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New Dean of Students

by Thea Mohr and Scott Pass

Jim Krider begins office as Dean of Students this fall. He will be filling the position that David Parker assumed temporarily when Peter Sears resigned last year.

Mr. Krider said that he chose Bard's office of Dean of Students—over jobs at Colorado College and New England College—because of the diversity and freedom Bard offers its students. "It sounded like an interesting place to work," he said.

Mr. Krider reported on student affairs to the vice-president at Halamas College for five and a half years, and before that was the area coordinator for residence halls at Plates State Female College. He directed his undergraduate work at Rollins College in Richmond, Virginia and is currently a Doctoral Candidate at Western Michigan University. He will be writing his doctoral thesis on the retention of students on, or more simply, how to keep students in school.

Mr. Krider is especially concerned about the relatively large numbers of Bard students that withdraw each year.

"Some people probably leave because they can't deal with all the freedom," he commented.

While social and academic freedom is important, Mr. Krider said, too much of it might make Bard students unproductive.

The academic freedom Bard offers its students, especially during the freshman year, could cause some problems, he said.

"A big phrase I've heard around here is 'Freedom to Fail,'" he said, many professors don't come out and say, 'Gen., you haven't been going to class.' Some students aren't ready to handle that. Non-academic student problems have also been on Mr. Krider's mind. He says he has heard of many cases of students who've left Bard quickly, disappointed or shocked by the co-ed dorms and bathrooms and the generally relaxed attitude of Bard students. And yet some students have not found it relaxed enough. Mr. Krider recently dealt with a group of unhappy freshmen who had arrived expecting a "Bard's campus—found themselves in a dorm with single-sex floors (Newark)." Mr. Krider explained that many students find adjustment difficult because as prospective students they were perhaps not as well-informed about Bard as they should have been.

"I think the college needs to accept some responsibility for informing the student what the school is like," he said, adding that Bard should give applicants an honest (and perhaps not always attractive) look at the college.

Mr. Krider plans to work closely with the registrar and Tom Meilhoj, said he expected there to be no major changes in the way his Office will work. "David and I operate along the same wavelength," he said.

"Our styles are very similar." Mr. Krider said it's been a nice transition period and has been busy arranging his office and trying to feel at home. He hopes like the Dean's house has gone well, and he expects to meet with students there on occasion.

Mr. Krider said he hopes to develop a good working relationship with the students, and on behalf of himself and his wife, Virginia, says "We're really looking forward to being a part of the community."
Editorial

The new Bard Observer is a student-run newspaper that will be appearing roughly every three weeks, five times a semester. It will always be eight pages in length, unless more money is raised, and will maintain work done almost exclusively by Bard students, including reporting, photography, short fiction, essays, satire, drawings, and cartoons.

But despite its variety, the Observer is primarily a newspaper, and will present the news most pertinent to Bard students in a straightforward, professional manner, to achieve our main purpose, and no matter how late, we'll do it. If you want to know what's going on at Bard, you need to read us. Except for the occasional special edition, we're not avant-garde enough (Where's the bowling alley? At least most of you will enjoy what we're doing).

To the Editor:

Late in 1983, President Reagan and his supporters in Congress staged a remarkable public relations move to justify the growing pressure over the nuclear arms race. Reagan's plan for a "build down" looked like an arms control and security proposal. This administration is quite good at disguising weapons to destroy two weapons for every one built seems fair, and the proposal satisfied even the powerful and organized nuclear arms freeze movement in the US.

Today, the "Freeze 84". Considering current Soviet-American relations, however, this proposal seemed like too little to accomplish: current tensions. The problem is not only that the public is accepting the proposal that two obsolete Titan missiles be destroyed for every one of the new missiles built (really, most voters believe numbers play the key role). But the freeze movement itself is creating the major problem by declaring a politically uncompromising doctrine.

A permanent unilateral freeze would be enshrined no one in the US has ever called for it. And since the freeze movement is the only one that is calling for the freeze movement, it is programmatically disabled. The main problem is the freeze movement's inability to restructure its proposal in a politically feasible form. Instead of demanding a permanent freeze, a temporary freeze should be part of their proposal. It would appeal to Reagan and to the public, and to the conservative elements, would view such a proposal favorably.

A temporary freeze (say, three months) could be enacted without undermining the parity of force which exists today. Such a freeze would show the willingness of the United States to halt the arms race and attempt to sway the Soviet Union to follow in our footsteps.

To the Editor:

I am not in the habit of attending Chapel often. I could even say that I have never been to Chapel services. (Hope—once on Easter.) But now I am not going for a reason. There are no pews.

I don’t know who is in charge of this sort of thing. I do know that the Chapel has a brand new shiny floor and it looks very pretty, and I know that to put in the floor the pews had to be removed. But I don’t know why they were never replaced. So I told me that the pews were in storage and there were no plans to take them. I assume that the open space is more usable and more practical for a church and such, but I want the pews back anywhere.

I am trying to envision services without the rows of folding chairs to be set up and put away each Sunday. Shame on you for entertaining us through: It is a church, not a gymnasium. It is not a matter of practicality, it is a matter of aesthetics. Yes, folding chairs would work. They would hold our fannies in place, but if I walked the drive-in roadside church atmosphere, I wouldn’t be in the Bard Chapel to begin with. I need the solidity of wood, the physical structure of a worn bench where many before me have sat with a tickle. Peace means more than any plastic swoop ever could.

It is a great loss to the community if the pews are not returned as soon as possible.

Claire Surovell

To the Editor:

The Reagan Administration states that Nicaragua’s problems are a move toward socialism. However, according to a Harvard law student who went to Nicaragua in December, "we help in the harvest of coffee and cotton, attend government meetings, and construct schools, but the peasants are causing more chaos than anything else." According to Judith Singer, a participant in the "Mauricio Murillo Brigade" (named after the slain Grenada leader), there were young people in the hospital who had their fingers blown off by grenades. Other people were brought in who had been injured while defending the U.S. against a tank attack. They were shot in the northern border of the country.

The U.S. has no right to meddle and suppress the national government. This is only a product of a U.S. government that has no right to purchase the weapons with which it has financed armies in other countries. The U.S. government cannot send these criminals to their end without U.S. participation.

William Preston
Dan White's Release: A Personal View

On November 27, 1978, Dan White, the former Supervisor of San Francisco's City Hall with a gun and a life of San Francisco lore, was arrested for the murder of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk. White had been convicted of voluntary manslaughter in 1977 after shooting two people, one of whom he killed. He was released January 6, 1984. Now he's free once more.

Many people are not familiar with the case and I still don't know how he managed to get only five years for murdering two people in broad daylight. Perhaps this is why Dan White is free; the original charge of "murder" was reduced to "voluntary manslaughter" after a group of psychiatrists brought in the "diminished capacity" defense. According to trial, while White was under a lot of stress and temporarily lost control of his actions, but White had a mental breakdown against the testimony of Milk and Moscone for quoting him from his most on the board. The idea was to create a prepared weapon, and enough force to avoid the metal detector at City Hall. It's impossible for me to believe his crime was committed in a state of transitory madness.

SCOTT THOMAS:
RECORD REVIEW

I think the first issue of 1984 is a fine place from which to look back at 1983 and see what, if anything, happened to popular music. In 1983 nothing new really happened, though we did witness the culmination of trends which had their roots in 1982. The most obvious trend is what is now known as "techno-pop" or more generally electronic music.

Archives

in gaps in the local liter- ary magazine's Gazette collection.

While books and paper can be replaced, the problem of the lost magazine is more complex. Photographs must first be located and then recorded. Even if the photographs are found, they may not be in a usable form. The problem of the lost magazine is more complex. Photographs must first be located and then recorded. Even if the photographs are found, they may not be in a usable form.

I'd love to see everything organized and properly stored, but the money just isn't available. The library underestimated its need for cataloging books and converting them into a database. To handle this, the library was understaffed. The library failed to order the necessary books and computer programs. The library has since received a large grant, but it has not been used for the purpose intended. In fact, 1984 may hold some sort of backlash. The library's underfunding has created a problem in the way the library is run. It is only a matter of time before it happens. If you have any questions, please check the library's Web site. I will be glad to answer any questions you may have. If you have any questions, please check the library's Web site. I will be glad to answer any questions you may have.


the increase in the cost of acid-free envelopes.

with the latest special effects. The latest critics like to place the crickets of technology, the latest gadgets, but it is not enough on much longer than that. Technology, and popular music, were not just crossing paths with the invention of the electric guitar and since then pop music has embraced the latest inventions with enthusiasm.

There have been three recent developments which have made techno-pop possible:

(continued from p.1)

promotion, which means that the latest special effects are a remarkable piece of melody to the exact science of the late '60s. The latest gadgets are being used to create new sounds and new spaces. They are being used in an increasingly imaginative way.

The library's underfunding has created a problem in the way the library is run. It is only a matter of time before it happens. If you have any questions, please check the library's Web site. I will be glad to answer any questions you may have. If you have any questions, please check the library's Web site. I will be glad to answer any questions you may have.

(continued p.5)
TRANSFERS

To transfer into a new school is not always easy. Having already been in college before coming to Bard may make it easier to adjust to the academics—but it may make the social adjustment more difficult.

The transfer program run by Michael Rosenbaum tries to soften what is sometimes a great culture shock—a move from a large university to the small Bard College campus. The very diversified group that came in this semester numbered nineteen, and entered Bard as freshmen, sophomores, and juniors.

The students I spoke with seemed grateful for having been able to meet each other before classes began. Their friendships kept them from feeling alone in their new surroundings—which were very different from Idaho or California.

On the last night before classes, they were treated to a party in the Ithaca lounges. Here they exchanged and met other students who did their best to make them feel at home as Bard undergraduates. Many of the transfer students I spoke with asked me to conclude by thanking Allen Schwartz for the work she put into the program and to send her their best wishes for her graduation in the spring.

Fred S. Mazik

CLUB NOTICE

One of the more recently formed clubs on campus is known as the International/Intercultural Club, introduced last semester by Reynap Aricasli. The club comprises foreign students from Turkey, Korea, Africa, El Salvador, Venezuela, and several European countries.

The club’s goal is to bring foreign students together and to further educate the Bard campus about different cultures.

Last semester, the International/Intercultural Club brought Costa-Gavras’ film § to the Bard community. The club also held an international dinner at Kittswood—each member contributed a dish from his own native country. The club is now organizing its activities for this semester. Anyone who wishes to join is welcome. For further information, contact boxes 121 or 894.

Any comments, suggestions, or requests to attend any of the meetings should be sent to Box 504.

Fred S. Mazik

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POETRY

Spring

I heard the gutters dripping today,
The icicles cracking, the snow about to slide
From my roof and onto the hedge.

My friend, while walking in the forest,
Had heard a loudest, had seen a lightning
Storm out of the corner of his eye.

Scott K. Thomas

The Idea of a Young Man becoming Realistic

I reached the wall, the one that’s made of stone.
Joe, where the fields end, the woods begin. My father
Said that no one passed that gate and I
Did not believe him, but it happened Joe.
I couldn’t cross. The bottom rocks are so low
And I couldn’t boost myself up. I guess that you
Were right, but still I wonder who has made
This cruel illusion: trees that I can see
And even hear, but cannot sit beneath.

Scott K. Thomas
DAN WHITE

was killed, but I didn't know who Harvey Milk was until after he was dead. The more I learned about Milk, the more flattering his death was to me. Here I was, a young man who knew she was gay, but certainly didn't feel bad about it. My outlook on the future was bleak, especially with people like Anita ("Kill a Queen for Christ!") Bryant making headlines with her "Save the Children" crusade. Milk was the first gay I'd ever heard of that had held an influential government position. Through his accomplishments I learned that it was possible to be the way you wanted to be, to be well-liked and respected for being true to yourself, and to have a say in the way your corner of the world is run. But my first role model was already dead, and I silently shared in the gay community's outrage and sense of loss. Ultimately, the blame rests with the judicial system. "Most of the anger I pick up from gay people," said Elhai, "is about the miscarriage of justice—that someone who was involved in a promiscuous murder, the assassination of two public officials, and five years later he's walking the streets of L.A." The treatment of Dan White's crime is an example of the criminal justice system at its worst. Dan White is out now, and there is nothing anyone can legally do to punish him. But perhaps Dan White's case will compel us to look closer at who we're electing to positions of power. And perhaps it will cause us to reevaluate our judicial system and make some vital changes—so killers like Dan White stay behind bars. (Some facts and/or quotes from interviews were taken from January 26th, 4th, and 7th issues of the San Francisco Chronicle.)

Julie Thrush

THE TEN BEST ALBUMS OF 1983

1) "The Band of Kindness," Richard Thompson
2) "Trouble in Paradise," Randy Newman
3) "Echoes of the Beauteous," The Police
4) "The Docks and Names," Paul Simon
5) "The Idlewild," Bob Dylan
6) "Punch the Clock," Elvis Costello and the Attractions
7) "Heartbreaks," Bert Jansch
8) "Jazzman," Al Jarreau
9) "Fame and Wealth," London Maitreya Tailor
10) "An Innocent Man," Billy Joel

BARD CALENDAR OF WEEKLY EVENTS

Monday, February 13 - Sunday, February 19, 1984

Academic Notes... Professor and Mrs. Grenoble are looking for an afternoon playmate for their son, 5 years old. Any interested undergraduates? Please call Mrs. Grenoble at 444-5678.

KIDS' NIGHT OUT: "The Elephant King," Wednesday, February 15 at 7:30 PM. Bring your group. Bring your own snacks.

The BARD Cooperative Dinner: Saturday, February 17 at 6:30 PM. Meet in the BARD Common Room, 1350 University. Bring your own wine.

** Welcome

The Illustrated BOOK OF LISTS (by David Wolentsky) contains all the lists you'll need to know about BARD, its students, faculty, and events. It has been illustrated by Bruce J. Windham. Fewer words, more pictures.

** Welcome

The BARD Non-conformist Club meets in the Public Room in Klein Commons on Thursday, December 15. Please remember to wear your uniforms.

** Welcome

The Bard Every Player Tour: Class of '84!/"My Girlfriend Told Me That the Most Romantic Experience of Two People is When They"... The Bard Every Player Tour: Class of '84!/"My Girlfriend Told Me That the Most Romantic Experience of Two People is When They..."

** Welcome
A little over a year and a half ago, I described what it was like to come so hard in the little notebook I had been given by an instructor. I wrote:

"My father drove both me and my mother to Hard on Saturday, the fourteenth of August; that was two days ago. He drove us in our old sliver station wagon, that only a few days earlier had visited the house that was my sister, and I. to our home, back from a five-week vacation in North Carolina where we had visited relatives. A trip of the station wagon was my belongings. I had packed hastily in the morning, my father coming back forth in the living room, reminding me that I had planned to leave half an hour ago. In the train, I forgot to pass one message and bring the desk lamp all to the oak school desk in my room.

"It took only two hours for us to get to the college, which I suppose comforted my parents, as it will be easy to return home when we return home. I'm sure my mother was hoping I'd visit often; we've always been very close. I had been away from home for nearly a year, in Europe, and had just returned to the states in time for our annual summer trip to North Carolina, me and my mother had just begun to resume the friendly trust we had before I went away, and now I was leaving again.

"My father probably regretted seeing me go, too; he occasionally joked that I would probably never return home when I got to college; the way he said it, I could see the idea of it hurt him, and that he was hoping I'd be home often.

"When the Language and Thinking Program was over, and the upperclassmen arrived, I soon felt somewhat out of place. I had been chosen by very traditional high school; all the girls had worn barrettes in their hair and powdered stockings. I didn't understand torn sweatershirts or plaid haircuts. How could I hope to develop friendships, meaningful friendships, in this crowd?

"A few short months after arrival, I was miserable. So much so that on the twelfth of November, I would write, in that little notebook:

"It's all coming apart; I've lost course. Get me out of here. Help."

At the end of the first semester, I withdrew from college, with vague plans for getting a job on a newspaper somewhere. I applied for a job at the Lakeville Journal and was promptly turned down because I had no journalism training. I drove the family car one day down Waterbury to see about a job on the Waterbury Republican, but the whole city, even the newspaper itself, was too intimidating. I never even went inside the building.

"And so I found myself sitting at home, feeling more unsure of myself than I had ever been. It was winter outside, but my father, still in touch with the emotional progressions of the year, was thinking about spring, the lawn that would have to be mowed, our family's broken lawnmower. For me, spring seemed like it could never arrive.

"You know, I ought to get my lawnmower repaired," my father said one afternoon when we were in the garage. He had said it with a sort of lightness, as if it was, indeed, his lawnmower, and it was no longer a matter of the next...

A month later, the end of January, I did the incredible: I picked up the phone and asked to be re-admitted to hard College. My parents were delighted, and I found even myself giving a slight sigh of relief.

The second semester at Hard was very different from the first: my acquaintances developed into true friendships, and experiences would pass me and my home.

The large page I filled in my Journal entries during this time speak for themselves; I was too busy being busy, with my friends, talking late into the night, dancing at the bar, to sit down and write my lonely feelings dutifully in a small spiral-bound notebook.

Since then, I've enjoyed hard College. I feel at home here. I don't know whether I've simply learned to cope with this surroundings better, or whether it, in fact, has changed slightly, probably a little of both. Yesterday I saw two girls with powdered stockings.

Scott Page

Moonlight Sonata

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BREAKFAST LUNCH DINNER SUNDAY BRUNCH
The thin snow driving from the north and lodging on my coat consists of those beautiful star crystals, not pitting and churlish spars as on the 15th of December, but thin and partly transparent crystals. They are about one tenth of an inch in diameter, perhaps little wheels with six spokes, without a tire, or rather with six perfect little leaflets, fern-like, with a distinct, straight, slender midrib running from the centre. On each side of each midrib there is a transparent, thin blade, with a curved edge. Now full of the creative genius of the snow, in which these are generated, I should hardly admire more, if real stars fell and lodged on my coat. Nature is full of genius, full of the divinity, so that not a snow-flake escapes its fashioning hand. Nothing is cheap and coarse, neither dew-drops nor snow-flakes.

Soon the snow increases (it was already very aware to face), and the snow comes finer, nor white and powdery. —Who knows but this is the original form of all snow-flakes, but that, when I observe these crystal stars falling around me, they are only just generated in the low mist near the earth. I am nearer to the source of the snow, its primal, auroral, and golden hour of infancy; commonly the flakes reach us travel-worn and agglomerated, corruptly, without order or beauty, far down in their fall, like men in the dusk of advanced age. As for the circumstances under which this phenomenon occurs, it is quite cold, and the driving storm is bitter to face, though very little snow is falling. It comes almost horizontally, not much. A divinity must have stirred within them, beyond the clouds. The petals of the flower are numbered, each of these countless snow stars comes whirling to earth, pronouncing thus the number six, order, and divinity. This was the beginning of a storm which reached far and wide, and elsewhere was more severe than here. On the Dakesleighs, where no man of science is present to behold, still down there come, and not the less fulfill their destiny, perchance melt at once on the Indian's face. What a world we live in, where pyramids of these little flakes, so beautiful to the most pining eye, are whirled down on every traveler's coat, the observant and the unobservant, on the restless squirrel's fur, on the far-stretching fields and forests, the wooded dells and the mountain tops. Far, far away from the haunts of man, they roll down some little slope, fall over and come to their bearings, and melt or lose their beauty in the mass, ready soon to swell some little rill with their contribution, and so, at last, the universal ocean from which they came. There they lie, like the wreck of chariot wheels after a battle in the skies. Meanwhile the meadow mouse shoves them aside in his gallery, the school-boy casts them in his snow-ball, or the woodman's sled glides smoothly over them, those glistening speckles, the sweepings of heaven's floor. And they all sing, melting as they sing, of the mysteries of the number six: six, six, six. He takes up the wavers of the sea in his hand, leaving the salt; he disperses them through the skies; he re-collects and sprinkles it like grain in six-rayed snowy stars over the earth, there to lie till he dissolves its bonds again.

Carol, if you see a poor, pathetic person sitting alone in the corner, please sit next to me. I looking for a slave to keep my feet warm, must take and be in the small place. Box 482.

Just saying hello to you, you beautiful blonde. Yes, it is a worthless land, I'm not mad.

Wanted: A book on the care and maintenance of 90's. Contact box 244.

Come up to Lexington, I'll sing old sick and dirty, more dead than alive. I'm waiting for you.

Larry.

691. In there a farmer 'Hunts' College Campus - Sound out there! You're supposed to be out there! If so, find me. Van. Potter, 104, Box 273.

Anna. If it weren't for you, this wouldn't be easy. Thanks - 9.
SPORTS

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Those of you who came to the men's basketball games this last year might have noticed evidence of a decline in the typical scores of their games this year. Nevertheless, it is a new season and, although the team is 0 and 4 so far (making then 1 and 3 for the overall season), they are doing considerably in there and giving it all they've got. After the loss of three key players, including our N.A.C.C. League head coach, Howard Bernard has had to contend with the fact that most of the team is quite inexperienced. However, he has called this season a "rebuidling year," and the men's hard work and determination have shown. They are doing all they can to make it just as good this season. The team includes: John Kuck, Peter Mit- tenthal, David Quinter, Dennis Willings, Thomas Dennis, Abe Levy and Kevin Hunter. "The guys are all hopeful and working hard," says Howard Bernard. "But we've got to do all we can to avoid injuries. Our goal of making the N.A.C.C. playoffs will be especially hard to achieve after the recent injury of Chris Beals.

David Quinter has had to take leadership of the team as point guard—a position which he seems to be holding very well—while both John Kuck and Chris Dennis have improved 100% since the season began. Seniors, Peter Mittenthal and John Moakes have also had very good seasons. Peter leads the team in rebounds, while John, who scores in double figures almost every night, has led, according to many, his best year yet. The next home game this semester is Sat., February 18, at 4:00 p.m. against SUNY Tech at Utica, and there will be a few more at home subsequently. If you can make it, be sure to come down on please do—your support at the games can make all the difference.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Despite their 0 and 0 overall season record, the women's varsity basketball team is not discouraged. Nur is their coach, Joel Tocson. There is reason to wonder with a team of only six: Debbie Waxman, Maria Mininno, Thea Bloom, Mary Mason, Dorothy Ruch and Theresa Adams. But the girls will not be deterred, even though it means practicing at 8:00 in the morning. According to Joel, it comes down to "a higher competitiveness than in past years, a lot of noticeable improvement in skills and a defense which has become quite admirable." Joel's expectations for the spring season, which begins February 7 with a non-league game against Mt. St. Mary College at 6:00 p.m., includes winning three or four games. There will be no consistency in the women's basketball team this year. "Our confidence is enough to play with more patience," says Joel, as long as we can prevent injuries to key starting players and keep out of foul trouble. The key is in the control of our offense by Maria, using their height at the basket, good shooting from the wings, Dorothy and Debbie, and good rebounding from Mary and Theresa. While the girls are all set for the season, they would be happy to add more players to the team. If you're interested, contact Joel Tocson on Sat., 15th at 10:15 or 11:30. At the gym. If you like the sport but don't want to play, you can still watch the games. Your support will be greatly appreciated.

MEN'S CLUB VOLLEYBALL

A Men's Club Volleyball team has been added to the sports program this semester. The team, with a squad of approximately 13 men, is being run on a trial basis with the hope of initiating a university intramural volleyball league in a year or two. "The times and dates of practice and matches will be published when known.


All interested volleyball players—male and female—are invited to attend a team volleyball festival to be held this Saturday, March 3rd. Twenty-five or more teams from the East Coast will be batting for the championship. It should be a day of great volleyball. Contact Sharon Kirurger.

Men's basketball: 2/15 SUNY Tech Utica, 2/21 CBB, 2/23 at BCCC, 2/25 Stephans's Tech.


*Bar hosting at Red Rock High School

CLASSIFIEDS

Do you play chess? I'm looking for an intermediate level player for game after dinner. Weiss Scott, box 358.

Thanks, freshmen, for making hard attractive and active! Take care, Ely. I love this hole—there it would be nice if I had a wife! were here.

Actt: Hi Divorced Green Hunter seeks mate for meaningful relationship. No cookies, no diamonds, no drugs. Send pic to box 11245878, sunny side, Boston. I need work. I'll do just about anything. If you have anything you need done, call: (516) 428- 3253. Ask for the Freshman.

Hi! Most of you students know me. I'm David Storrestad (four o'clock 3-1) and I'd like to know what kind of music he's listening to. Call 757-285 or box 400. The team needs players and a coach. If interested, call John Kuck—2nd floor, 501. Yancey a la Playa, Yancey a la Playa, Yancey a la Playa. A blind friend looking for a deaf friend, a mute friend and a girl not having any fun.

Happy! I love you not only for who you are, but also for who I am when I'm with you. So...

DON AND DAVE: I'll be your doorman tomorrow—think you'll be satisfied, won't you?

FLOP: Have you forgotten what it is like to play? Happy Valentine, Val...

PI: Hi! Why should I?

THE FALL PRECIPITATION: with the snow melting, I'm looking for a lady, the kind you find in the Kambi eyes. I'm only as far as the nearest dark corner. Signed, Lust Struck Solo.

Valentine Messages

1. Thanks for our wonderful times together. I wish I could still be near you. Love, A.C.
2. You're bold and beautiful. I'll always admire you. Love, A.C.
4. Too bad we didn't have a class together. Sure would like to spend some time with ya. Take care.
5. You're the best, I can't think of anyone else. Love, Santa.

BREEZY: Sometimes I think I love you. Other times I know I do. All my love, Michael.

Honey, where are the scary monsters today? Do you miss ENSM? I do. Let's get together. Hope that isn't funny at all.

Dear Ben and Beth, I'm feeling fine and the housemates are lumpy. Please send money! T.A. (a fellow engineer college student.)

I hope all you Washington Redskins fans have recovered from their great defeat at Super Bowl 18. The Redskins: 2/15 SUNY Tech Utica, 2/21 CBB, 2/23 at BCCC, 2/25 Stephans's Tech.

Hi! Here's to newsletters—cows.

Dear May and Steve: When you read this—imagine it's 100 years of solitude.

Tony Moreau, we can meet the POG for a bite next weekend.

Tim Clark—You've got one gorgeous face. Why not join the hard core and help us swell the crowd?

If you like plain colds, getting caught in the rain—slipping on slippery pavement, etc.—contact me at box 140 and we can hit the 62 Avenue together.

The new girl from Yemenia is a real delight. The way she speaks, I think she's from Yemenia.

I miss you Holly Sooper. XXOX, Ely.

And yes, eat some more halouga.