

THE ALBRIGHTIAN

Volume LXVII

Reading, Pa.

May 2, 1975

Number 19

ALUMNI RETURNING TO YESTERYEAR

Alumni will be returning to campus tomorrow for the annual alumni day program and the meeting of the National Council of Alumni, Parents and Friends. Morning activities will begin with registration in the campus center lounge. Activities scheduled for the morning include campus tours, a display of memorabilia, a slide presentation and recreation in the sub.

The 50 PLUS CLUB will meet in the south lounge at 10:00am, according to Mrs. Florence Mohn '13, president. During this meeting the members of the Class of 1925 will be introduced as the new members of the club. The Rev. William Marlow will speak on the subject, 'Students in the Seventies,' followed by musical selections.

Members of Phi Delta Sigma honorary alumnae sorority will have their annual meeting in the faculty lounge of alumni hall at 10:00am. According to Margaret Nester '60, sorority president, twenty senior women will

become members of the honorary alumnae sorority.

During the noon luncheon, all reunion classes will be honored, but special recognition will be given to the class of 1925 in celebration of their 50th anniversary. The luncheon will be followed by the business meeting of the National Council of Alumni, Parents and Friends.

Albright's Jazz Band is the featured afternoon entertainment. Beginning at 2:30pm and lasting until 3:30pm, the jazz band will play for the enjoyment of both alumni and the students in the campus center lounge. Birch beer and pretzels will be served.

Alumni Day committee members include: Leo Knoblauch '33, Rick Bomberger '70 and Nan Hinkle '73. Students serving on the committee include: Al Seltzer '75, Laura Threlkeld '75, Janice Kinginger '76 and Maren Morgan '76.



photo by og rogers

A primary symptom? A craving for ice cream?

ALBRIGHT CAMPUS IN THROES OF BIZARRE SEASONAL EPIDEMIC

by JOHN DUFENDACH

Student Union Report

The latest problems of the Student Union have been those of finance: surprisingly, not a lack of it, but what to do with it. *The Albrightian* will be returning \$3000.00 from the 74-75 budget. All other campus clubs have been asked to look over their books and to prepare their budgets for next year.

The Union decided to give \$100.00 to a charity, to be determined by President Arthur Schultz, in the name of his mother. They also decided to give the senior class ('75) officers \$500.00 for a party at Epler's Grove, all profits to be given to the Mike Noumair scholarship fund.

Orientation Leaders named

Group leaders for Orientation '75 have been announced by Virginia L. Scullion, Associate Dean of Students and administrative coordinator for this fall's program. Named as orientation group leaders were: Debbie Arnesen, Patty Baker, Louise Baney, Jeff Bass, Janet Catalan, Connie Chapmen, Rory Crawford, Ruth Cummings, Rich D'Addario, Mark Graham, Bob Dale, Cheryl Davis, John Edgette, Kathy Farmer, Ray Ferraro, Ian Freedman, Kim Guerra, Bob Gunther, Lois Henseler, Rob Inella, Tom Janus, Dan B. Jones, Bob Keefer, Jon Klippel, Joyce Miller, Barb Moy, Sara Noble, Charlene Otto, Carol Ranck, Sally Reeser, Peggy Reynolds, Sue Rivell, Jeff Seiger, Russ Spreen, Andrea Strella, Cheryl Sullivan, Idalynn Thompson, Jill Viggiano, Cheryl Voit, and

Nancy Wheeler.

Jerry Mabl, Sue Steele, and Lesley Leiper will serve as transfer orientation leaders. Alternate leaders named were: Nancy Eichmann, Bruce Kamen, Sara Leary, Bruce Loughlin, and Beth McInerney.

Dean Scullion and student co-chairperson, Sue Hutchinson, '77, attended an eastern regional conference for orientations on April 18 at the University of Maryland. This conference covered a variety of concepts in planning a freshman program, such as theme, group interaction projects, and new ideas in program structure.

Dean Scullion has expressed her intent to improve contacts

cont. on page 6

Somewhere, in the dark recesses of a grade school lab, a ghoulish fiend is conducting unspeakable experiments on human subjects, in an attempt to ascertain the functions of the mysterious pineal gland. He speculates that this gland functions in humans similar to the way the pineal gland in birds informs them when time is ripe to fly south for the winter. The projected mechanism is through the enzyme Floridosin, which causes movements in young humans similar to their avian counterparts resulting in excessive congregations of the former on the shores of our southeasternmost coasts during the early months of spring. Massive infusions of Floridosin, seems to induce an altered state of consciousness known professionally as *Vernal Fabricula*.

This past weekend at Albright has been marked by many critical, if not terminal cases of the seasonal malady. Due to the epidemic proportion of incidence and the lack of rational treatment of the disease, I made it my duty to find out the facts. I queried a friendly nursing student as to the epidemiology of the ailment: 'Only this is known for certain, she told me, "you can't get it from a toilet seat."

I rushed to the nearest bathroom where I expected to find hordes of students seeking immunity from the dreaded disease on the porcelain penicillin of Albright's commodes. Finding only enlightening messages related to

the oral activities of various Greek letters, I turned to the C.C. Desk whose total lack of helpful information had always impressed me in the past. It was here that I found my first lead. It seemed as if the members at CCB had involved themselves in some nefarious plot aimed at the subversion of Albright's sedentary scholastic sensibilities. I recoiled with horror the inducement to 'Let Oneself Go' as it were, and thought that I, like Ulysses, might have to tie myself to a mast (or at least a pew) so as to avoid the salacious entreaties of those sylphish sophomore sirens. It seemed however, that the most enticing activity, that of 'sleeping out on Science Field' had met with disapproval by Divine Providence and the rains of Friday Night prevented all but the hardy (or horny) inhabitants of a green tent from falling into the first of the weekend's temptations.

Vernal Fabricula, or Spring Fever, as the CCB called it, seems to be encouraged by the ingestion of delicious meals at irregular times and in outrageous quantities. That would explain the scheduling of the phenomenal 'steak'n egg'n hash brown'n pancake' English muffin breakfasts which had no little influence on the campus' collective unconscious. To be fed so royally at such a strange hour obviously upset the internal programming that normally leads all of our paths cafeteria-ward about 5:00 every day. Worse yet, by 2:00 Sat. afternoon, the pleasant plague

had traversed the campus boundaries and visions of a 'mile-long sundae' were dancing in the heads of dozens of neighborhood kids. By 5:00, troughs full of ice cream donated by Abbott's, Hershey Dairy (Allentown), Krick's, Baskin Robbins, and Plaza Dairyland were covered with chocolate syrup (donated by Hershey Food Corp.), whipped cream, and maraschino cherries and devoured by a hungry multitude. The proceeds from the event, which amounted to over \$200, were donated to the Michael Noumair Scholarship fund.

The next symptom of the ailment manifested itself in the Campus Center (held indoors due to the predicted chill of the evening) with the appearance of 'Divided We Stand'. It was through these three fine men that we learned of the inter-relatedness of Spring Fever, losing one's lunch, and protein synthesis. Their rendition of the tragedy and conflict in the Life of a Sperm left us breathless, and the assurance of their return on the library steps Sunday afternoon left us free to enjoy the RALPH concert that followed.

The first half of the concert was the RALPH we remembered, played a jazzed-up Billy Joel: 'Billy the Kid' and a rocking medley of Beatles oldies. The second half was entirely RALPH (original stuff) which met a less than riotous response, as it was

cont. on page 4

Editor's Note :

"Our lack of direction seems to stem from a lost sense of outrage. Without a sense of outrage, we can only respond passively to injustice and manipulation. Without a sense of outrage, a student newspaper cannot take on an aura of crusading, it can only reflect the void in which we live. Lamenting the times is foolish; editing a college newspaper in the mid-70's is anachronistic. Youthful idealism has yielded to a collective middle class slumber.

I have not yet answered the question of my resignation. . . Perhaps the best answer I can give is that. . . I have chosen to accept my invisibility."

Mark Altschuler
February 14, 1975

"I decided I was a lousy editor and much prefer the small letters to the capitals. It probably has a great deal to do with how one wants to live.

the editor of this paper has too many things to oversee to be himself. . . I hope the next person that takes over has a better head for structure. I will still prefer the small letters. Albright has too much concern for structure; there is so much organization, that the thought is being lost.

from now on. . . everything I say will be from the small letters."

Ogden Rogers
April 18, 1975

Prophets of doom? No, I think not. Unfortunately what they have said is true. With this issue that box that lists the positions with the names has been changed once again. Three editors in one year—to quote Vonnequ, "So it goes."

For me to look to the future fantasizing that the multitude of problems will be solved as a result of sheer hard work, determination, organization, and faith would be blasphemy—a sacrilege against what Mark and Og tried to do.

What then can be said? What have we learned? There are still enough people with keys to the office, still enough people willing to help so that we could continue to slap issues together for another year or so. . . but who are we kidding? The Albrightian cannot, must not, be the responsibility of only one

person, of only a certain few. They might guide, they might direct but the paper must reflect the contribution of a much larger base, a much larger foundation. Otherwise, it is doomed to the cycle that we have seen repeated twice this year. . . a zealous attempt, early success, mediocrity, the burning out of enthusiasm due to exhaustion, and ultimately, collapse. It is in that third stage that the cycle must be halted if the newspaper is to survive. That halting though depends on co-operation with and the willingness of expression and that foundation upon which the paper rests. The thoughts are lost amidst all the structure because the thoughts are forced. Few contribute any longer. . . the copy found between the pages has been pressured and pulled from its authors—pleadingly, naggingly extracted. That's the way it's been. It cannot continue.

What can be said of this new attempt is that we shall begin that cycle once more with all the zeal, all the enthusiasm, all the optimism with which it was started before. We shall try to establish an efficiency on both the mechanical level—composition, layout, printing—so that the thought might be clearly and accurately presented; and and on the creative level—features, columns, opinions— so that the thought might be awakened and renewed. We shall ask questions, hopefully good ones, perhaps difficult ones but we will not be afraid to ask them or to print the replies.

All the questions, however, cannot come from that small unorganized office near the Sub. Eventually our new attempt might reach that third stage. What I ask now is that if it is an inevitable cycle, help us prolong that second stage of early success; if it is not then, help us establish The Albrightian as a paper of integrity and genuineness. Organize and structure some of your ideas so that they might be expressed effectively without losing the thought. Step out of your invisibility.

Rusty Reese

Dr. Cowan Named To State Post

Dr. Donna Cowan, an assistant professor of Home Economics and Education, was recently installed to a two-year term as secretary of the Pennsylvania Home Economics Association.

Prior to teaching at Albright, Dr. Cowan served on the staff of the University of Wisconsin in Madison. At the University, she was also a research and administrative assistant.

The Assistant Professor holds her B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Wisconsin and has studied at Indiana University and San Antonio College. Dr. Cowan has also taught on the secondary level in Wisconsin.

Dr. Cowan is a member of the American Home Economics Association. She is to be installed as secretary of the colleges and universities professional section of this organization when it meets in June in San Antonio. Dr. Cowan will present a research paper she has prepared.

Library Committee Votes-Surveillance!

"During the current school year the problem of theft of library property has reached the point where a decision must be reached on a method for reducing loss and assuring all students an equal access to materials needed to support their studies."

from the report to the Library Committee

The Library Committee met last Friday afternoon to finalize measures to be taken in light of what has been termed the "Great Library Ripoff." The thefts, which have included everything from books, magazines, and calculators (nine to be exact) to wall clocks and plants, have been increasing and have thus caused much understandable concern.

The committee discussed two proposals of action presented to

them by Dr. Mary E. Stillman, librarian. The first, designated Social Responsibility, was based on the notion that "a student should be responsible for his behavior." This plan stressed cooperation among the student body, Dean of Students Office, and Library staff and was designed as a community self regulatory measure. The proposal included stiff penalties to emphasize the seriousness of the offense. (1st offense - \$100 per book fine with a \$300 maximum or forfeiture of course credit or suspension from school. 2nd offense - dismissal from school.) This proposal was strongly endorsed by Dr. Stillman for she saw it as "the only long term solution."

A majority of the committee disagreed, however, and went on to adopt the alternative recommendation. The second proposal calls for the installation of an electronic surveillance

device operating similarly to a land mine detector; the books would be "mined" and one would be scanned as they left the library. The price for the installation was estimated at \$20,000.00. The committee's decision now goes on to Dean Robert McBride for further action.

Dr. Stillman explained, "It is unfortunate that such measures must even come under consideration. I am sure we can all think of many things we could do with that \$20,000.00 to improve the library. After three years of trying the cooperative approach to no avail I suppose we have little choice. What is unbelievable to me is that in all the uncovered offenses to date there has been no reason for not charging the material out at the desk. I don't understand."

CHOIR RETURNS FROM TOUR

by ROBERT FILER

"O Sing unto the Lord, sing Him a new song." This 16th century motet was one of many songs performed by the Albright College Concert Choir as part of their 1975 Spring Tour Concert. Divided into three parts, the music varied from the late 1500's to the 1970's.

The first part, American Choral Selections, opened the program with two psalm settings from THE BAY PSALM BOOK, the first book written and printed in

colonial America by the Puritans in 1640. Another colonial American composer, William Billings, wrote the spirited "Rose of Sharon," the second number of this section. The opening portion was concluded with a contemporary work of Daniel Pinkham, "Wedding Cantata."

The second section, Narrative from the Scripture in Song, included Heinrich Schultz' "The Pharisee and the Publican"

and Dvorak's "God is my Shepherd." These harmonious melodies were contrasted with two modern pieces. Kodaly's "Jesus and the Traders" made use of dissonance and line flow vocally symbolizing what the words themselves were stating. The same was true of the 1971 composition of William McRae "First Corinthians 13" which included unusual vocal parts and speaking, as well as dissonance to emphasize its message.

cont. on page 3

THE ALBRIGHTIAN

Editor-in-Chief
Rusty Reese

News Editors
Jane Kratz
Jeff Bass

Features Editors
Nancy Allgair
John Dufendach

Sports Editor
Nick Fognano

Photography
Jeff Margolies
Rory Crawford
Andre Perry
Ogden Rogers

Advertising
Randy Koslo



Business & Circulation
Phil Rutledge

Composition
JoAnne Frey

Lay-out staff
Karen Fredericks

Graphics
Adele Sicko
Don Gerhart

THE ALBRIGHTIAN is published weekly by the students of Albright College except during vacation, holiday, and examination periods. Opinions expressed herein should be considered the responsibility of the author and the editorial staff, and unless otherwise noted should not be considered as a statement of the official policies of Albright College. THE ALBRIGHTIAN welcomes letters to the Editor and responsible commentary on the issues. All letters must be signed although names will be withheld upon request. Manuscripts should be typewritten and submitted no later than noon on the Tuesday before Friday publication.

THE SENATE : A STUDENT PERSPECTIVE

Much recent discussion has centered around the debate as to the effectiveness of the Albright Senate. The issue deals primarily with the question of whether or not the Senate adequately fulfills its role as a forum for direct discourse among the four constituencies of the college. Another issue raised is the Senate's function as a policy making body. In an effort to obtain some fuller insight into this area each of Albright's present student senators—Christie Antinucci, Dan B. Jones, Dan Sommers, and Susan Wilson—and a past student senator, Gary Kaplan, were asked to comment on the topic.

Editor's Note

As I have perceived the Albright College Senate's power for the past two years, it is one that I can truly say has a great deal of potential. Here we have the four constituencies of the Albright community represented—trustees, administrators, faculty, and students. All are seen on an equal level. One must remember, the Senate is a newly organized body and for this reason I have felt and have seen its struggle for a sense of identity and power. Two years may seem forever to a four-year student but I feel that by next year much more can and will happen. I have never observed the sense of honesty, openness, and growth in mutual insightful understanding on our campus as has been expressed on the floor of our Senate. I believe that the Senate is working for "the good" of Albright, and I for the remainder of my term will take that as my responsibility. This includes being able to "bring together" the students needs and desires, the faculty and administrations concerns, and the trustees legal (by charter) and moral obligations to us as students of Albright and those of the future.

I want to stress that this is our Senate and for this reason I must add a couple of suggestions to

the student body. Next year, I feel, there will probably be more open discussions with the trustees. Many of them want this opportunity to hear us as well as our wanting to be heard. More basic to the success of the Senate is that of active and committed support to the system of government from which we work. A great part of this is the Student Union. If there was more communication between the committee structure, Student Union, to the Student Body, then the Senate would have more incentive and power. I'm calling for open panel discussion in the dorms, in the Campus Center to inform the Student Body of "the happenings." We as a total Body need to hear from and see the Student Union persons before the elections also. We gripe a heck of a lot about the trustees not knowing what's going on, but I think we better start communicating and get ourselves "together" first.

Christie Lynn Antinucci

As one contemplates the nature of the Senate, a number of questions immediately come to mind. Is the Senate a viable body? Was it made to be an appraiser to the rebellious students of the late 60's and early 70's? What has it done? Where is it going?

The constitution of the Senate states: "The purpose of the Albright College Senate is to promote the welfare of Albright College and the attainment of a true sense of community by bringing into direct discourse students, faculty, administration, and trustees." Unfortunately, this sounds rather idealistic, in that promoting the welfare of Albright College is a quite different matter to students, faculty, administrator, and trustees respectively.

For what it is worth, the formal atmosphere of the Senate

provides communication between the constituencies to a point. However, it is absurd and near-sighted to believe that the "communication" that occurs aides in attaining a "true sense of community."

Again, according to the constitution: "The Senate shall have the authority to act on internal matters of academic and social concern." If one refers to the agenda of the Senate for the past two years, one will see a drastic lack of academic or social topics. In fact, one will see a near-lack of agenda. Is this not, allegedly, the College decision-making body?

The lack of important much-needed policy change may be due to a number of factors. Students, for the most part, are concerned only with themselves, namely "grades and partying." This introverted group has turned full-circle from the "radical" students they saw as failing only a few years ago. Instead of trying to change or offer constructive suggestions, students simply complain and do nothing.

This type of Student Body breeds a sense of security within the "upper" levels of the College "community." The administration no longer has to contend with the vocal students of 4 years ago. Hence, they tend to withdraw and get absorbed in long range plans and years of challenge, thereby shutting off the reality of today, what is needed and what can be done.

The function and purpose of the Senate is worthwhile, and the system can work. Changes are needed, despite the comfortable appearance of the times. A sincere, concerted effort by all concerned might make Albright College more palatable.

Daniel B. Jones

My perception of the Albright Senate is as such: Idealistically it is an action, policy making body where four constituencies (administration, faculty, trustees, and students) have input. Each group honestly interacts and produces viable, yet often compromising solutions to proposals.

Realistically, as of right now, I see the Albright Senate as another body for student input, with the problem of persuading the other constituencies to vote in favor of a student proposal.

It is my hope and belief that once the Senate has had a little more time on its feet, my idealistic perception will become a reality.

Danny Sommer

"The purpose of the Albright College Senate is to promote the welfare of Albright College and the attainment of a true sense of community by bringing into direct discourse students, faculty, administration, and trustees," (A.C. Senate Constitution, article II)

The success or failure of the Senate as a major decision-making body on campus is not an issue of its specific accomplishments and defeats. The Senate has a purpose to work from and goals to fulfill. It is in light of this constitutional definition that one should examine Albright's Senate. To be charged with the welfare of the school and its community is a vast and encompassing responsibility. It does contain the potential for both significant change and meaningful confrontation. Due to its representation it can become the center for organized communication between the constituencies of our college. These are the expressed goals and it is here that I draw my criticisms.

Susan B. Wilson

There is no active or enthusiastic leadership in the Senate. With its diverse representation it has become a disorganized body. The point is not that the Senators sit within their constituencies at Senate meetings, but that they never advance beyond them in open discussion. There is little unification of effort within the Senate. As a body of purpose, the Senate must unite itself behind that purpose. The effects of supportive leadership could lead to much more meaningful communication.

The Senate becomes a timid body when there is discussion of a proposal before it; afraid to deal directly with the issues and implications underlying each proposal. The Senate can be a complacent body, again without consideration of the real issues. Too much time is spent on superficial bureaucratic procedure. This preoccupation consumes time and energy that could be better spent.

Support of the Senate from the student body is sporadic. Student-oriented issues receive immediate but short-lived attention. It appears from questionnaires that most students misunderstand the basic purpose and powers of the Senate. It is difficult to work for students without student interest.

Perhaps the Senate itself does not feel its true sense of purpose and power. The Senate could be a vital and expressive body. It does have the power to make decisions on policy and philosophy. It can give Albright College a sense of direction and community. It does not live up to that potential today. These are perhaps strong criticisms, especially for a new Senator, but it is my hope that through sharing these disappointments we can advance beyond them.

CHOIR TOUR

cont. from page 2

Regan Hicks, Deborah Marks, and Kathy Windle.

The concert tour involved engagements in New York State and western Massachusetts. As well as the vocal performance, the tour was directed to reach communities and their high schools with an emphasis on promotion for the college. Stops included New York City where the choir performed for the Albright College Capital Funds Campaign Dinner at the New York Sheraton; Floral Park, N.Y.; North Adams, Mass.; Beaver Falls, N.Y.; and Camden, N.Y. In all, the Concert Choir presented seven concerts in the four days of touring before returning to perform the Home Concert at the Memorial Chapel on Sunday, April 20.

The feelings of warmth and fellowship that grew both among the members of the choir and between the choir and the

communities visited were described by many of the group as a rewarding and unforgettable experience. In spite of the work and struggle, or maybe because of it, there grew a feeling of accomplishment and a strong sense of sharing and love—that special association unique to music.

Music of Inspiration was the title of the third and final section of this concert. Music in this part included "O Sing Unto the Lord" by Hassler, "Lacrymosa" by Mozart, "Morning Has Broken" by Cat Stevens and Eleanor Farjeon, and "Ballad of Brotherhood" by Joseph Wagner and Alfred Kreyborg.

Speaking of this year's choir, Mr. Roy Hinkle, assistant professor of Music and director of the Concert Choir, referred to it as one of the best choirs he has ever directed. He felt that instead of just directing the choir, there was a sense of working with one another. Soloists for the concert included Sharon Drebitko, Kathy Glass, Nina Mason, and Sharon Westley—soprano; Janet Catalan and Eileen Flickinger—alto; Tom Connelly and Max Hunt—tenor; and Bob Filer and Ron Setzkorn—bass. Accompanists for the performances were

I see the Senate as a viable organization with the potential to alleviate many of the ills that afflict this institution. However, in looking at the history of the Senate, I see the potential being squandered and the Senate being turned into a poor example of a meaningful organization.

For the Senate to function properly, all constituencies of the Senate (trustees, administration, faculty, and students) must utilize the power of the Senate to bring about change in the areas that concern them. To date, only the students have brought fresh ideas to the Senate.

If the other three constituents continue to rebuff the Senate in terms of proposals then I, as a student, perceive their lack of action to represent their lack of faith/confidence in the Senate. With such a permeating atmosphere, this institution will once again be left without any means of communication within the 'Albright Community'.

Gary Kaplan

STUDENTS

- Mingle with Alumni
- Tomorrow, May 3rd
- 2:30 to 3:30 pm
- Campus Center Lounge
- Entertainment by the Jazz Band
- Free Birch Beer & Pretzels

BIZARRE EPIDEMIC

cont. from page 1

VERY LOUD and not unlike a hybrid of Chicago and Santana, but without the familiarity that such groups enjoy. They must have been quite surprised not to have been asked for an encore considering the cocky rapport they established with their audience and their overwhelming popularity at their last appearance.

Sunday featured the return of Dived We Stand and the hopeful recovery of the majority of students from the strange and poorly understood effects of *Vernal Fabricula*. For some, the recovery was swift and easy, for others of us, the infection may turn out to be chronic and we may be searching for cures until well after finals are over.



photo by og rogers

wherefore art thou, Romeo?



photo by og rogers

You can't hold your flowers and eat your ice cream too!
A little visitor displays her bouquet Spring Fever Weekend '75.

THE DOMINO PLAYERS PRESENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Reserved seat tickets may be picked up at the Campus Center Desk beginning April 25th for the May 8, 9, 10, & 11 performances. All performances will begin at 8:00 p.m. in the Campus Center Theater. In addition, there will be a Sunday Matinee at 2:30 on the 11th.

pregnancy

Sometimes Desired - Sometimes NOT

PROVIDING CONFIDENTIAL SERVICES

- Out-patient
- Abortion Facilities
- Free Pregnancy Testing
- Birth Control Counseling
- Board Certified Gyn. Physicians
- Hospital Facilities Available
- Routine Gynecological Care

Women's Medical Center
(215) 265-1000
Call Colver

Domino Players Production To Be A 'Unique And Artistic Experience'

by NANCY WHEELER

Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour* is to be the spring production of the Domino Players. The play is the story of two women who have struggled to build a private school for girls. One student, in an attempt to get herself out of trouble, tells her grandmother that the two directresses are involved in a homosexual relationship. The destruction of all the central characters, due to this unjust rumor, is the play's primary concern.

The 'unique and artistic experience' which Director Lynn Morrow talks so enthusiastically of involves the set design. 'A proscenium arch is being built to frame the action of the play—and to serve as a gallery for a number of Harry Koursaros' paintings. These works of art have been expressly designed and executed for the show.'

The idea, it seems, stemmed from Dr. Morrow's introduction to Harry Koursaros' work. After a visit to his studio in New York, Dr. Morrow asked to borrow several canvases for the spring production of *The Children's Hour*.

'He became as excited as I, and

volunteered to execute new paintings expressly for the production.'

Harry Koursaros, chairman of the Albright Art Department, was not without reservations. 'I was afraid to ship my paintings from the New York Studio, so I proposed, without thought, to paint the new ones. I thought it would be a more exciting venture.' It was then that Professor Koursaros began to have doubts. With only four weeks in which to execute the incredibly huge paintings—four of them measuring twelve feet by five feet, ten inches, and one canvas seventy inches by eighty inches—he reserved the right to retract his offer. 'I needed to adjust my schedule—to see that all this would be possible in such a short time.'

Finding White Chapel lacking in equipment and too unorganized a studio-setup, artist Koursaros decided to do the paintings in his New York home. Ideas which had been formulating in the painter's mind surfaced, and he was able to almost complete the first of the paintings in one weekend.

With this as encouragement, he affirmed the idea of Dr. Morrow.

'I'm working off a wall in my studio. The forth painting will be done this weekend, and then I'll bring them back with me, rolled up. They'll be stretched here, onto student-made frames. The plans do call for birth painting. I'm hoping it's possible.'

'*The Children's Hour* is not a play designed for this type of set plan, but Director Morrow feels it will lend itself to it well. Uncertain that any play would suffice, Dr. Morrow is confident that 'Lillian Hellman's play is so tight and dynamic that it will compliment the work of Harry Koursaros.'

Professor Koursaros feels that this 'will be two art forms merging. They will compliment each other; my paintings will not be decorations designed for the play, but total art forms in themselves. They will represent my art, and be used in conjunction with the play.'

Much of the success of this experiment will depend on the lighting.

Dr. Morrow feels that there is definite similarities between the play and Artist Koursaros' work. 'For example, his use of ovals

and squares has been termed a contrast of male and female and that is an integral point of contrast in her play.'

Both Dr. Morrow and Professor Koursaros feel that the element of suspense involved in the visual experiment lends to the excitement. Due to the short amount of time Harry Koursaros has had to complete his paintings, the entire set will not be constructed until the last week before the performance. The faculty members share a sense of optimism, however, about the impact of the total experience.

The furniture and costumes for the three act play have been selected to coordinate with the paintings. The purpose of this being to create a showcase for the paintings and the players. Unable to settle for anything, Dr. Morrow has been combing Berks County for specific pieces of furniture. The positive response from the people in the surrounding communities has been a source of encouragement to the persevering director. Of the students with which she is working Dr. Morrow has said: 'They are doing the work—despite finals. They are extraordinarily responsible in

spending numerous hours on something they find worthwhile.'

After speaking with Lynn Morrow Harry Koursaros, and several of the cast members, one could not help but share the anticipation for the production. The enthusiasm at the rehearsals, which are open to the student body, is contagious and exciting. The 'premiere' of this play/exhibit will be on May 8th at eight o'clock in the Campus Center Theater. Following performances will be on May 9th, 10th, and 11th—all with the same curtain time. A Sunday matinee will be held at 2:30 on the 11th, also in the theater. Students and faculty—are strongly urged to pick up the reserved seat tickets at the Campus Center Desk beginning May 1st. This 'unique and artistic experience' should prove to be one well worth participating in.

Express yourself.

if you have something to say, say it here! That's what we're here for!

April 29, 1975. The Last Day- Officially or 11 O'Clock with Larry Kane and King Lear

by Nancy Allgair

What a day...How does one go about reducing today into words which will say what kind of day it was? For the world as a whole it was quite a day as I found out on the 11 o'clock news. For me personally, it had good hopes of being a catch-up-on-everything-at-school day. That was, until I got involved with Hilda.

Hilda is my automobile. That name just came to me; it's a suitable name because she's German and I knew someone who called his German motorcycle Herman. Which therefore, seems logical to me.

Since the inspection runs out on Hilda tomorrow, it was to be okay'd and stamped today. After getting the suggestion to call around noon and see how the work was coming along, I did and 'bongo', she needs new brake drums and body-work done on her rusted bottom. 'Yeah, you'd better be real careful how hard you sit down on it,' the guy on the phone said, 'because you may just end up on the ground.' I thought that was funny, so I laughed, but not too much. Plus, the muffler on her had erupted on Monday. I tried to remain composed, vocally at least, and signed off after hearing the dubious voice saying, 'I'll try to keep it down to the bare essentials.' Aufweidersehen.

Downstairs the CBS special on Vietnam (which is officially over today) was drawn out for 2 1/2 hours. I guess that comes out to roughly four years for every 1/2 hour. On my trips downstairs I listened to the linguistics of the various speakers and came to the hasty conclusion that it was a bull-shit program designed to

make mental martyrs out of the innocent people watching it. I came down again at 9:30 to watch my favorite program: 'Monty Python's Flying Circus,' but Goldwater was staring at me instead of Monty. So, at least I had no excuse for not doing something more constructive.

At 11 I tuned into the news to 'get the story' on Vietnam and the weather. As I sat there with King Lear on my lap, I started to scribble the words coming out of Larry Kane's (et al) mouth(s). What follows is the 11 o'clock news condensed; as I heard and interpreted it.

Today was the last day, officially of American involvement in Vietnam. Barry Goldwater flashed on and said, "We should have won that war and everyone in the hall clapped. An ex-American soldier said, "I feel great," when asked how he felt when his Vietnamese wife's 16 year old son finally joined them in the US today. Someone else added, "What scares me is what are we going to do with all the Vietnamese refugees coming here when our unemployment rate is so high." Good point.

King Hussein was here for dinner with Ford on an unofficial visit and will receive honorary degrees from several universities. What makes it unofficial if they're planning to make a big deal over him? It was rumored that he was asking for more military aid.

The rest of my day was spent. I just couldn't settle down to writing on my thesis, so around 3:30 I hurried down to Weis' to wait for my ride home. Sitting there can be a 'real experience

ya'know? After a while, Prof Gates ambled by with his dog on the 20 ft. rope amidst maniacal barking from the dog in the blue Lemans. He said to me, "MY dog only barks when he's lonely," and proceeded to tie him to a pole. "You can keep him company for a few minutes, ok? Well, let me tell you, that was one lonely dog. I tried the old 'be a little considerate routine', but he wouldn't listen.

Then, some students came out with good-sized bags and started walking their bikes back with the bags on their seats (bike seats). With that, the woman sitting next to me said, "Why did they ride their bikes if they knew they were going to need their arms for bags?" That question made an impression on me; I defensively reasoned that maybe the students were cruising around when they suddenly got hungry. But nonetheless, I was about to add my two cents about Albright College students: 'Ah, excuse me, they're Albright students, and one can't really expect them to have common sense because after all, they're enriching their minds, not their beings.' Before that popped out I reminded myself that I, too, am an Albright college student, at least for another month. There ought to be a course on 'Common Sensical Situations One May Unluckily Encounter outside the Parameters of A.C.'

Mayor Rizzo was celebrating his primary campaign success at a \$100 a plate roast beer dinner in Chicago. Joe Frazer was there signing autographs and smiling. Rizzo could have at least gotten All.

We can not let happen in

Vietnam what happened in Korea, where 389 MIAs-POWs were never returned. They were just forgotten. 1100 are still listed as missing in Vietnam. We'll have to be dealing with the Communists now. Some feel we'll never know, now that they've taken over. Some feel we now will know.

The Flyers are unbeaten in 19 straight.

Two South African tennis players were deported from Mexico today, because of their country's policy on apartheid.

Betty Ford has a new secretary (from Wilmington, Del.) Her first one resigned shortly after her husband committed suicide. A pleasant thought to fall asleep on. Commercial: plug for the children's tv show, 'Big Blue Marble'. It went something like this: 'This show could do more to promote world peace than anything else today.' All I could say after that was "WOW".

WEATHER: The words they use to describe the weather always make me laugh. Tonight the big three were damp, dull and dreary. His actual first utterance was, "Our day just felt [illich] icky all day long." We're sort of in for a dreary forecast. Don't get your hopes up, but we could see a little bit of sunshine tomorrow. The low was 16 degrees [!] in Milford Utah. Forecast- More C-eepees are here for a while. But, watch for those isolated bright spots that could crop up tomorrow... The weatherman's conclusion was, "we've got a big big mess for the next few days."

Click.

What is it like to be the Assistant Dean of Students? What are the pressures of the position? Do you believe in the rules that you enforce?

by Danny Sommer

Just before Easter vacation I had an interview with Dean Tilden, concerning his job. Dean Tilden told me he finds his work generally fulfilling and gratifying. Dean Tilden feels that discipline is one of the most difficult aspects of his job but he accepted it when he signed his contract. Therefore he said "I must interpret the policies of Albright College in the fashion that is analogous to that of the resident assistant." He commented that all the policies do not reflect his personal philosophy of education, or his personal philosophy of life; therefore it causes some strain. Dean Tilden explained that most people consider the Dean of Students Office the makers of rules as well as the disciplinarian. This is not true. The Deans Office moderates the system but does not make the rules. It is the Trustees that are the governing body of the school. He does not consider the Dean's Office as a police station but as a counseling and guidance center, especially in educational matters. He believes that some of the school policies are incongruous with what the students want. Thus, the students look for someone to present their grievances to, which usually is the Dean's Offices. The students see the Dean's Offices as the controlling force. Dean Tilden is basically in the same position as a resident assistant. Sometimes a resident assistant must carry out a policy of the school he or she may not agree with. Thus, the same holds true for the Deans. The resident assistant and Dean Tilden have a contractual obligation to fulfill. If a certain situation arises that involves students and is contrary to the school policies, Dean Tilden must take some disciplinary action. The Dean's job, in a simplistic sense, is a "super resident assistant." So, for the students who feel that the Dean's Offices or Dean Tilden in particular is the "bad guy," I suggest that we attempt to eradicate our problems with the trustees. Don't put all the blame on the Dean's Offices.

HEALTH :

Towards A Definition

EXERCISE

by Susan Steele



One of the first changes some of us realize in entering college life is a reduction in the amount of exercise we get. The phys ed requirement only offers an hour per week of minimal exercise, and does little to encourage more.

maintains muscle tone, flexibility, body form, and power, it is a safe assumption that there are a great many flabby Americans who find it an effort to climb three flights of stairs or stoop to pick up a dropped text book.

day is a good start. Push yourself to walk, not stroll and swing your arms. If you aren't too far out of shape, the pace, the increased oxygen, the little bit of sweat will make you feel a bit excited and eager to go on studying. This encounter with exercise is especially important for those who, like myself, spend half their lives on the second floor of the library.

P.S. That brisk walk also works off some nervous tension. It may help relieve the anxiety of mother's nagging phone call.

In recent years exercise has been so well publicized that 81% of Americans, when surveyed, claim to understand the benefits of a regular program. Yet only 37% claim they do anything about it. Since exercise

One need not be able to press 150 pounds of run the mile in five minutes, but all of us should get some form of exercise daily that revs up that engine, lets the body 'breathe'. A brisk walk to Hampden park and back each

COMPLIMENTARY AD SERVICE

All Albright students can place want ads in The Albrightian absolutely free. Just write the ad and place in box 107.

Honorary Sorority

Inducts Seniors

Twenty outstanding senior women will become members of Phi Delta Sigma honorary sorority, during the sorority's annual meeting tomorrow. The sorority started over 60 years ago, honors women who are outstanding in scholarship, leadership, and college and community service. Members of this sorority are currently residing throughout the world.

Seniors to be inducted include: Christie Antinucci, Mary Baldwin, Joyce Burket, Karen Fredericks, Diane Guglielmo, Regan Hicks, Kathryn Jugan, Pamela Kiesel, Rei Makino, Cathy Merry, Lucinda Mitchell, Cynthia Nolt, Mary Sabulsky, Sheila Slimmer, Sandra Stump, Laura Threkeld, Glenda Trumpower, Patricia Webb, Sharon Westley and Janet Witkin.

photo by og rogers

THE FOURTH CONFESSION

ORIENTATION

cont. from page 1.

Friends and countrymen, I must tell you about this our beautiful America. I am a member of the Planned Freedomhood Party. What is planned freedomhood? It is a system designed whereby people can be as good as they want to be or as evil as they want to be. All anyone has to do is worry about how good or evil he is. He doesn't have to bother himself with being helpful or kind or honest or dependable or considerate or wise. If a man feels he is evil then he is evil. If a man feels he is good then he is good. Here's a state secret: most folks think they are good, but I know now that they are all evil. And this makes most of them very irresponsible about their freedom. And what kind of government exists under a system of Planned Freedomhood? It is called Hypnotic Anarchy. Out there in the badlands of America it is really all chaos and crime and deceit and dishonesty, but statesmen through the long use of skillful hypnotherapy techniques have managed to convince everyone that they have law and order and harmony and control. How could these statesmen act in such a manner? Them being the product of a long line of hypnotherapists they are the best products of their own hypnotherapies. I'm the deluxe-supreme product!

Planned Freedomhood worked fine until strange events began occurring in the country. The most glaring example of such a strange event is the apparent dissolution of effective Hypnotic Anarchy Government. With all their techniques statesmen still could not understand why the country was dissolving before their very eyes. They countered the reality with more complex schemes of delusion. The result was a populace hypnotized into apathy. Saturation Hypnotism took its dreadful toll. The citizens today are so full of these treatments that they walk around sleepy-eyed and dead to nearly everything.

How do I know all this? I am the President of the United States. I am supposed to be the best hypnotist on Earth. I am not. My father was much better at it than me. He was the only Quaker preacher in Hollywood, Calif. He actually believed he had hypnotized those actors and actresses into believing in God. My father was an atheist in his immortal soul. He always said to me when I was a boy: "Cain, I don't care what you believe, but if you believe in something make sure you believe in something you need. I don't know if God exists, but I sure as Hell need

him if he does!" Pop has since gone to Heaven, God, you better help me with my job. I need all the help I can get at this present trying moment.

There has just been a presidential election. My only opposition candidate was a megalomaniac, the Reverend Thomas Abe Fiddlebe. He is the leader of The Save God and The Nation Crusade. His party is called The Save God and The Nation Crusade Party (GNP for short). Every single eligible voting member belongs to his party except me. My party you already know about. I am the last member of the Planned Freedomhood Party. In true political form everyone has jumped on the bandwagon of the good reverend. You know how he won or is going to win the election without receiving contributions or campaigning or mud-slinging. He tells them they are apathetic and they are. He says I am a fraud and I am. He says they shouldn't vote and they won't. He doesn't want anyone to vote in elections anywhere. He wants me to write in his name so he'll be the next president. I already did this. All the results have been tabulated. Guess what? I am in for a second term. Three cheers for the incumbent!

How did this happen? Well, two persons voted besides me. In my election campaign I promised better treatment for all kinds of abandoned animals. I also promised equal justice for every man alive. The following two fools wrote my name in for president: Wilbur Periwinkle Markle, an immigrant from Switzerland; this immigrant claims to be Rudo Hester, the terrorist who bombed the peace conference of Grande Villa of Grande long ago. They have both been lynched by the GNP. Nevertheless I won by a fifty percent vote margin. The greatest landslide victory in history—two for me, one for the reverend. I have a firm mandate to rule. This mandate given to me by two people who are fortunate enough to now be in Heaven with my pop. Shortly I will join them and we'll have a nice game of pinochle or maybe canasta with partners.

I am one of the predecessors of a president who resigned. He made history by being the first president to resign his office. He also was replaced by the first president in history not elected by a popular election. Laws! I am also going to make history by being the first president to commit suicide by jumping from

the observation floor of the Washington Monument to my death 555 feet below. I am waiting for the proper time though. It is fast approaching.

Why am I up here in the Washington Monument on Election Day? The Department of Defense has told me the country is threatened with a coup. This coup has the popular support of all the people in the badlands. The Defense Department is protecting me and my rights as president. I can look down below and see what surrounds the monument. There are twenty thousand infantry men with bazookas, grenades, bayoneted M-16 rifles, gas masks and chromium-plated army surplus helmets. They form the outer perimeter of my defense ring. I can't give all the details, but the department is making a fine showing. Right now they're singing a chorus of Hail to the Chief. And after that I'll get a twenty-one gun salute from the sixty tanks cruising around. Then they'll wave little American flags at me. And say the pledge of allegiance. And close the performance with The Lord's Prayer. They are displaying their love for me, the first commander-in-chief in history who will commit suicide. It is windy and cold here. Both elevators are up. I went down earlier in the day to cast my single write-in vote for the reverend. Only one voting machine down there. It had no curtain—and my name wasn't even on the ballot! Democracy!

Well, Americans, I don't have much time so I must hurry with my condensed memoirs. I have lost the will to live. Americans, your country is crooked from the top to the bottom and the only kind of man who can run it is one who is also crooked from top to bottom. There are few loopholes in this Hierarchy of Crookedness. We have had hypnotherapy for too long. We have bubble-bathed in neurotic bliss without considering the consequences. We sought slick deception and found it. Now we must play out this life of falseness to its ultimate self-destruction. Were I to tell you in public what your country is and what I am you would be deeply shocked. For an action would only make obvious the chaos which is so real. A chaos which none of you have ever been taught exists. A chaos which none of you can probably deal with. A chaos we have created which has corrupted just about every human soul in this our beautiful badlands. I am an honest fraud. God, forgive me for my fraudulence. I must hurry. The Reverend Fiddlebe is making his grand entrance into Washington. He is riding a white albino donkey. People are throwing rosebuds and petals before him. Ladies and girls and femme fatales are fainting at his sight. He is young and handsome and strong and insensitive and the best anti-hypnotist since my father. He's got folks believing that he is the New Messiah. My dad always said the New Messiah wouldn't have a chance in this modern world even if he had the powers of a God. That if he appeared he'd probably masquerade as the most evil man on Earth. That he'd be born as

Satan and blossom into Christ. That he would have felt every evil impulse known to mortal men and he would have learned to control them. That he would be the honest embodiment of all that is evil and all that is good and because he knew all of good and all of evil his choice would have been the easiest of any man in history. He would have known for sure that all the good he could do was not evil. He would never have to look in the mirror while shaving and suddenly realize after all those years he was evil. So that was my pop's idea of a New Messiah. An honest man with his heart laid bare can come pretty close. Americans, I am an evil man. I hate being an evil man. I would like to be a good man, but you must also admit the evil in your own hearts. My father had a wise saying, non-biblical, about good and evil. It went like this: a sunny-side up egg is only an aborted baby chick which has fallen into the hands of a hungry man. Well, the good Reverend is down there shaking hands with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I guess the coup is over. A great day for America! Turn over the other page. I am going to save the Reverend the trouble of climbing up to see me. I will fall down to him. I will put gravity to work for me! I am pinning a special note on my breast pocket for him to read when he discovers my body at his feet. Now for three Hail Marys and a Happy Hannah! Well, here I go!

SENIORS HONORED AT DINNER

Nearly 200 seniors were the guests of the National Council of Alumni, Parents and Friends, at the annual senior buffet held in the college dining hall on Tuesday, April 22.

Robin Hynicka '75 offered the invocation. Albricht President Schultz had greetings for the class. Dr. Roderick Horning '51, president of the National Council, welcomed the class into the National Council and encouraged the members of the class to participate in council activities.

Carlton Dodge '58, director of alumni relations, was the featured speaker. His presentation emphasized the importance of keeping in touch with the college and supporting the college after graduation.

During a brief business meeting, Sterling Goode and Jenny Riggs were elected co-chairpersons for class reunions. Sterling will also serve as the class representative to the National Council, and Jenny is the alternate.



Arlen Orloff handles a hot one with her eyes closed.

CALL
373-3928

V&S sandwich shop
1558 N. 9th

TRY OUR TASTY
Pizza Muffin only **25¢** (Pepperoni \$4 extra)

Open daily 10 AM to 11 PM
Fri. & Sat. to 11:30 PM
CLOSED TUESDAY
Italian - Steak - Ham -
Pizza Plus - TUNA -
Meat Ball Sandwiches
French Fries



The Boston Marathon: My Dream Come True

by RICH PETRONELLA

It was born out of a dream five years ago which led to a 15 month period filled with 3000 miles of running. The dream came true though on April 21, 1975, as I completed the running of the 79th annual Boston Marathon. For something that had started out as a whimsical idea I ended up putting more time and energy into that than in any other project I've ever attempted. As April 21st neared I became obsessed with fulfilling my dream. The obsession took its effect in longer and more difficult runs in order to make the 26 miles 385 yards of Boston seem as easy and natural as any 15 mile practice run.

I flew into Boston on the eve of Patriot's Day to witness a festive atmosphere due to Bicentennial celebrations that had been going on for the past several days. Boston was filled with people and, as I was to learn later, the marathon would attract more than a million cheering New Englanders, lining the streets from the start at Hopkinton to the Prudential Center in Boston. They would watch what proved to be the largest field in the 79 year history of the event (2500 runners), and in the process see a (Boston College) grad student, Will Rogers, run a record time of 2:09:55, giving him the fifth fastest marathon in history.

As I prepared for bed I was growing anxious for the next day to arrive. I worried about the infamous Heartbreak Hill at the 21 mile mark, whether it would claim me as it has done other numerous victims. I wondered if my daily practice runs, which had lasted anywhere between 12 and 20 miles, over hilly and flat roads, had been sufficient preparation for this world famous event. Thoughts of my 15 month wait along with the countless miles run, in the heat of summer, through the cool breezes of autumn and in the bitter cold of dismal winter days, all flashed through my mind. All of the pain and loneliness of those days were but distant memories now with only thoughts of the satisfaction and enjoyment I drew from running standing out in my mind. With

nothing left to do but run the race itself I retired into a deep and peaceful sleep.

Upon awakening I saw a partly cloudy day, with no threat of rain, much to my delight. The weather forecast called for ideal marathon conditions— 45-53 degree temperatures and a 20-25 mph wind, which would be at our backs for the entire race. I quickly donned my running garb, consisting of white shorts, a blue head band and a yellow sum bum T-shirt, and had a light breakfast with a couple of guys I had met from Minnesota. After eating we walked from our hotel to the Prudential Center, where buses were leaving to take runners to Hopkinton. The bus ride seemed awfully long to me as I listened to other runners compare their times and races they had run with each other.

We finished our journey at Hopkinton High School, where we would receive our running number and remain until the start of the race, still 2 hours away. I got my number and pinned it on but took it off and did it two more times until I was satisfied with the way it looked and felt (a pre-race quirk of mine.) The gym and school halls were soon filled to capacity with people from California and Texas, Canada and Mexico, England, W. Germany and even China, all preparing for the event and united in a shared enjoyment of mankind's oldest sport—running.

At 11:30 a.m., yet a half hour before the start, we joined many other runners, who had already started to line up. I guessed we were 30 yards from the starting line but just a few minutes before the gun sounded I looked back to see the "starting line" extend 100-150 yards in its full width. My excitement increased tenfold at that sight, to realize that all of those people had shared similar preparations for this race and that all were ready to get to Boston on their own two feet.

The talking amongst us subsided as the starter raised his gun which sounded with a crack, sending a puff of smoke into the

air, to set the runners up front into a forward halting motion. I was unable to go forward until about 15 seconds after the gun went off, but I learned later that the back rows couldn't move until a minute or two after the signal was given. From that point until almost 3 hours later I wore a spontaneous, ear to ear grin that could not be suppressed until after the race had ended. The first mile was fairly crowded as we headed downhill but I was even more amazed to see the throngs of spectators cheering for us on the roadsides. The event was already becoming all I had ever dreamt it would be. As I looked down the road there were people as far as the eye could see, heads bobbing up and down as they ran on, with the same sight to my rear. That was when I fully understood the enormity of this event and how it received the world-wide attention it receives.

The first several miles were basically downhill with interspersed flat sections, making for an effortless and brisk opening pace. By the 6 mile mark, however, the course flattened out with a couple of gradual hills, as we wound our way through towns packed with cheering kids and grownups. People handed out orange slices, cups of water and ice cubes along the route to help us replenish our lost body fluids, and for their help I was most grateful. More than once though I almost separated kids' hands from their orange slices when they failed to let go. It was also something to see lines of little kids with their little hands reaching out to slap palms of passing runners and to hear and see their joy when I reciprocated with their requests.

By 1:06 p.m., according to someone's watch, we had completed the first 10 miles, which had gone by much quicker than I had anticipated. I came up on a couple of women runners and soon passed them as they were heavily applauded by the crowds. I soon drew even with a young man who was doing the marathon while sitting in a wheelchair. He was going at

a suprisingly quick and constant pace and I found myself shouting words of encouragement to him as did neighboring runners and the spectators. Suddenly I came up on one of the guys I had met from Minnesota. He was limping painfully, due to blisters he had received, and most likely would not finish the race, for which he had aimed at completing in 2:40. At the half way point, still feeling rather fresh, I was confronted with throngs of cheering, screaming girls from Wellesley College. They aligned themselves in the street forming a chute, only a couple of feet wide, through which we had to run single file. I made a rapid sprint through calls of "Go Sun Bum!" and cheers for a girl runner, who was directly in back of me. After leaving that refreshing mania behind I saw the guy in the wheelchair go zipping by me on a downhill section. I couldn't believe how he was moving so well, but again I passed him never to see him again.

With 10 miles to go I got into a steady, brisk pace that did not slacken until the final two or three miles. The road began to steepen as I entered the Newtons, but I still possessed energy reserves to call upon for gradual inclines. We went by Boston University with some frat houses blaring rock music, which caused an added shot of adrenaline to move through me. The students, many of whom clutched beer cans, urged us on and assured us that the finish was not far off. A couple of miles down the road I knew Heartbreak Hill was waiting, only to discover that I was on the hill itself and not feeling any dire effects from its long gradual incline, much to my amazement and gratification. At the top of the hill sounded a voice over a loudspeaker, "Congratulations! You have just conquered the Newton hills. You have 5 miles left, which are downhill or flat. Good luck!"

That announcement told me the worst was over and after glancing at several church tower clocks, that read about 2:20 p.m., I knew that unless I cramped up my secondary goal of breaking 3 hours would also

be fulfilled. I began to notice apartment houses around me, where individual homes had been throughout most of the race, signaling entry into the city limits. The miles seemed to go by slower now, and the increasing size of the crowd promised us only 4 miles more, then 3 miles to go. With 2 miles to go the Prudential Center, one of the tallest skyscrapers in Boston, was at long last visible, and I kept my eyes on it until the end. Still I had not exhausted myself completely, but a spirited attempt at increasing my speed proved futile nonetheless.

The road turned to go up a two block long hill right before it entered the Prudential square. I turned the corner with my arms in the air amid cheers and applause from the huge crowd, which had been such an inspiration during the whole race. At the top of the hill we turned again for the final 100 yards, at which point I broke into an all out sprint to celebrate my individual victory. I heard the crowd cheering as I passed four or five runners within my range, with the last man giving me a pat on the rump as if to acknowledge an effort well done. A wave of relief passed over my upon hitting the finish line, where I saw an unofficial time of 2:56:56 and 754th place written down on a sheet next to my number. It had been the quickest 2:56:56 of my life in addition to being the most memorable. In those moments I experienced a total ecstasy and satisfaction, probably never to be approached to quite the same degree. The 79th annual Boston Marathon was over for me and with it my greatest dream had come true.

Editor's Note:

Mr. Petronella wished that it be made known that he participated in the Boston Marathon independent, and without the official support, of the Albright College Physical Education Department.



ALUMNI WELCOME



A
ju
in
th
or
fr
of
Li
ra
av
th

D
A
de
in
gr
vo
fo
we
ha
f
en
is
na
pl
ad
de
acc

No
o f
adr
cl
ade
of
gro
the
the
ad
hop

D

It w
Tho
the
Extr
Edu
Albr

Dr.
Albr
1977
of D
Ches