive-defensive, authoritarian consciousness projects its own unfulfilled adolescent fantasies into the very people it knows and understands least. This only works to reinforce the dominant sense of separation and divisiveness. Trust breaks down. The credibility gap yawns wider than ever.

This situation is more than unfair to the student; it is unhealthy. It conveys to him a sense of life as masturbation, a sense that people are only masks, gestures, a game they play with others. The student learns that the highest authorities do not want him to truly learn and to deepen his own individual identity. Instead, the authorities want him to play the right role, use the right word or gesture at the right time — in short to become a junior replica of the deadly rational lifeless businesslike personality he finds around him. It is this inauthenticity which leads the student finally to cynicism; and it allows him to cop out, to go down into that paralyzed inertia which seems to beset so many here. "They are playing a game with me; so, I will play a game with them. I have no choice since I cannot break through their mask. Their rational tone carefully hides their true intentions, their true content." Growth ends. The student learns to be a part instead of learning to be himself. If in committee meetings where no one really meets we find ourselves talking only of our mechanisms, can we be so surprised to hear our students speaking always of tests and grades and which is the easier section, but never of Joyce, or Tillich or how the bodied silence of the frog comes to sing? But the hidden toll this takes is deep and terrifying. For it means we live our lives in daily unreality, and at cross purposes with the dictates of our hearts. It means we are turned against ourselves, and because we cannot truly be ourselves we cannot truly come into the being of each other. We stay in our rooms. We play it cool. We are supremely non committal, "objective," and above all *safe*. But our safety is achieved at the price of living lives of avoidance, rather than of contact.

It is perhaps unfortunate that such a campaign has been initiated to convey a sense of Albright as a family. It has only led to an increased sense of the hypocrisy which underlies much of official policy. There are over fifteen hundred members of the family. Some twenty of them are black, yet we are not a lily white school; we are a Christian family. The family has traditionally been regarded as a cohesive, life supporting structure. As Robert Frost once said, "home is the place where when you go there they have to take you in." Implicit in this notion of the family is a sense that we love each other in spite of our shortcomings and that we are willing to be patient with each other, to forgive, to be gentle one with another. But the Albright family excommunicates those who do not change with changing market conditions without apparent regard for previous years of service to the family. Decisions are made not on the basis of respect and love, but on the basis of who is useful now and who is carrying the right badges and certificates now. A part of this particular problem stems from the family rulers' obsession with pleasing those people who contribute money. The Albright family loves to look good on paper. The quality of interaction, of human warmth — the underlying state of affairs, is of secondary, minimal importance. Thus the film, "Albright: A Distinctive College," is a work of magnificent irony in that its images reveal how cynical its makers were, how willing to use people for the purposes of public relations without attention to the truth of their persons (the film should be taken off the market immediately, as it does a great disservice to the school; but it should be retained in our film library as an example of what happens when public relations parts with truth).

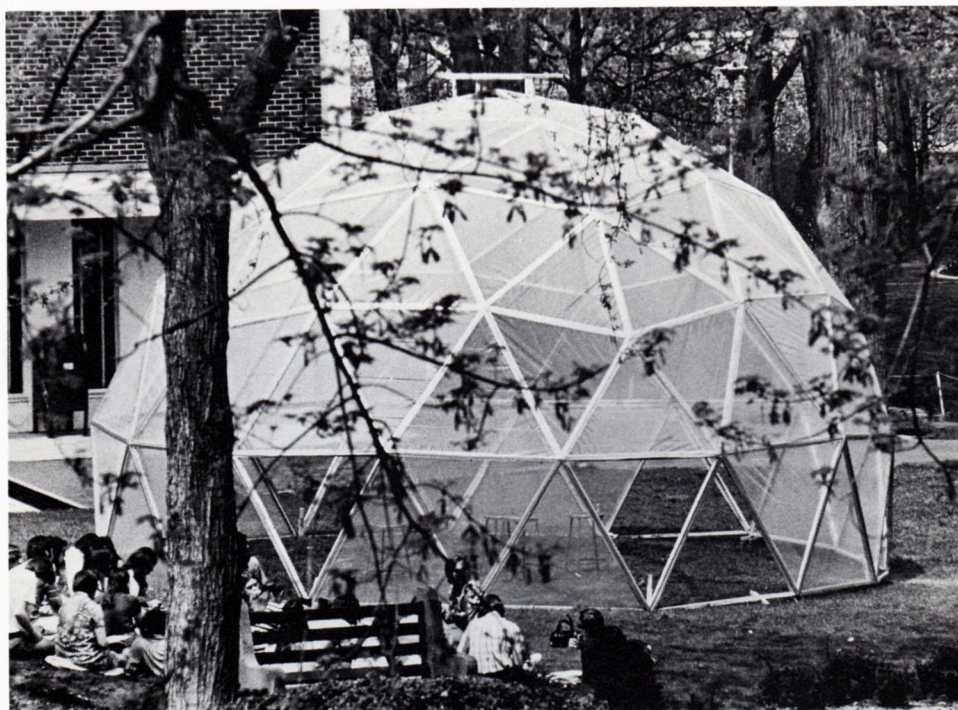
How have we come to be in this situation? Of course, each of us is responsible. If I do not come out of my room and knock upon the door that might open yours, I am part of the problem, and not of the solution. As long as I am in hiding I haven't the right to complain of your hiding. But the clear realization of the need for individual responsibility does not lessen the need for effective and genuine leadership. If at the very top of the family the dominant attitude is fear, mistrust, defensiveness, these same tones will reverberate through the entire body politic. One effaced closed off or false personality often breeds another. It is increasingly clear to many that the executive consciousness of Albright College operates on the basis of perceived differences between peoples, rather than on the basis of shared needs or characteristics. Thus the artificial and mechanistic quality of communication. What does it mean for the reputation of an institution of higher education when the executive of that institution cannot even write his own material? What does it do to the students' sense of what our language is when he sees it used as though it were a thoroughly impersonal business tool? But the greatest danger of all which emanates from this consciousness is the danger that those people who need most to be listened to and understood will be lis-

tened to and understood least. Again, this is because this one dimensional and frightened consciousness seeks to avoid that which it does not know in advance. At this moment in American history, with regard solely to the relationship between black and white peoples, such an attitude is intolerable.

We could end this game. We could come out of our rooms. We could take the risks of being ourselves and standing up for our deepest beliefs. Are we not far stronger than we know? Together we are. Separated we are not but lonely and powerless men and women who have abdicated the willing and the doing and the being of our own lives to those who would use us most cynically. How many gestures does it take to barter an empty life? When in the mirror do the cracks in our face appear, and when does the old longing of all we most wanted to be cry out against our self betrayal? Shall we wake one day from our whining and sniping and copped out impotency to discover all the most beautiful things of Albright were taken away and sold into slavery? How long can we be a make believe family? It is so cold. It is so lonely. When do we stop being ourselves and become only our pretences? I hope never, because there are so many wonderful people here and we could grow into such a wonderful family of learning and sharing. But it must be soon or it will not be. I know our love is in us, so deep and so strong and so longing to come out; can we not be in our love? Albright could be its own true light, a beacon, small but steady piercing the dark and tangled dream of our times. Don't we want a real family? Don't we want to be as our great grandfathers were in their wild wild love placing stone on stone and hand over hand to build for the future, looking deep in each others eyes — not afraid, not apart, but together? O, my brother, my sister. Let us make ourselves come true. For we are the last two, in the last town in the last flat clutch of earth. Come. Look at all the red oak leaves from red oak lane. They take the air from mount penn.

Listen. There is Mrs. Gable's laughter, so warm and strong, and there is Charles Prestwood in a beautiful old methodist church asking us to give our pasts to God and our futures to one another. There are the squirrels at their acorns in the ancient trees and white steeple rising spangled with the dawn, and Dr. Kistler raising up in gold woven jewels of scholarly care the athenians from the dust of Peloponnesus. And there are you, a survivor; and there is life, all that remains of it after so much napalm bloom. Don't hold back. Don't drop out. Don't transfer. Don't play the grade game and the smile game and the I'll get by game. For we are each of us one of the last two, in the last town, in the last flat clutch of earth. Look. There are children on their bikes. There is a family of geese in the sky, so many in a single wing with the old and the halt and the young in the beautiful calm of the middle. This year, as last year, this is my prayer — that we might touch each other with a promise.







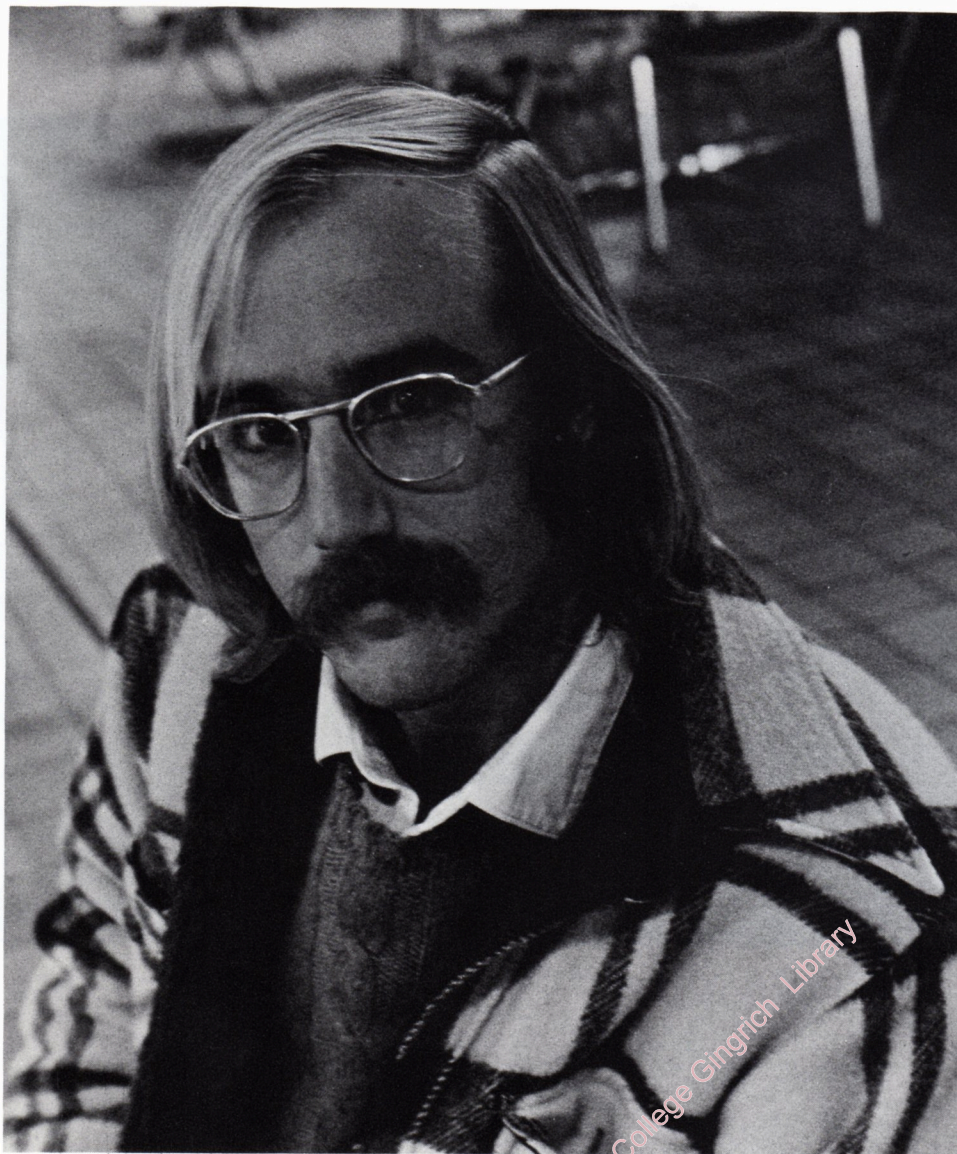
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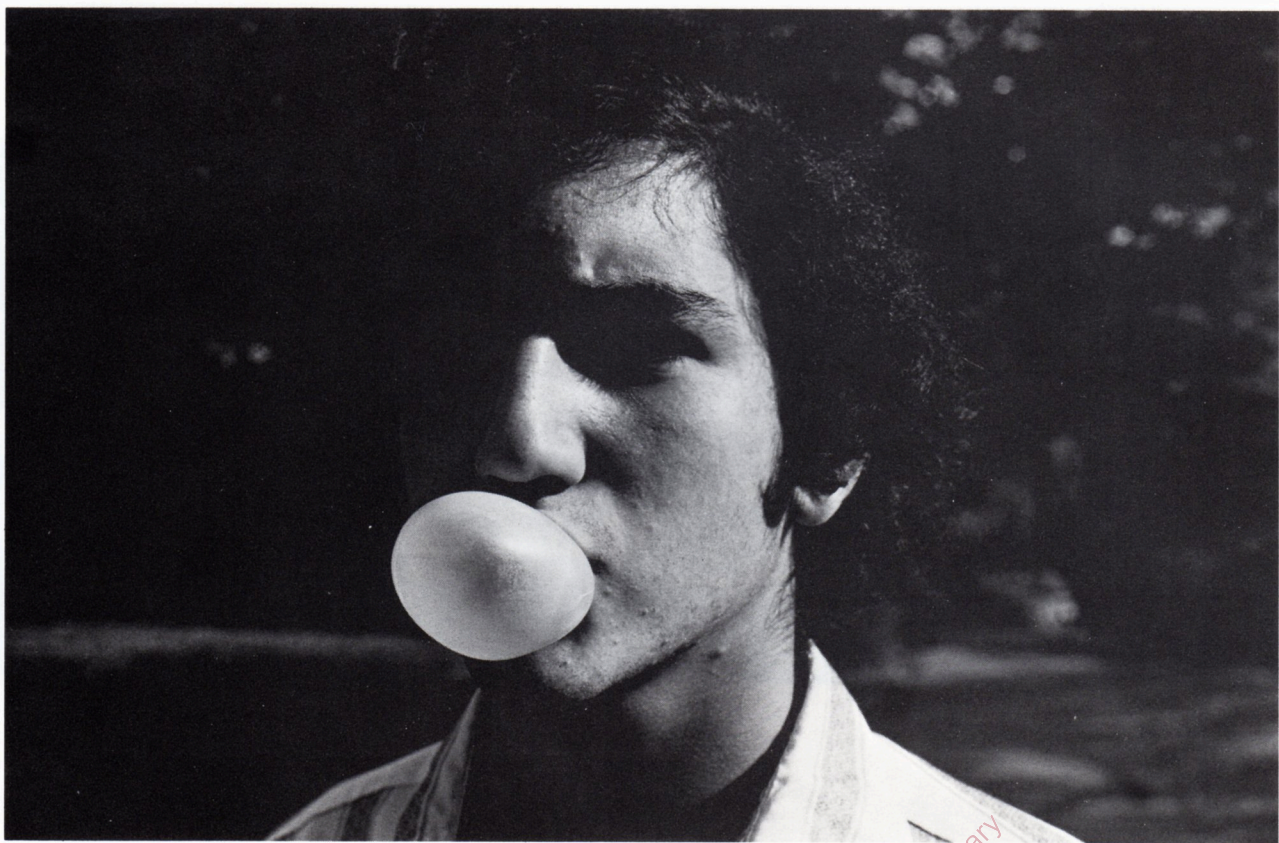
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On Kissing Frogs

Sometimes all of us refuse to recognize certain people as persons because of one surface characteristic that we dislike. In doing so we totally disregard the entire person.

Once upon a time, a wicked old witch turned a handsome prince into a frog. As we all know, the prince couldn't be returned to human form until he was kissed by a princess. The prince was upset, and understandably so, because cute chicks just don't go around kissing frogs, right? But the story has a happy ending as a princess does finally return the prince to his former handsome self.

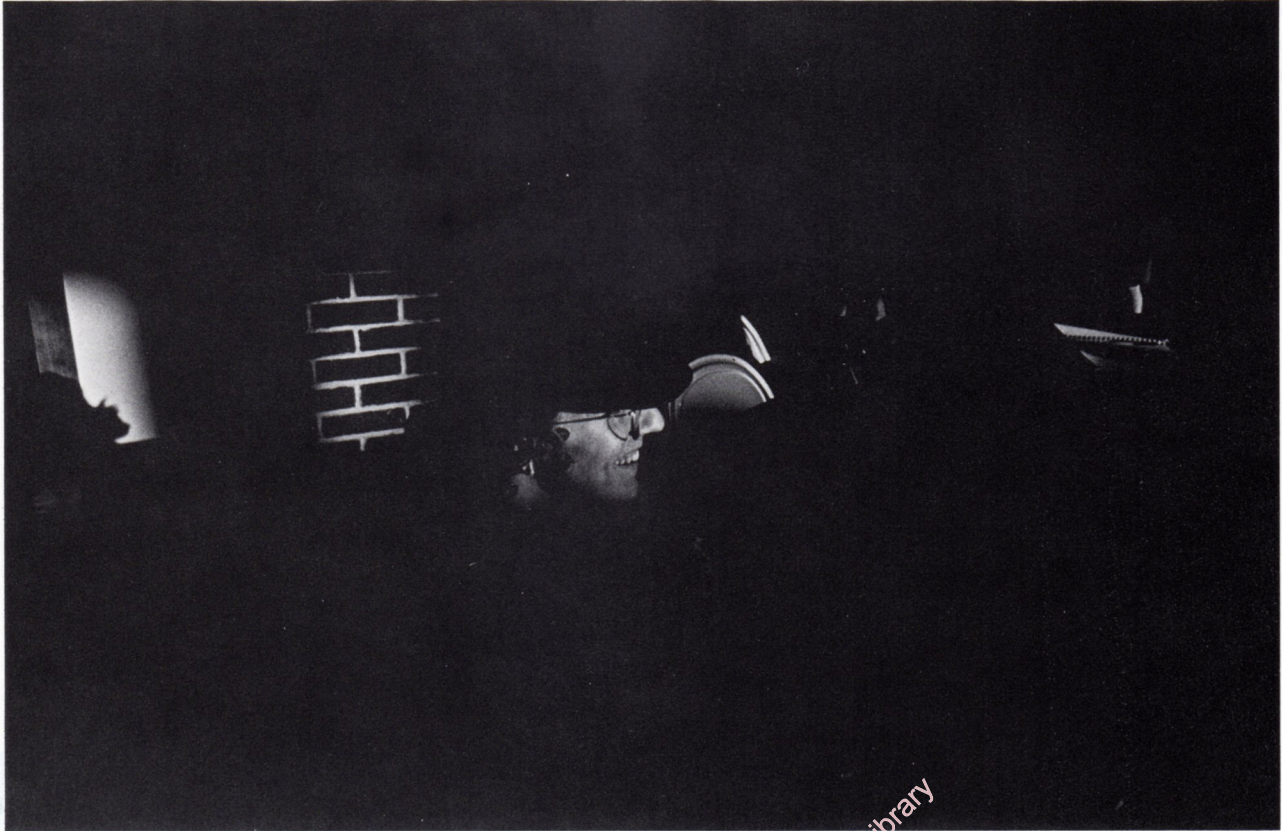
And maybe this is really what one of our faults comes down to. Maybe we haven't been kissing enough frogs.

— Beth Walker



On Kissing Frogs

Journalist: It is no secret to me that certain men
are the greatest lovers of the world. I have
seen them in every city and every country and
I have seen them in every position of life.
I have seen them in every position of life.
I have seen them in every position of life.

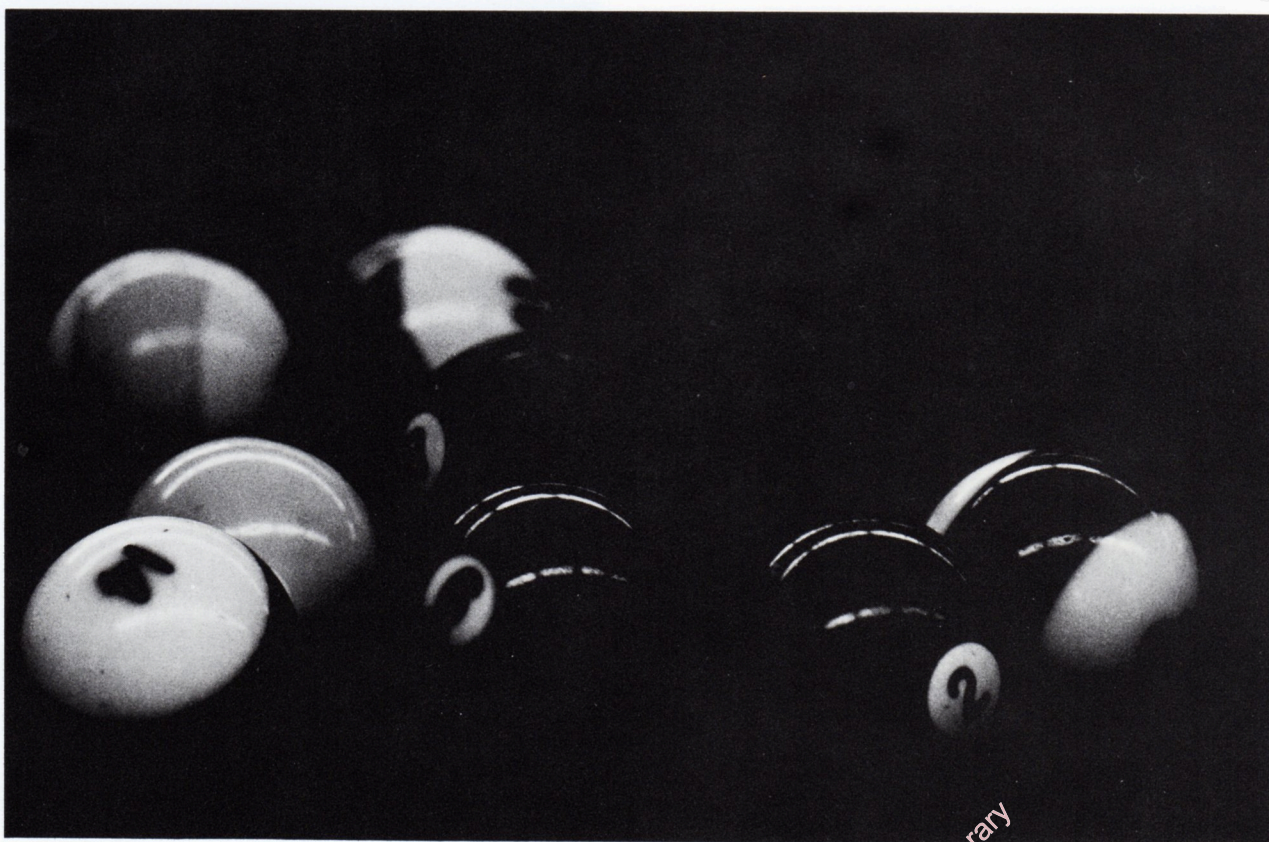


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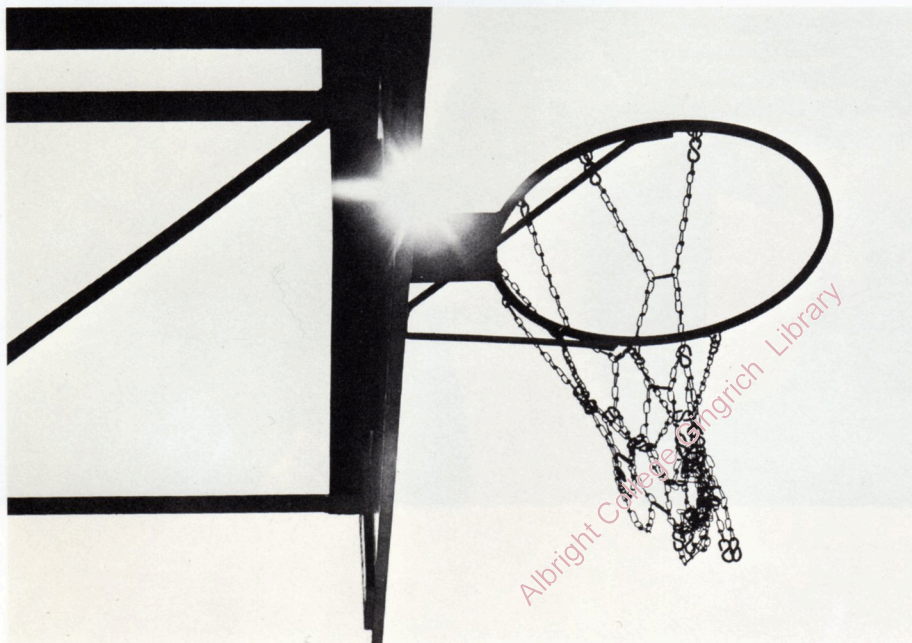
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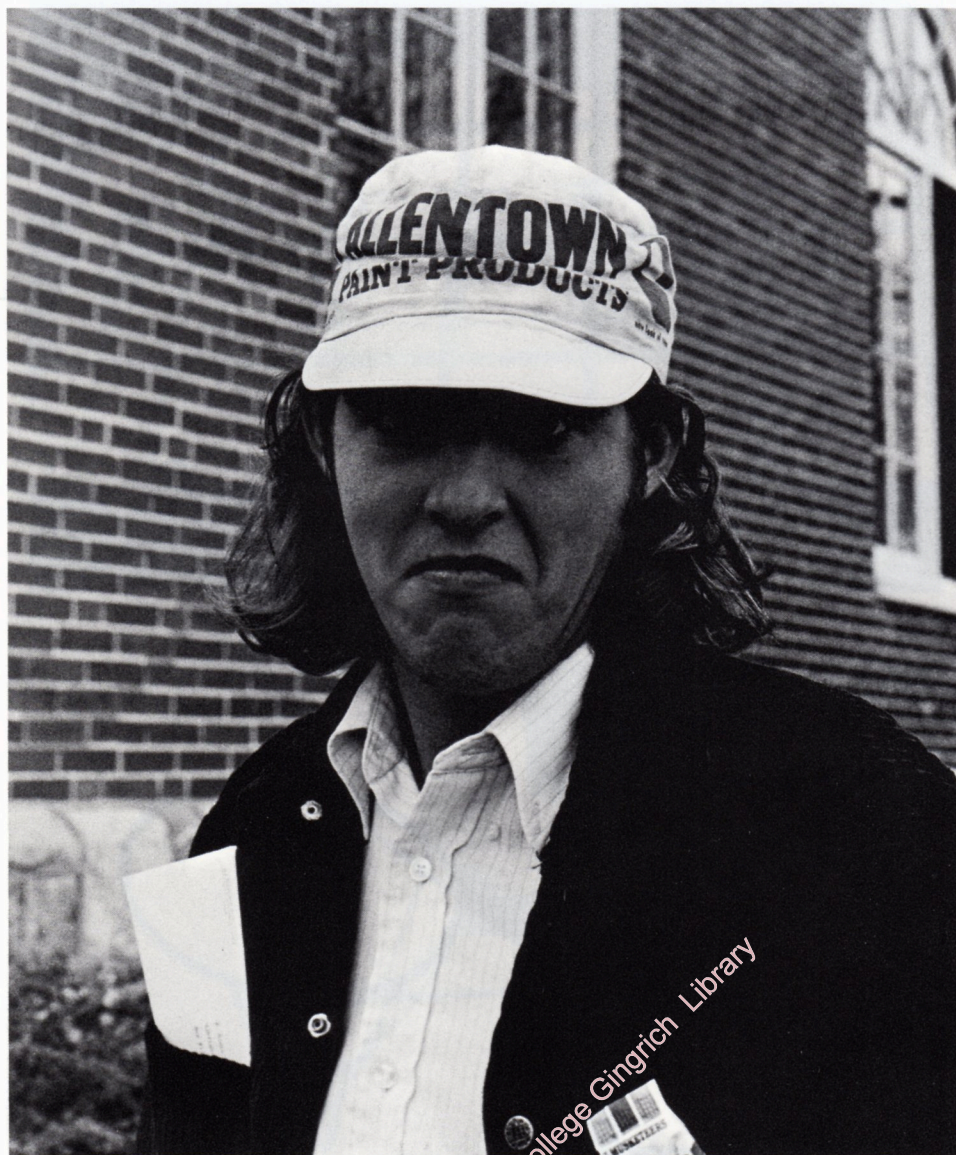


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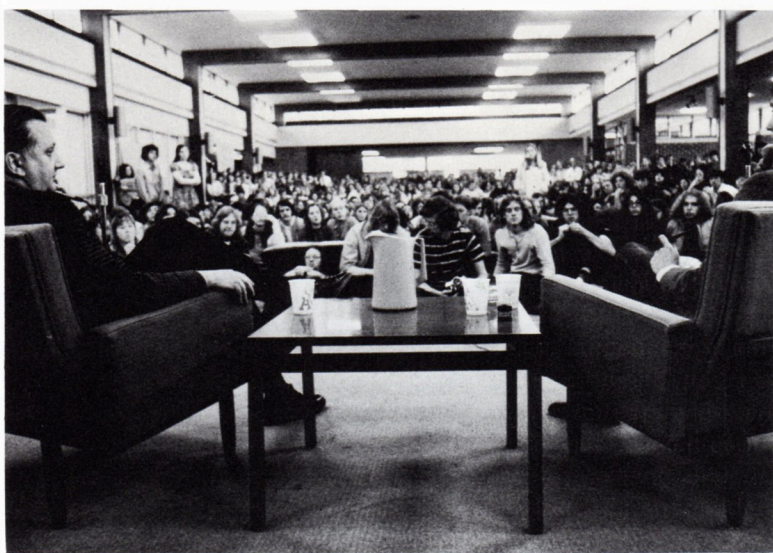




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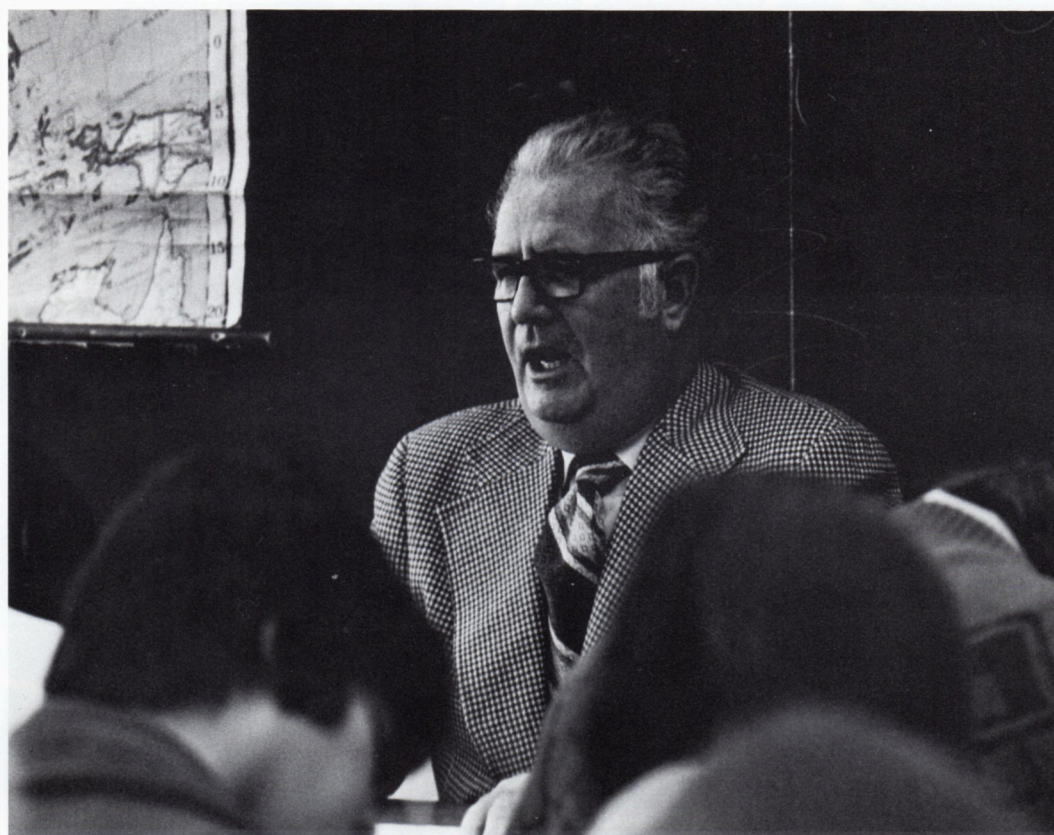














Each year, there appears the desire for me to escape this place of obscurity, level, green grass, communal living, and a sea of white faces. Yet, toward the spring of each year, my feelings shift from disdain to tolerance. I return in the fall with the pale hope of facing an eventful year. It seems that the students enrolled at Albright are from basically similar backgrounds, which creates little room for the expansion of awareness and, which provides a stifled atmosphere for the development of social insight. I can only bear such a place for so long. I find relief when I am able to tap my heels together and softly utter the words, "there's no place like home." But, what is it that binds me here? Has destiny distorted my reason? Or, have I been entangled in a web of security, (not contentment) nourished with a fear of confronting the real world? Albright is coated with such a latent bigotry that it has produced within me a burning frustration which will eventually yield obduration. I am in the midst of a mass of white priorities of opposition. My anger is smothered to a level of "mellow" militancy. My strength lies in my silence. For, after four years of torment, if I barely escape madness, I will consider it not only a blessing, but a victory.

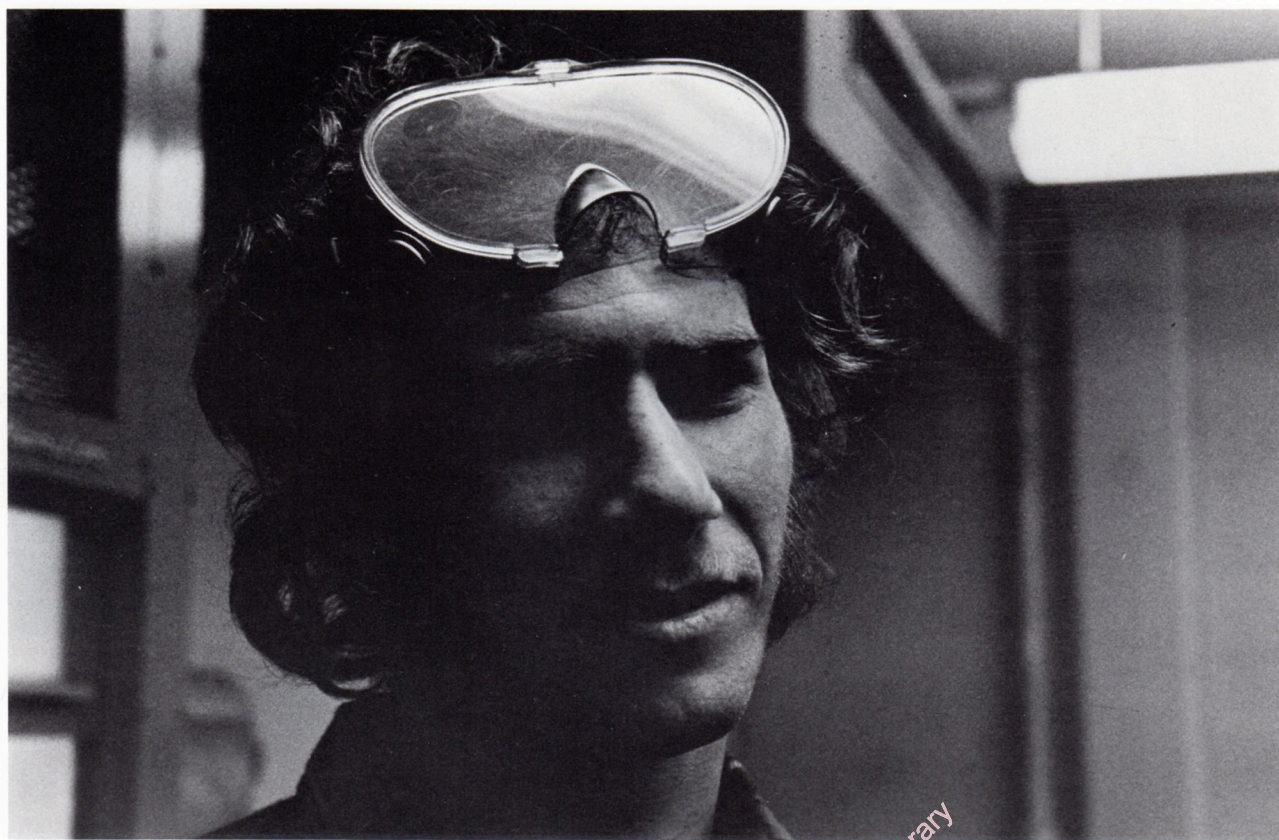
Iris T. Crossley



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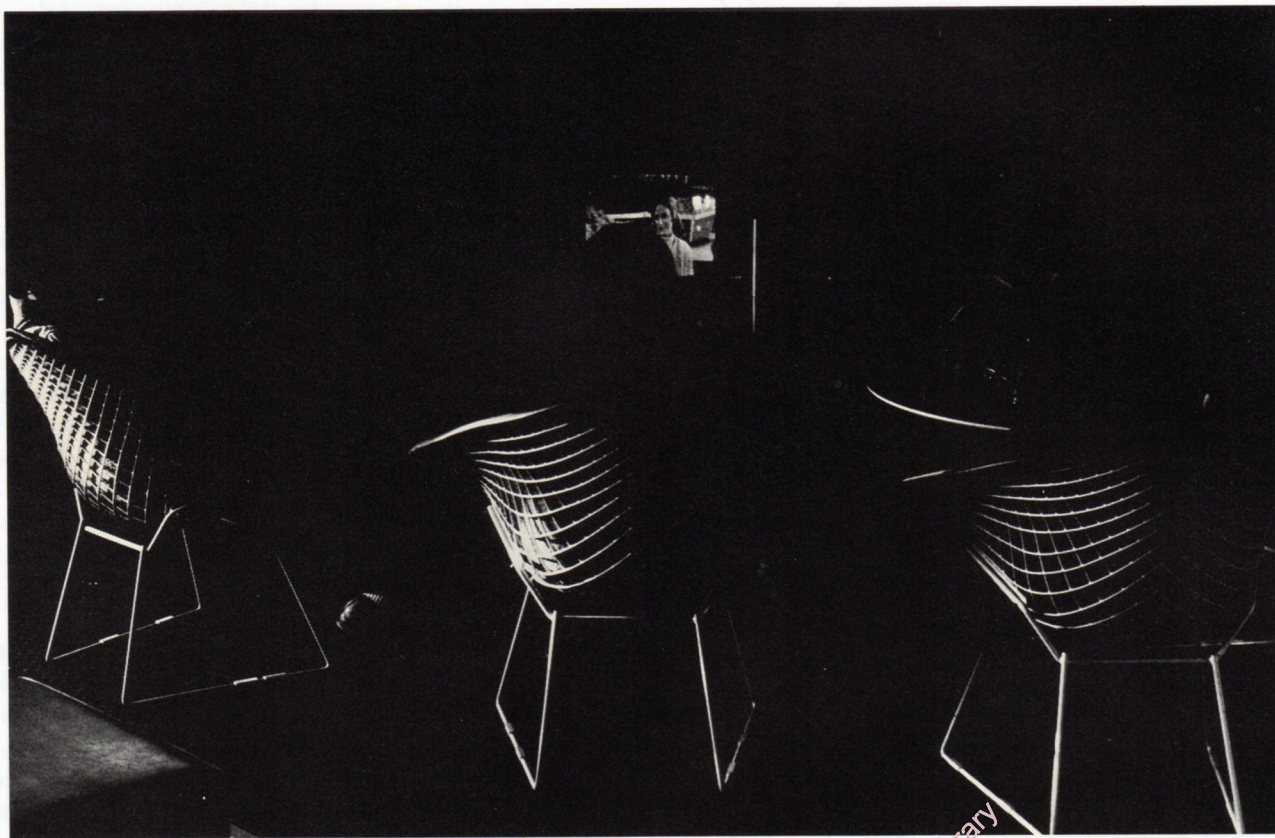


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There is a gap, this gap, about our country, leading to
 failure. Do you see a gap?
 But I would think the gap is not a gap, it is a
 now as a corporate agency. Our problem is not the
 growth of 1960s growth as we have seen in the 1930's.
 but rather the growth of international control and domestic
 concentration. These agencies are growing and showing a
 tendency to become more in the future. I also think
 the gap is not a gap, it is a gap, it is a gap.



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A Conversation With Dr. Reppert

There is much talk today about our country heading for Fascism. Do you see it that way?

No; I would define the government of this country right now as a corporate oligarchy. Our problem is not the growth of Fascist powers as we knew them in the 1930's, but rather the growth of international cartels and domestic conglomerates. These aggregations of power are showing a tendency to become states in themselves. I read recently that Dow Chemical Corporation is negotiating for its own private island. There is some reason to doubt that even the corporate managers are themselves any longer in control of their organizations; too often nowadays institutionalized economic needs have to be met at the expense of social and human needs. For example, it has been suggested that the much-discussed energy crisis be met by burning coal, regardless of air pollution. Even the traditional managerial concern for the stockholders is obsolete; the revised incorporation laws for the state of Delaware no longer require stockholder meetings or consent for action. The effect of this kind of law will be to free our managerial class to devote their energies exclusively to servicing the demands of their institutions or computers, and the public be damned. The great crises that afflict American society today are not the result of excessive or massive intervention by a central Federal government, but are more likely the result of exactly the opposite — the failure of the Federal agencies to meet problems in the public domain, such as transportation, housing, employment, or environmental pollution.

What is the value of going to college; the value of learning?

This is a question that is being asked by a great many students and parents, and with increasing bitterness. The fact is that the economy does not seem to be able to generate enough jobs to take into gainful or meaningful employment the educated young, despite an obvious critical need for improved medical and social services. From the nar-

rower perspective of the colleges themselves, it will be necessary to introduce more non-traditional course work, more field experience, more freely elected work, and a new dynamic of teacher-student relationship. As for the value of learning, that is something that does not change. The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is still a worthwhile end and has, in my opinion, intensely practical results; I mean, specifically, the ability to make sound judgments, to analyze data, to communicate, to judge the validity of sources, to cultivate that habit of mind, as Newman said, that "takes a view of things." Sometimes I feel that education is best taken in its literal sense, "e-ducere: to lead away," so that a person can measure his progress by the size of his discard pile.

Why should anyone read Literature?

Because a good way to acquire the power of many knowledges is to make the process of that acquisition as easy and interesting as possible, and this is exactly what the pleasure of reading is best equipped to do. In other words, Literature has the extraordinary facility of being both entertaining and informative at one and the same time. But even more importantly, Literature has as its social function the power to aid the individual to decide for himself the nature of the Right, the Good, the True, or the Beautiful. Moreover, if we are correct in our perception of a corporate-dominated technology, then these qualities are precisely what the individual and his society will most need in order to survive. Someone said a long time ago that we do not judge great art — great art judges us.

What advice would you pass on to another person?

Well, I suppose it is in the nature of things that any advice I would try to give to another person would really be advice to myself, but I think I might say "stay loose." A sense of humor is a wonderful thing and is related, I think, to a sense of proportion. One of the great freedoms is freedom from the binding shell of the Romantic ego, the freedom not to take oneself quite so seriously all the time.

Another word I like is the word "enough." If I look back over my life, I think there were many times when I could have said "That's enough." Thoreau was right when he enjoined us to simplify, simplify. Being able to recognize "enough" gets one out of the enervating race for acquisition, aggrandizement, property, and maintenance. Finally, I think it is terribly important to give other people recognition.



Just being more sensitive all around?

I guess that's what it is — a sensitivity to the fact that people want and need your recognition of them as people. Not that one need become overly aggressive on the point; often one need do little more than listen.

What would you do differently if you could start over again?

I would try to enter a university research program in microbiology. Now that we have the electron microscope, the laser beam, and suchlike marvels, the study of biochemical actions has become possible at the molecular level, and I find this possibility completely fascinating.

What is this fascination concerning cells; why are you so interested?

Because cells are the basic unit of life. Cells are fascinating because they are beautiful structures to begin with, and they are alive. Once we begin to understand something about the physiology, morphology, and metabolism of cells, then we have a dynamic power base from which to operate, upward into larger macro-structures on the one hand or downward into ever finer scales on the micro-levels on the other hand. Did you realize that a cell is potentially immortal? The process of aging in a cell is nothing more than an accumulation of its own waste products. Imagine that you have a small dish in which you have been growing a cell culture; you will note that the colony dies from the center of the dish outwards. Now imagine an aerial photograph of a dying (aging) city; you will note that it too dies from the center outwards. In both models death comes as a result of accumulated waste products produced within the system itself. Next, go back to your dish of cells and place them in a fresh culture: you will be interested to observe that they revive.

What do you believe concerning the existence of God?

It has never been a question for me personally. I know that this is a question for a great many people, but then other people also have innumerable other kinds of questions that never affected my own thinking very much. In the same sense I was aware that people around me had racial hangups or religious or political bias, yet none of this had any more grasp on my mind than oil on a ball bearing. The reason is really quite simple; we were a Swedish immigrant family just off the boat, and nothing in our backgrounds prepared us for the tradition or heritage of the American experience as it was known to people who had been here

for 200 or more years. It is in the nature of a Question that it be Answered; but a question about the existence of God is a non-question because it is unanswerable, and it is unanswerable because, according to my view, God is unknowable. Or, more to the point, it is not necessary to know God.

You don't have to question anything? You just accept things as they are?

I don't "accept" or "reject" anything. I don't have to because all the things that I need to have to believe in or to act upon or to live by are already there, from cells to stars, very little of which I am going to understand anyway. Who needs more? Just start trying to think about a black hole in space. . . .

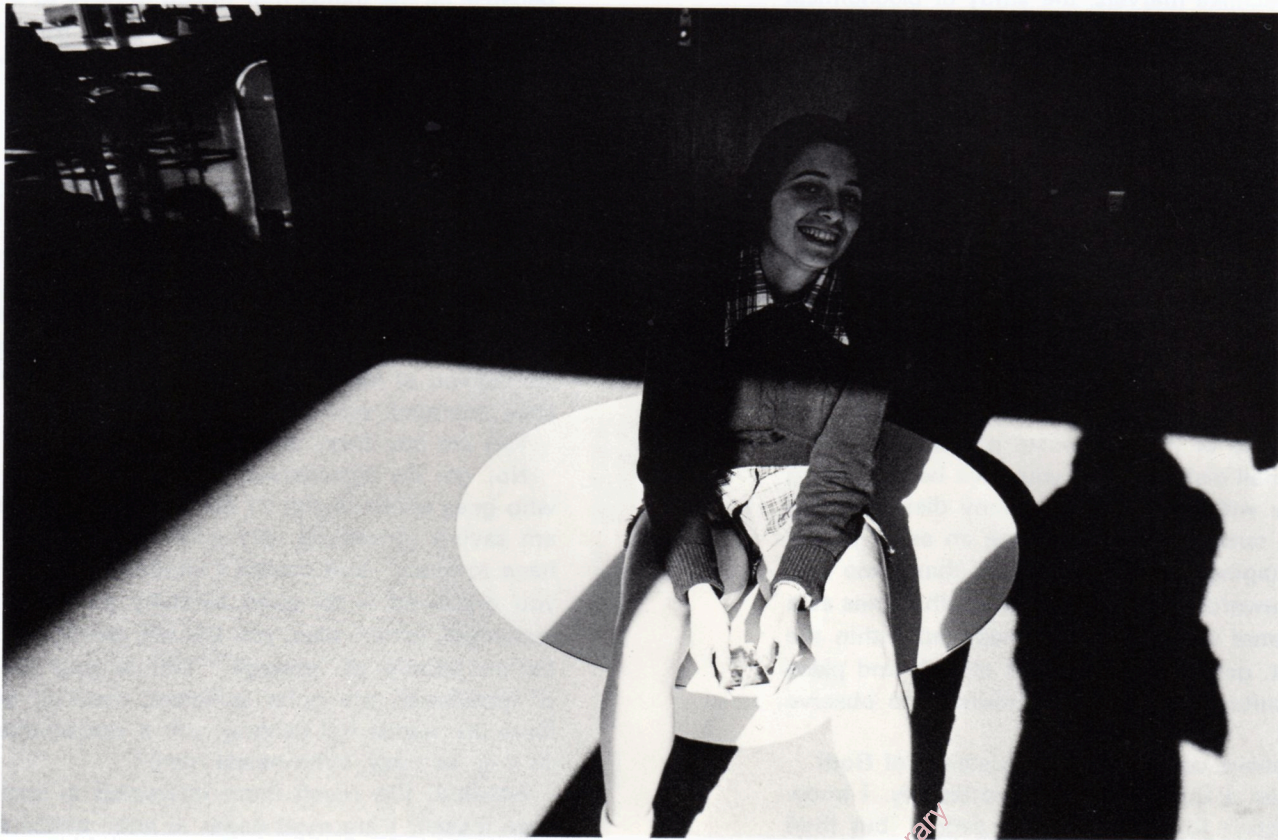
Do you read the Bible?

I love to read the Bible; it is our greatest book. I read it both as literature, for entertainment, and as a source of inspiration; I enjoy its gnomic wisdom, the graceful poetry, the imagery, the enormous depth of its moral insights. What an inspired genius those peripatetic desert writers had . . . who can ever match the awesome majesty of their conception of Man as a spiritual Being? I really do not believe this book ever be equalled.

You are not, then, an Agnostic?

No, no; no Agnosticism here. An Agnostic is a person who goes about saying "I don't know" but would like to; I am saying something very different; I am saying "I don't have to know" and couldn't understand it anyway, even if you explained it all quite carefully and were yourself an archangel, which, alas, you are not. But let us here remember our percept of "enough." You, in your role as advocate or questioner, are quite sufficient; most of us, I suspect, have our hands full dealing with a one-on-one relationship as it is; as I say, Who needs more?

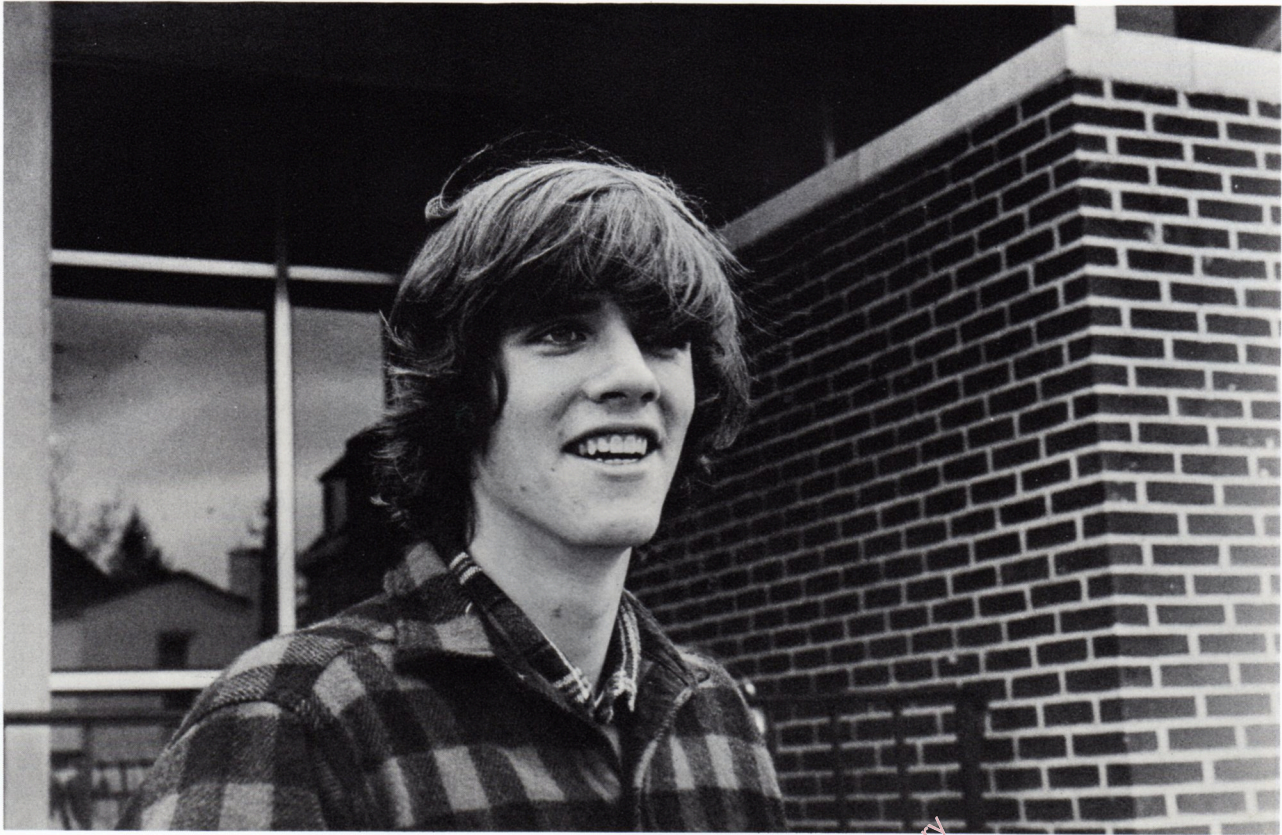
Actually, I'm much more interested in something other than myself. I am most eager to learn about the structures around us, the people within those systems, how these structures and the living organisms in them relate to each other. It is this general tendency, I feel, this pathway to learning that points to the brightest future for our college.



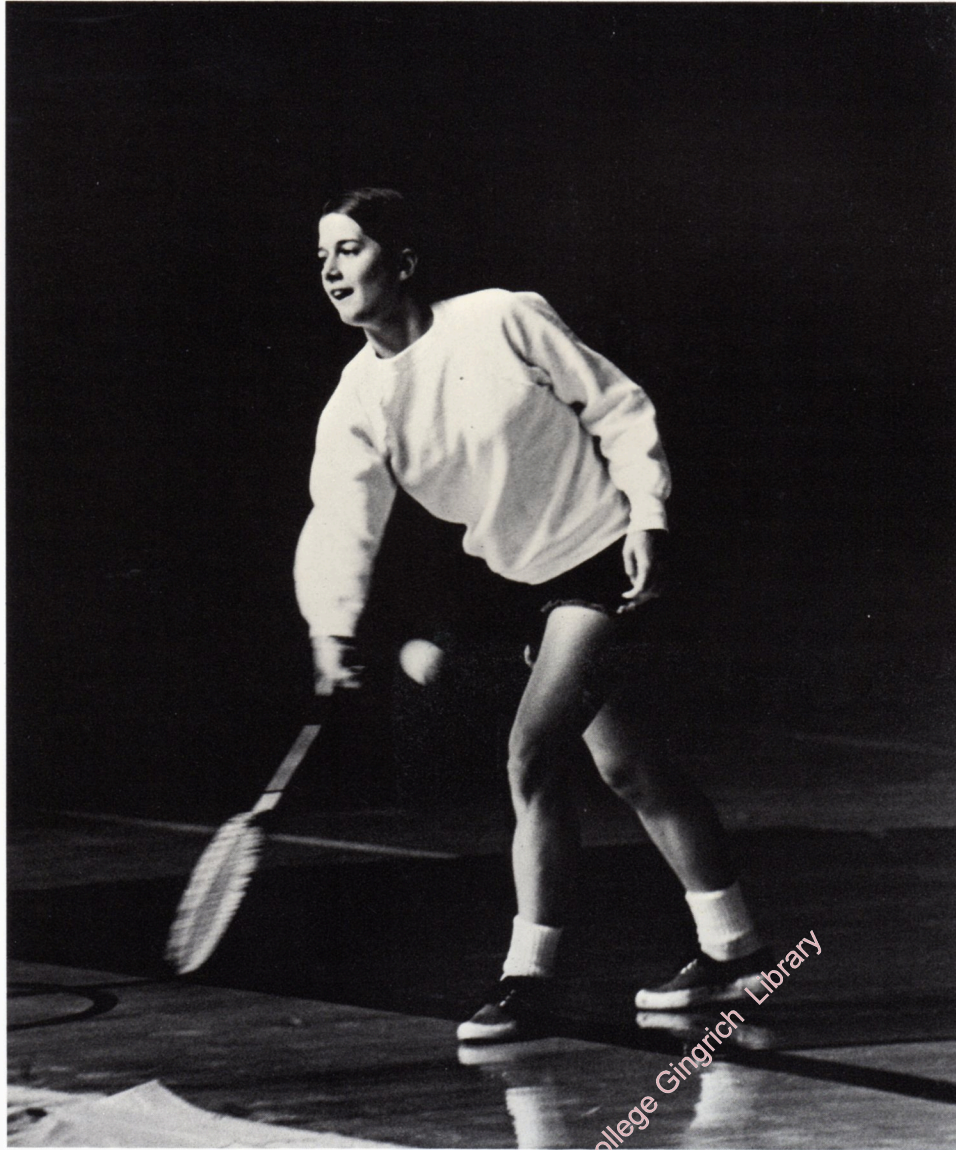
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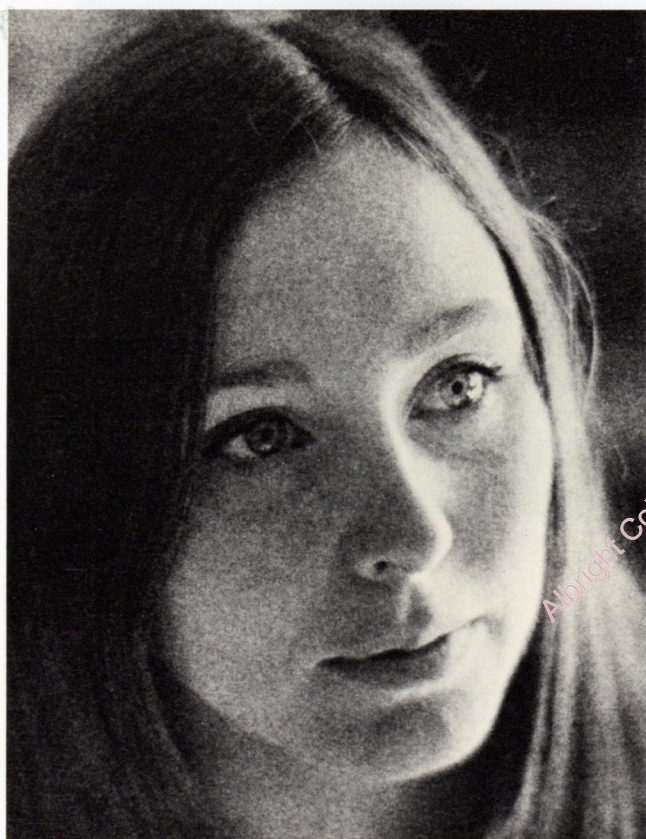


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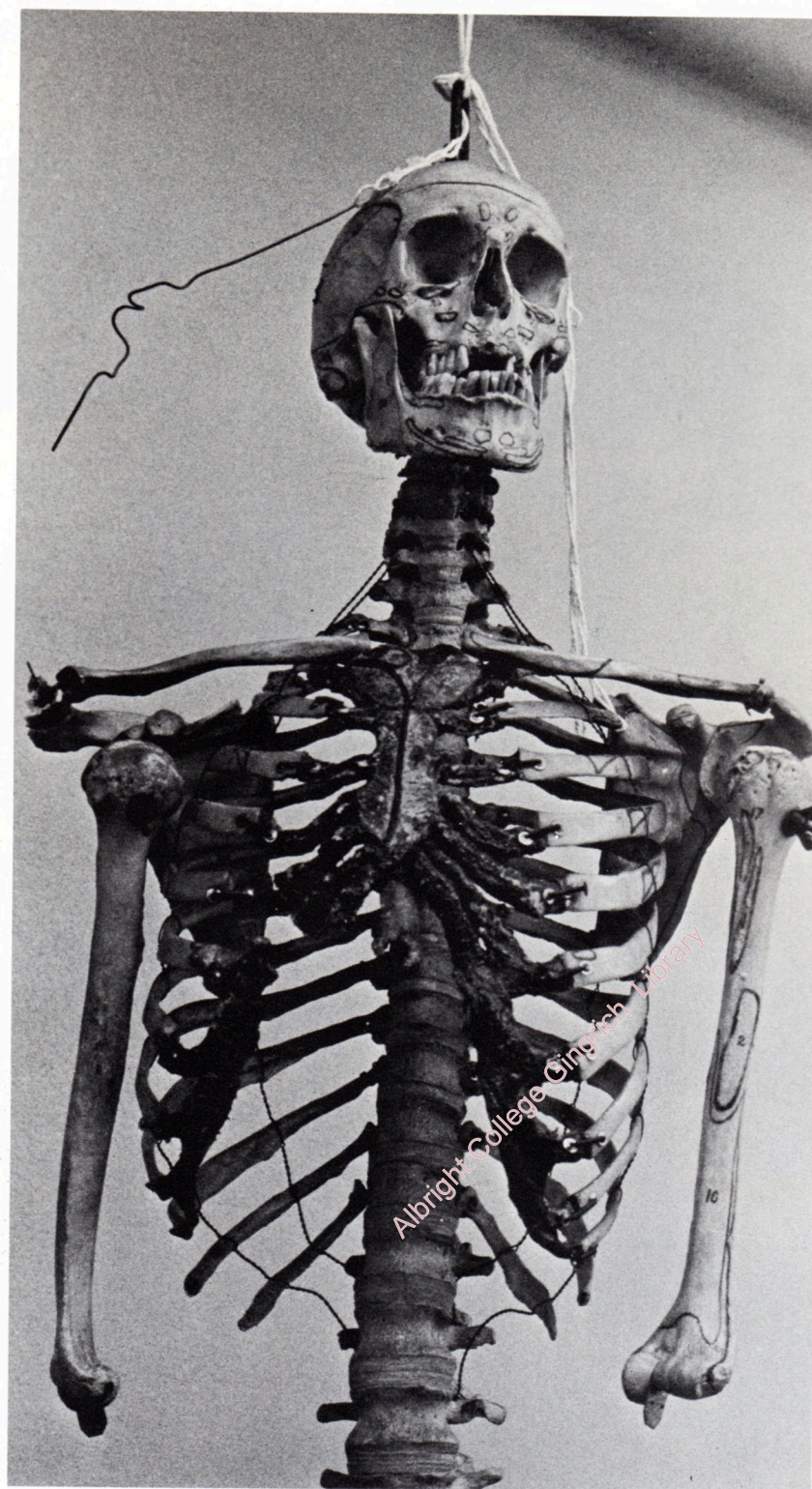




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"A Letter To The President"

Nov 5, 1972

Richard Nixon, you say things are just dandy here in America. You shout it from mountain-tops, you preach it in front of Liberty Bells, why you even sing it while playing pianos.

But there was no cracked Liberty Bell or out-of-tune piano or unconquerable mountain in sight for your television speech Thursday night, was there? There was just Richard sitting in front of a lot of unread, undusty books speaking about America and her beloved dandyness. There you were — blue suit, blue tie, perfectly white shirt, smiling the smug smile of a man with eternal power. How beautiful you looked, sitting regally erect, crowned by volumes of all the world's truth. Richard, my lord, you are one hell of a liar.

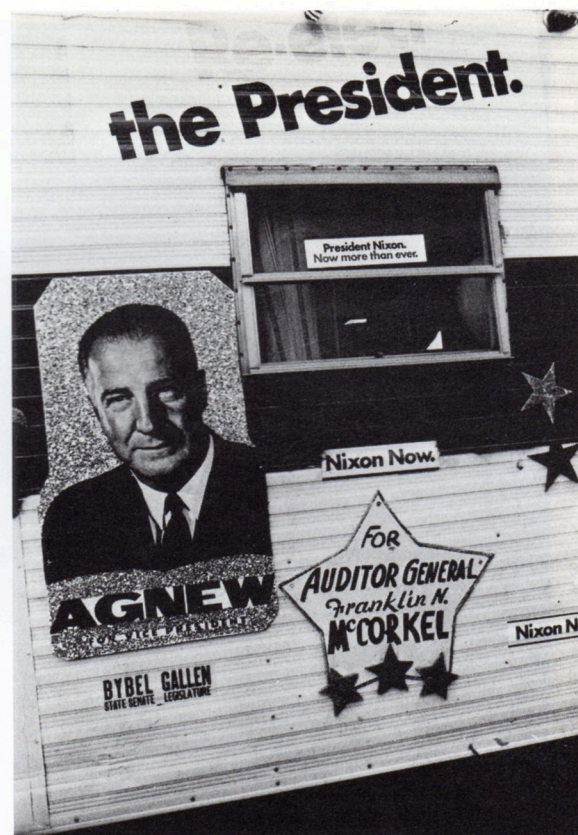
You speak to me of "shifting power back to the people" when you know all the real power is in your hands — the power to veto bills, the power to censor newspapers, the power to break laws in the name of the President. You speak to me of "the end of war" when it was you who dragged the bloodshed on for so long — in the name of peace. You speak to me of "America, the freest nation in the world" while you lock up her children and shoot one or two.

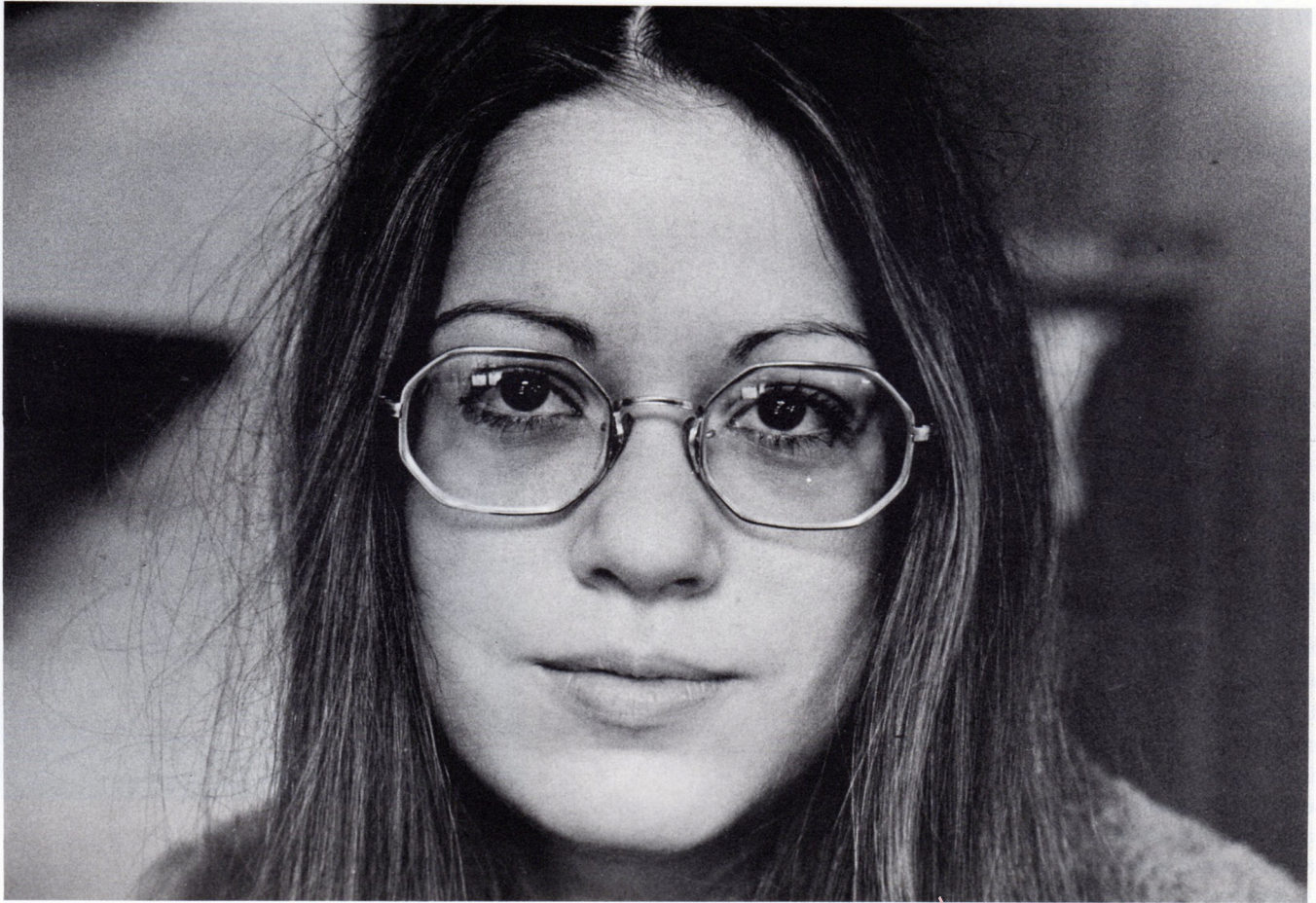
It's funny Richard. You know sometimes you even sounded like John Kennedy in your speech. You said that "It's not what the government does for the people (and then you changed it); it's what the people do for themselves." But then a little later, sir, you told me that "man does not live for himself alone." I know you're a great moral leader, but what do these words mean?

And then you asked me to vote for you. You were almost humble. I would like to vote for you Richard, I really would. I like your pretty words and your new-found peace and your almost humbleness. But I can't vote for you, dear Richard — because your humbleness is a fraud and your peace has come too late for the dead and your pretty words hid untold lies.

You are not America's saviour, Richard Nixon. I only wish that you were.

Respectfully,
Sydney Kuder





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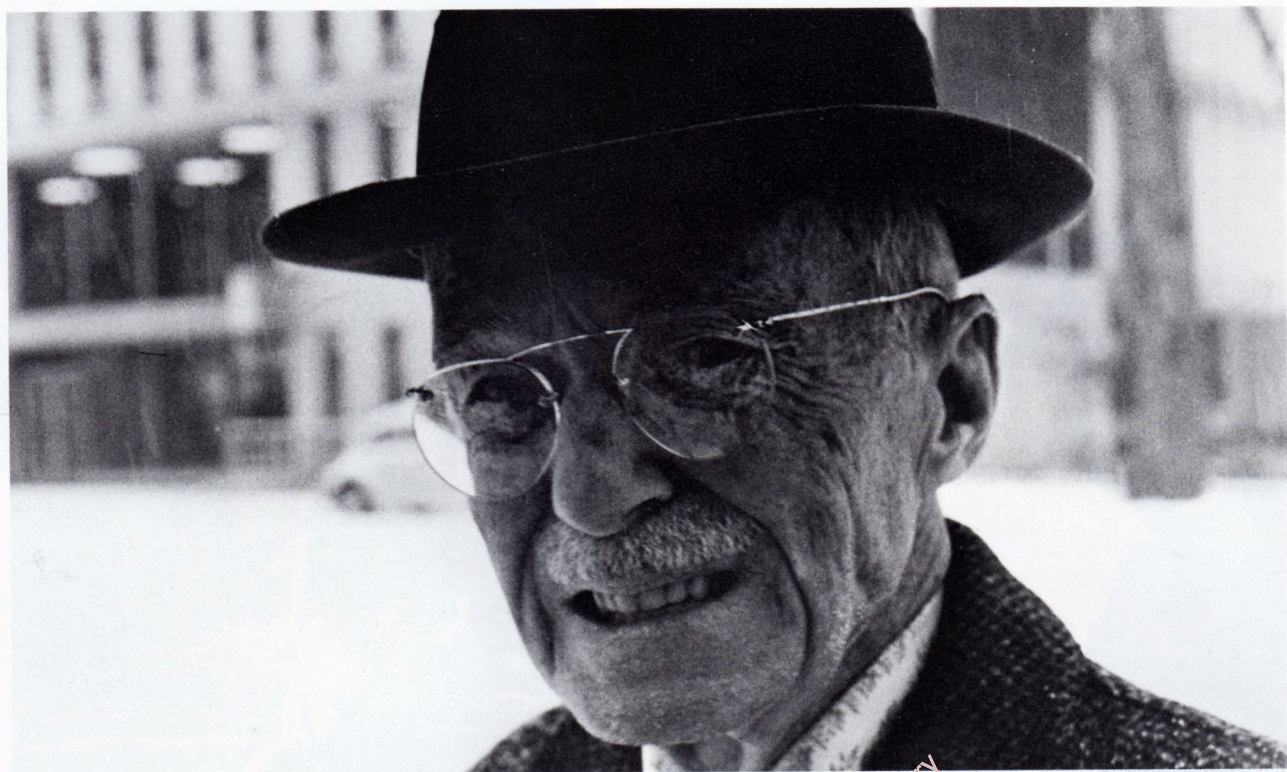


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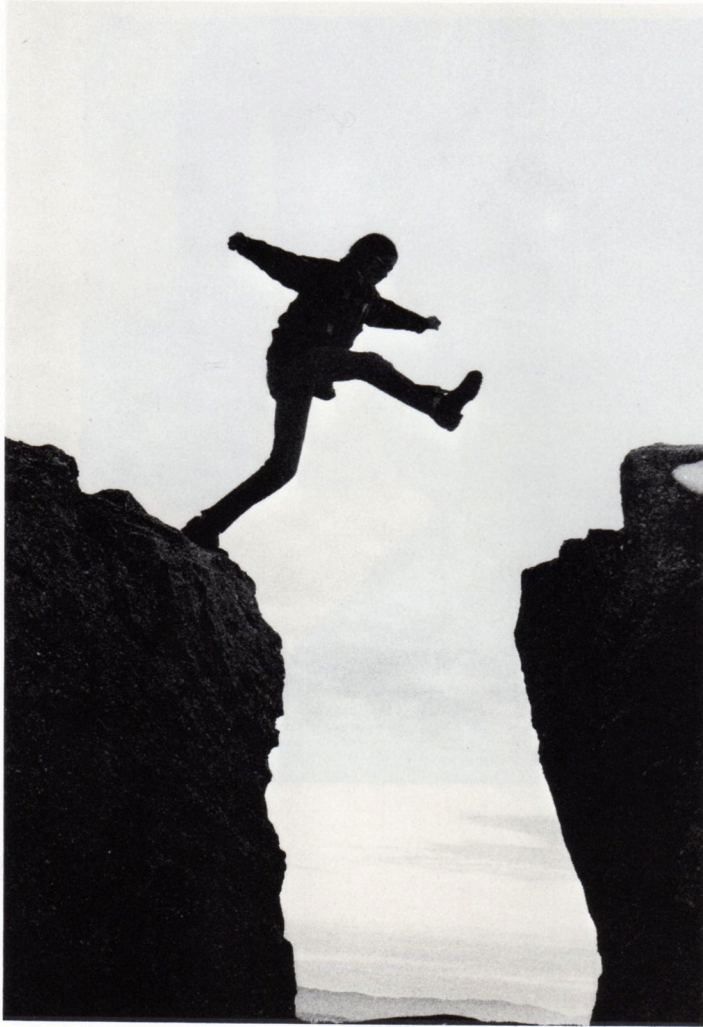




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“Journal — 1972–1973”

— Hitchhiking is something which deserves a few words and some extra thought on the side. I spoke once of how the first ride determines all the ones following it. But it's far more interesting than that. The people you meet are and you are in a situation unique to hitchhiking, or at least happens infrequently. You are with someone whom, within the next five miles, or maybe fifty miles you will no longer see again. This is a person with whom one can be totally honest and open. And he, as the driver, is in the identical situation of being with a complete stranger whom he will never see again. I did more learning from those 9 people who gave me a lift to my house than I do at Albright in a couple of days. It's outside information which makes the conversation so different from any ever encountered here at school. We are more of an enclosed and protected group (family) than many of us think. That outside world is what is going to be our final obstacle. One progresses from the shelter of his parents and high school to college and from there into business and the outside world. I can't imagine myself tackling the job of facing it without the intermediate step; college. There's a lot of things wrong with the education system (here and everywhere) but it's easy to see the faults in something and a generally more difficult to see the overall importance. The faults are a product of the specific manner in which something big and overwhelming has to be looked at. But a period of a few years can be looked at more generally and those specific complaints tend to disappear and the overall 'good' or 'usefulness' or maybe even 'relevance' becomes more and more evident. Generally, I have gotten into (involved in, or interested in) learning. And for the first time in my life, too. In relatively few years I've come to appreciate learning and realize that knowledge is something no one can rob from you. It's yours and it's the only thing which is truly yours, private and impossible to capture. At one time man lived on this planet with the goal to survive. They ate and slept and struggled for survival. Then man came to own others (slavery) and then feudalism (land) and now money has become the all important determinant of power. Well, perhaps the next step (way into the future) will be knowledge which will be important. It's important to the extent that it has monetary advantages but is far too often taken on as a chore which fills in a waiting period from childhood to adulthood and the business world. And in our education system there are many good ways in which to learn but they aren't always in plain sight. There's a certain amount of routing through the bad stuff that has to be done to find the good.

— Look at all the things which the very existence of technology has produced. Flashlights produce a need for batteries, the lack of electric light produces a need for flashlights, the light bulb was only an invention improving the lantern,

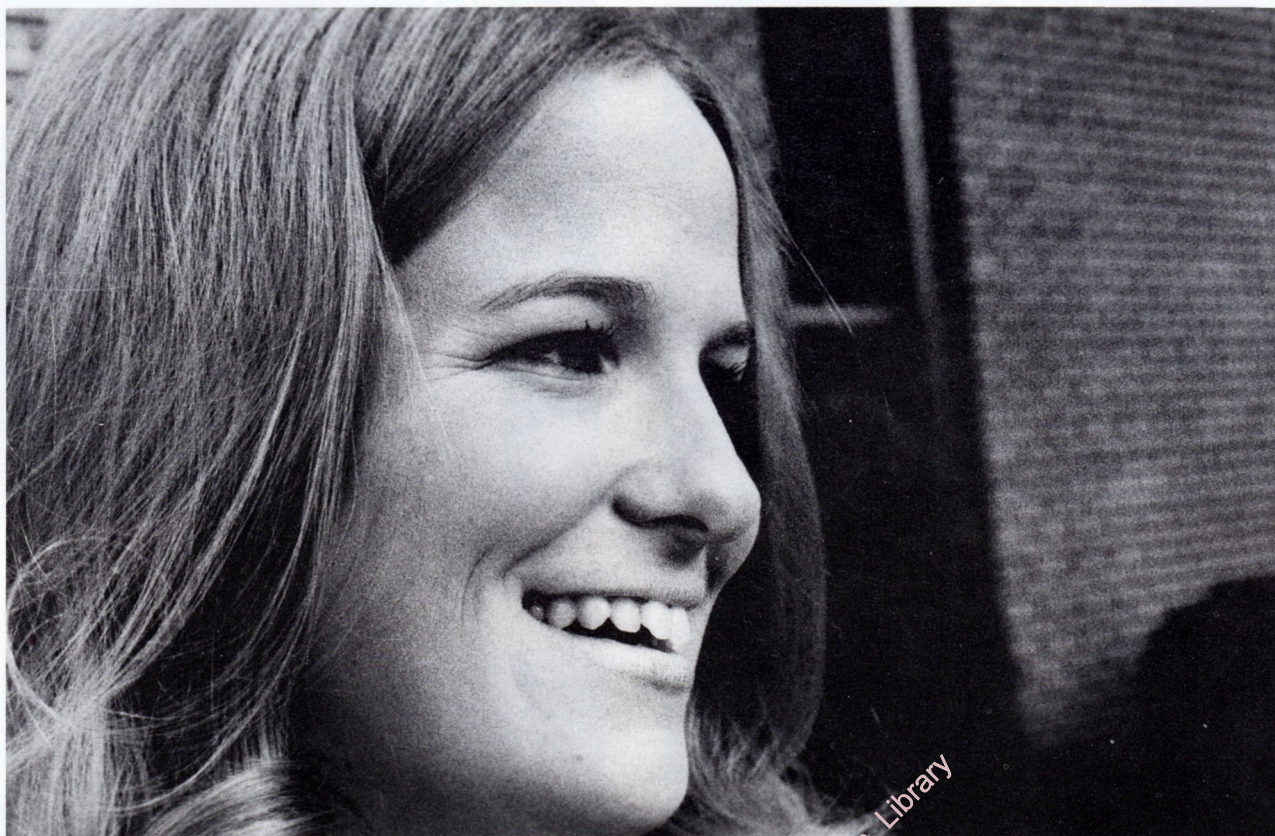
matches were a result of that. The need of things like the flashlight produce hardware stores, dept. stores, stores for this and that type of things (grouping again). Specialization. Specialization is a magnified view of the tree type diagram which seems to apply to an awful lot of systems. One has to get down into all the little corners of that big tree and there are always more and more branches, each blow up view of the last is just as intricate and complicated and densely populated with decisions. But, anyway, technology is present because it was physically possible for it to exist. Because it is self-generating, in a way like a habit or a thought. Its very presence creates a need for more technology, more thought, a more specialized type of technology, like going to the moon, or building the space craft, right down to the metal used in the flagpole that is to be the first stuck in the lunar surface. A thought goes off on tangents, getting more and more into a subject, leaves many decisions unconsidered, (like passing many left and right turns and leaving many unexplored).

— A good experiment: Read a good book that you can remember reading a long time ago and liked, upon reading it again, compare your reactions. The difference in results is due to your experiences between the two readings. Gives a good understanding of understanding and maturity.

— It seems that the past year has led me in a direction different from those that I know (or at least those that I used to know) and I'd like to talk about some of the things that have happened and some of the things that I've learned and get some 'outside' information. For a while now I've been working only with the information that I've got and to touch base with those outside I'll need to communicate and obtain some opinions and ideas and work with them for a while. Hashing through the things that I did by myself is fine but to remain in touch with society I need their ideas and more than just that. Their ideas I can get from just listening — which I have done — but the basis behind those ideas I can only get at by the feedback (actions and better yet reactions) shown as a result of dialogue. Listening allows one to pick up segments of ideas, whereas dialogue results in the whole picture of a portion of someone else's mind. That dialogue seems unobtainable in a group of four or more except at rare times.

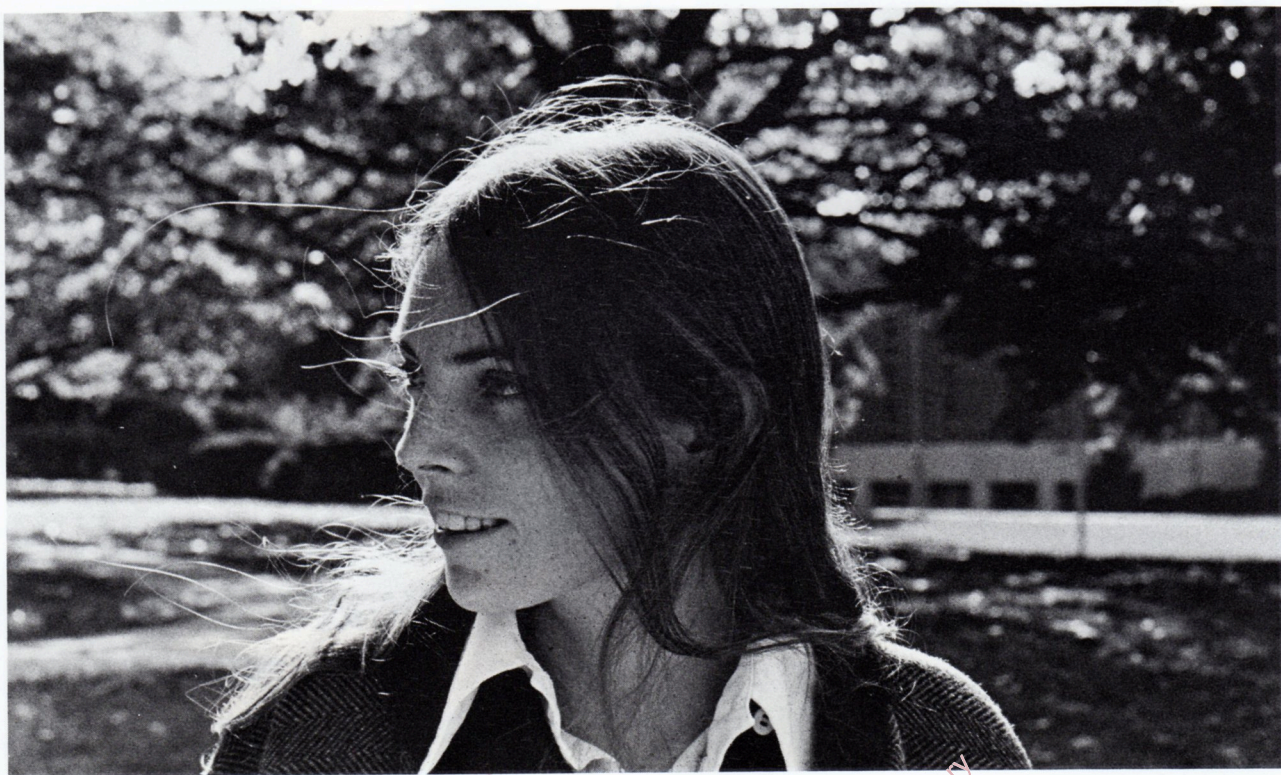
— The concept of time is cyclical. Another dimension occurs when you leave that circle. Wharp drive compared with speed increase is like an lp record. To get from one end to the other you can always speed up the turntable, go as fast as you like and you can never go the maximum. But wouldn't it be easier and quicker to pick up the needle and just sweep it across to the end?

— David Blackmore

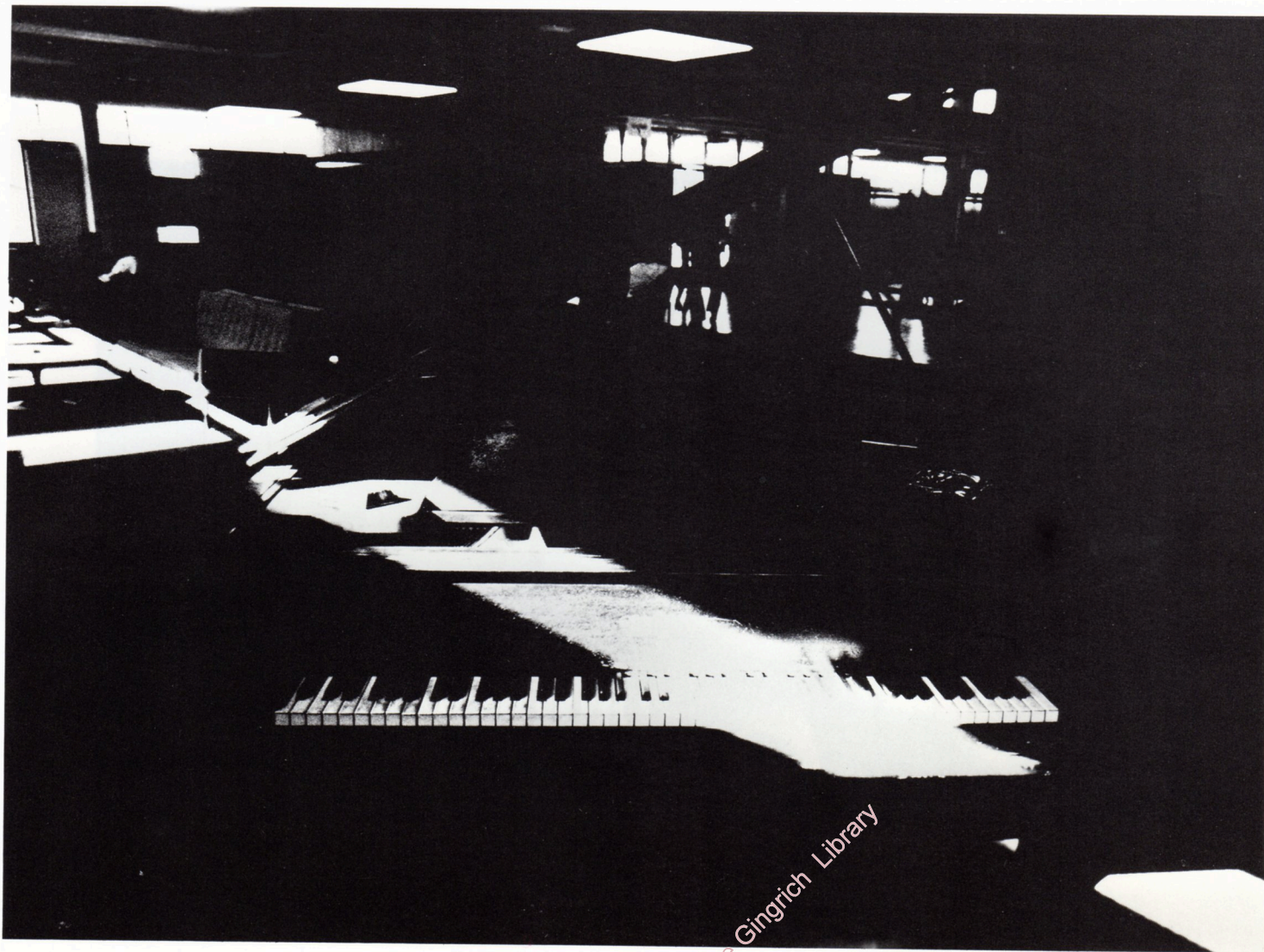


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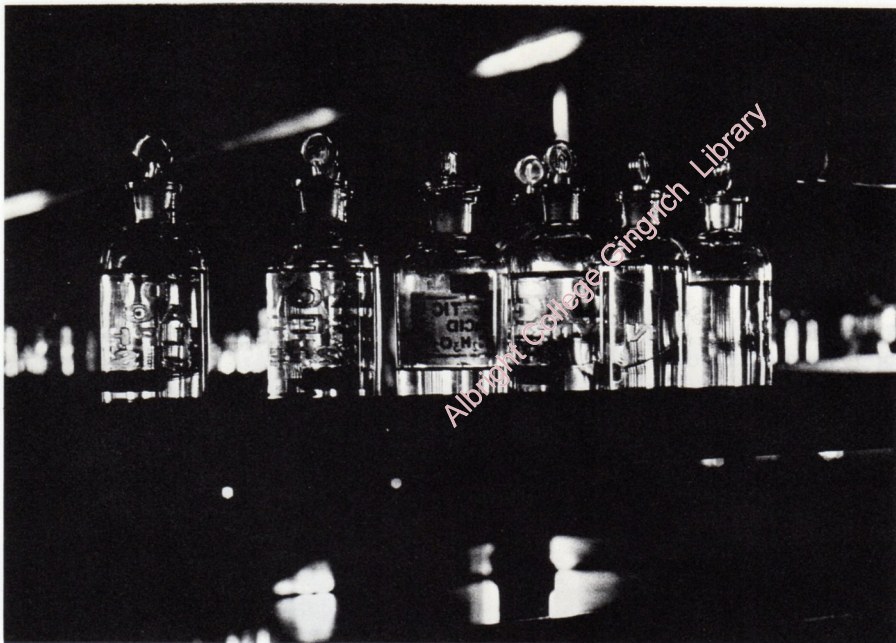
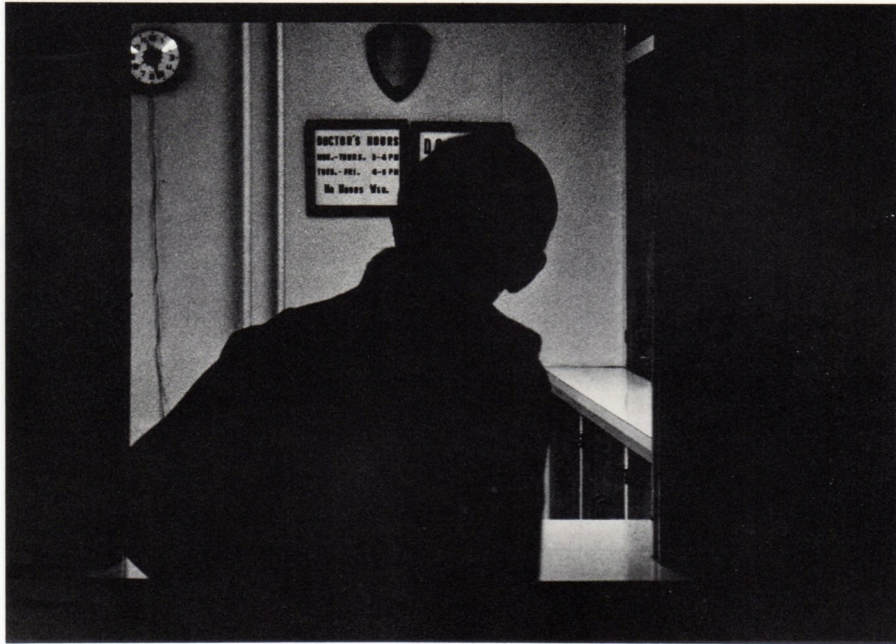




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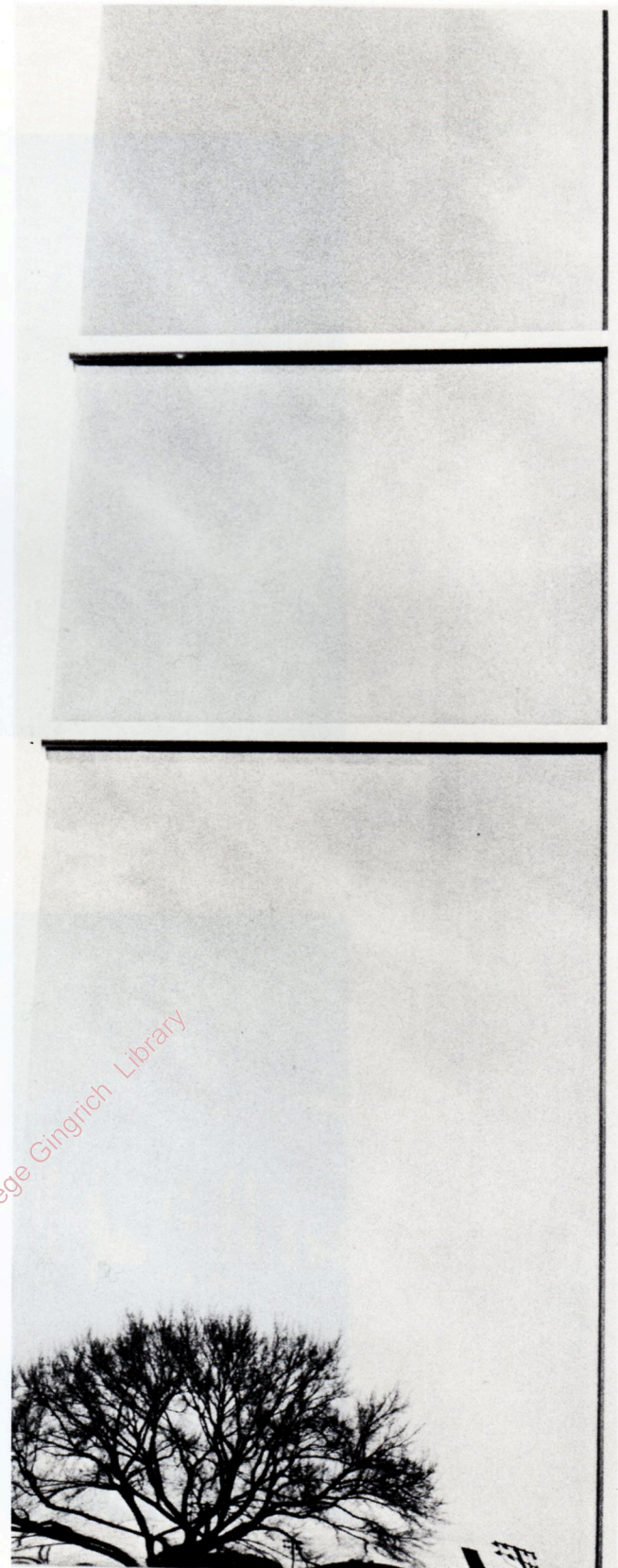


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“Station Break”

We're WXAC-FM, your Alternative Media for Reading . . .
Alternative Media!
Alternative Media?
Alternative Media . . .
at a quarter to five, and really who cares if we're here or not???
my eyes are burning
my ears ache with those sounds.
Sometimes it smiles and sometimes it laughs.
Fix it, give me a fix,
is the production studio finished (laughter; exit our great white leader)
so many songs
so many people
and not enough time
. . . Hi, this is . . .
floating in and out in the late afternoon
potpourri of long last funk in a can
and I and you and they and we and so on and so on
. . . that portion of my show which each week exposes you the .
Reading, reading, read in, output, input, export, import, important
logical blues in twelve bar
or
minor chords strummed on park benches
football, basketball, have a ball, on the ball
seeing the world through one's ears
and experiment which is new each
second
and I'm so freakin' proud
. . . the next song is all about the . . .
perhaps a lifestyle
or a way to just keep on pushing
no commercials, no hypes, no hang-ups
we leave you all to do it better
Alternative . . .
to what ???
maybe I thought/to the way our heads are
. . . well maw, looks like that there WXAC-FM, in Reading is . . .
well it was a chance we took
you took
apologies to no one or maybe everyone
Bill, Rick, John, Wayne, Tim, Icabod, Leopud, Clyde . . .
what the hell
names are irrelevant
for they only identify blobs in space.
Alternatives
are relevant
for they only identify what those blobs are thinking.
. . . thank you, for listening, not how often . . .
but how well.
We're WXAC-FM, your Alternative Media for Reading . . .
— Richard Eney





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Confessions Of A BMOC

The most recent fraternity pledge-signing brings to mind an experience I had a couple of years ago. Having just returned home from school with a full semester's worth of brotherhood under my belt, I was exchanging yarns about the past freshman year with an old high school buddy. Actually his stories concerned his plebe year. He being one of our nation's anointed, a service academy student. At those institutions they call frosh "plebes," I imagine because they are all so special. Needless to say, my buddy's stories were much more interesting than mine. He had hated the place, "Too much regimentation, not enough personality," he said, and had transferred out. I was fascinated by the hatred that gleamed in his eyes as he spoke of the year, and I was content to let him do most of the talking. The fresh memories, however, made him terribly depressed, so he called for a change of topic.

"Tell me," he begged, "What's it like going to a *real* college? I mean where you don't have to wear uniforms and you can talk to girls. What should I expect next year? Do the residence assistants call room inspection every day? Have you ever been in on a panty raid? What do you do for excitement?"

I had to think fast. I didn't want to deflate the blown-up hopes of my friend's first year at a *real* college, so I grasped at the first thing that came to mind. "Well," I said, "I'm in a fraternity."

He was stunned. For a moment his face went pale. "That's too bad," he said.

"What do you mean, too bad?" I was pretty gung-ho super-fratter at the time.

"I mean, you're not a person anymore. You're just a Greek letter!"

Now I was the one who was stunned. Was I really hearing this? Was my buddy since elementary school really putting down my beloved fraternity? He certainly was.

"You'd never get me into one of those things!" He was speaking with malicious rapidity. "I was in the biggest fraternity in the world at the academy and they make you pledge the whole four years that you're there, then send you out to be shot. Besides that, you lost your identity as a person."

"But this is different," I pleaded desperately, "This is fun!"

"Fun! How can anything so depersonalizing be fun? How can you dare call it brotherhood?"

My buddy was obviously suffering from a serious case of overreaction to service academies. I was too enraged, however, to objectively see this. He had gone too far in taking pot shots at my fraternity. "Drop dead!" I said, and walked away.

Last spring I found myself thinking about what my friend had said. Somehow I had emerged from the heap of

normalcy and had become one of those very highly elected officers in the frat, a regular BMOC. Visions of swooning freshman girls danced in my head. I felt as if I were a somebody and invited the challenges of office. "Bring on those challenges!" I used to chuckle privately.

After awhile, however, the romance was over. I wasn't any more appealing to girls than before, and, worse yet, I was beginning to think that what my friend had said about frats was all too true. Depersonalizing. For instance, pledge recruiting. Round up a bunch of freshman guys and corral 'em like cattle in an off-campus hall with a keg and a band, then slap 'em on their backs real friendly like. Then, the next morning, see if you remember their names. It was getting like a business. Even worse, the seeds of apathy seemed to be sprouting from within the brotherhood. Few people seemed to care at all anymore, and others just threw their dues money back into their checking accounts. Spiritually and financially, we were hurting. Frankly, I was distraught. I felt as if we were playing a game of Monopoly, only it was called "Keep the Frat Together" and we weren't passing GO to collect. Brotherhood wasn't paying off. Perhaps my old buddy had been right all along.

Looking back I find that he was dead wrong. Fraternities can be a good thing, but you have to do it right. Like less business and more sincerity. You can't buy friendship, the ancients once said. Problems arise when a brotherhood splits into factions. People get mad at each other and find it tough to agree. When things aren't running smoothly apathy moves in. It's impossible to control human nature so those things don't happen once in awhile. More often than not, though, everything falls into place for a frat, for any type of a group. Not perfectly, of course, but you find people working for each other and smiling. Maybe it sounds Mickey Mouse, but you get to be a genuine brotherhood.

I'm not recruiting pledges by writing this, but I believe, I know that a fraternity or a sorority or any type of organization on campus can be a worthwhile experience. Certainly the same group may not be for everyone, but the one for you can be better than gold. Each organization has its good aspects. Face it, there is no best frat on campus, only the one of which you are an active member, whether it be national, local or GDI. They're all number 1 if you're up off of your fat fanny working for it.

The same is true of all campus groups, not just the social clubs. From Student Council to intramural football teams, anywhere people must come together and interact there's a sense of camaraderie. This began as an article about fraternities, but I think a plea for involvement of any kind takes precedence. If you're a freshman, the next three years can be very fine or very poor. It all hangs on the degree of your involvement.

— André Quemere



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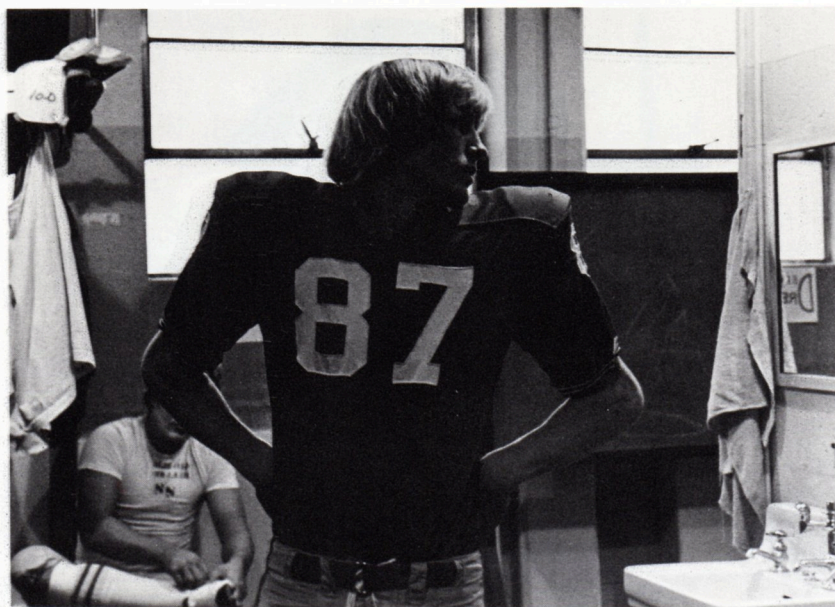
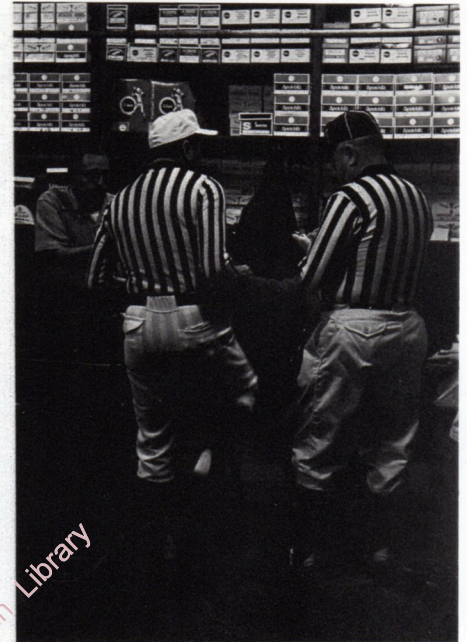
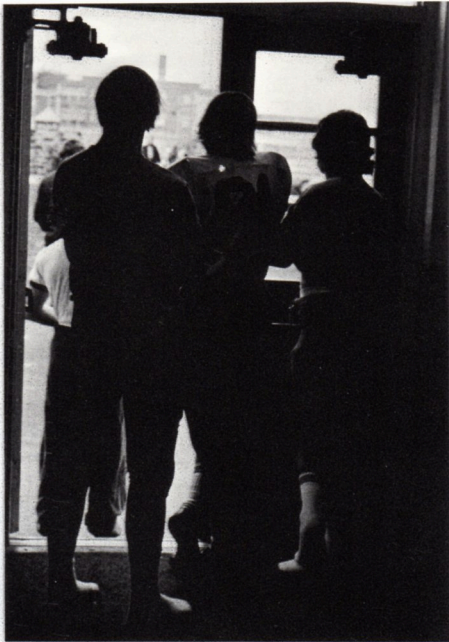
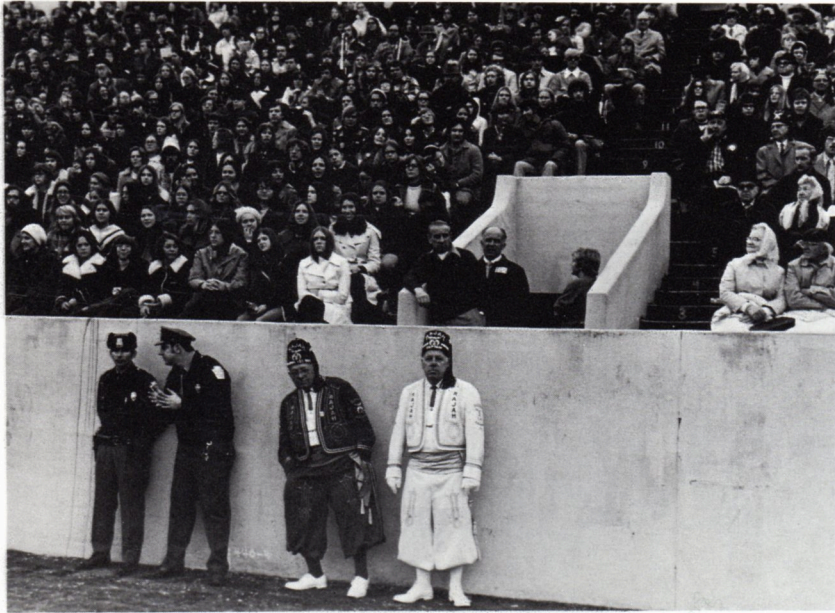


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A Review Of A Great Season

I can still remember the first day we came back to Albright for football practice. It was a great day for the beach, but football? I really doubted it.

We began with 2-a-days to get in shape, the highlight of those first few days was to see "Big Jim" Kuhn run a half-mile in record breaking time—for a 260 pounder. Summer came went as scheduled except for a couple of guys trying to sneak past Coach Popp on a few occasions after curfew. I don't think the coach got much sleep that first part of September. However, there was one great difference between this summer camp and the previous ones I had attended and that was desire. It seemed as if everyone was just a little more determined.

We opened with Lycoming under the lights and shocked the hell out of the Albright fans. It was a great defensive ball game with the Lions "doomsday defense" coming up with a shutout and that explosive Albright offense led by the blocking of big Mike Bauer and Frank Grabuski coming up with 39 points.

The next week we traveled up to Juniata College for a tough ball game. We won it 17-0 with Bill "blood in the eye" Morrison coming up with some great plays on defense. Delaware Valley College was the next prey for the hungry Lions. Again the defense shut them out but the offense helped DVC with a safety. The offense more than made up for their 2 point mistake however with Roy Curnow and Robin Hynicka passing and receiving behind a great offensive line. The final score was 24-2.

The stage was set, Gettysburg College came up for the parents night game. G-burg was in the university division and was thought to be the toughest foe. A packed house saw the "Big Red Machine" score forty-two points behind the blocking of Al Patane and the running of "white-shoes" MacMillan. The final score was 42-21 and Albright was undefeated.

The team continued to work hard for Coach Potsklan that next week and was determined to keep their record un-

blemished. We traveled to New York to take on the vicious Sea Hawks of Wagner College. Led by a great team effort we came up with a 22-21 win and had won five in a row.

Our next battle was against the mud and rain. This wet homecoming promised a formidable foe in Moravian. I'm sure that Moravian never expected to see the likes of Mike Pizarro, "Duke" Wesley, Ken Lazowski, "Dumplings" Crow, or Carl Fischl hitting their quarterback as often as they did. The final score was 12-0 and number 6 for the Lions.

The Drexel game was to bring with it a tremendous crowd, great bands, and another victory for the relentless Lions. Needless to say, the Pretzel Bowl did bring all of the three except the one most important—another Lion victory. Was it overconfidence, underestimating our opponent, or looking too quickly towards a bowl bid? We did know that we were 6 and 1 and had a lousy Saturday night to look forward to.

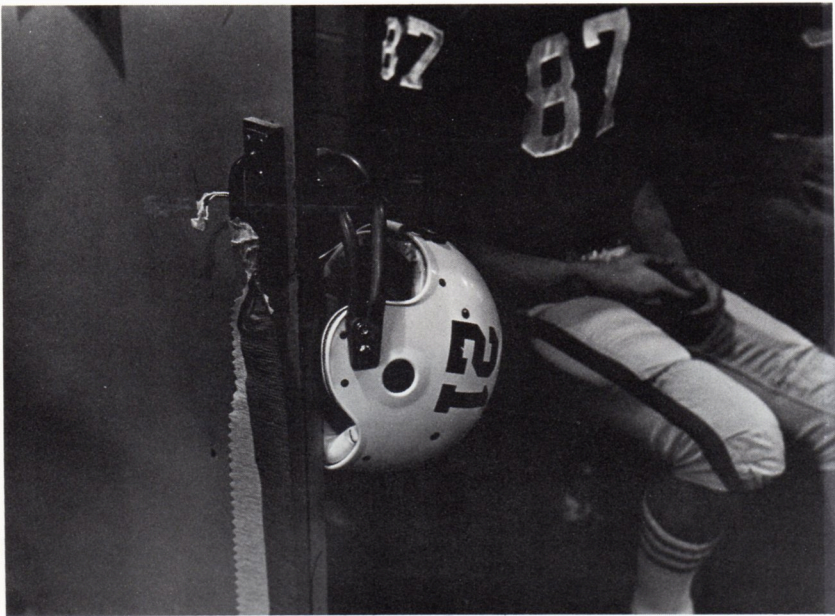
We had to forget Drexel and we did with a 33-6 victory over Lebanon Valley that brought us the MAC championship. Spearheading the attack were Mike Vidulich and Bill Detemple along with their defensive backfield led by Don McNeal, "Z" Zielinski, Ben McCormick, "O.J." Simpson, and freshman Mike Sahli. Offensively Barry Shellenhamer added some great blocks for the offensive backfield.

Upsala was our final game of the season and also the final game for our outstanding seniors Jim Kuhn, Joe Louth, Dave Gabrielski, Rich Waldron, Dave Balloch, and Ben McCormick. We won the game by one point, 8-7, and ended league play undefeated. Maxwell trophy winner Jim Kuhn proved to be invaluable as he had been all season.

We finished 8-1 and were league champs. We also finished third in contention for the Lambert Bowl Trophy and second in contention for the Knute Rockne Bowl game. Football is a great game but sometime too many praises are thrown one way and not enough the other. In speaking for the whole team, I would like to single out the offensive line for an outstanding season, the underclassmen that didn't start, the trainers, and above all the coaches.

Roy Curnow



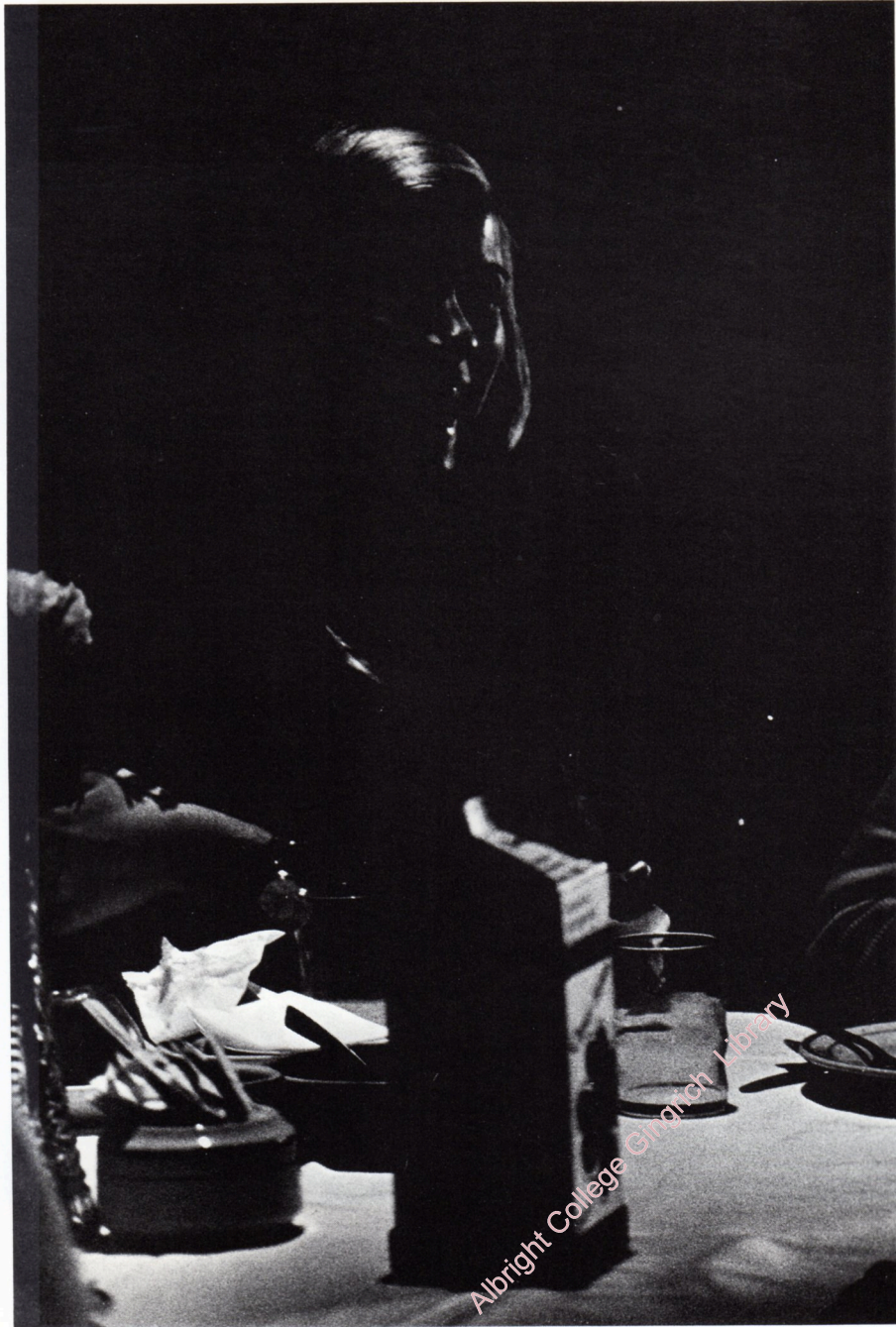




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A Conversation With Dr. Barth

Dr. Barth, what question is generally considered to be of major importance in philosophy?

I suspect that philosophers of every era have been fascinated by the old question asked so long ago of Jesus, "What is truth?" It is by no means an easy question to answer and philosophers have sought to respond to it in many different ways. A major problem in dealing with questions of this sort is rooted in the nature of language itself and how we are to communicate significantly through the use of symbols, verbal or otherwise. The discipline of logic is essential for this purpose.

The problem is further complicated because scholars now recognize that no single logic can be applied to all the varieties of human experience. Kierkegaard demonstrated with considerable skill, for instance, that Hegelian logic is hardly useful in dealing with existential relationships, the so-called I-Thou relationships discussed so brilliantly by Martin Buber.

Aristotelian philosophy concentrated on the logic of rational communication. This functions well in clarifying the meaning of sentences and formal syllogisms. It is inadequate for the analysis of human feelings and the complexities of emotive responses. Certainly a dictionary definition of love will never satisfy lovers, nor can mere words express the experience of the good or the beautiful. The concept of "truth" does not apply the same way to the varied experiences of mankind.

For this reason modern theorists conclude that there are at least six kinds of logic, each one useful for differing disciplines. Aesthetics, for instance, demands a logic which applies to individual expressions of meaning through created objects, or musical instruments, etc. Purely rational language is inadequate for this purpose. Ethics, also, deals with personal and social norms and the ideas "true" and "false" do not tell us enough about values. The expert in the realm of value is not the logician, but the saint or seer. The good, the true, the beautiful, you see, are not measurable by the same devices. One who is sensitive to profound values operates at a different level from the language chopper.

So you see, the question of "truth" is a profound one and of perennial concern to the philosopher.

* * * * *

The real "brain-buster" in philosophy has always been the epistemological question. How do we know anything at all? Here we are indeed in deep water. It is like measuring a yardstick with another yardstick, for ultimately we are compelled to measure mind by mind. Descartes sought to answer this question by doubting every experience he could

until ultimately he arrived at his famous conclusion *COGITO ERGO SUM*, I think, therefore I am. He could not doubt that he doubted, and so he tried to reconstruct the universe from the inescapability of his own necessary being. That is no solution to the problem even though it seems to be a necessary starting place for human beings. Having reconstructed a universe one must still make clear how the individual thinker relates to that world out there, for "knowledge" demands some kind of meaningful correspondence between the thinking mind and that which is thought about. That's the problem! Thus far no perfect solution has been found.

The answers which philosophers propose to these and other problems are dependent upon the special posture each philosopher takes in his approach to reality. There is no universal agreement because each thinker begins his investigation from his own presuppositional stance, his own "angle", and must report his findings accordingly.

Bertrand Russell described philosophical method as the special technique of recognizing and distinguishing among alternatives. This is a perceptive insight into what philosophers are engaged in doing. Ultimately, I suppose, each philosopher shows preferences for and chooses among the alternatives he has recognized.

If there is any agreement among philosophers it is probably best described as a common search for truth and wisdom. The definition of the word "philosophy" is, "a lover of wisdom". Committed philosophers are engaged in the search for truth in order to discover how best to live. Wisdom seems harder to find than knowledge. It requires a kind of balanced understanding which makes it possible for a man to live meaningfully and significantly. One can know a great deal and still live like a brute.

* * * * *

Who is your favorite thinker?

The man in whom I have a special interest and to whose writings I have devoted a great amount of time is Frederick Denison Maurice, who lived from 1805 to 1867. He was a theologian, a philosopher, the father of Christian Socialism in England. He was finally Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge University. He had an amazing ability to grasp ideas and probably contributed more to the intellectual and religious development of England in the latter half of the 19th and the first part of the 20th centuries than any other man. In fact, there are many present-day thinkers who have not yet caught up with him. He grasped certain Tillichian concepts before Tillich. He was sensitive to the positive contributions of Karl Marx when his contemporaries could see only the negative. Maurice knew that great social

changes had to be made in England and insisted that to insure creative change it was first necessary to get one's ideas straight. He was a bridge-builder in the realm of ideas, a reconciler. He was not a system-builder. That is what I like best about his "process" philosophy. He lived by a famous principle, that in the dialectical conflicts of history most great thinkers were closer to the truth in their major affirmations about life and meaning and most generally wrong when they engaged in mere denunciation of an opponent's theories.

Maurice was certain that no clear voice was ever lost. Every significant thinker made a permanent imprint on history. Their great affirmations have contributed to man's continuing search for truth and light.

I'd like to ask you a question you once posed to our Ethics class. Is it better to be a dissatisfied Socrates or a satisfied pig?

You are, of course, quoting from the famous statement of John Stuart Mill who was attempting to respond to Carlyle's criticism of utilitarian philosophy. Carlyle, as you know, was appalled by some of the same things that trouble this college generation. He could not accept the reduction of life to mechanisms, to mere logic, to a pure technique of usefulness. There were no computers then, but Carlyle would have resisted to the death any attempt to

reduce him to a number or a computer-program card. Carlyle was convinced that the "Gradgrinds" of his day were taking all the humanity out of life. Though committed to Utilitarianism, J. S. Mill sought to humanize it by means of his famous judgment — "It is better to be a dissatisfied Socrates than a satisfied fool" and his correlary, "It is better to be an unhappy man than a happy pig." Of course, the pig was never consulted about this question. Obviously Mill was trying to communicate his belief that a human being is not merely the sum total of S-R bonds, nor is man reducible to simple reflex actions in pursuit of pleasure. I suggest that Mill knew that he was doing violence to Utilitarian orthodoxy, the notion of Bentham that man was psychologically committed to the search for happiness, quantitative pleasure. J. S. Mill objected to this quantification of human aspiration and in consequence demanded that the quality of life must receive greater consideration. He was condescending at this point to Carlyle's emphasis on the wholeness of man and the wonder of human aspiration. Man is *not* merely what he eats.

It is wise, I believe, to realize that some of our present conflicts about values are by no means new. Great men in the past have struggled for the same values we seek. I sometimes regret that so many of our young people who presently oppose the so-called "establishment" conclude that the only way to demonstrate their opposition is by destroying all that the past generations have accepted as real contributions to human greatness. We need all that the past can teach us. Mill knew that there were unique capacities in man, that man was a creative being. He sought to recover the quality of human greatness, man's spiritual nature, the glory of the human soul.

Are you of the belief that for man to achieve the good he has to have some faith in God?

I would prefer to phrase the question somewhat differently. Certainly all men live by faith. Their gods may vary greatly and the content of the object of man's faith is determinative of the value of that faith.

I would suggest that behind every ethic is a metaethic. Before man is able to talk meaningfully in terms of value he has to assume that there is at the very ground of existence something which supports it. I would agree with Paul Tillich at this point in his suggestion that whatever a man considers to be of ultimate worth is in effect the object of his commitment, and this a religious posture. In its profoundest sense, you see, religion pushes every question back to its ultimate meaning.

Man's real problem is not whether he is or is not religious, for if religion is a matter of ultimate commitment, every man who is alive fits the definition. Man's real hang-up, you see, is idolatry. We worship that which is not worthy of it. The word "worship" means "worth-ship" or "that which bears worth." When we worship we bring ourselves into the presence of that which we acknowledge to be of greatest worth to us. When man gives his ultimate commitment to that which is not truly ultimate, he is an idolater. In Hitler's Germany men worshipped the state, even though they may have known that it was not truly absolute. States come and go, they change their goals and



structures. So, today, men commit themselves to strange gods, like power, or money or sex, and idolatries flourish.

Our problem, therefore, is to find an object or goal worthy of total commitment. It is unfortunate that we mortals are continually flirting with idols and spend so much time and energy in pursuit of our own little gods.

I believe it is very difficult to find a true atheist. The claim to be one is frequently an intellectual game. Our actual commitments betray us. There are many who, fearful of any commitment to a transcendent object of devotion, claim that they are humanists, that they seek the perfection of humanity. Certainly one cannot quarrel with their goal, for any theist seeks the same object though by a different pathway. What we would ask, however, is a question about their major presupposition or presuppositions. An ethical commitment to human perfection presupposes a profound understanding of what it means to be human. What is man? What is there in man worth preserving and developing? Ultimately humanism fails if it is not rooted in something which transcends every individual human being or even any race. If there is not built into the nature of reality that which supports human excellence it proves to be exceedingly difficult to maintain our commitments to that end.

I do believe that behind every ethic there is a faith, a faith in something that is of ultimate worth. Were this not so, the maintenance of our commitments to particular values would falter and mankind would have little remaining hope.

* * * * *

Is there any way to test that worth you speak of? Is it purely subjective?

I have never accepted a purely subjective ethic. In fact, I see no possibility of separating the subjective and the ob-



jective in human experience except by the artificiality of language. We as subjects are constantly responding to something not just within us. A pure subjectivism would inevitably lead to absolute relativism. Each man would pursue what he liked, and none could claim that he was wrong. Obviously this would result in ceaseless warfare and man's life would be, as Hobbes claimed it was "in the state of nature" — "nasty, brutish and short."

This leads to intellectual chaos, also. If there is no objective good and no means of finding it, then Hitler was right, Ghengis Khan also, and both the Irish Republican Army and the British are equally right. Everybody behaves as he has been conditioned to behave, and therefore must.

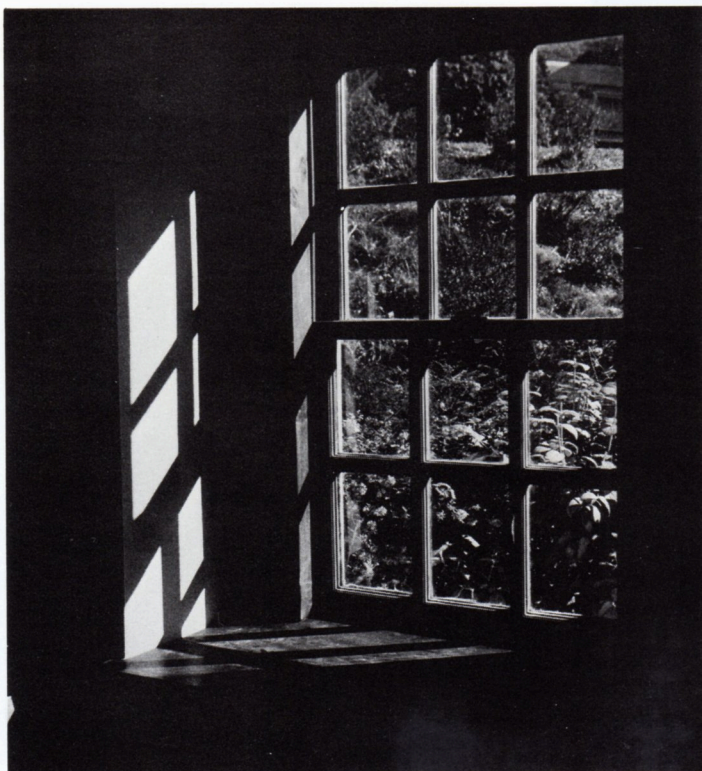
Anthropologists are discovering that the supposed wide variance of human behavior in different races and cultures is a myth. The surprising fact is that, when one considers the multitudinous possibilities of behavioral choices, how very similar our human choices of value are. All races are concerned about human needs; all cultures seek to limit unsocial behavior. Murder, incest and sexual aberrations are matters of grave concern to human beings everywhere.

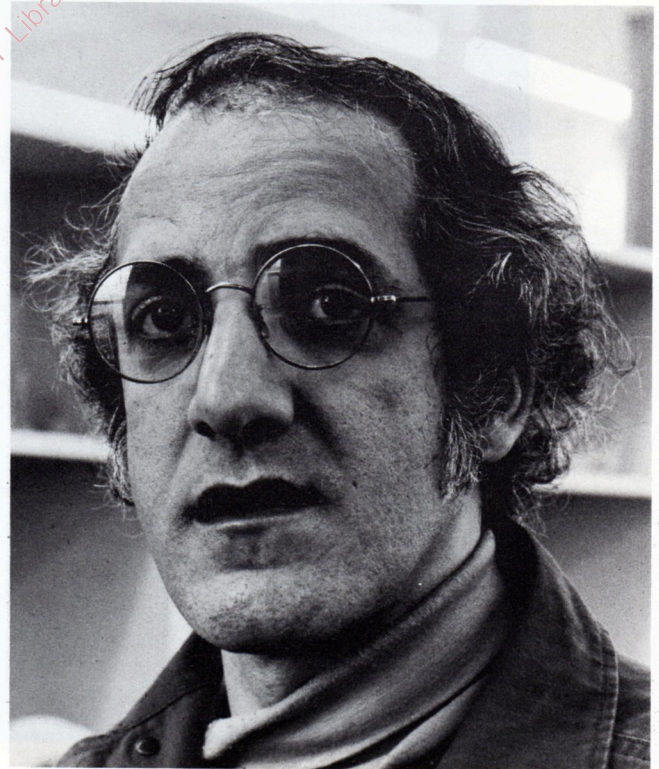
I am convinced by experience and by the poverty of many recent ethical "fads", that we shall have to return to the foundations of some type of "natural law" ethic. If values are not supported by nature in some way, as St. Paul notes in Romans 2, then the future is bleak indeed.

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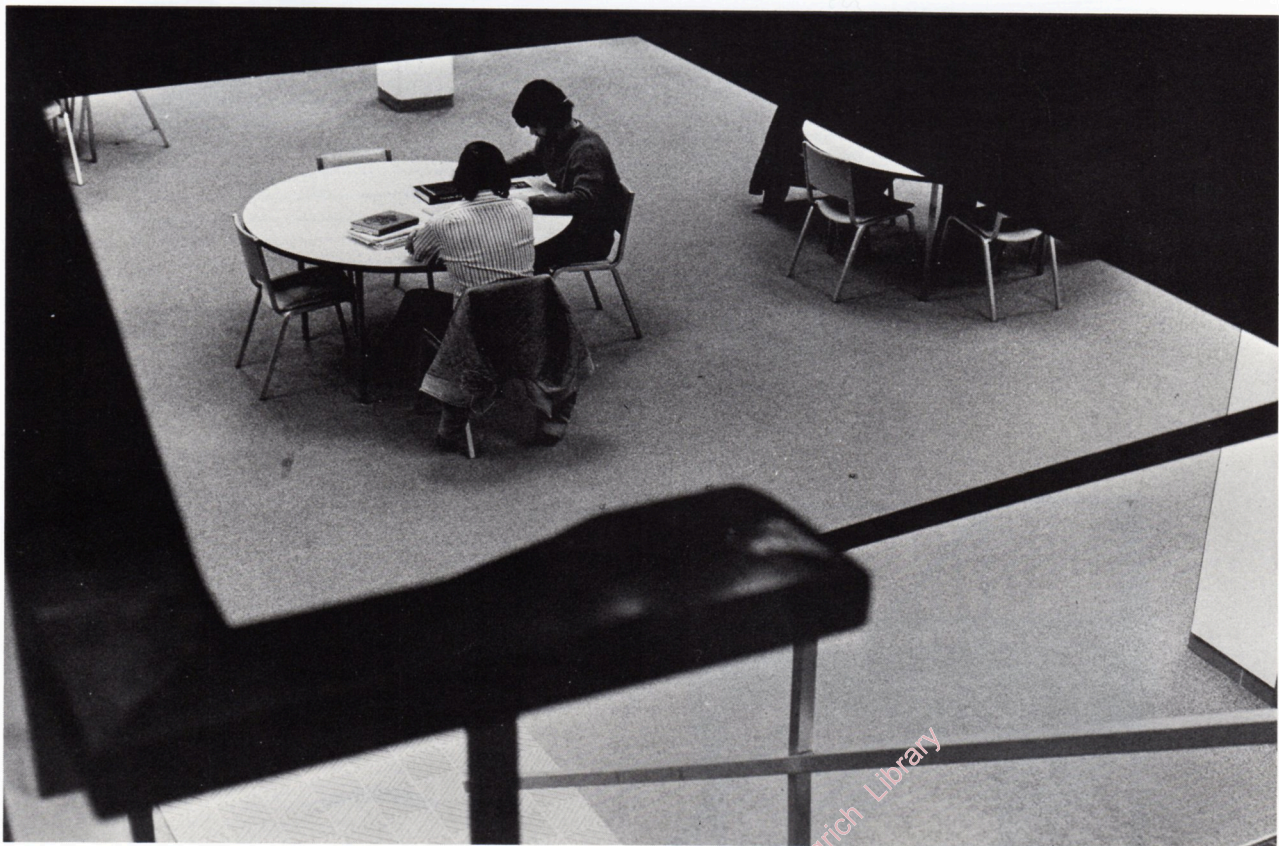
What advice would you pass on to another individual?

Advice is cheap, and sometimes dangerous. I will risk this much. I am much impressed by man's capacity for choice, that he is by nature a choosing being. Like Kierkegaard, therefore, I urge a recommitment to values, not merely an intellectual commitment but an existential one. We are not even human unless we choose and this world is in great need of men and women who will choose the good and risk the danger. More than this I will not say.

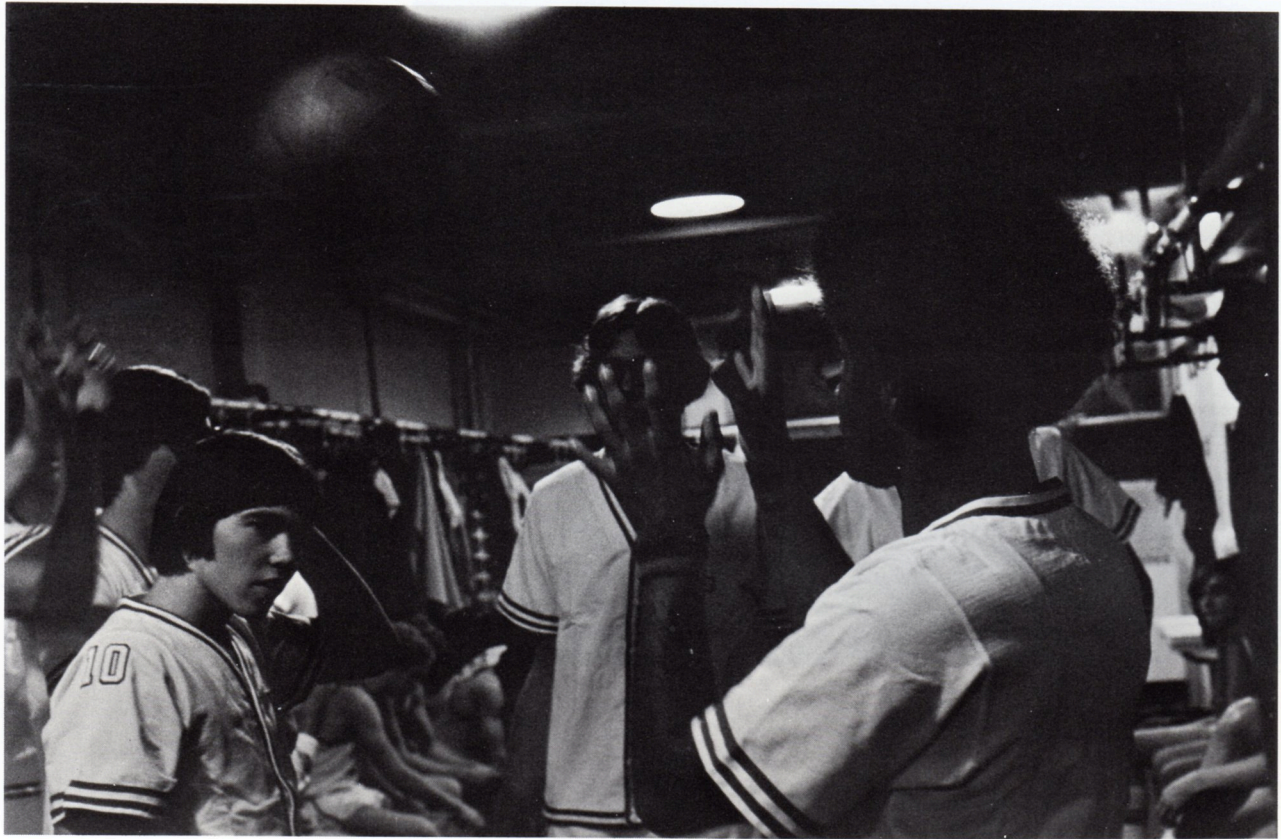


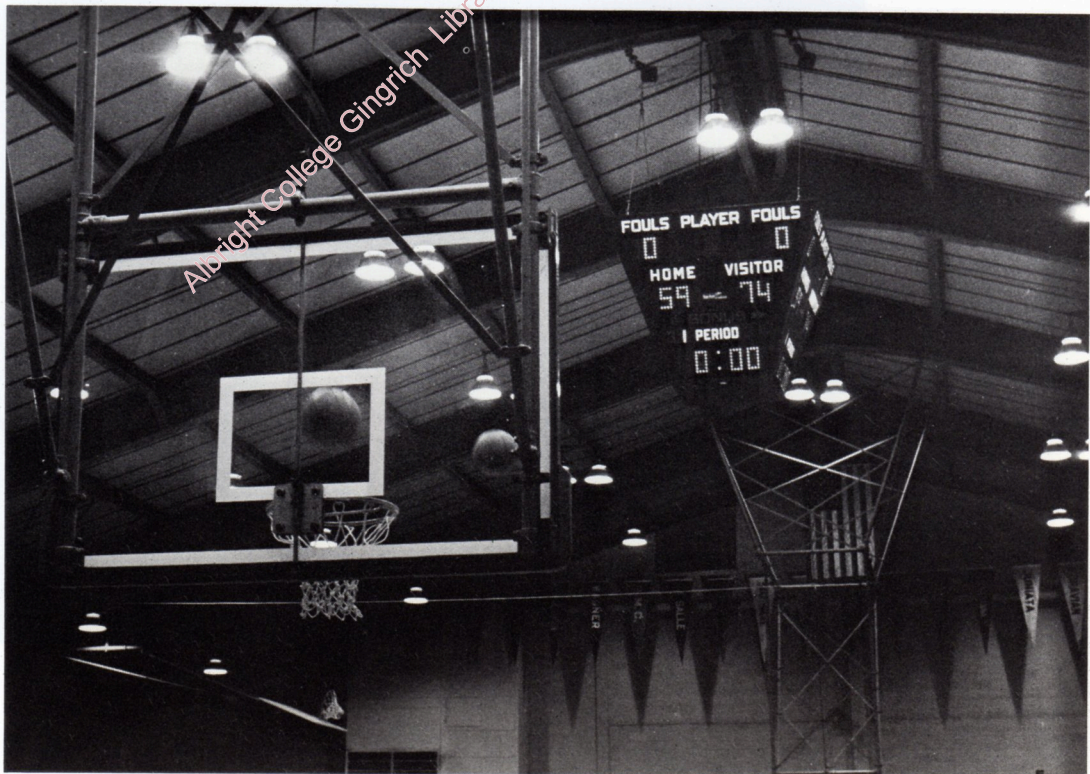


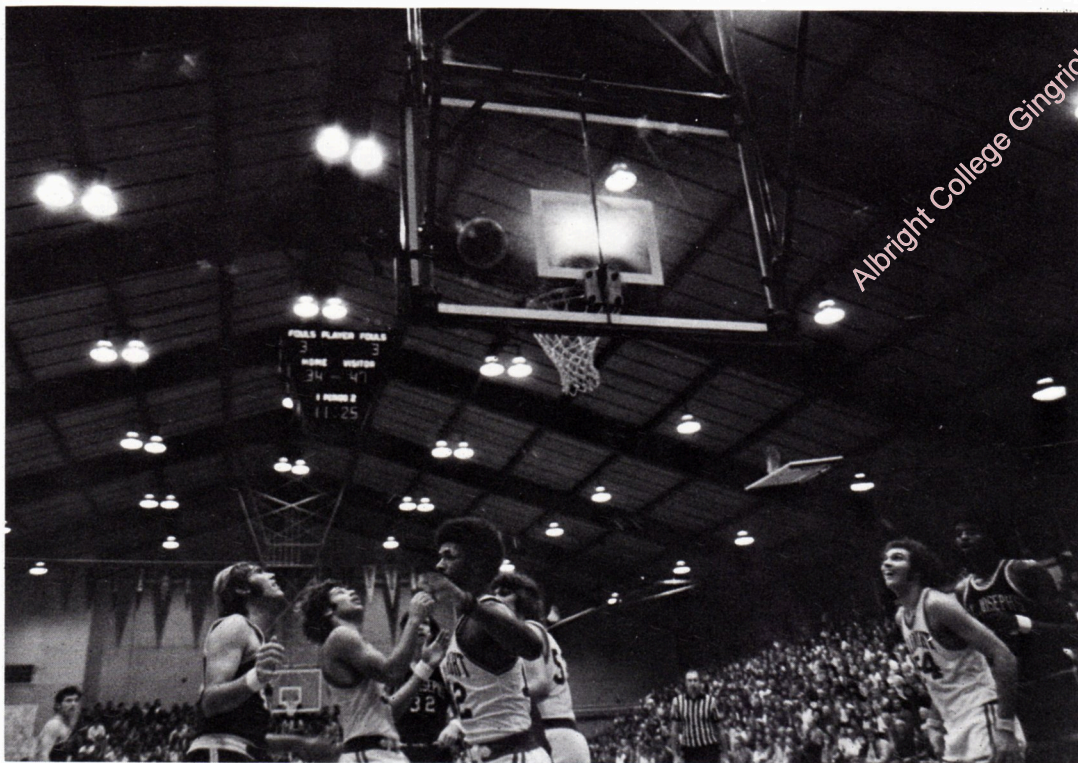
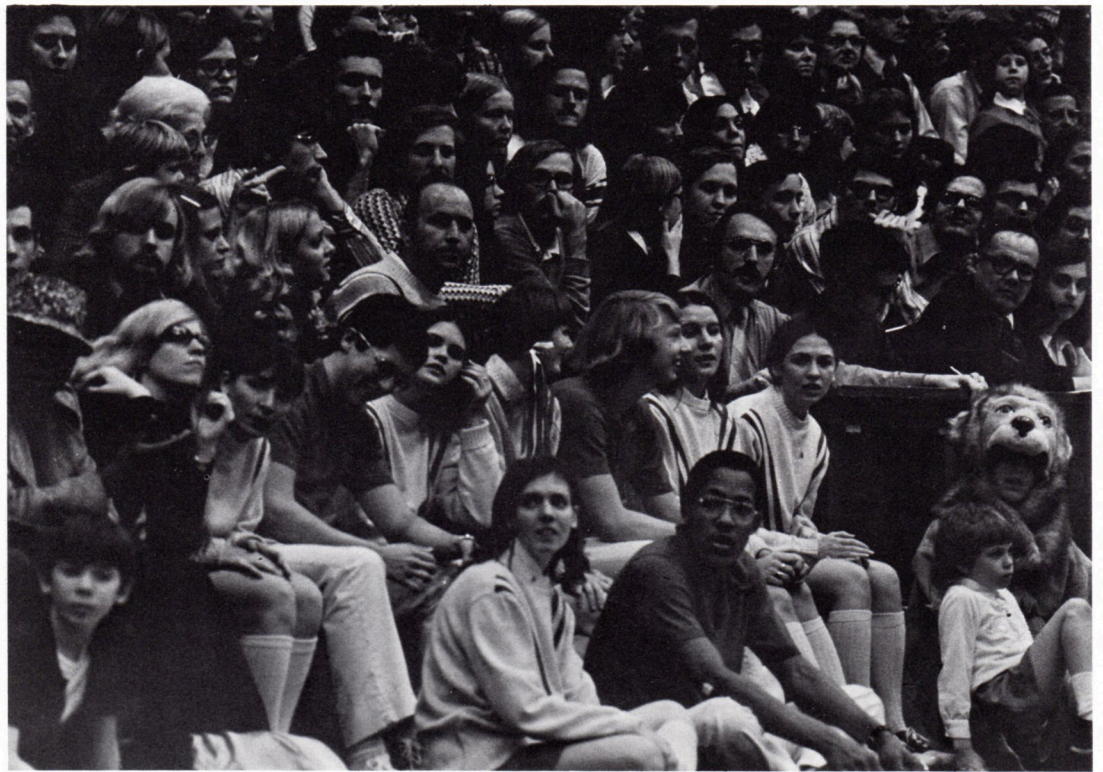




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"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and tears."

Theodore Roosevelt

FOULS PLAYER FOUL

3 2

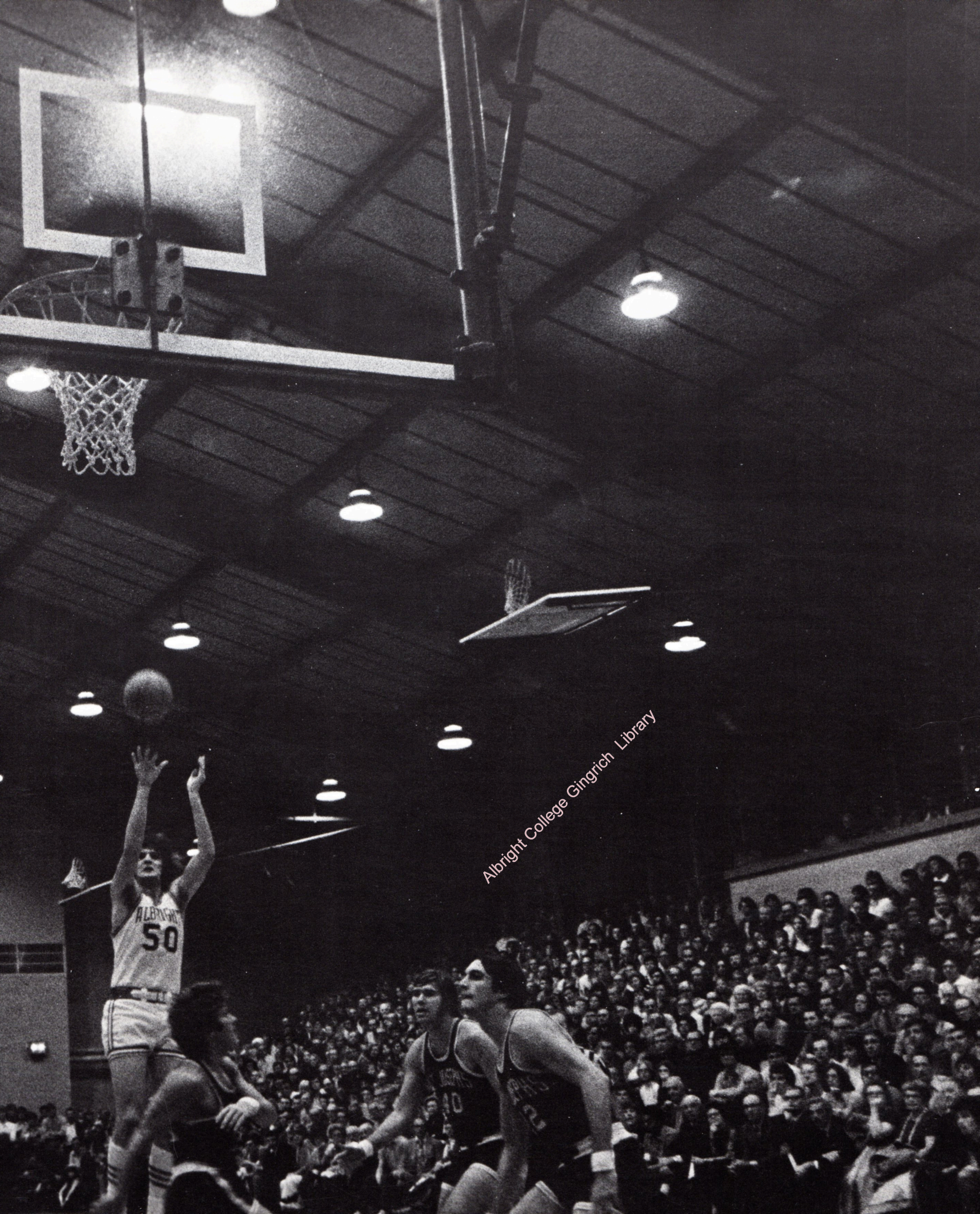
HOME VISITOR

16 - 27

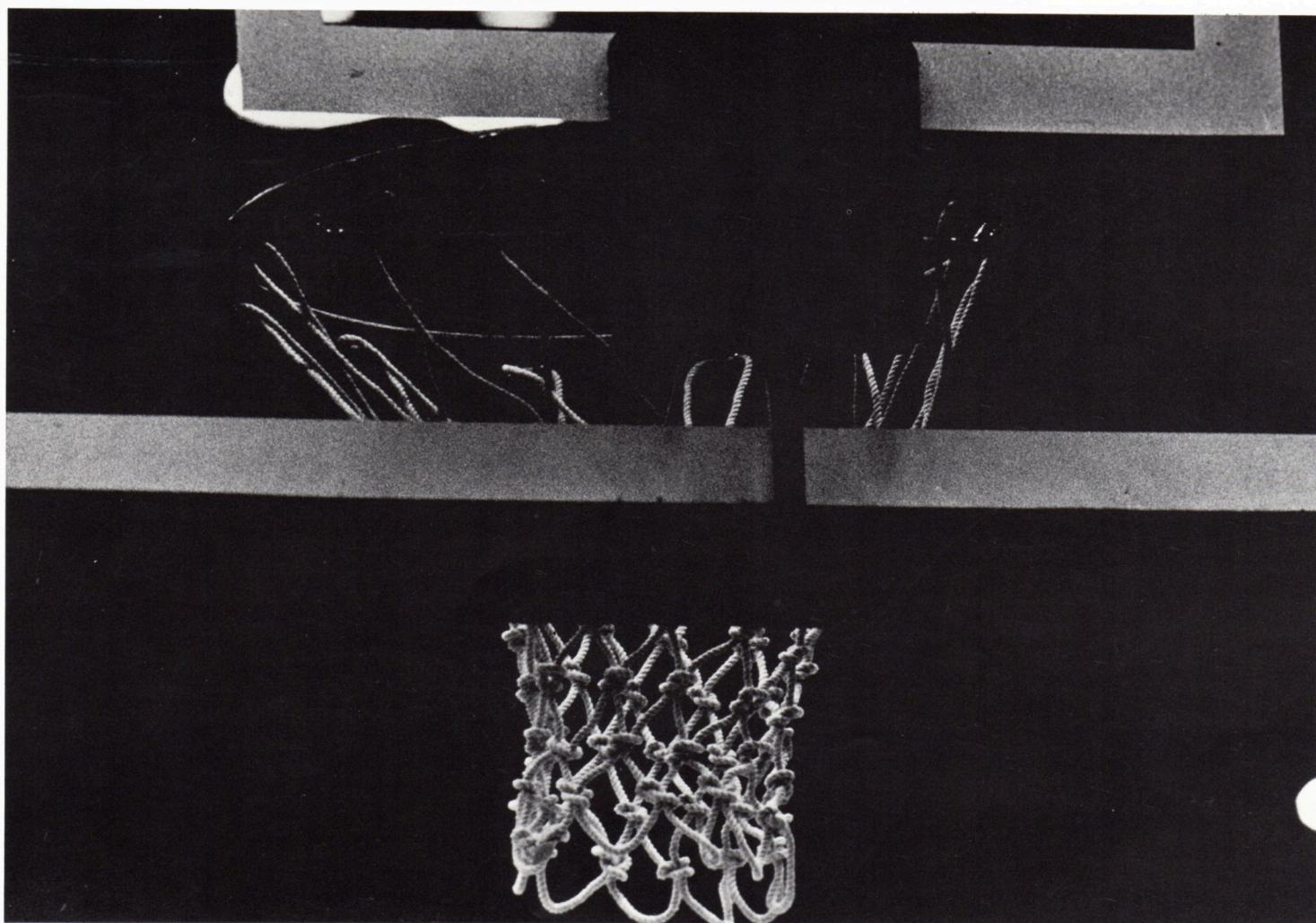
I PERIOD

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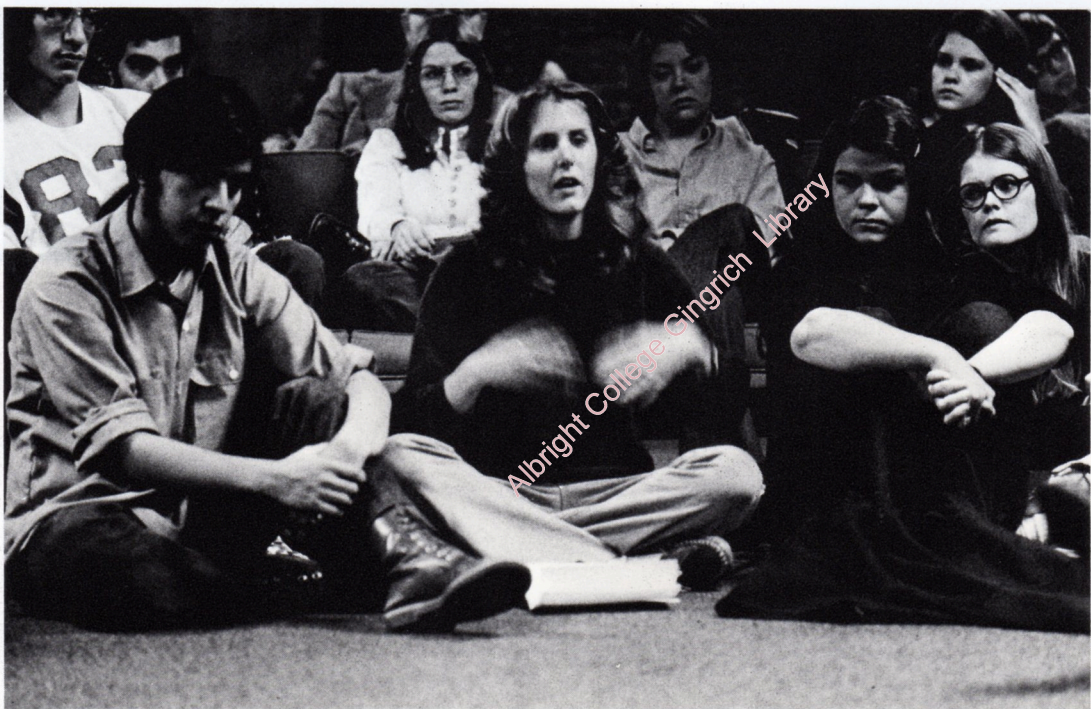
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To The Members Of The Albright Community:

Some of you have just heard me make a brief statement to one of our "town meetings." For you this will be partially repetitious but bear with me as I will try to explain my feelings in a more elaborate fashion.

Tonight we witnessed the highly publicized open meeting with the Master Planning Team. The meeting began with a bit of a railroad job by members of the student body which would never have been necessary had those administrative individuals responsible for scheduling been a bit more flexible and receptive to popular desires. With the meeting only a few minutes under way, after moving to more comfortable locale, the questions were met with what one might call an "Albright Answer" (i.e. we're here to listen, not to reply). One can easily understand any one individual's reluctance to pronounce major policy "from the hip" but I sincerely doubt that most of those to whom the questions were directed had no opinions they could offer as their own. Particularly when the questions raised concerned the origin of the mandatory physical education requirements, the narrowness of its scope and other equally innocuous subjects. Considering the good representation from the supposed upper echelons of the college's "legally responsible" individuals I can see this as only typical ducking of substantive issues, perhaps with the misconceived hope that silence is contagious.

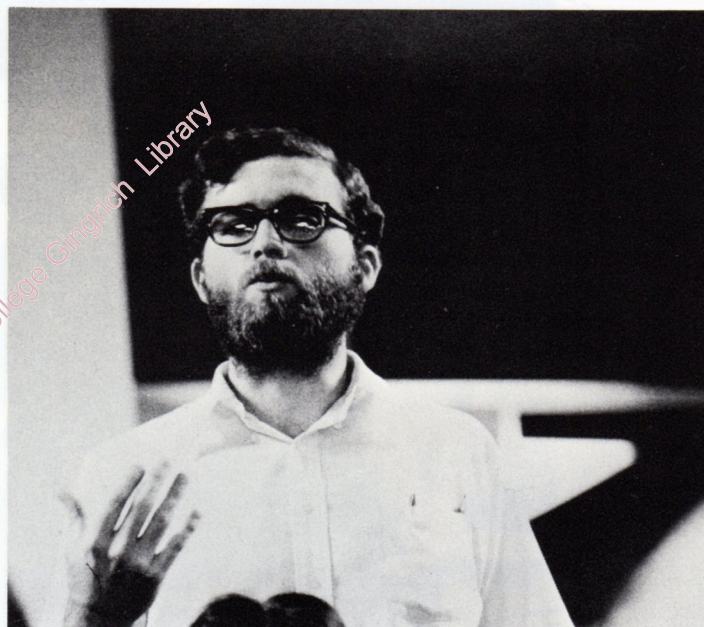
With this as format (and students floormat), should anyone be surprised by the frustration and lack of trust buried somewhere in nearly every question? One member of the community spoke of abdication of obligations by the students. Regardless of his inaccurate accusation, hasn't there been a larger abdication on the part of the college? Page six of our catalogue offers some statements to consider: "... it [Albright] aims to remain true to the fundamental moral and religious principles of its denomination, which is democratic in policy, emphasizing individual worth and high moral responsibility;" "The college . . . aims to inspire and guide him in developing his whole personality . . ." "endeavors to develop informed and socially-minded citizens who are sensitive to social regulations and obligations, and who will participate intelligently in the life of the home, community, and state." The point is, has this happened, or are those students who availed "themselves of these opportunities for personal growth and enrichment" (page 1) being molded into frustrated, distrustful social and/or intellectual misfits? An institution which purports to train individuals for participation in the democratic process and maintains a power elite as its major decision making body is not "democratic in policy." A college which holds open

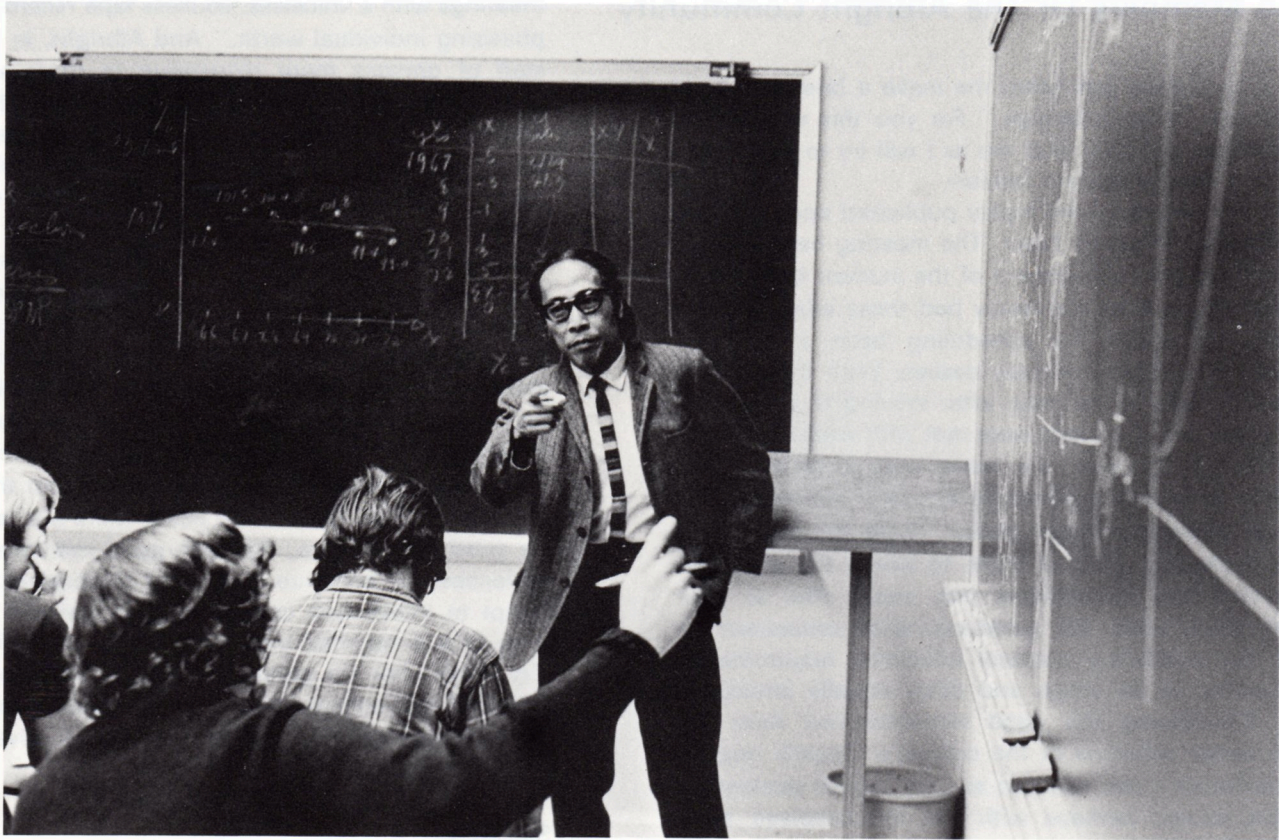
meetings with a voiceless, soulless tape recorder is not "emphasizing individual worth." And Albright, in maintaining a staff of persons more responsive to those who sign the checks than to those who fill the accounts and operating an extensive bureaucracy of committees as pacification for those who wish to "promote the interests of the student body" (page 13), is not demonstrating "high moral responsibility."

When one well known functionary of the college can smirk, seemingly at serious input by the student body and refuse to answer intelligent, inquisitive attempts at understanding while another speaks about abdications by students as if they were the proverbial wrench in the works, one needn't wonder why each successive Student Council President is metamorphosed into Diogenes reincarnate.

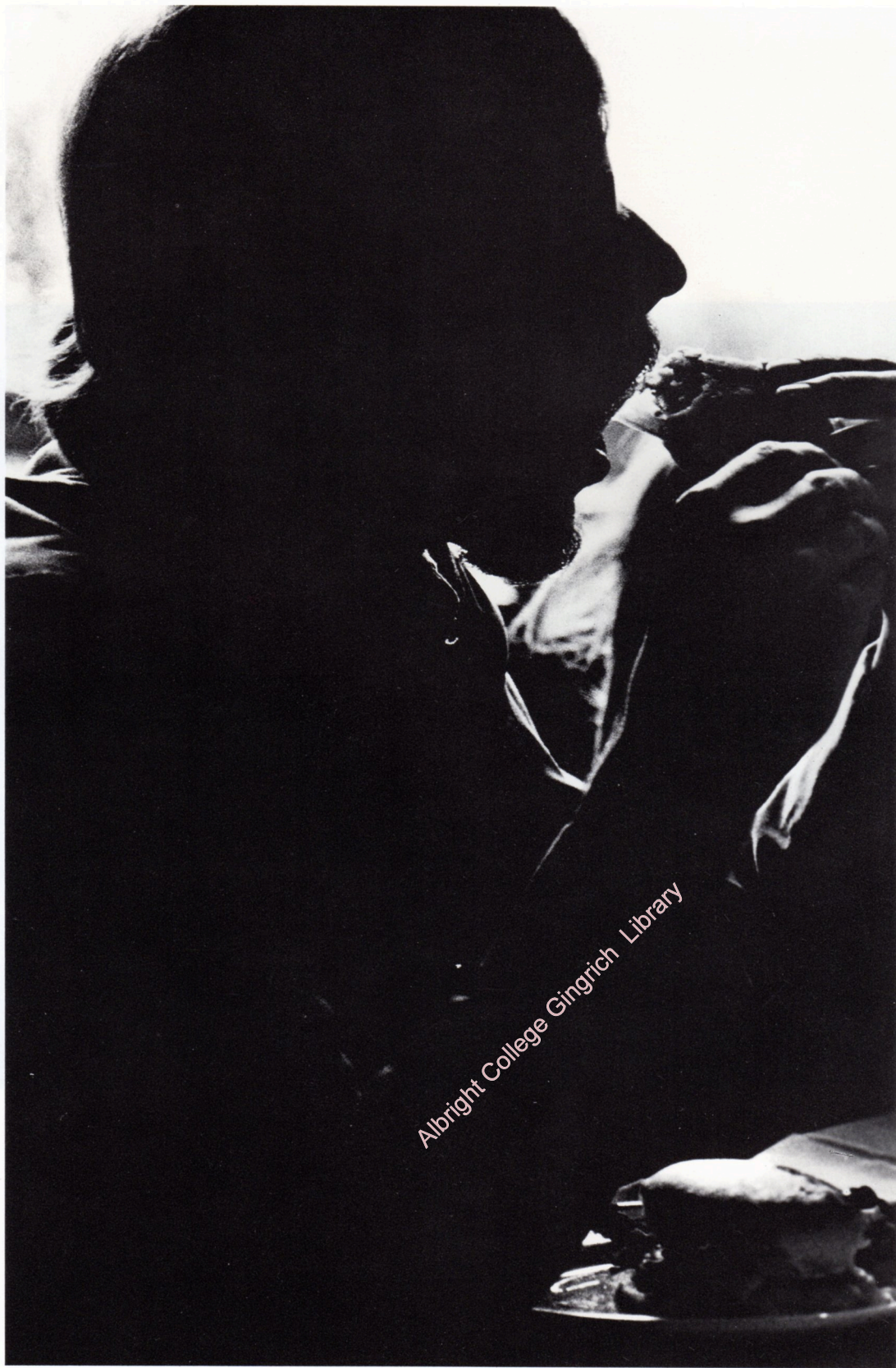
Albright is not a bad place. Albright from the bottom up is a good place. There have been, there are, and there will be good people here. Basically good relationships and experiences will continue to present themselves. But any attempt at intellectual communality is doomed to failure so long as it is haunted by the hypocrisy of Albright from the top down. For no genuine effort at introspection by the minds of this community can ignore that impediment. How much longer can the red and the white advance on only three wheels?

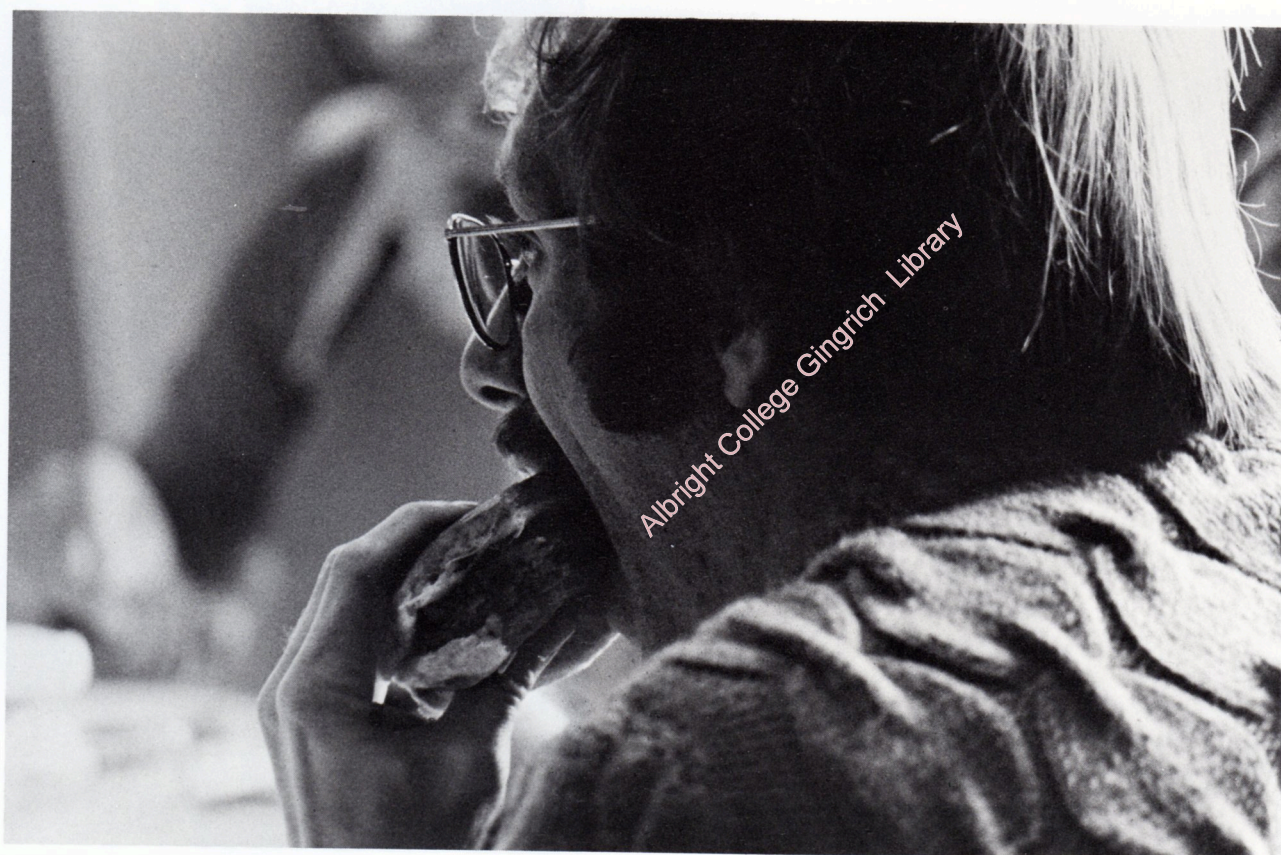
Sincerely,
John D. McCahill

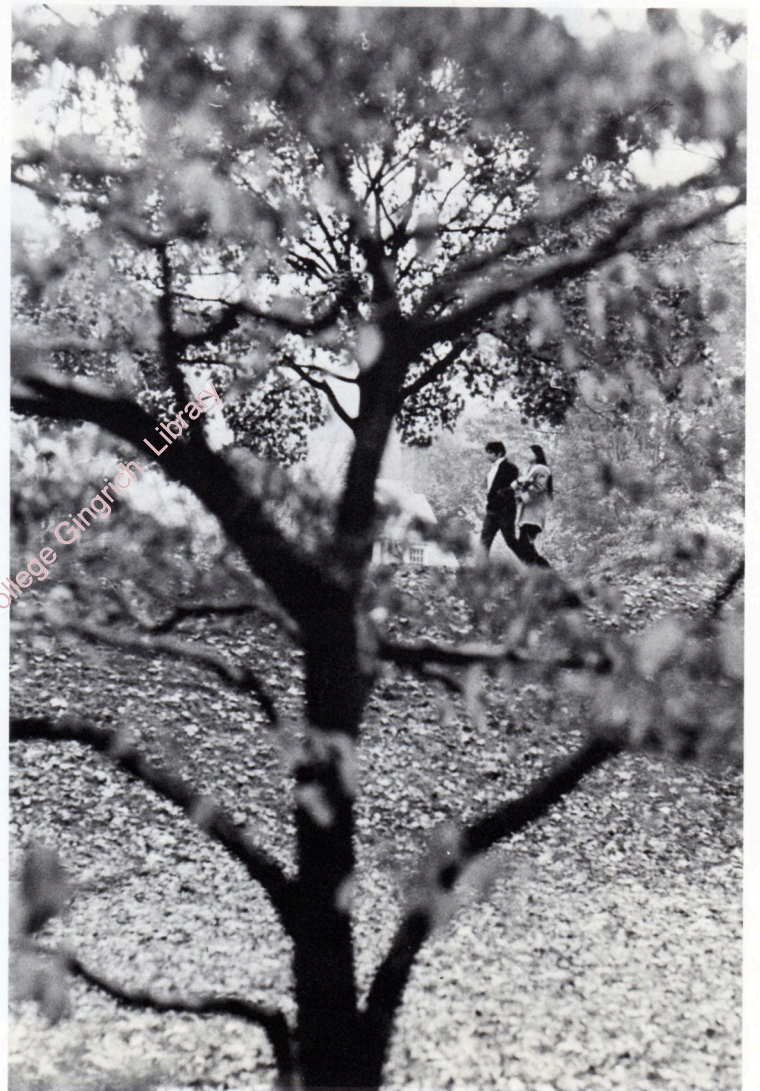












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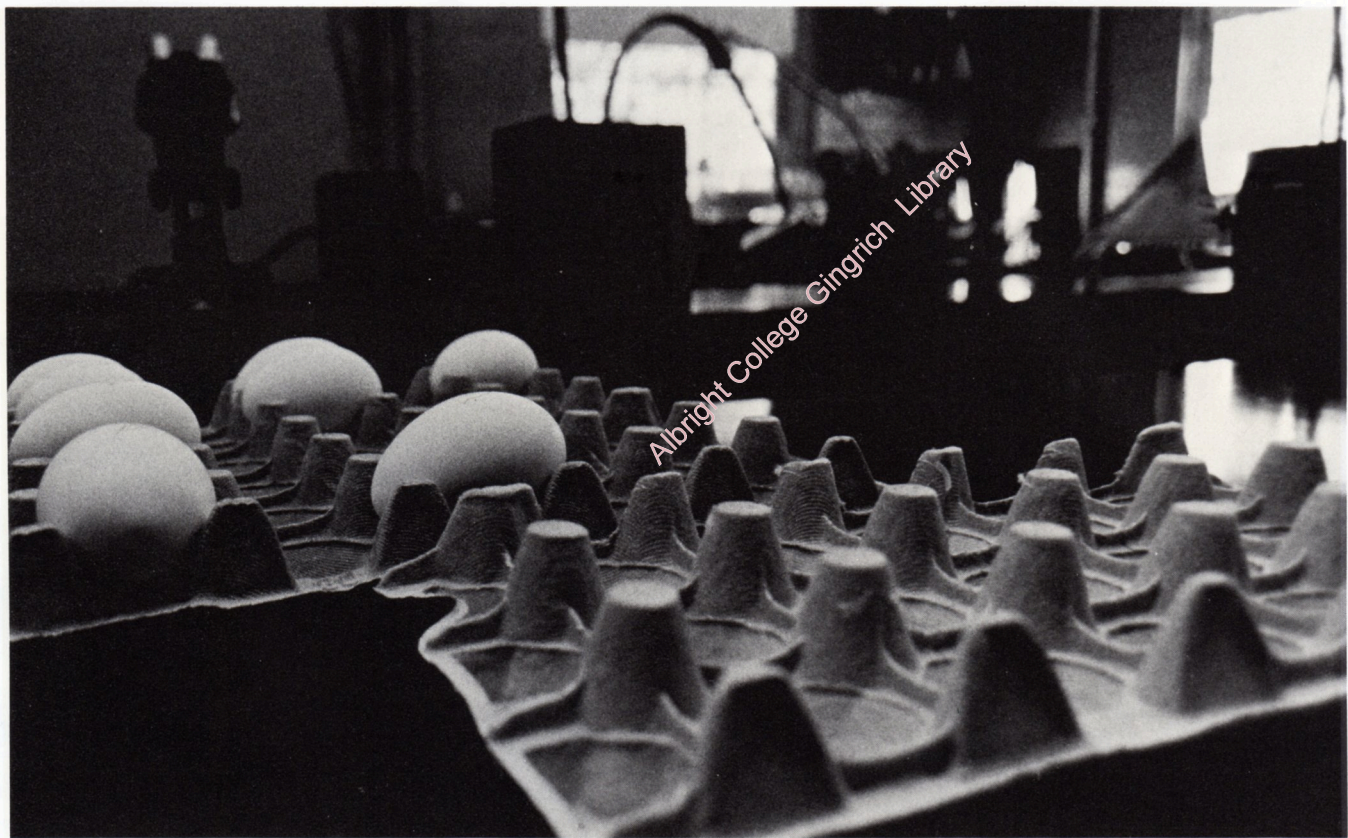
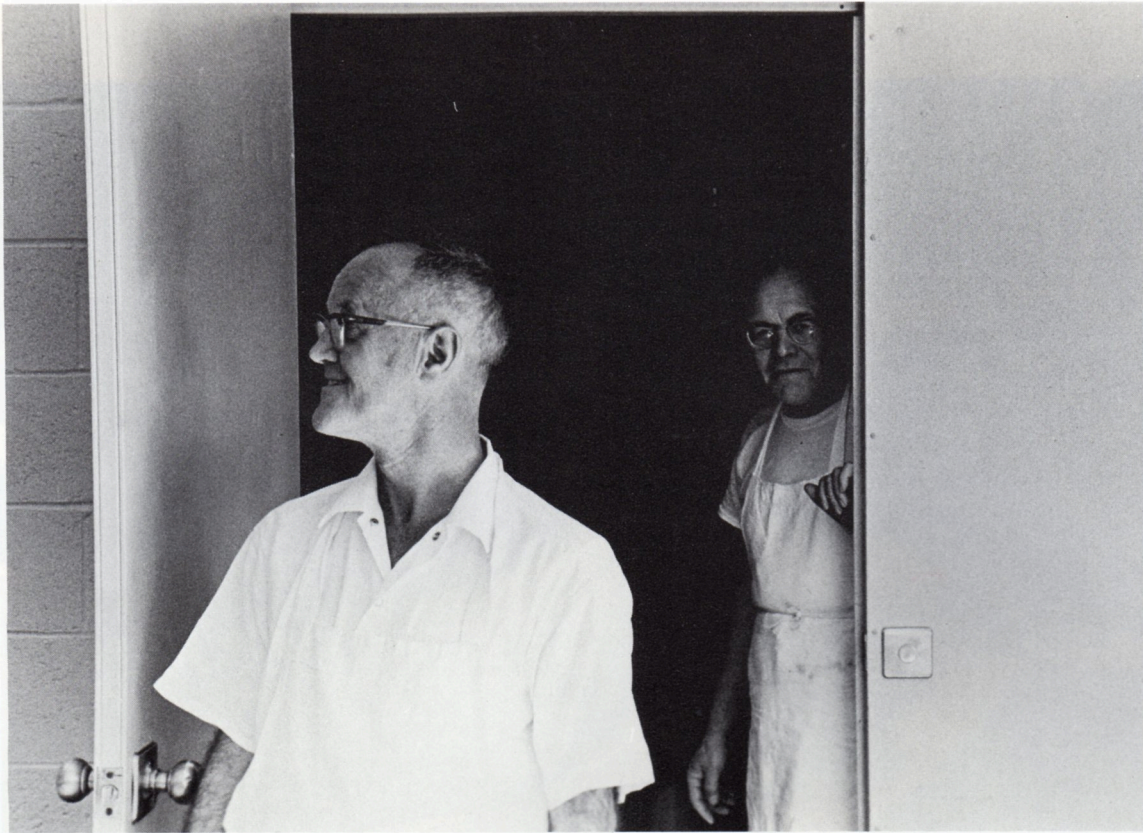
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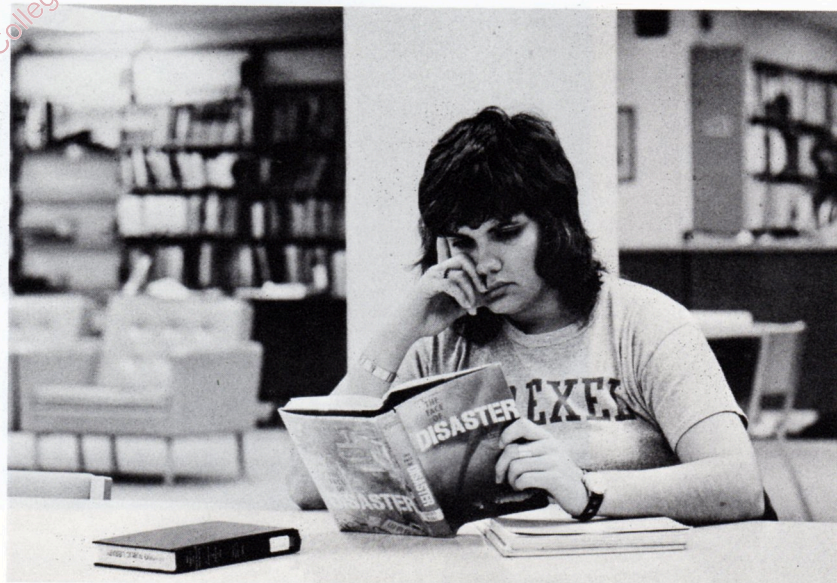
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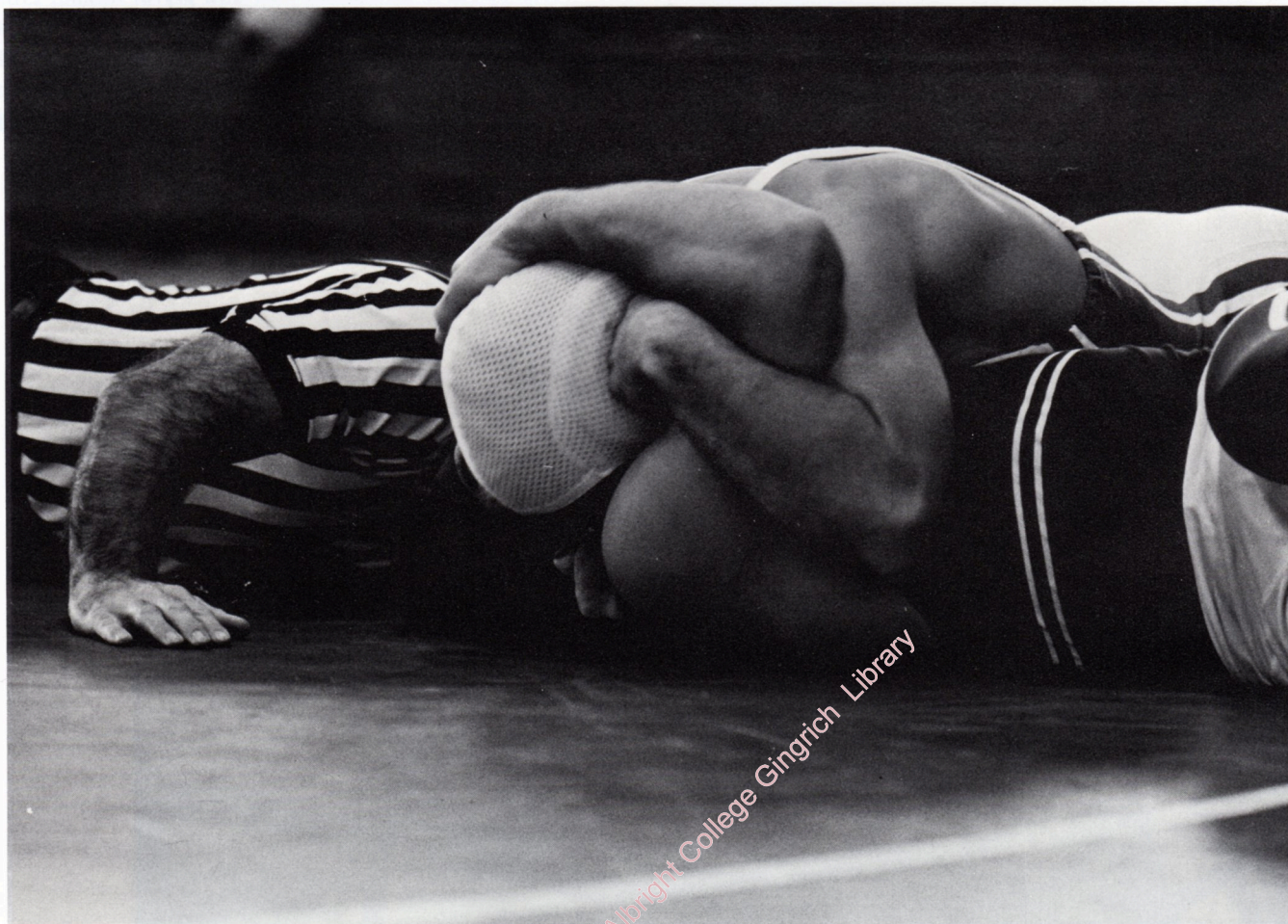


The morning of December 8th was cold and sleety. It was one of those days which take much longer to travel anywhere and consequently should be planned on when waking up. Sadly, I didn't realize that it would be troublesome to drive to school and was nearly half an hour late to Dr. Barth's morning class.

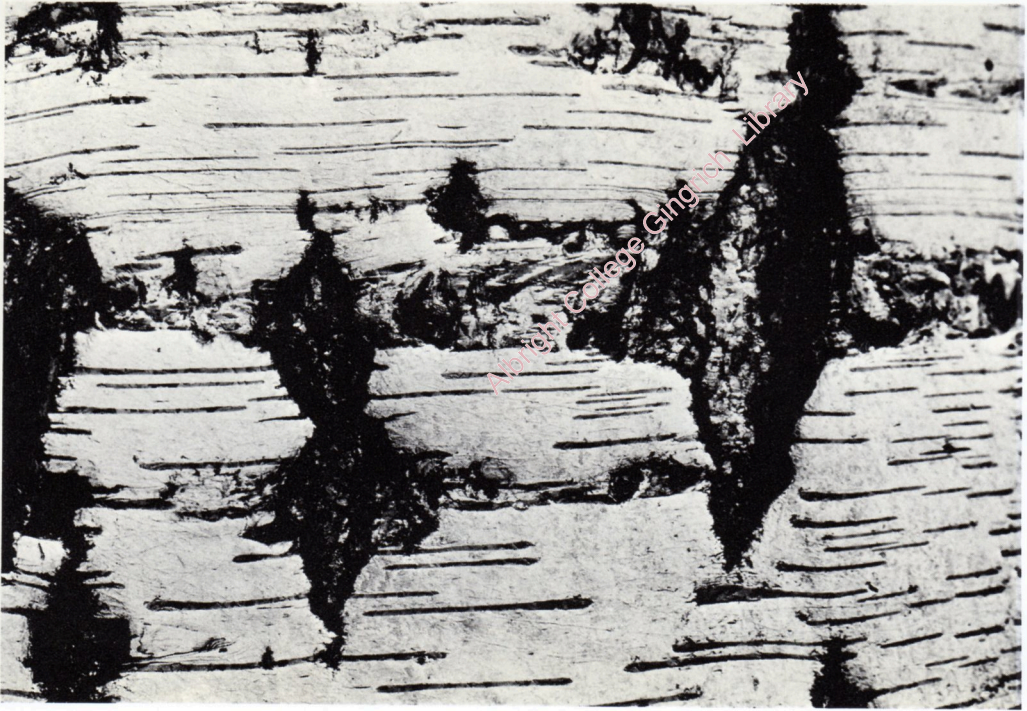
I walked into the pine room not knowing what to expect. The Day people were having an open Christmas party. In sharp contrast to outside, I was struck by an immediate warmth. Oh such good vibrations. Happy people laughing around small tables. A fire burning in a stone fireplace, free food and the best punch I can ever remember having. There was a Christmas tree and joyful music. Emily and Sal were friends to all and at the same time made sure the punch was flowing. Outside cold and stark, inside — nice. What beauty there is in experiencing opposites at once. Cold and warm. Love and emptiness. Good and bad. Such is part of the essence of living.

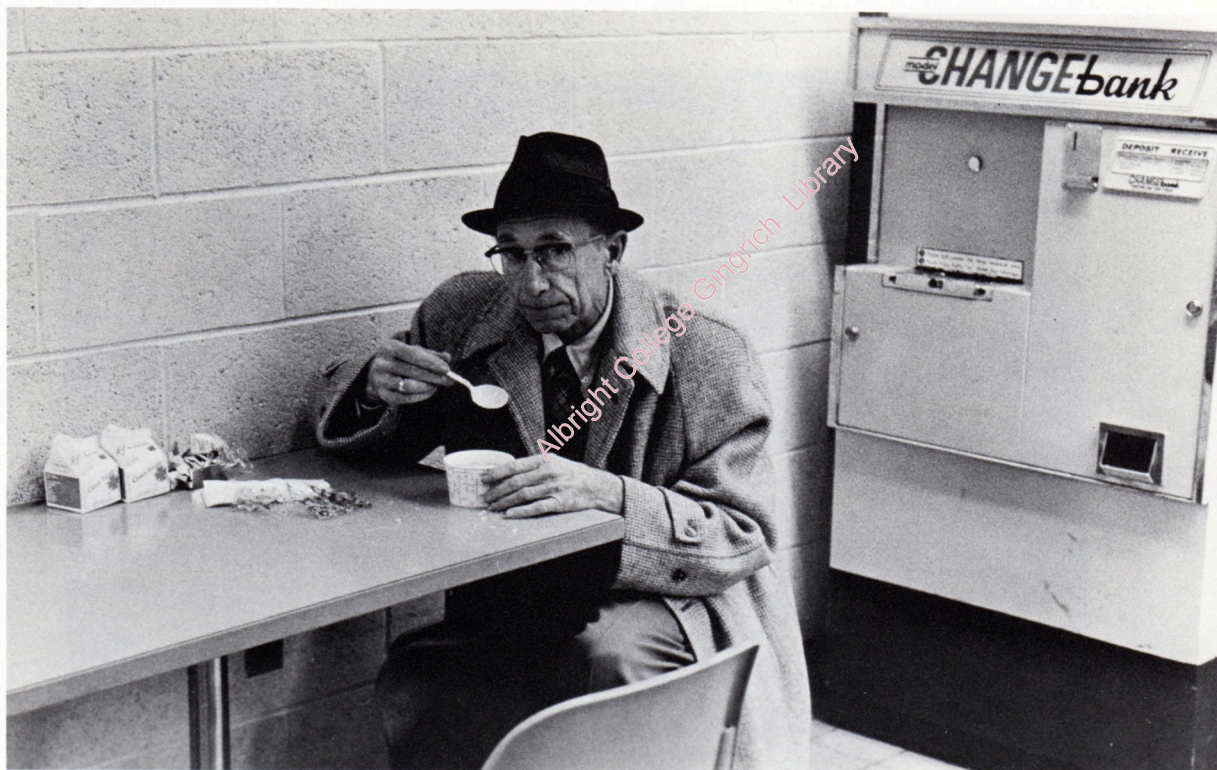


The morning of December 1st was cold and clear. A
few days of rain had been in the air for a week
and the sun was shining brightly. The children were
all happy and excited. They were all wearing their
winter coats and hats. They were all playing in the
snow. They were all having a great time. They were
all laughing and shouting. They were all running
and jumping. They were all playing for hours.
They were all having a great time. They were
all laughing and shouting. They were all running
and jumping. They were all playing for hours.
They were all having a great time. They were
all laughing and shouting. They were all running
and jumping. They were all playing for hours.



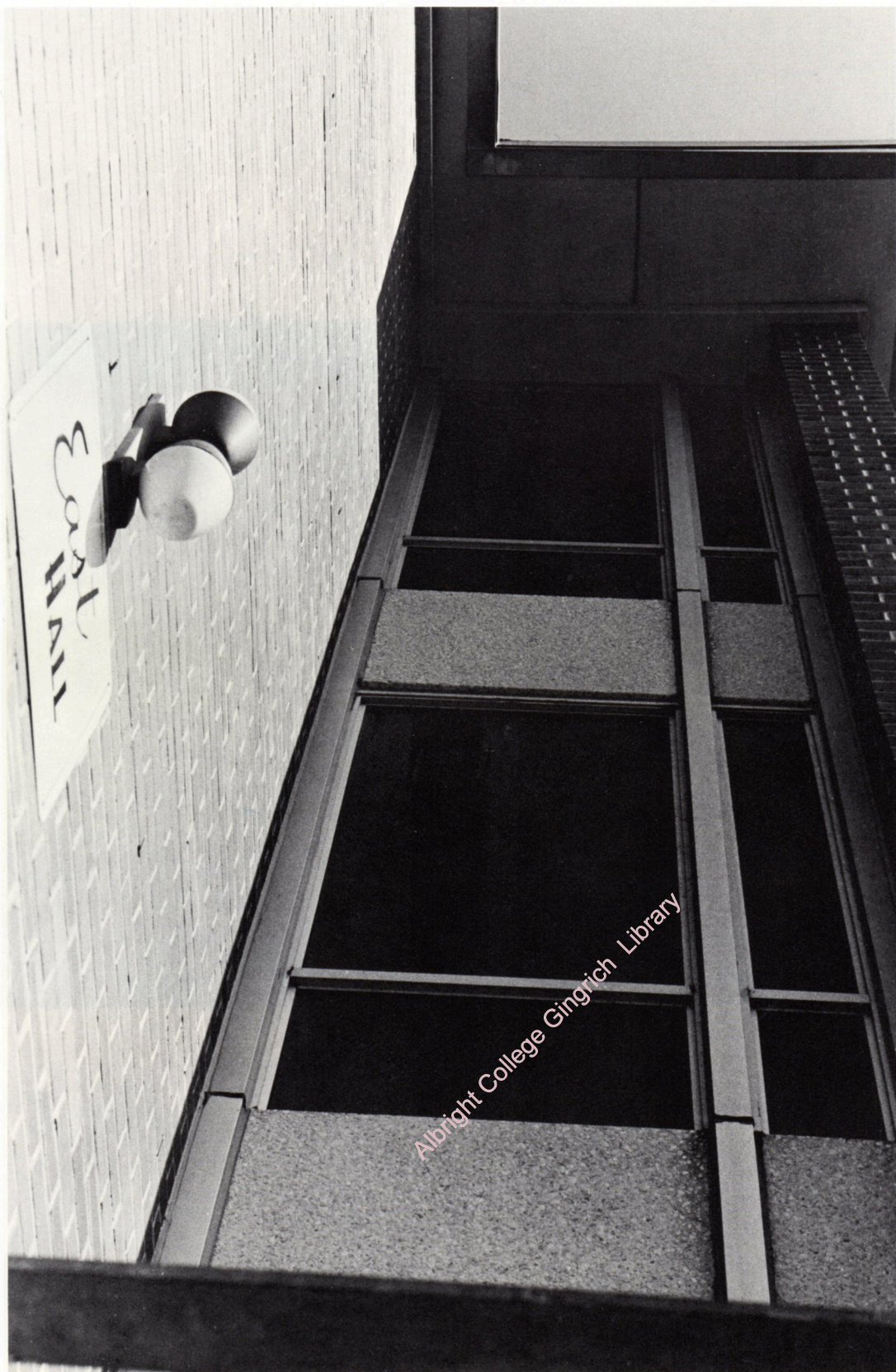
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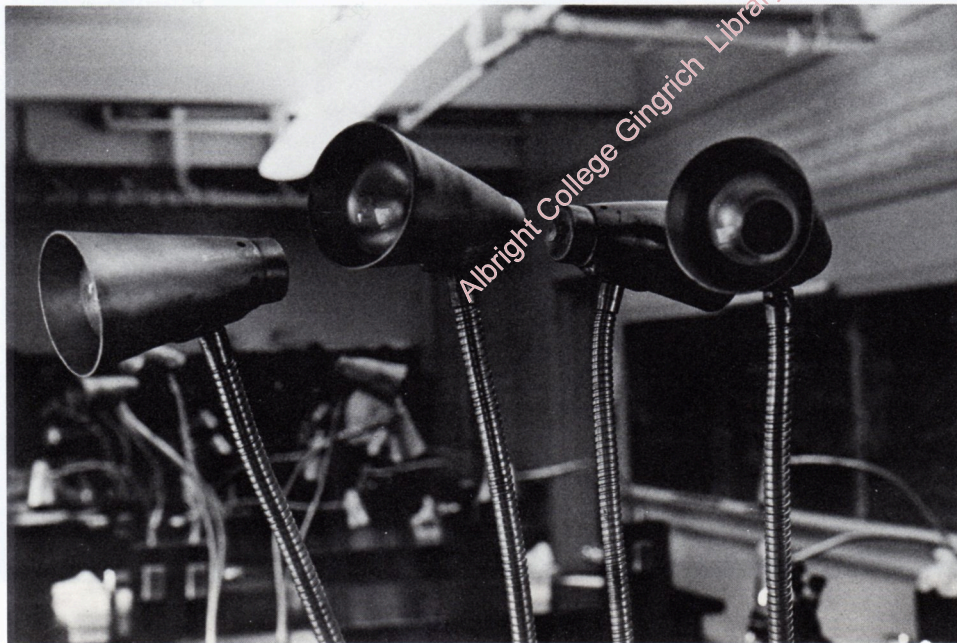


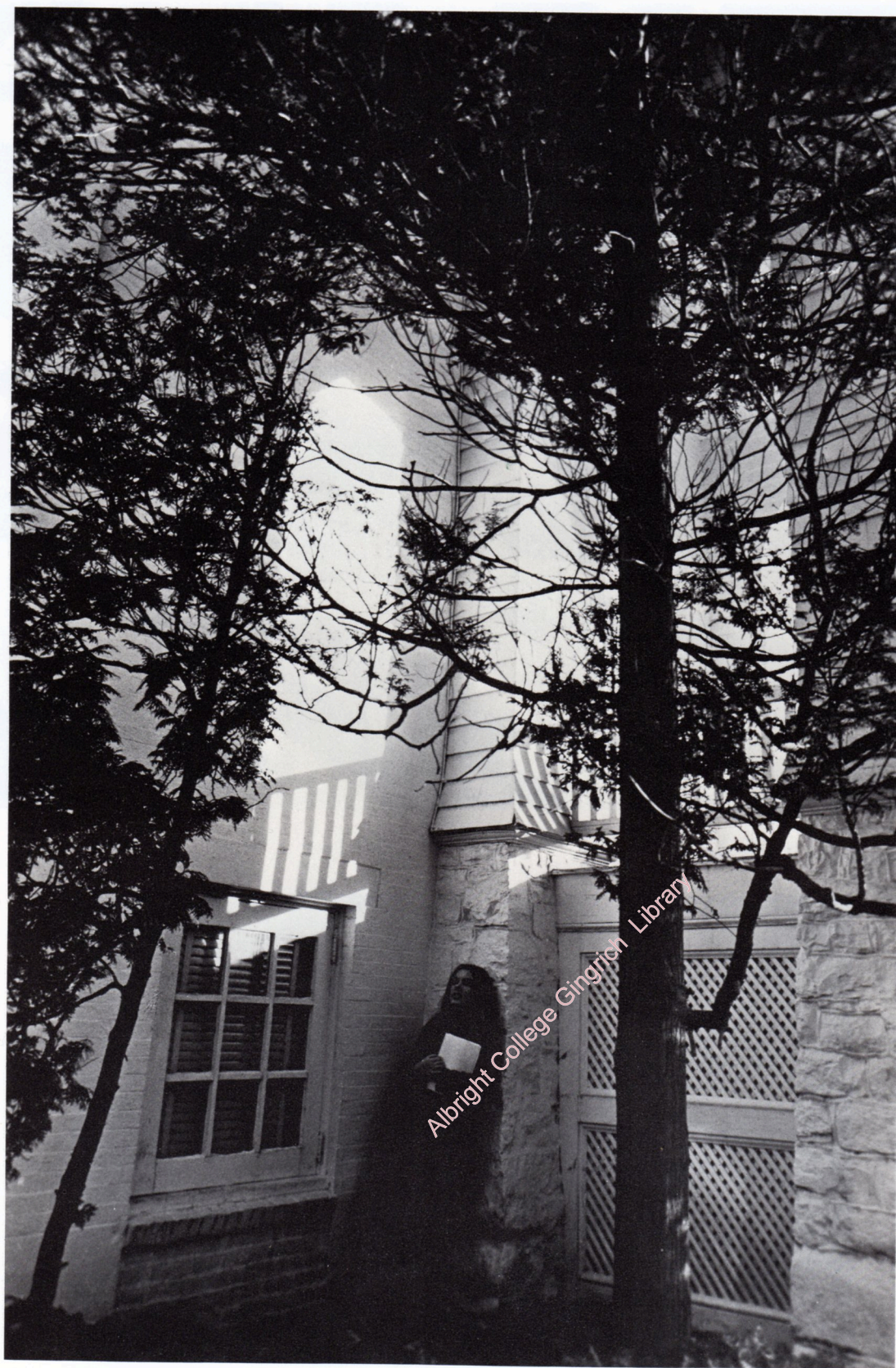


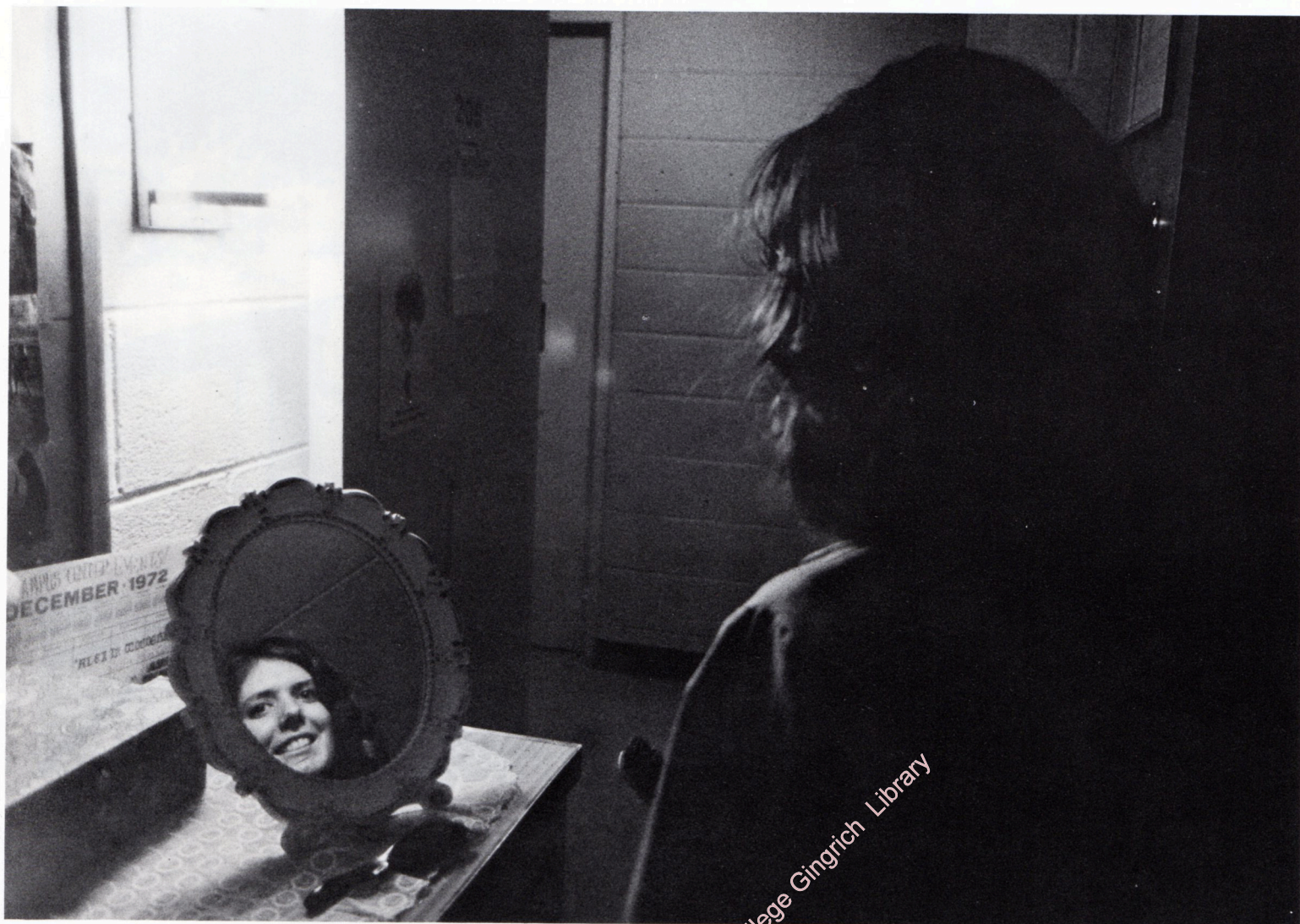


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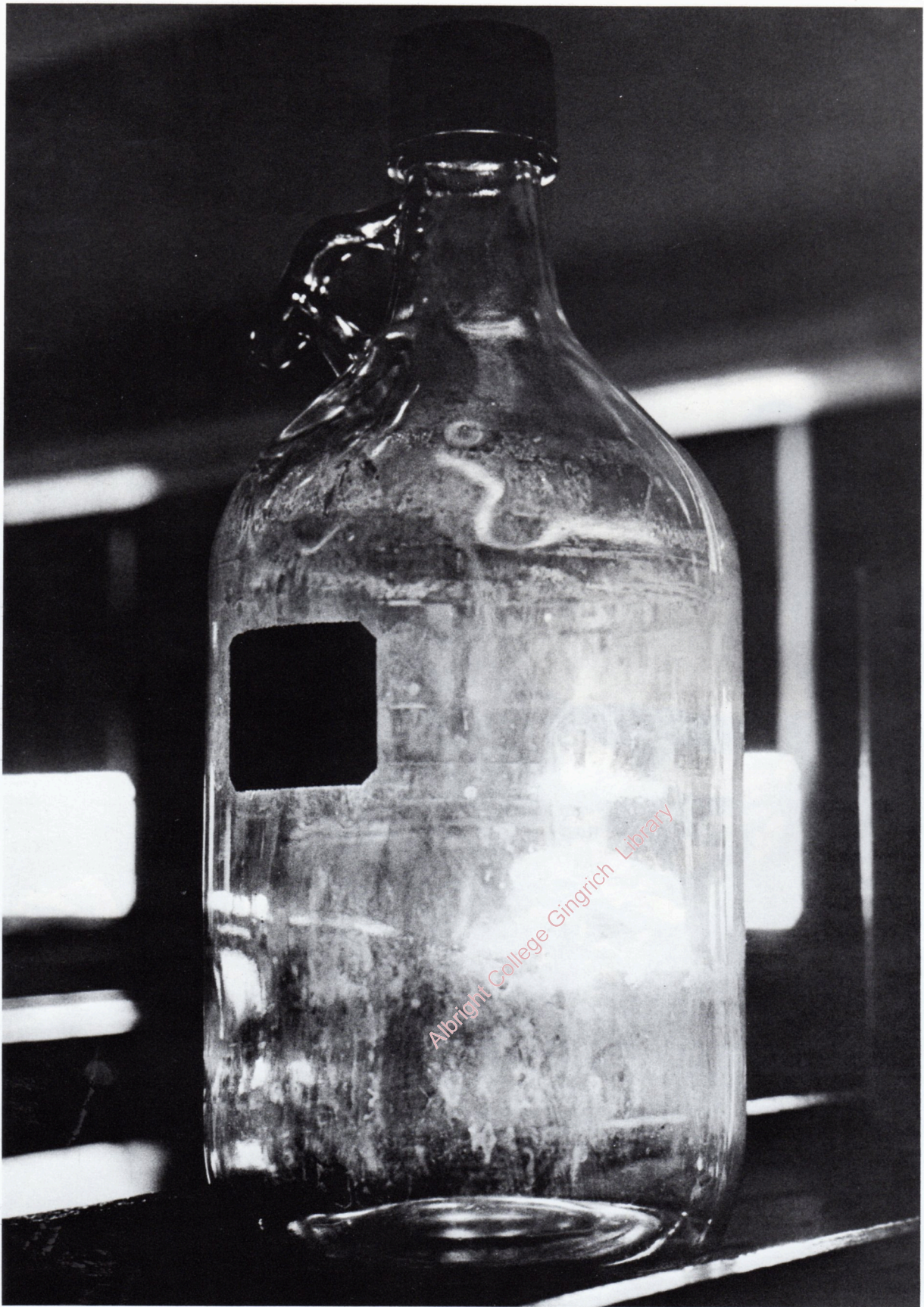


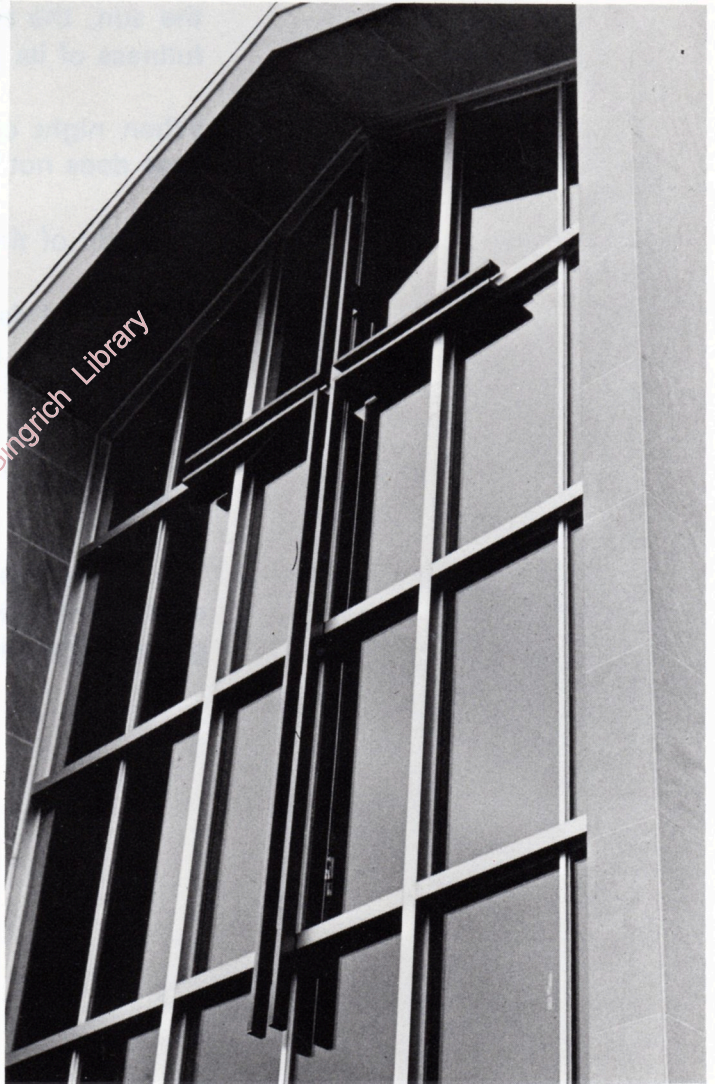
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The sun shines, and it shines forever in fullness. It may be, that the clouds are gathering. Let them come and go, they go as they come. Take no notice of their coming, you go your way. Make your way through the clouds if they lie on the way. Do not try to dispel them, do not be held by them either, they will go the way they have come.

They are never found stationary, but if you like to pause to see them wither away, wait for a while. The wind is blowing anyway, it is to clear the clouds from our way. Just wait to see the clouds wither away, and the sun, the same old sun of love will shine again in fullness of its glory.

When night comes all appears to be dark, but darkness does not last.

The light of the dawn comes on and appears.

The light of dawn comes on and spreads the love and charm of life, so we shall not mind if the darkness of the night sets in for a while

For the light of love can, for certain, not be gone forever.

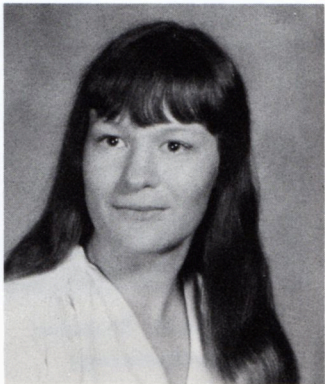
The strength of God can, for certain, not be gone forever, for we live in love of God, and we wait in love to grow in life and gain fulfilment in love eternal.

Parent Patrons

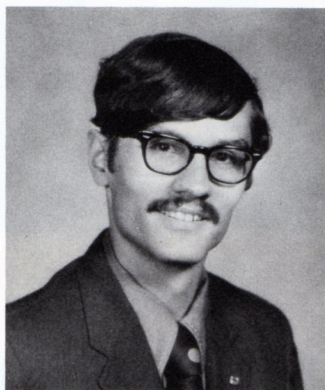
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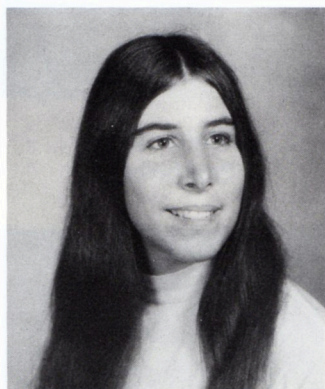
The 1973 *Cue*, Albright College, Reading, Pa., was published by Western Publishing Co., Cambridge, Md. Paper stock, Warren's Cameo Offset. Jerry Nevins, editor, Steve Keller, Photography, Robert Isaacson, interviews, Steven Chernosky, seniors. Other photographs, Bob Cox, Dan Rostan, Joe Crilley, Diane Seaman. Thanks to Abe Orlick, Davor Photo, for his wise and kind advice.



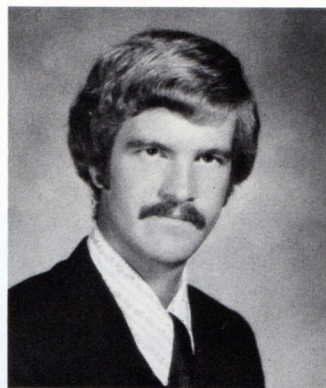
Wendy Ackerman
Biology



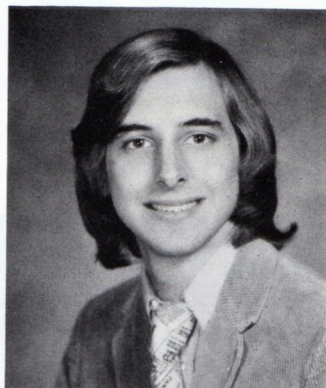
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History



Jill Aserinsky
Spanish



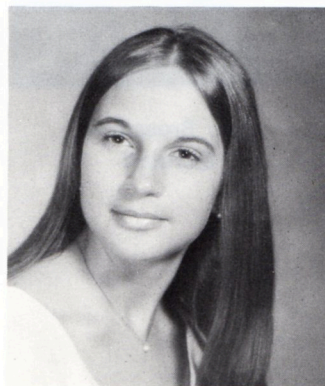
Peter Azzaretti
Psychobiology



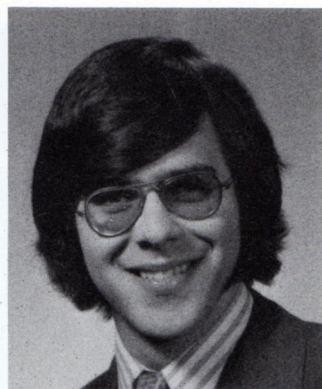
John G. Bacot
Biology



Kathleen A. Baily
Mathematics



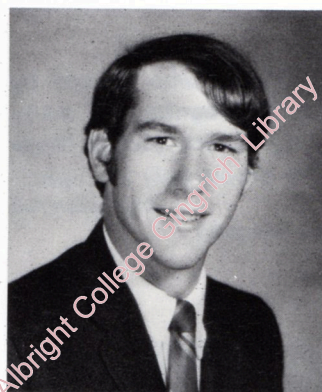
Barbara E. Bair
Nursing



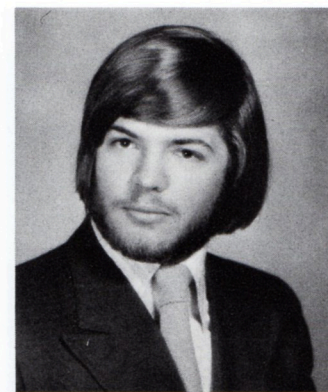
David Y. Baker
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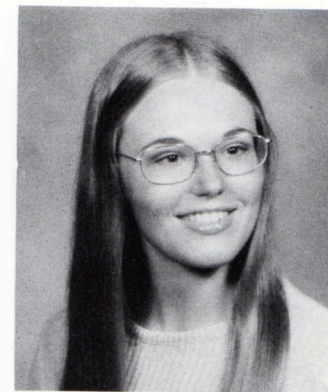
Gayle B. Dodson Baker
Political Science



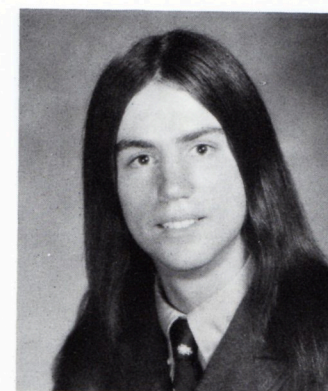
David B. Balloch
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Stephen C. Barrick
Psychology



Laura J. Beattie
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Scott Bidwell
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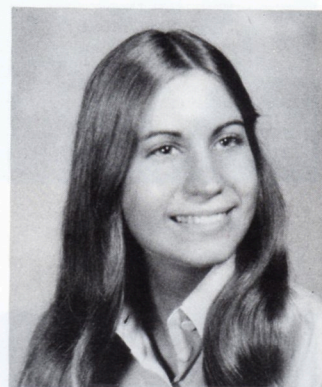




Adele M. Bigler
Home Economics



David H. Blackmore
Mathematics



Laurie L. Botto
Psychology



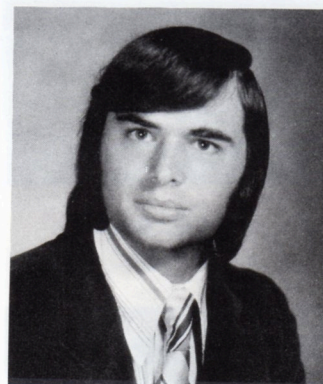
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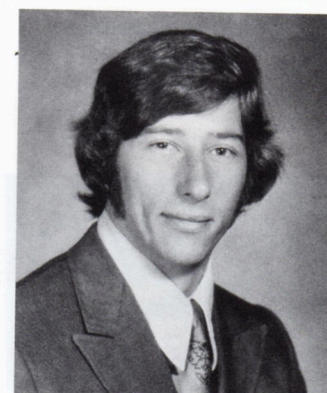
Kay Billingsley
Home Economics



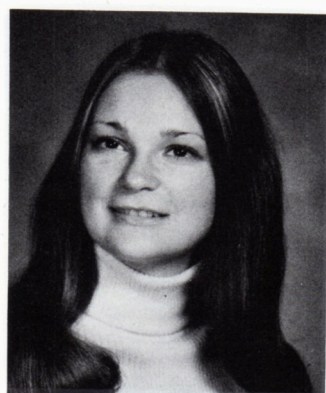
Ira Blecker
Biology



Marc G. Brecher
Political Science

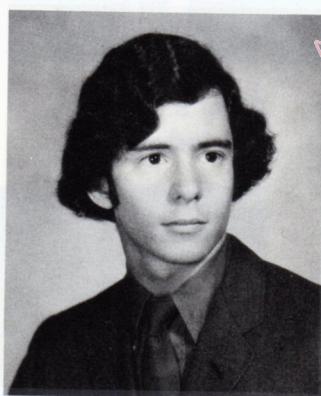


Gary S. Bryan
Economics



Lois Bitner
Home Economics

"Those who dream by
day are cognizant of many
things which escape those
who dream only by night."
Edgar Allan Poe
Kay Billingsley



Richard K. Bloom
English



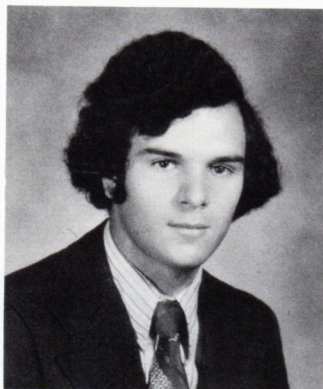
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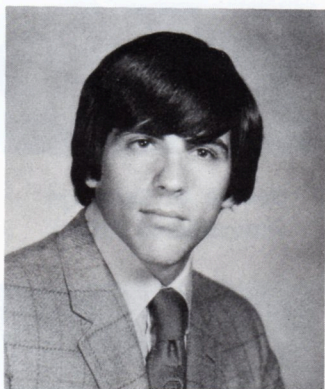
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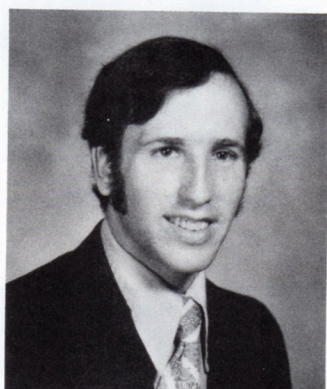
Linda Buttermore
Spanish



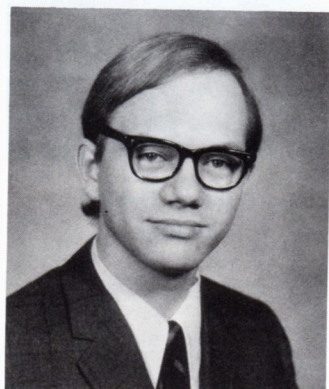
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Sociology



Charles A. Callis Jr.
Biology



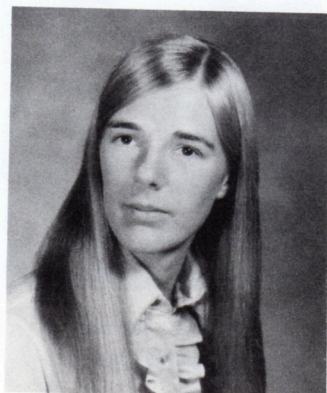
Leslie W. Casselberry
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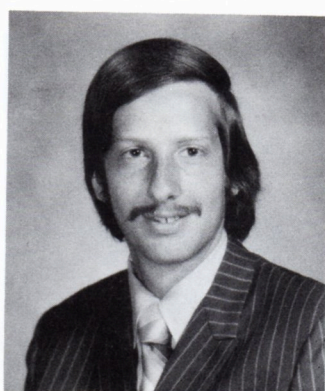
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English



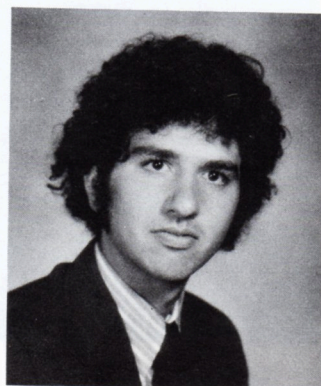
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Pamela B. Clouser
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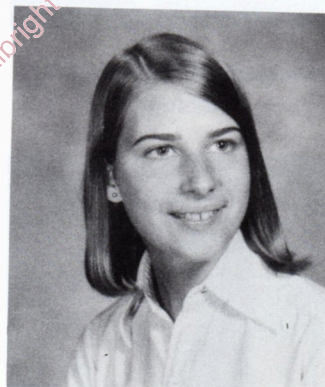
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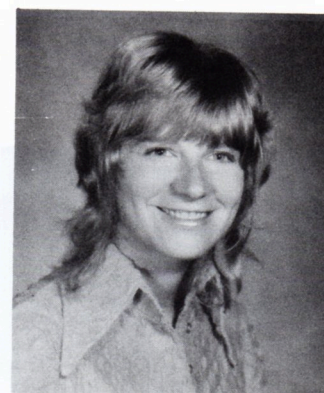
Barry S. Comen
English



Judith A. Cook
Nursing



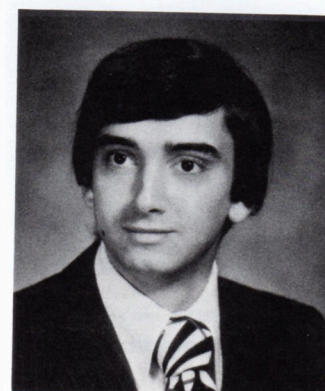
Cheryl C. Coombe
Social Welfare



Donna S. Cope
Home Economics



Bonnie A. Cruickshank
Home Economics



Salvatore M. Cutrona
Accounting

"Self-realization is not an antisocial principle; it is firmly based on the fact that men need each other in order to be themselves, and that those people who succeed in achieving the greatest degree of independence and maturity are also those who have the most satisfactory relationships with others."

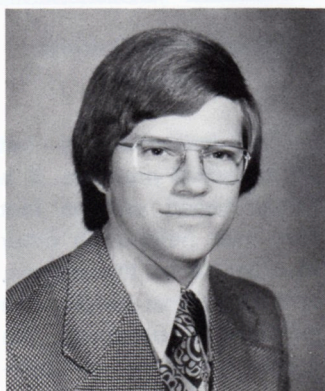
Anthony Starr



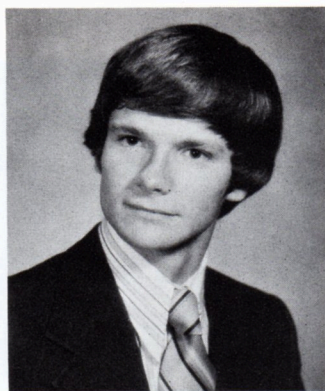
Lorraine P. Davis
Nursing



Marie Davis
English



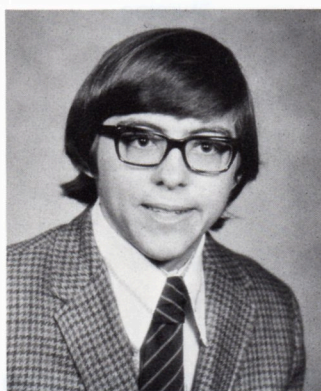
Alan B. Dench
Biology



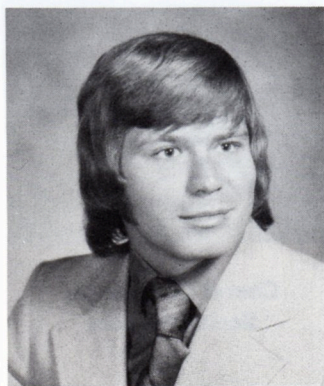
Joseph C. Dengler
Accounting



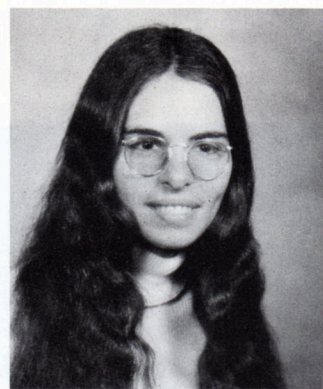
Jane W. Derr
Home Economics



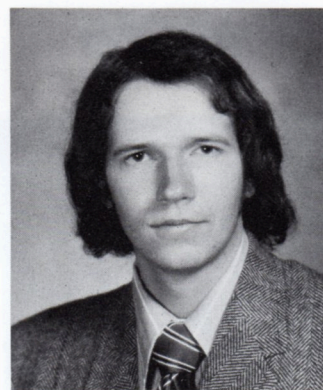
Kenneth M. Diffenderfer
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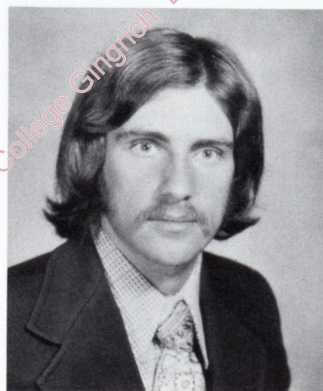
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History



Jean B. DiSabatino
History



Paul G. Dodson
Psychology

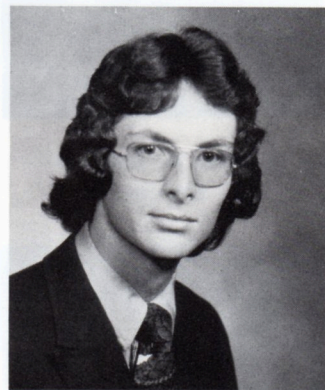


Ralph D. Dolfi
Biology

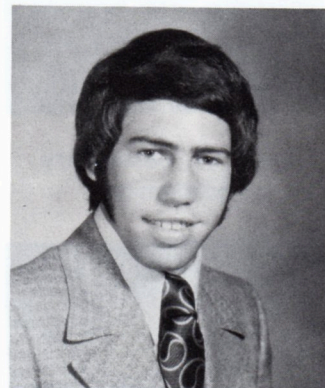
Lisa Baitz
Nancy Ziegler Bauer
Thomas B. Bechtel
Candace Swart Braithwaite
Judy Stocker Brinser
Michael Brunner
Kenneth G. Caldwell
Scott Cote
Lee Davidson



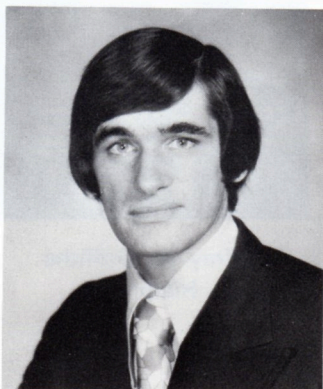
George M. Domingo
International Affairs



Lawrence F. Dotts
Sociology



Gary S. Drizin
Biology



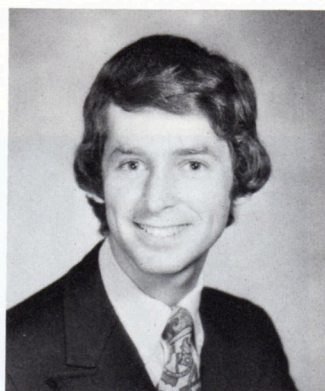
Thomas G. Druckenmiller
Sociology



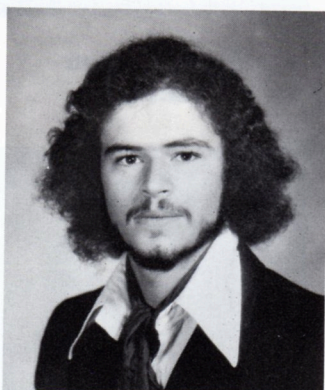
Jane M. Earp
Home Economics



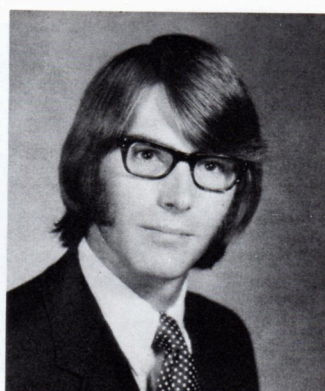
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Spanish



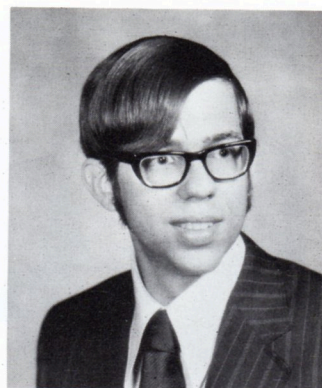
Floyd P. Eisenberg
Biology



Richard A. Emrich
History



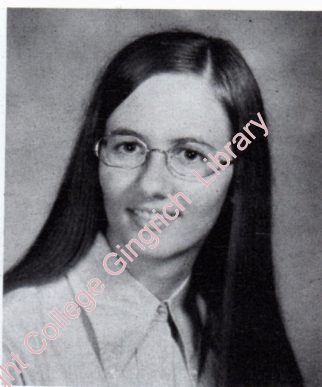
Richard D. Eney
English



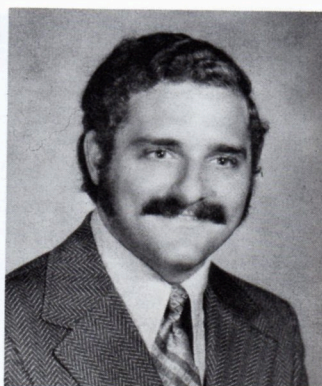
Theodore H. Ennis Jr.
Accounting



Nancy J. Entwisle Hadley
English



Sally A. Eselby
English



Robert A. Eslinger
English

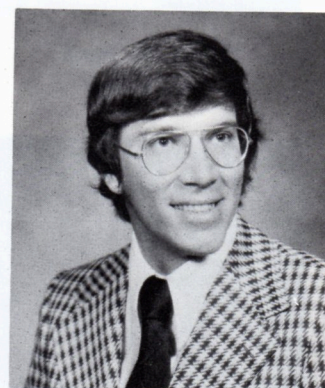


Emilie J. Farrell
History

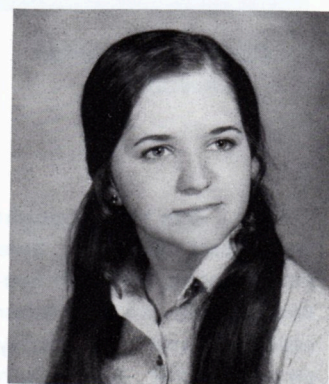
"The lives of great men all
remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Foot prints on the sands of time."

Longfellow

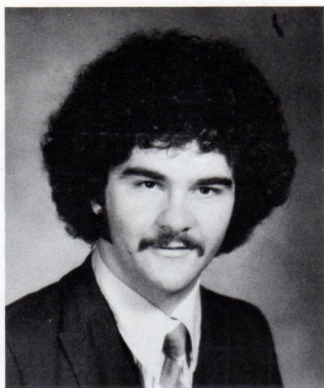
George Domingo



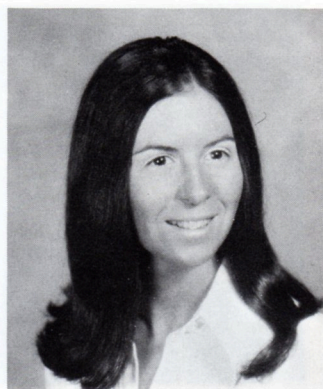
Donald T. Floyd Jr.
Sociology



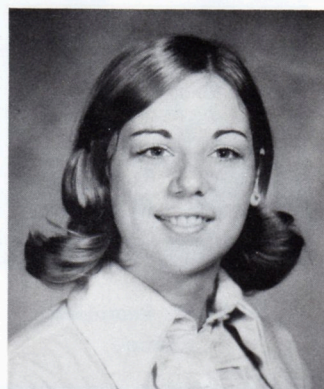
Mary B. Foley
Home Economics



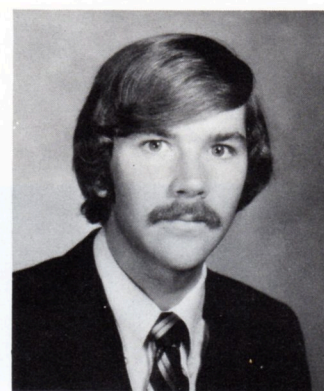
Bradley B. Fuller
History



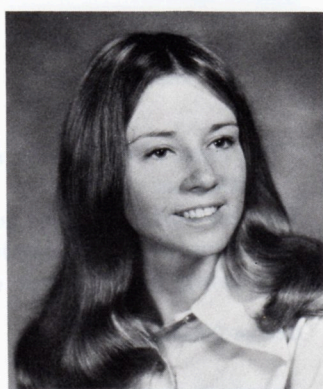
Elspeth M. Gardam
English



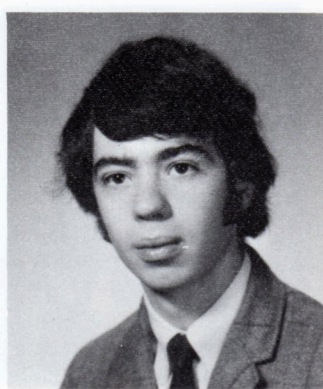
Susan E. Goetz
Nursing



Jeffrey W. Griffiths
History



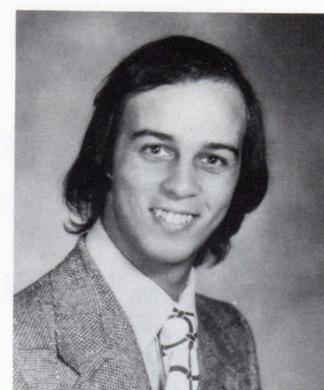
Susan N. Funk
Psychology



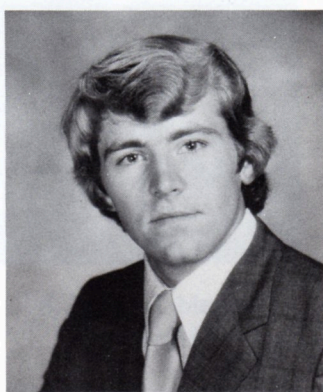
Robert R. Garlin
Political Science



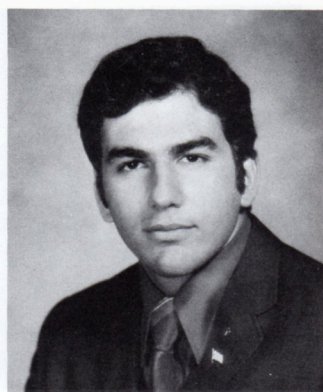
Lynne Z. Gold
Political Science



Maurice D. Gross
Biology



David W. Gabrielski
Accounting



Milton S. Gasparis
Biology



Patricia L. Gracey
Home Economics



Leslie J. Grossman
English

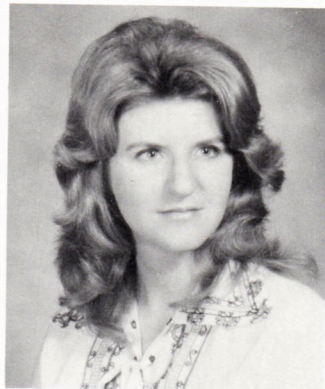
"... if in your thought
you must measure time
into seasons, let each sea-
son encircle all the other
seasons and let today
embrace the past with
remembrance and the fu-
ture with longing."

Kahlil Gibran

Kathy Bailly



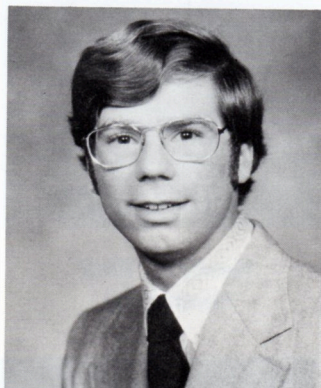
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History



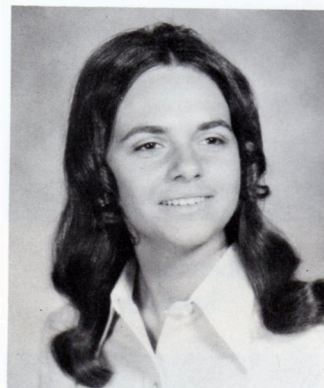
Sharon Cataldo Guido
German



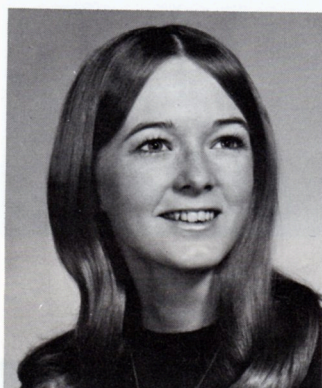
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Nursing



Brenton M. Hake
Biology



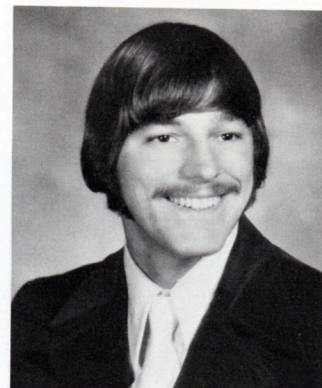
Sandra A. Hartz
History



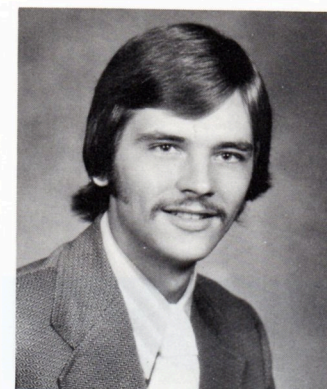
Elaine L. Haller
Home Economics



Patricia L. Hedley
Political Science



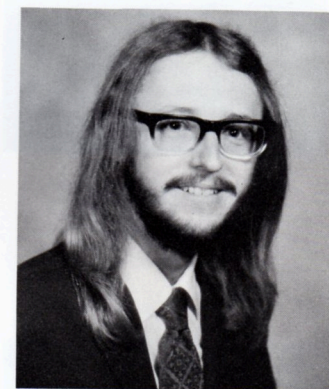
Gordon E. Hendrickson
History



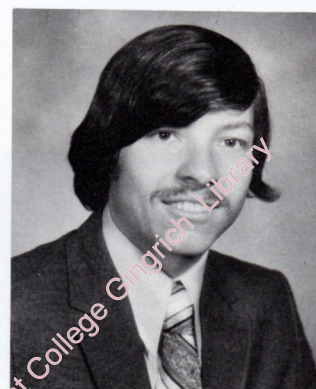
Michael D. Hughes
Economics



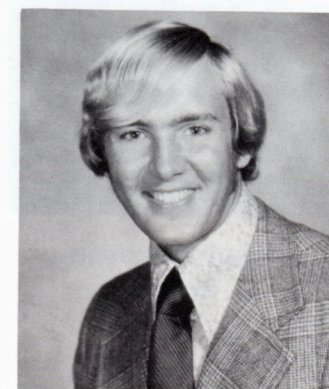
Nan Hinkle
French



Edward Hunter
Religion



Stephen W. Hoffman
Psychobiology

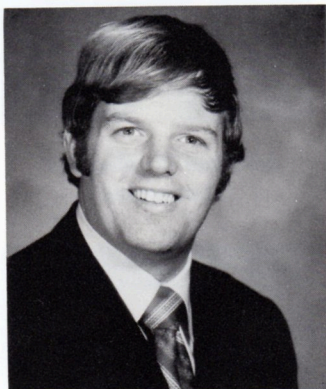


Donald S. Hutchinson
Psychobiology

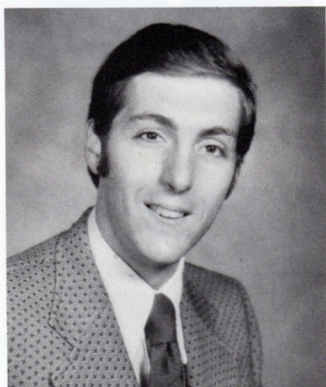


Barbara S. Howard
French

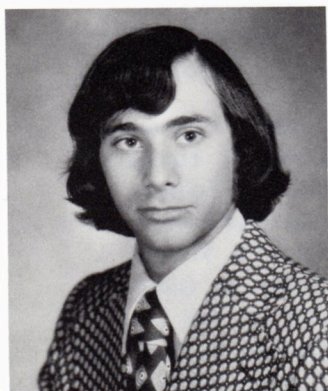
Claudia A. Eberly
James R. Edinger
Brent J. Eelman
Suzanne Eves
Cecile B. Frumkin
Robert M. Glass
Kirk M. Hall
Edward M. Harkness
Thomas Harrison
William F. Hartman
Edward William Henne
Musa Hilliard
Marshal H. Huey III



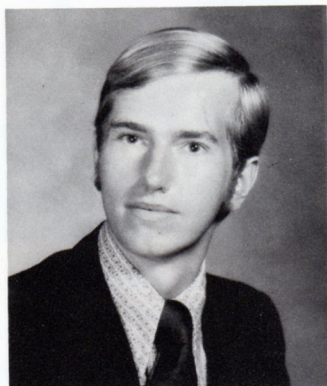
John H. Hyle
Economics



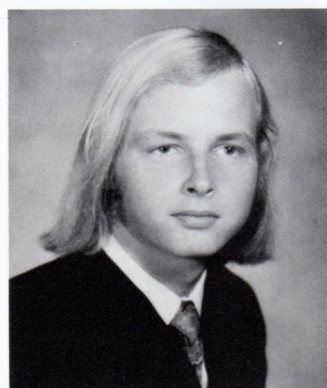
Robert E. Ingraham
Religion



Robert J. Isaacson
English



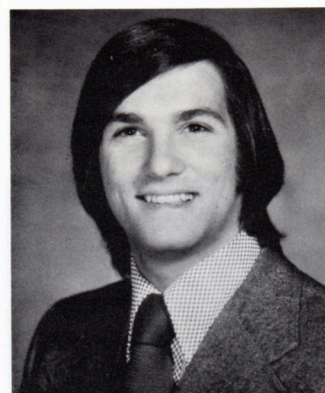
Carl E. Janson
Biology



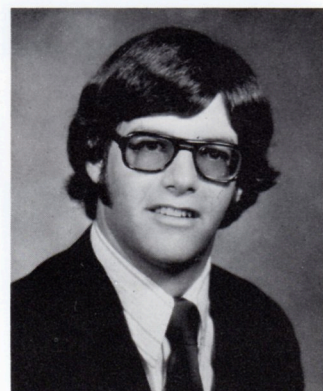
Peter Jespersen
Economics



Linda L. Johnson Schofer
Home Economics



Glenn S. Kaplan
Biology



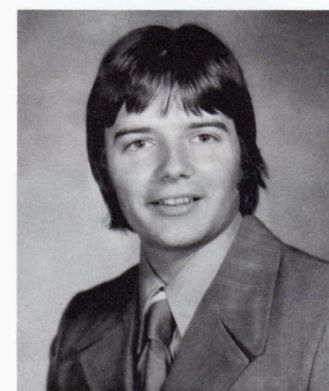
Robert A. Keefer
Sociology



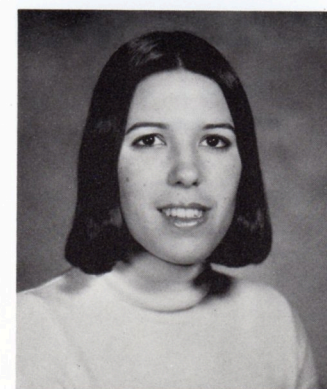
Francis P. Kelly
Psychology



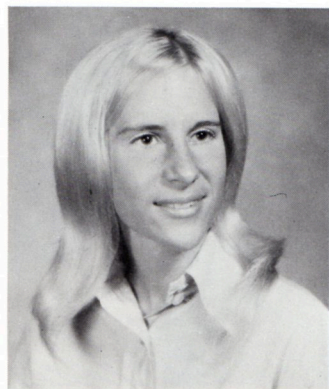
Nancy E. King
Psychology



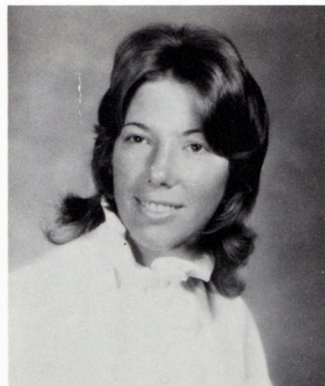
Jesse D. Kline
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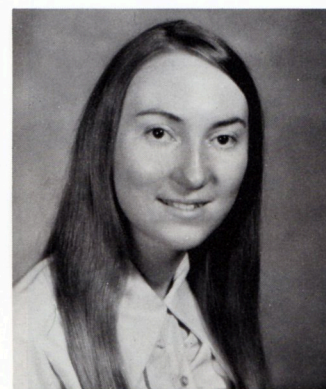
Nadja Kolton
Sociology



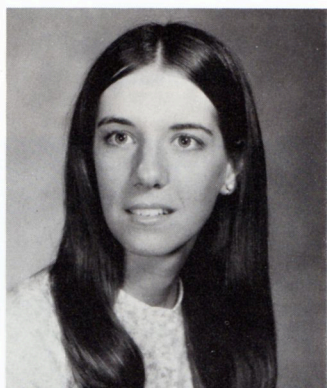
Bonnie A. Kuhn DiPaola
Spanish



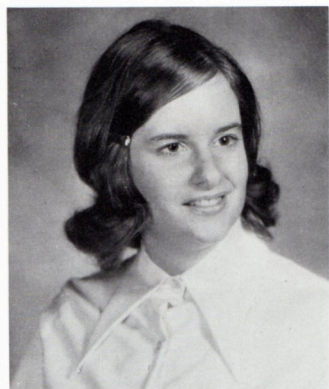
Beth E. Landis
Home Economics



Gloria L. Levan Clay
Home Economics



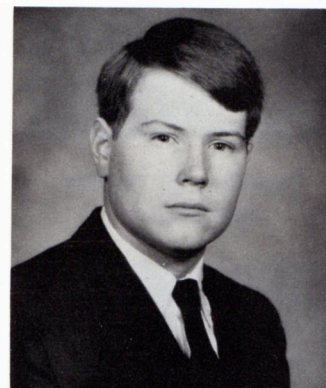
Pauline Kraus D'Ardenne
Home Economics



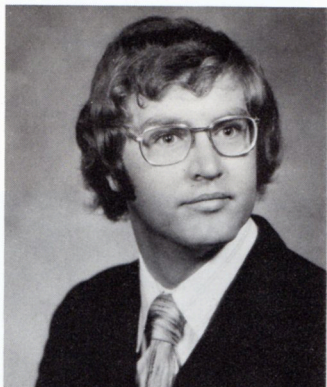
Catherine H. Lacock
Biology



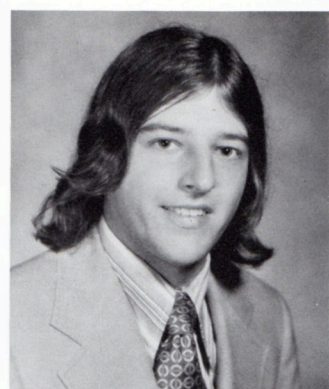
Judith N. Lang
English



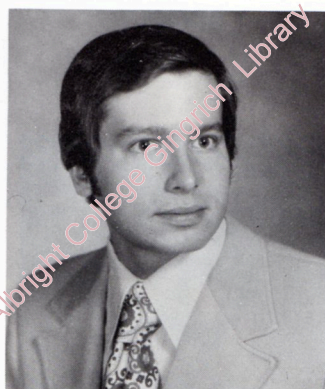
Stephen R. Levan
Biochemistry



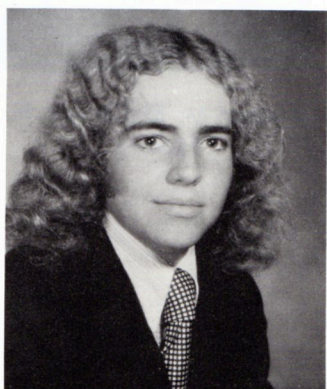
Robert S. Krimmel
Urban Affairs



Scott R. Landes
Biology



Terry R. Lentz
Sociology



Robert B. Kuder
Sociology

"No man is an Iland, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee.

Richard S. Waldron

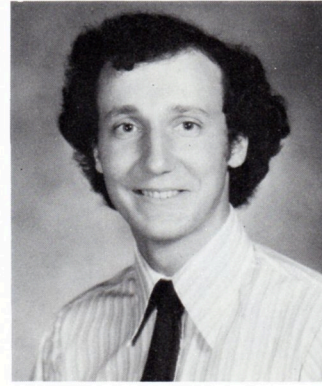
John Donne



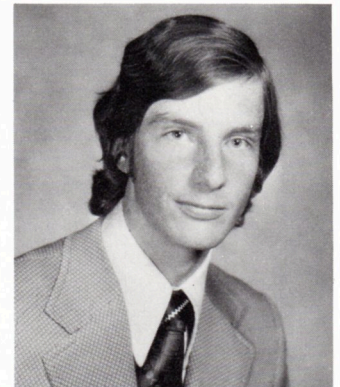
Monica L. Lillis
Nursing



Marguerite C. Lippert
Psychobiology



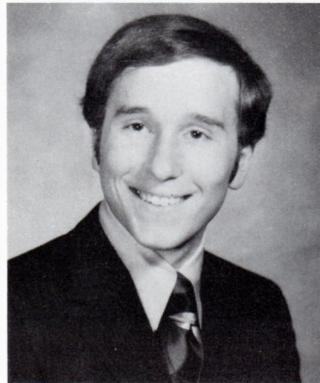
Danny C. Longenecker
Political Science



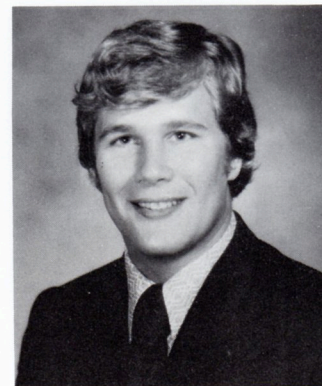
John E. Martin
Psychology



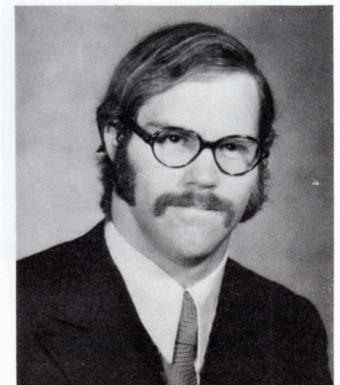
Geraldine B. Lindner
Sociology



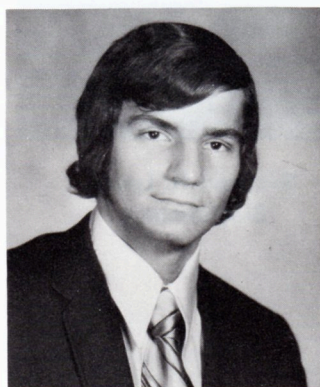
Jay B. Lipschutz
Biology



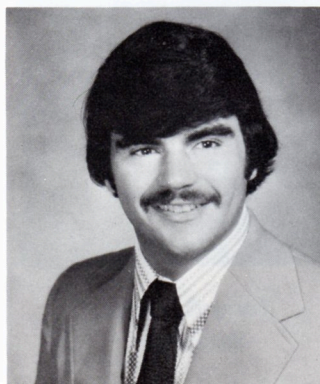
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Accounting



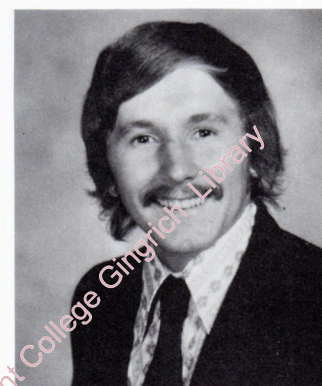
John D. McCahill
History



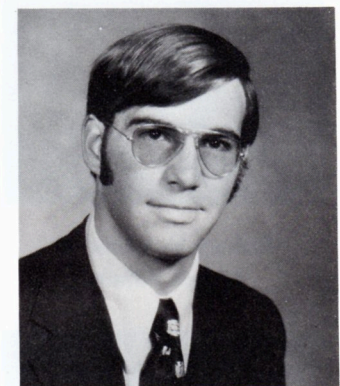
George J. Linzenbold Jr.
Accounting



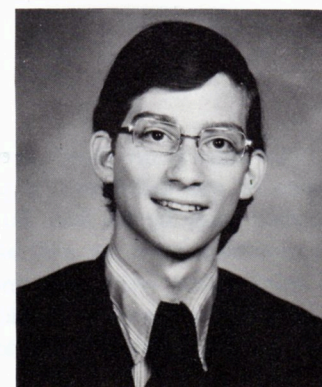
Baron P. Long
Urban Affairs



Frank J. Lukaszewicz
History



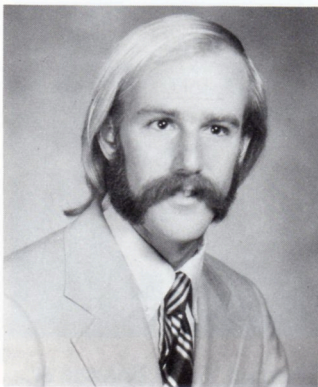
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History



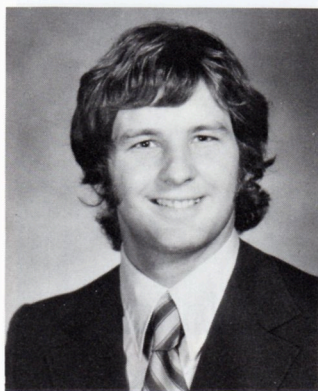
Samuel D. Mamet
Urban Affairs

"Silence, when they should protest makes cowards of men."

Abraham Lincoln



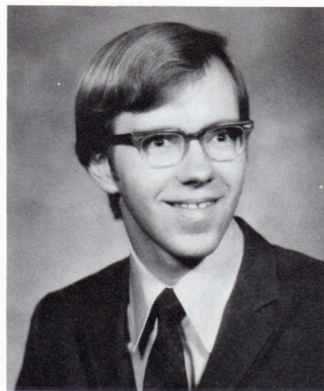
Charles W. McClintock
Psychology



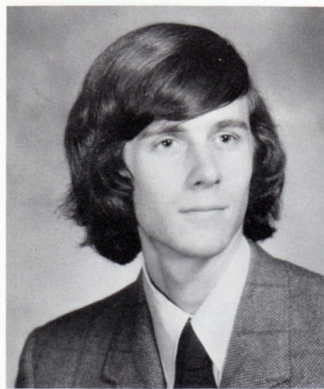
Benjamin S. McCormick
History



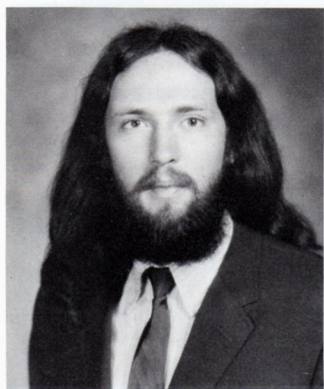
Marcia L. McDevitt
Home Economics



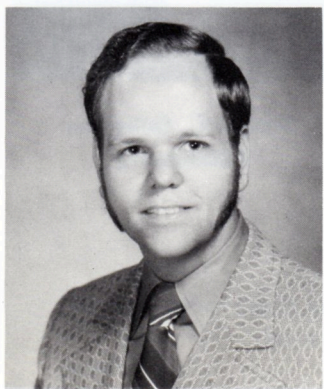
Patrick L. McDonough
Biology



Michael A. McNaney
Accounting



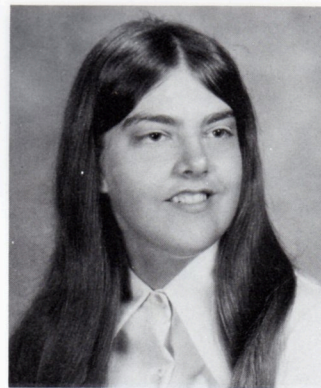
James F. Meade
Mathematics



Jeffrey S. Milkins
Spanish



Marilyn A. Miller
Nursing



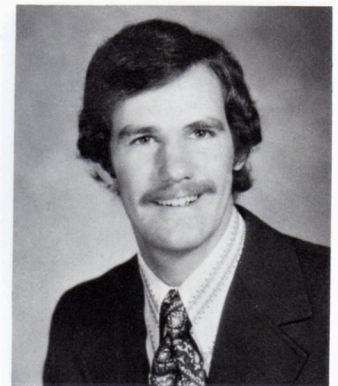
Phyllis L. Miller
Nursing



David W. Mogel
History



Christina A. Molesevich
English



Grant M. Monahan
Political Science



Kathie L. Morris
History

"Love between man and man is impossible because there must not be sexual intercourse and friendship between man and woman is impossible because there must be sexual intercourse."

James Joyce



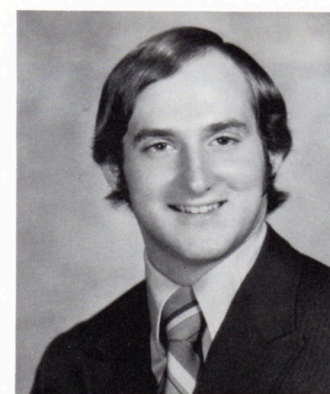
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Psychology



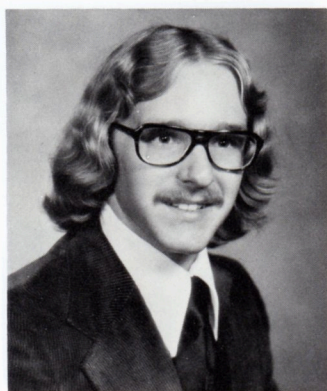
Christine M. Muir
Biochemistry



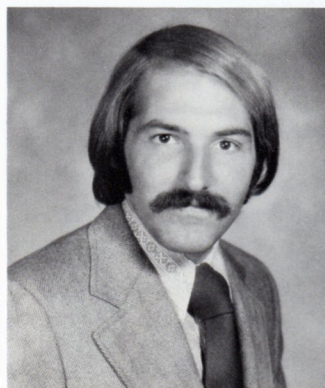
Peter D. Nicholas Jr.
Biology



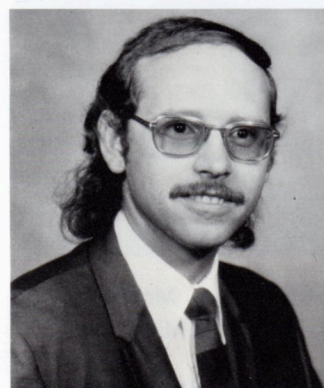
Thomas W. O'Connor Jr.
Psychobiology



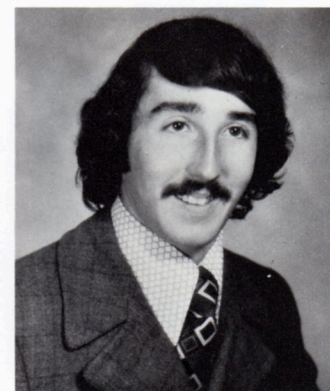
John W. Moses
English



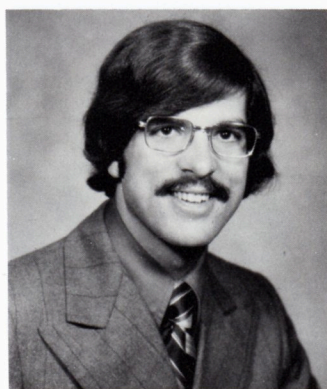
Warren A. Munick
Economics



William A. Nitka Jr.
Accounting



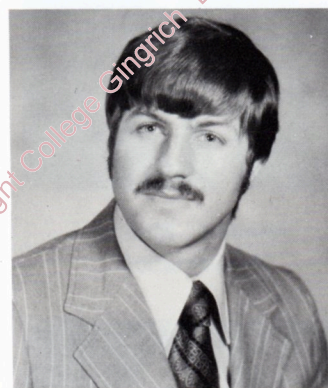
James R. Ogan
Social Welfare



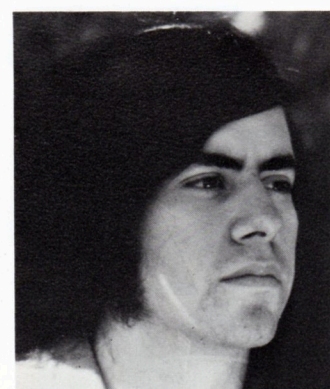
John A. Moyer
Psychobiology



Heidi Nace
Interdisciplinary



Steven C. Ocksrider
Accounting



Frederic S. Orensky
English & Biology



William H. Moyer Jr.
Accounting



Jayne H. Orndorf
Sociology

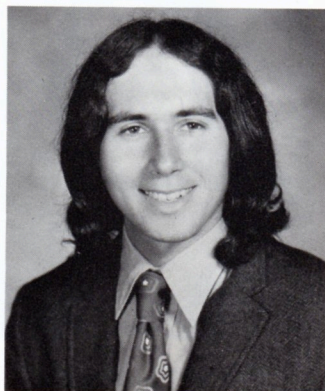
"Our lives are shaped by those who love us
and those who refuse to love us."

Fred Orensky

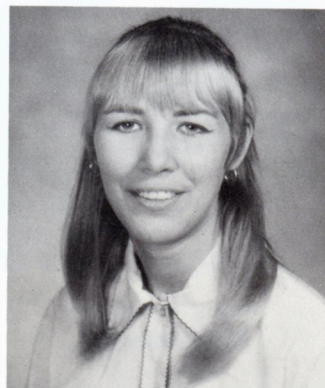
Janis Joplin



Cristine A. Orth
Home Economics



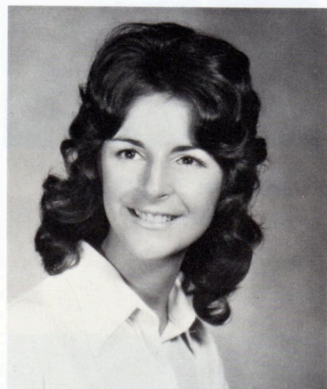
Anthony J. Petrillo
Biology



Arlene J. Chesh Pylypiw
Biochemistry



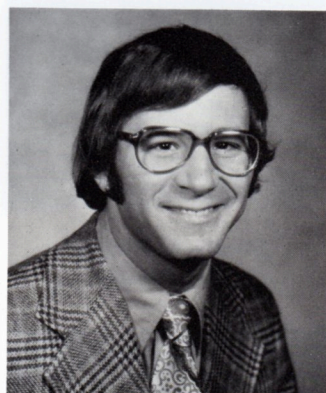
Rachael J. Redcay
Home Economics



Janet Kachadurian Orwig
Home Economics



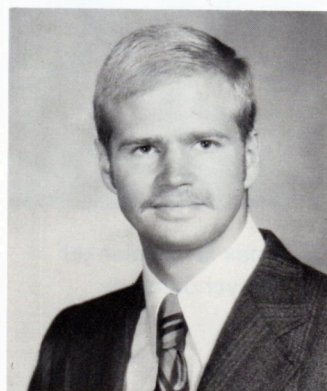
Cristine A. Poff
Nursing



André M. Quemere
English



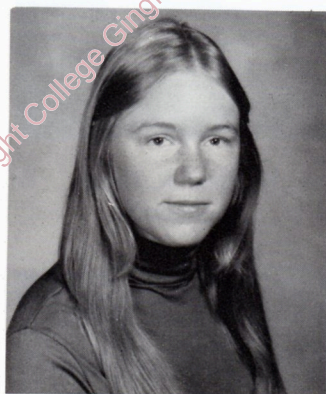
Janice C. Redinger
Home Economics



Thomas P. Parkinson
English



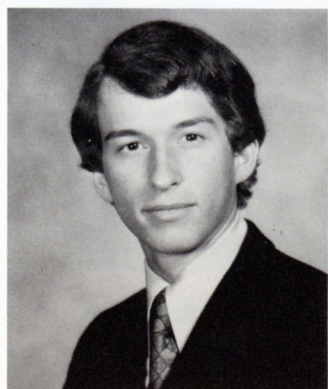
Anthony S. Premici
Accounting



Margaret R. Raker
Home Economics



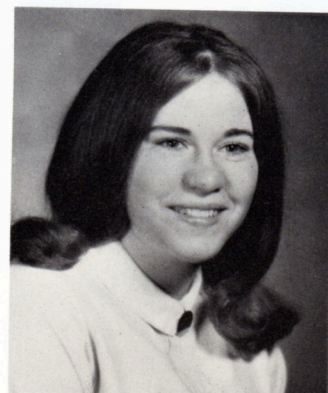
Pauline A. Renken
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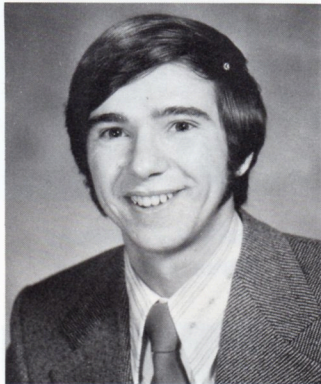
Steven B. Peter
Chemistry

John Ingram
Linda Janney
Michael Joffred
Ronald C. Juliani
Richard L. Kemery
Robert N. Kerr
James E. Kuhn

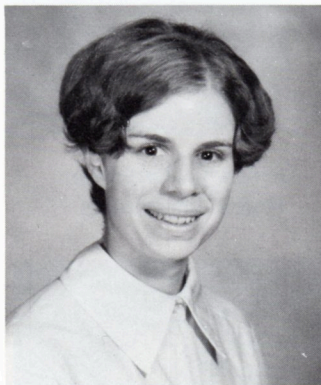
Hannah Stratton Lamb
Steven D. Lobb
Kenneth Mango
Harry R. Martin
Peter Mavrides
Cynthia E. Miller



Marianne B. Reynolds
French



Bruce C. Rhoads
Accounting



Jan Rhoads
Nursing



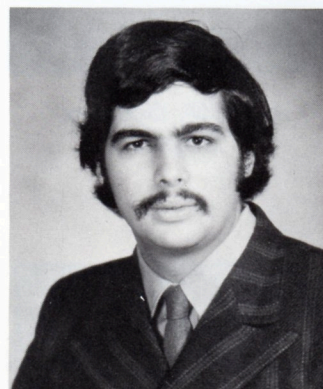
Paula M. Richards
English



Kathy A. Rohrer
Psychobiology



Sherry L. Roling
Social Welfare



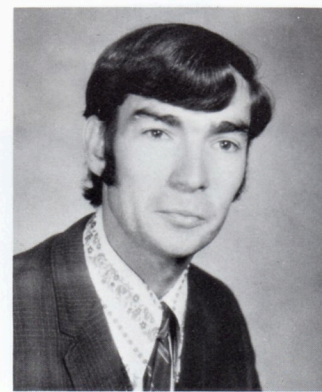
Michael S. Rossi
Economics



Gaynell S. Rowlands
Social Welfare



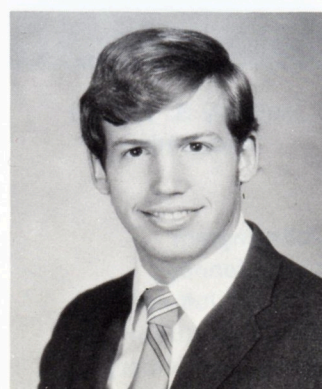
Kathleen L. Rowold
Home Economics



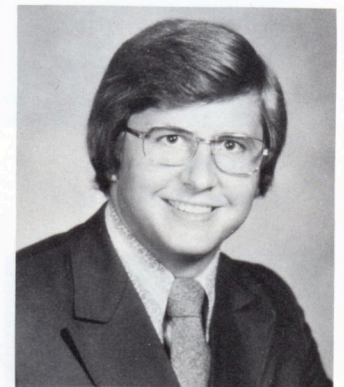
Terry A. Rupp
Psychology



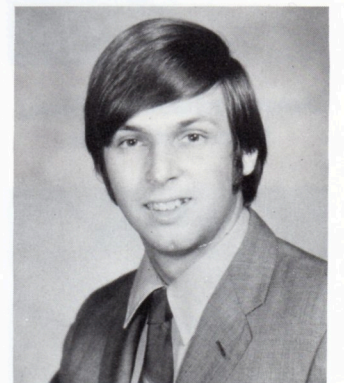
Carol A. Russ
Nursing



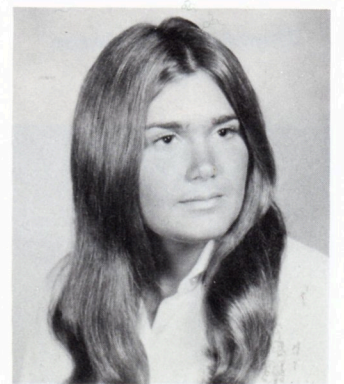
William G. Schaetzle
Economics



Michael T. Scheerer
Biology



James G. Schlenker
Psychobiology

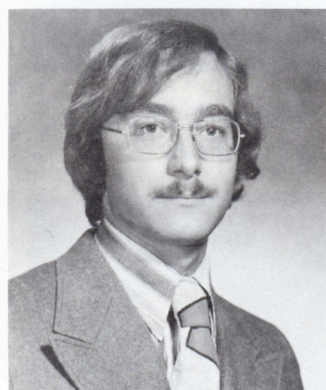


Ann L. Schmoyer
Biology

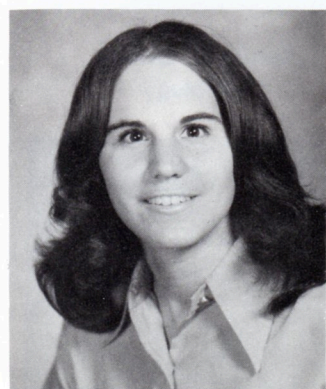
Precise as math.; speedy
as a Bug! ". . . life . . . is
an everlasting vision of the
everchanging view":
Wedding Bells with South-
ern Belles. Though the
view may change, the
hoodies remain.
Tom Worthington



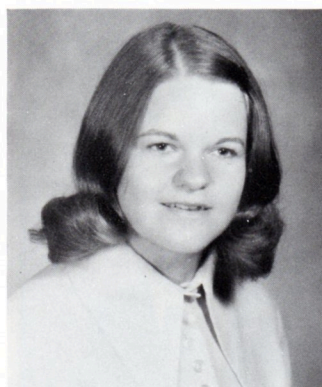
Susan M. Schlenker
Mathematics



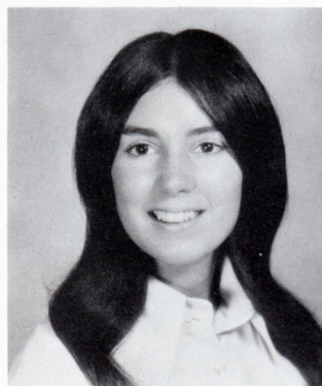
Douglas Schwarzwaelder
Economics



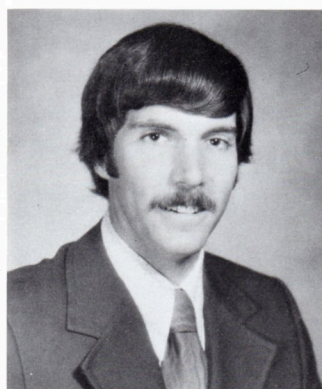
Gale C. Seifert
Social Welfare



Dona J. Sensenig
Nursing



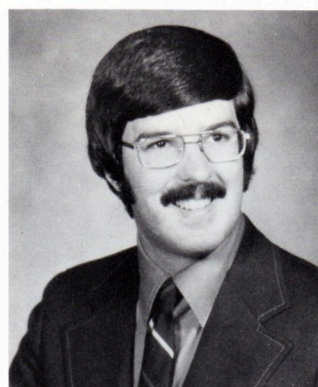
Deborah A. Setzer
Home Economics



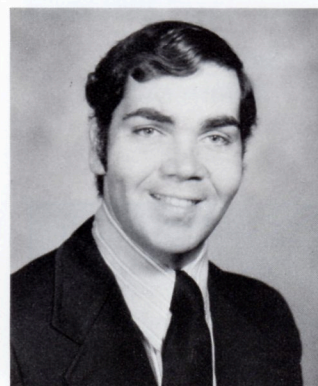
Scott M. Seymour
International Affairs



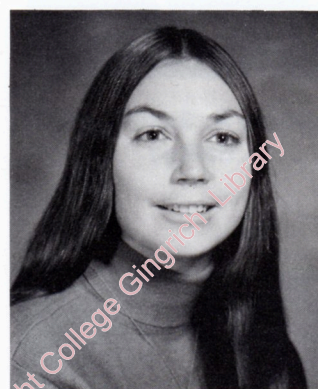
Irenay L. Shafer
Home Economics



David P. Shalter
Biology



Eugene F. Sharkey Jr.
Psychology



Elizabeth A. Shehadi
Psychology



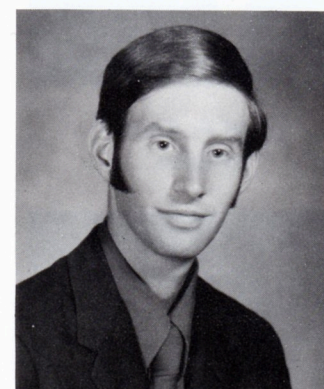
Mary C. Shirley
Psychology



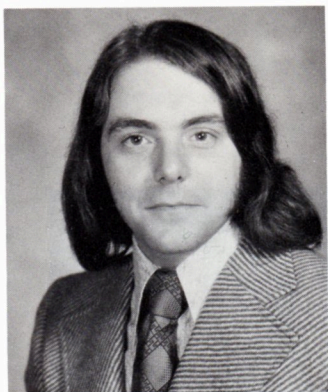
Claudine Shuman
Mathematics



Grace G. Sierer
English



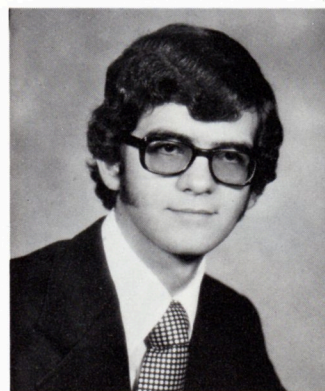
Wayne C. Sierer
Biology



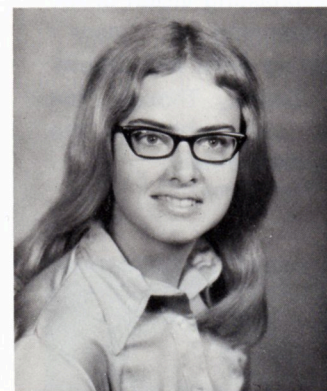
Richard D. Smedley Jr.
Biology



Susan L. Stahl
Mathematics



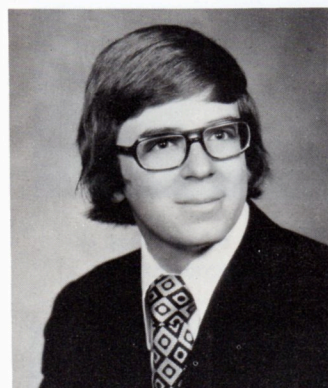
Scott N. Sterner
Mathematics



Barbara T. Struthers
Mathematics



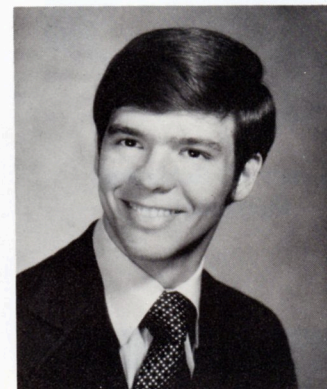
Cynthia A. Smith
Nursing



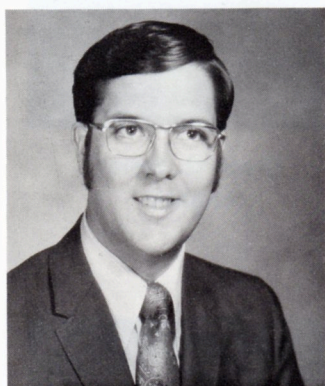
Jeffrey A. Stambaugh
Biology



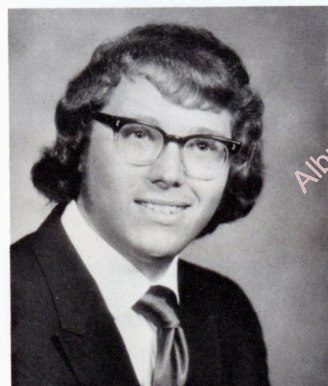
Patricia L. Stoll
Nursing



Michael D. Suarez
History



David F. Smith
Religion



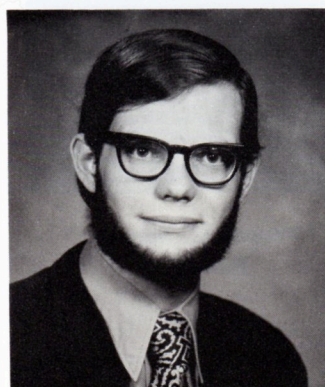
Randolph N. Stauffer
Political Science



Judy Stocker Brinser
Home Economics



Bertha C. Swope
Sociology



Robert Spegal
Physics

James M. Orth
Kenneth A. Potts
Carmen M. Rodriguez
Ivan J. Rodriguez
Marilyn J. Rogers
Alan Ruscoe



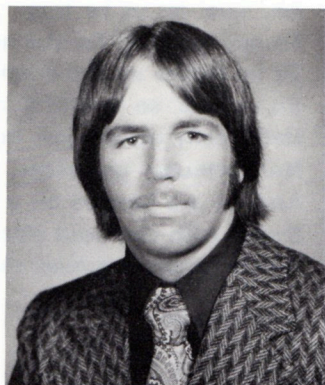
Virginia A. Stout
Home Economics



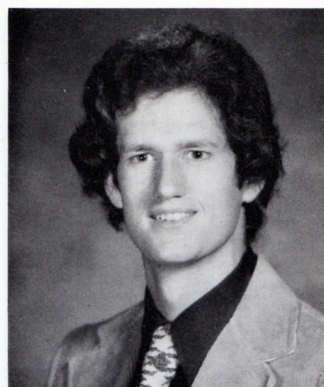
Paulette A. Sypek
French



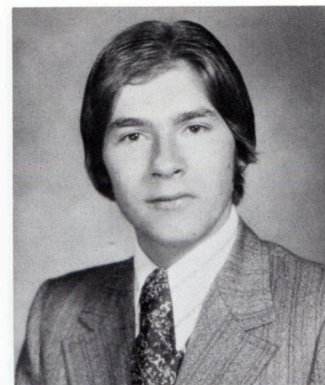
Georgeann Szyrwiell
English



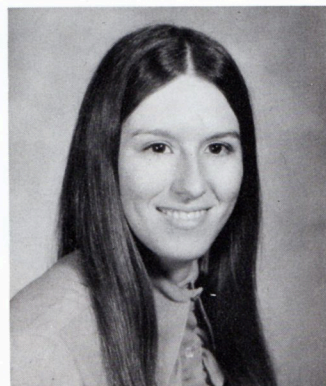
Gerald A. Trostle Jr.
Mathematics



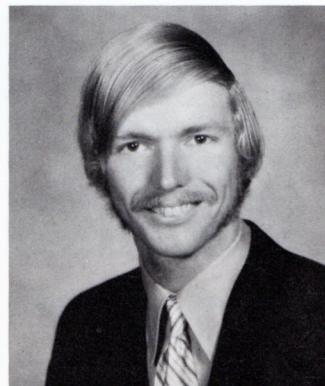
Walker C. Wadsworth
Economics



Howard G. Walseman
Sociology



Susan R. Tallman
Psychology



Dennis J. Trout
Physics



Bruce L. Wagner
Economics



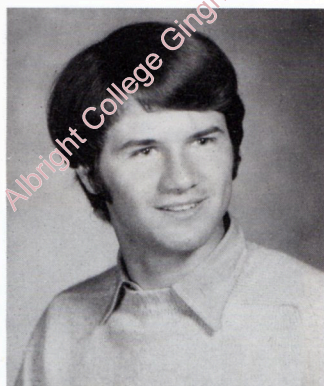
Cindy M. Waszkiewicz
Accounting



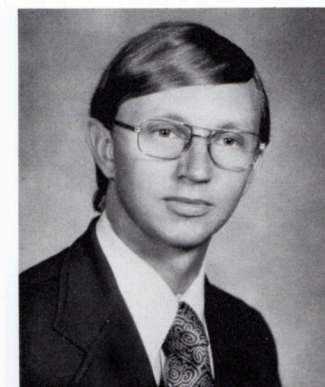
Diane Terpak
Social Welfare



Gail R. Van Blarcom
Home Economics



Richard S. Waldron
History



James K. Weaver
History



Cynthia L. Trax
Home Economics



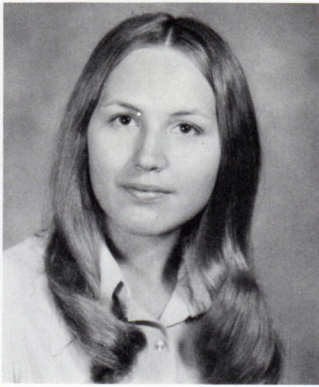
Nancy Waddon
English

Christina M. Savage
Linda L. Schoter
Rebecca Groff Schwartz
Rian T. Sellers
Kieran J. Sharpe
Ronald W. St. Clair



Marilyn C. Weiss
Home Economics

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Cynthia L. Wenrich
Sociology

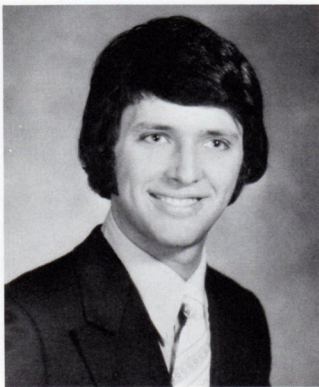


Pamela L. White
English

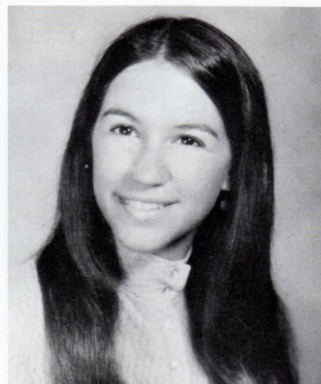
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Tom Parkinson

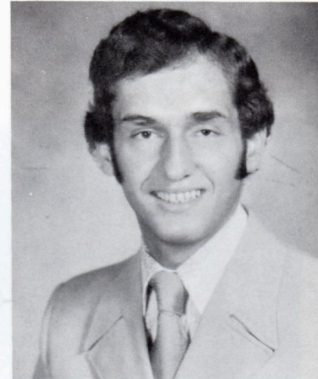
— Matthew Arnold



Clyde E. Wesp Jr.
Psychobiology



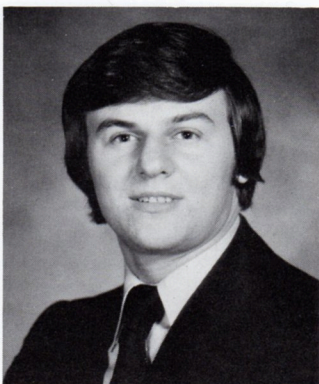
Sarah N. Williams
Nursing



Thomas J. Worthington
Mathematics

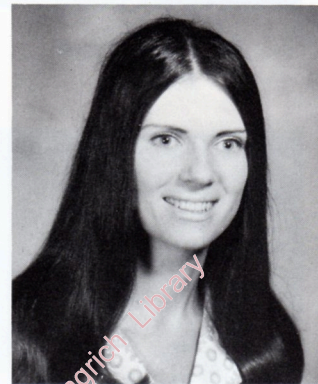


Melissa B. Young
Sociology

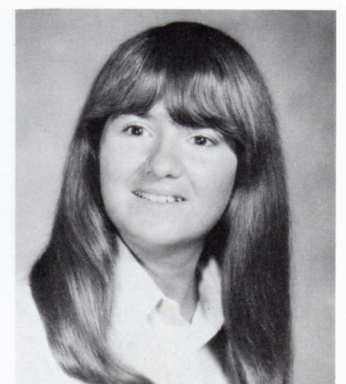


James C. Westgate
Accounting

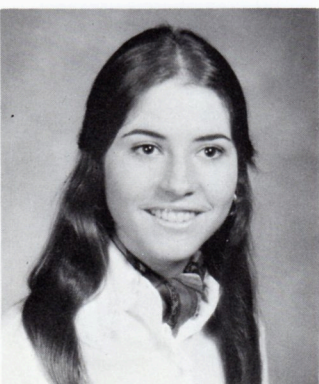
Chester P. Steininger
John N. Strange
Frank S. Strickler
Linda Thomas
Greg Weaver
Jane F. Weisman
Douglas P. Wolfe



Susan A. Wright
Social Welfare



Anise Zaharioudakis
English



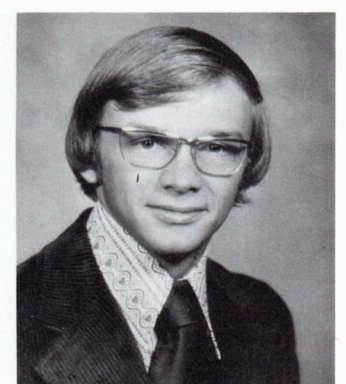
Joyce K. Wethington Longenecker
Social Welfare



Emily A. Woessner
English



Amanda Yard Schoonover



Samuel R. Zeiser
Urban Affairs

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