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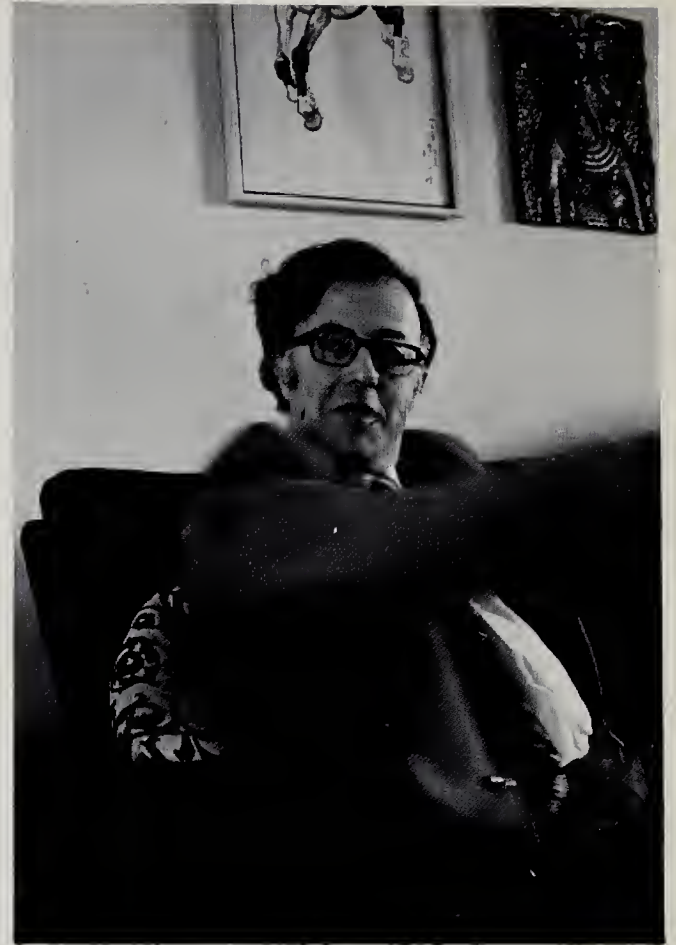
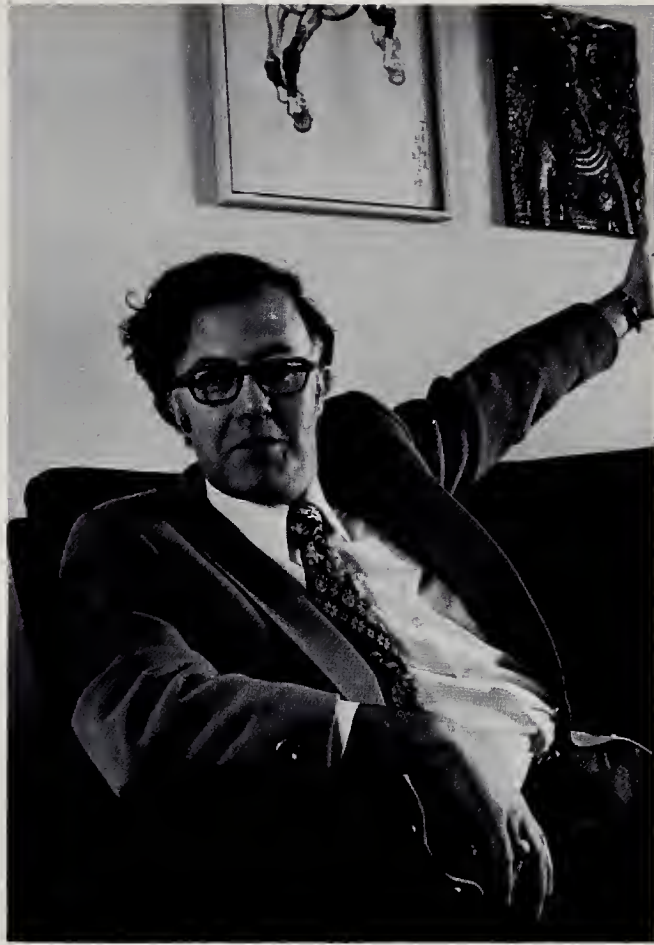
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Joseph N. Scionti (pronounced shawn-tee) is the Chairman of the SMU History department. The more literal-minded among you might derive some satisfaction from this dedication of a 'Bicentennial' yearbook to an historian. That actually had nothing to do with the decision, but far be it from us to destroy an illusion. (Actually, we liked his limericks.)

Scionti is a warm, engaging, intelligent man who knows his stuff and communicates it effectively to his students. He spices his lectures with such commentary as How to get a good seat in a restaurant, The importance of learning Italian, How to meet members of the opposite sex, and visual sight gags. When the mood strikes him, he brings forth serious poetry from what seems a formidable stock he has committed to memory. (The women, it seems, especially enjoy this. He could be perhaps considered a 'male-liberated' romantic. The women's basketball team made him their mascot.) His wide and varied interests and knowledge certainly qualify him as a modern Renaissance man of sorts.

A Scionti class begins with a pronouncement of the current fates of the Boston Red Sox and/or Celtics, whichever happen to be playing at the time. One such, after the memorable sixth game between the Red Sox and the Reds Went as follows:

I hope there's nobody in the room who was unfortunate enough not to see that game last night, because that was a classic if I ever saw one. It was one of the best World Series games-or games of any kind-I've ever seen in my life...and I've seen a lot of baseball. When you get to the eighth inning, and it's six to three like that, you just don't believe in miracles any more. The guy (Don Gullet-ed.) had complete control of the situation, Dwight--who he had just struck out--Evans, who had been hitting well in this series, he got Burleson on a

short fly or something...I've forgotten already. And here comes Carbo, he's got two strikes on him, he fouls off a pitch--he got it by about an eighth of an inch--that pitch on the inside, and that previous pitch--he just barely got a piece of that-- and you've got the back view from behind the umpire, so it's hard to tell exactly what the last pitch was, it looked like a straight fast ball, maybe a little under the waist, and towards the outside part of the plate possibly, I dunno, but he really slugged it. You could see that bat hit the ball, and it really came off there hard, and watch out to center field and there it is, a tie ball game. It's like you read in fiction, right? You don't expect it. And then, in the ninth inning, when they had the bases loaded, nobody out, and here comes that short fly to left. Now, most of the time, I agree with Zimmer, the thing to do on that is take the risk most of the time, because it is a difficult throw. But, with nobody out in that situation, and a fly as short as that one, I think it was a mistake. He would probably acknowledge it himself afterwards. Another ten feet back, maybe. But with nobody out and Petrocelli on deck, a guy who usually gets enough wood on the ball to hit it someplace you want him to have a chance to get to bat. I was calm, I took it very calmly--I ate a little of my carpet, right in front of the telly, but it's all right...chewed it a little, but my wife doesn't mind, the carpet's all torn up there anyway...and then, after the homer in the twelfth inning, I was doing the same thing Fisk was, except you know the old umpiring instinct took over...I'm down in front of the television like this (assumes an umpire-assessing-home-run stance-ed.) and Fisk--did you see the picture of him afterwards? Here he is, standing at home plate, doing this, you know, trying to get the English on the ball, to get it over there. He wasn't moving 'cause he knew he didn't have to run, it was either going to be a foul ball or a home run. So he stood there and watched--waved at it, y'know. It hit the foul pole, inside. It was a sensational game.

Scrimshaw: I think one of the things that impresses the students is that you really don't seem to be afraid to do anything up there.

Scionti: Part of this job is being a ham. It really is. You have to enjoy showing off a little bit, to teach at all. People don't have that kind of personality have trouble with this. Probably all their teaching career; they have to fight themselves as much as the material they're dealing with. Everybody's run into teachers like that who are shy in front of crowds and have a lot of trouble, and they're really in the wrong business. They should be doing something maybe teacher-related. They should do a lot more research, maybe. And publish a lot, because a lot of the people who are very good as publishers and really contribute a lot that way, are really bad in front of a class. I've had that experience a lot in my own career as a student. I've run into guys who are famous as scholars who just couldn't teach their way out of a paper bag because they couldn't get in front of a class and confidently state what they thought and give an orderly kind of lecture.

Scrimshaw: How have you been following the Celtics?

Scionti: Gee, since the founding of the league in 1946. I hate to admit that. In fact, it wasn't the NBA then, it was called the Basketball Association of America or something like that. The Celtics were a rather weak team in a rather weak league then. But, since then, things have changed a lot. I've had a season ticket since... I came back from the service in 1957... 1959 I guess. I like basketball. They used to have games when they'd score 40 points ... 40-35 would be a normal score. I like the sport more than hockey. I don't like hockey at all. I like football, but I don't go the games... For one thing, it's a matter of practicality and money. If you're a season ticket holder for one sport, it costs you a bundle anyway. If you try and do it for more than one... not only the money, but then I'd be away from

home too much. My wife would kill me. She'd be right.

Scrimshaw: Anything particularly memorable happen to you these ten years here?

Scionti: Often. When I got my degree, my PhD in '67, I had a class, a Freshman class, and they surprised me with a cake, and all kinds of stuff right in class. And, that kind of thing is valuable, because you know you're getting across when students will go to the trouble to do something like that because it doesn't frequently happen.

Scrimshaw: What is the biggest difference, in your opinion, between SMU and a larger college?

Scionti: Well, we're a state school, which means that most of the kids have to work, at least part-time, to foot the bills. We don't get a rich student body, like the ivy-league schools, for instance, where kids have grown up in families who have already got a good deal of money, or have had college experience before. Whereas, a lot of our students are the children of immigrants, as I was myself, so you can get into the same wavelength with students like this because if

you've got the same kind of background yourself you understand them very well.

Scrimshaw: Do you think the economics of our present situation here will sway the legislature from the logic of funding SMU equally but leaving it autonomous?

Scionti: I hope not. Geez, who knows what those guys will do? I don't have a lot of faith in the legislature. But, I think they should be smart enough to recognize that that's a bad idea (total state reorganization). I think we need an independent board of trustees, we need to have our own financial apparatus. In other words, they should give us the money, the way they have, and let us handle it, or let our people deal with it, and not control it from a central position. If they centralize too much, I think they're going to stifle us. This part of the state's been ignored, anyway, it seems to me, over the years... until this place came along, we didn't have anything... We've been sort of the poor relations of the state for years. This school's really the hope of the area. I hope the legislature has enough sense to see that.





The beginning of this academic year, September 1975, saw a nation of dispirited and cynical people. The rash of scandals following Watergate left us numb...new stories of corruption and incompetence among those in power broke almost daily. Worse, no major reforms followed. This bred a strong feeling of distrust of leadership, and, as it seemed to the general public that they were helpless to stem the tide, most Americans went about their daily tasks unconcerned with the ills of the nation insofar as they were not affected by them.

This attitude could be seen most graphically on the college campuses. The image of students deeply involved with political and ecological concerns was washed away by waves of students meekly attending classes and caring little about the world outside the University except for the job market. (These are broad generalizations, of course, but if one considers the national trend, they hold true.)

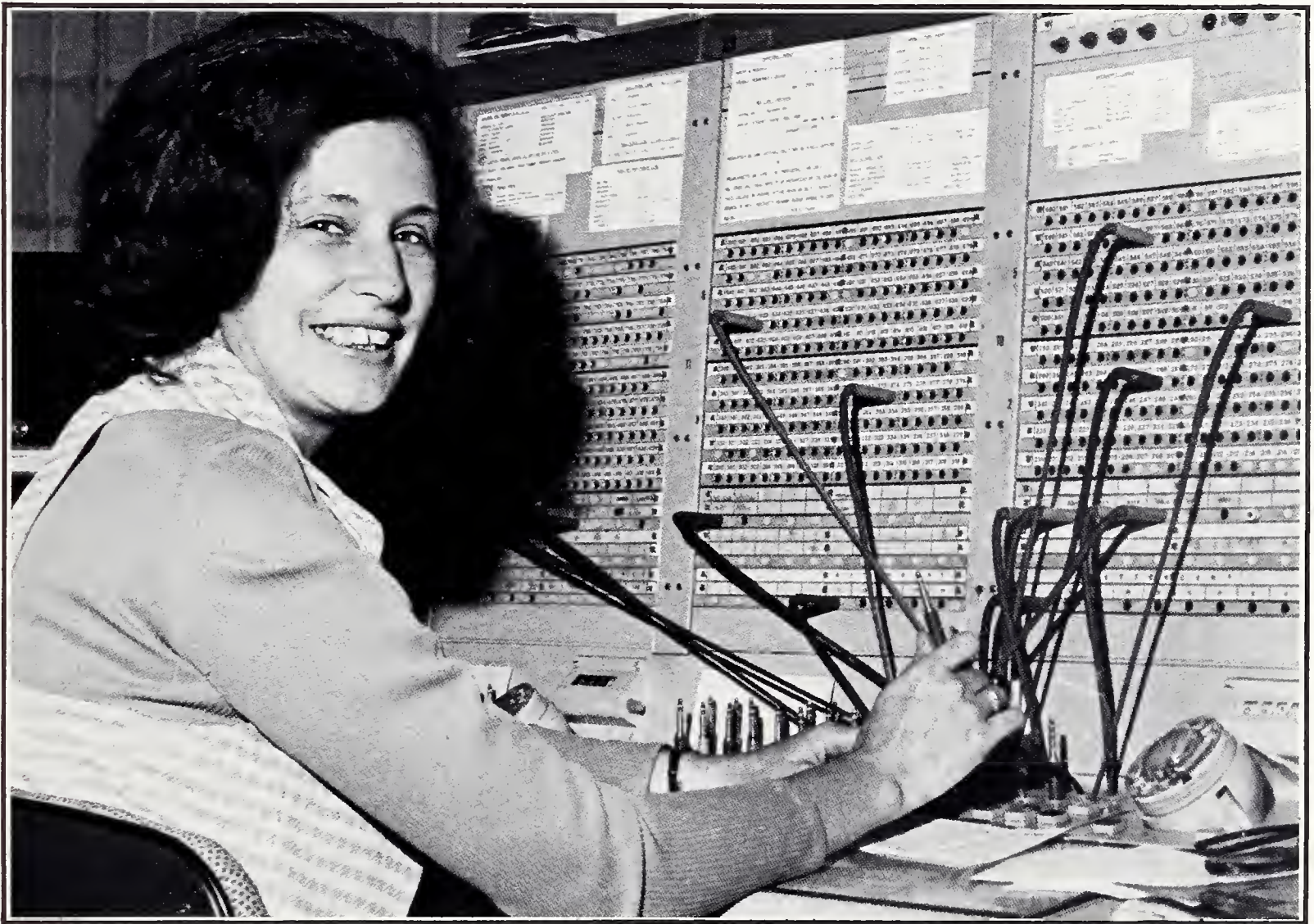
Of course, at this time we are also experiencing a Bicentennial celebration of sorts, but its form remains nebulous, taking concrete form only in that it seems someone is always trying to sell us something. If our founding fathers could have known how much garbage was going to be sold in their name, they would have kept their mouths shut and PAID their taxes.

Come to think of it though, it isn't so unreasonable that everyone's out to make a fast buck on the Bicentennial. This country was built by tax evaders.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "JEFF FARIA". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping initial "J" and a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.

Jeff Faria
editor-in-chief
SMU Scrimshaw
April 2, 1976

I N T E R

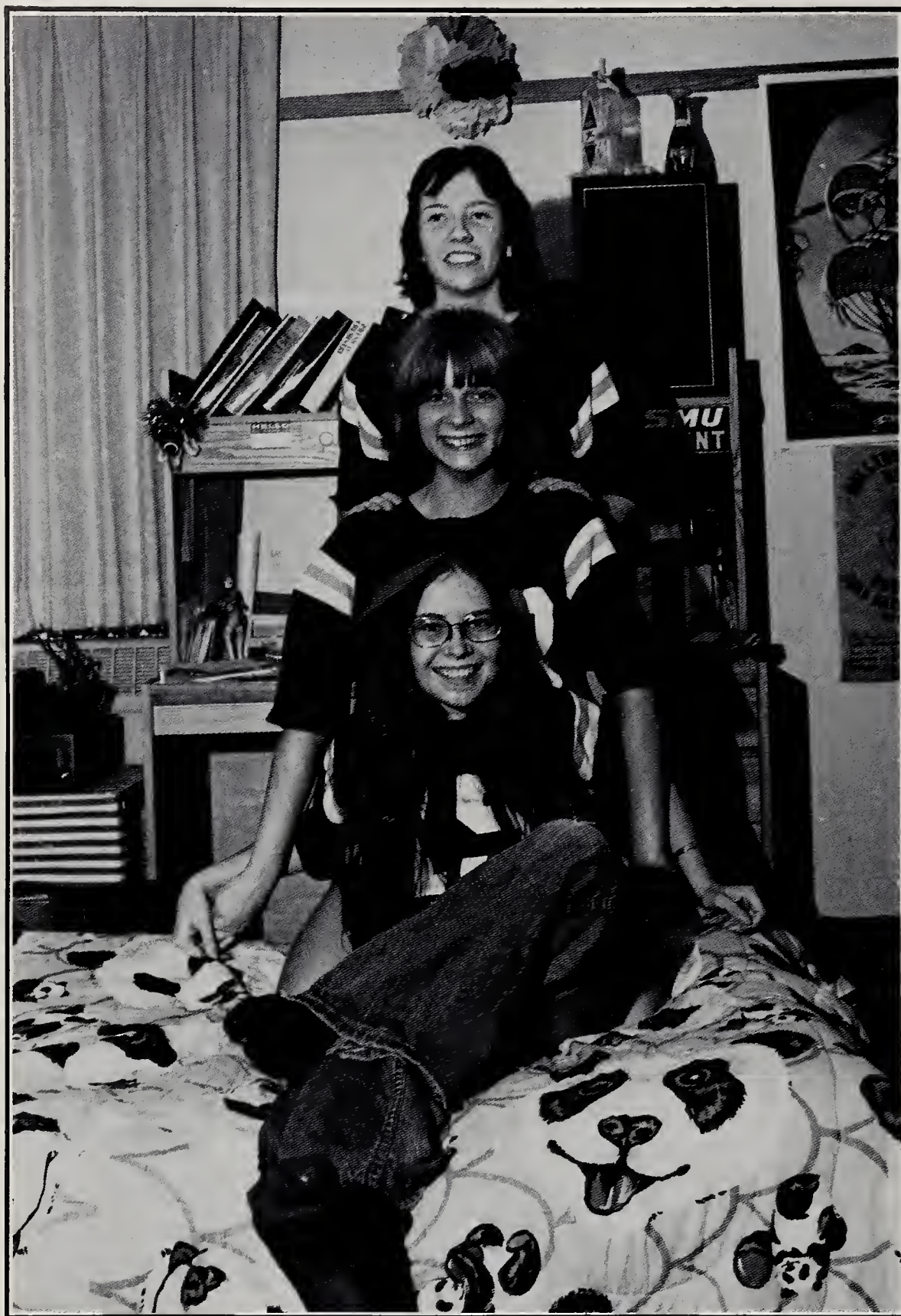


I like it when they call and say, 'Give me the office'. I feel like saying, 'There's

only five hundred offices, lady, which office? or they say, 'Gimme the dean!' 'What dean, Ma'am?

'Oh, you have more than one?'

Barbara Pontes, Telephone operator



...You're getting an apartment...I liked the food freshman year, we used to really pig out. It's gone downhill...really gross...you know the yearbook the year before last (1974) had interviews...Everyone was saying something bad about the school...no school spirit...nobody says 'hi'...we're nerds...one good thing about living in the dorms is

exposing my feet to the world?...I was disillusioned when I came here. I think it's because it's such a new place... There's no tradition, no football team...The last time we all got together is when the kids were streaking, now that was a good night ...I feel really old...I look forward to leaving next year.

everything is at your fingertips...the school is right nearby... your meals are taken care of...no hassles with your parents... all you have to worry about are your dishes...she never does her dishes...I wish everybody had a phone in their room...

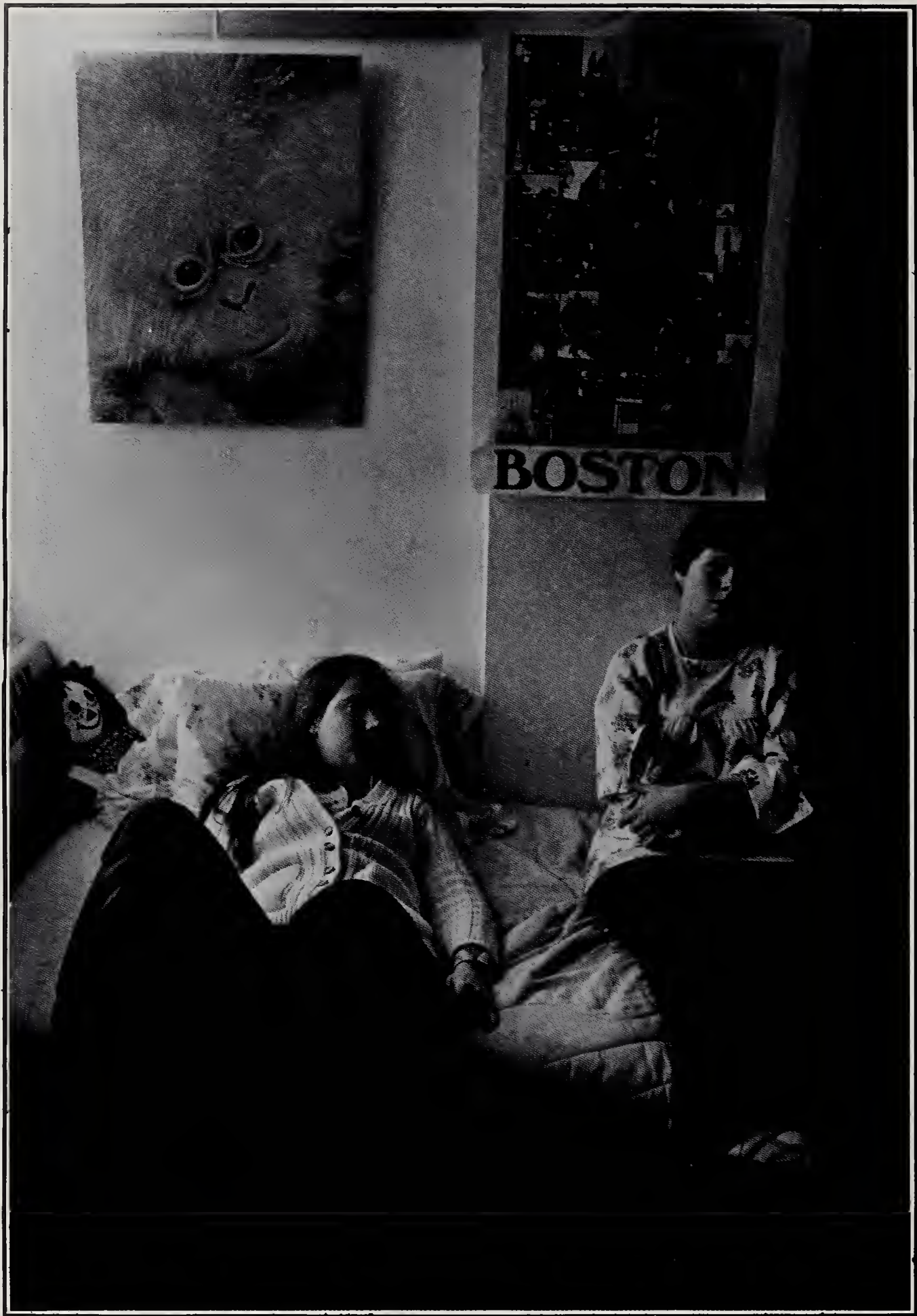
Andrea Nixon
Diane Skowiera
Cathy Moore
Dorm residents



Above all, people must listen intently to the life all around them to achieve an initial glimpse of the force that must be comprehended to live properly. Inner and outer peace can only be achieved through patience and a strong but calm perserverence in the path of truthfulness. To feel the blood flow and to know that

now is then leads to a constructive state of mind and a clearer elevated consciousness. This caboose will be here and gone. Those who hesitate are delayed but there is another along the line.

Bill Bylund
Ex-SMU Fine Arts major



Dorene

Donna

I have nothing to say about her. We're not speaking at the moment. Actually, we're very friendly. We've had our fights. We had a big fight first weekend I was here. She had someone over. I don't know who he was, but he was strange. I came pattering out, in my old pink bathrobe, to get a glass of water, and Donna started in about how I never go anywhere, how I never ask for the car. So I said, 'Well Sunday I'm going to church. So Saturday night I reminded her and she said, 'Well, wake me up and I'll go with you!' Well, Sunday morning came and I tried to wake her up and I couldn't do it. So I wrote her a note and got in the car and started it up, sitting in the driveway, warming it, and I hear all these obscenities being yelled at 9:00 in the morning. Well, I was very upset. Nine o' clock on a Sunday morning, people yelling obscenities. So I looked to see where it was coming from and it was coming from Donna Clarke. Yelling obscenities at me. So I got mad. And I just left. Got out of her car and took off. And I went for a walk around the block. Got lost. Found my way back, she was out, patrolling the streets of New Bedford looking for me. She had the main downstairs out looking for me. She had Alma, from the dorms out looking for me. She called my parents. She was at the bus station looking for me. She thought I had gone home. Now, do you think I would walk all the way to the bus station (you KNOW I won't thumb)? I thought that was rather silly.

We fought about her tupperware last year. I didn't feel too good, I

was kind of ill, and she came out and she went on about somebody dirtied her Tupperware and didn't clean it, and she was just so upset. So I said, 'Why don't you take your Tupperware and wash it out, and put it in your room? And when you want it, it'll be clean!' And she said, 'Oh, I don't wanna do that!' Stupid. So I said, 'Well you know what you can do with your Tupperware!' And she said, 'What?' And I said, 'Well you can just do that with it.' And then she said something nasty as she was leaving the room so I took her Tupperware and threw it off the balcony. Then she came out and screamed at me, and I got a hammer and I was going to break her toes. And I chased her all through the dorm. And then she put toothpaste on my head. That was the whole fight. Tupperware. It's still here, you know, it's still dirty, 'cause I won't wash it.

I was in my bed, sleeping. And when I'm in my bed sleeping nobody wakes me up, 'cause I just sleep like a log. Well, you see, Donna came home and it was quite late at night and she got into bed and her bed is right by the window. And Donna was laying there, reading. And Donna hears this funny little noise by the window and she says to herself I wonder what that funny little noise is - it must be a squirrel or a branch. But then she heard a grunt. Somebody was trying to open the window. Now, Donna Clarke, in all her brightness, came out of her room - didn't knock on the door and try and get me up - came OUT HERE, didn't get on the phone and call the police, went in the bathroom and got a can of deodorant and got back in bed,

poised for action. She stayed there all night.

Donna was studying for an Anatomy & Physiology exam on blood. Cardiovascular. So I was here quizzing her. And, she couldn't remember the difference between lymphicides and lucacides. Because they sound like the same thing, and they're really the same thing. But there's a little distinction. So she went to bed. And I was sleeping. And I woke up. I had the feeling there was someone in the room. Well, I checked. And it was dark. So I figured nobody could be in here. So I rolled over to face the wall. And I heard this voice saying, 'Bodio!...Bodio!...' Now, last summer I went to church and this woman gave me this prayer book that had all these strange prayers in it. And one of the prayers said if you say this prayer every single day two weeks before you die God will come and tell you you're going to die so you can do whatever you have to do. You know, buy a plot, get a coffin, stuff like that, pick out the dress you're going to be buried in. So I hear this voice saying, 'Bodio!...' and I thought it was God coming to get me and take me away. Well, I thought I wanted to see who he was, so I turned the light on and there was Donna Clarke, standing there, and she said, 'What's a lymphicite? And I said, 'Huuh?' and she said, 'Oh, thank you!' and she just walked out and shut the door and went back to bed.

Dorene Bodio
Presently Junior Med-Tech major



Sometimes, people maybe because I'm a foreigner...I'm not talking about everybody...try to take advantage of me, taking for granted that I don't know what's going on. What impresses me most is the freedom here (at SMU)...I can get all (kinds of) help from professors...books from the library...I can get the best education in the world if I want to....I'm going to have a bicentennial kid, too ...(the baby) will be born in August, or maybe July...

Yurek Kepinski
SMU tennis coach,
also Ted Williams' camp pro

*I eat a lot of my own hot dogs,
but I eat a lot of other people's hot
dogs. I need that constant
reassurance that mine are better
than theirs...*

*I think I'm going to go back to
school. But not around here.*

Gerald Kirk, The Hot-Dog Man





(on theatre people) They're just people. Instead of going to work in an office, they happen to go to work in a theatre. It's terribly cliqueish and in-bred, it's that, but I don't think the people in the theatre consider it a very special thing. Workers in the theatre are just workers. One of the remarkable things about theatre parlance is that actors, or anyone in the theatre refer to everything that goes on in the theatre as 'work'. For instance, 'Look, go away, young lady, I've got plenty of girls who can do the 'work'.' Or, 'Look, have you got any 'work' coming up next season? They refer to everything as 'work'. The outside world thinks of it in terms of art, illusion, glamor...the props 'work'. 'Does this glass 'work' in the second act? It's not a snobbish world and people like to put that label on it...That's why I get annoyed with the kids backstage when they give me any crap about their 'art'. Or when they come backstage for nasal sprays or cough medicine or throat sprays...give me a break, huh, kid?..Or they give you the temperament...'Oh, I can't play tonight, I'm not feeling it...' -Get out of my life, willya?...I'm not

feeling it'...what's that got to do with it ?Get out and do it! How would you like to believe that everyone's out there feeling it?Just go do it well because you have to do it. That's a very British point of view, by the way. The British theatre is healthy today because the British have a very healthy respect for the work-a-day of theatre. They respect it as a 'work' thing. And they don't mix it up with actors' studios and scratching your anus. Someone asked Noel Coward once, 'Mr. Coward, what is my motivation in this scene? He said, 'Thursday.' Which is payday.

Right now, you get a feeling that no one cares. It's very frustrating. It's a feeling you get that no one in the administration is paying much attention. I want to quit, you know. Every six months. They really don't give me all that much money. They really don't. This is my fifth year and never a penny's rise - Do you understand?Not a penny. And you feel like you're going in for no good reason. No one pressures you, essentially no one ever bitches or complains to me - I give them nothing to complain

about. However you get this feeling you're just rattling around there. That's not a good feeling.

I think we're headed into some rather gloomy times. The quality of life is deteriorating. I can remember when the United States was king shit - and that's what it was, you did not debate that. You lived that way, and you felt that way, and other people saw it that way, but the world changes. I think there are just too many people. There are how many Chinese sitting over there?Frightening number. There's not enough food, not enough energy, the environment's being screwed up beyond repair. I remember you could drive from Fall River to New Bedford, and essentially you were driving along a wooded road. It is now a mishmash of garbage. Route Six. Just a mess. You're going to have a lovely macadam world to live in by the time you're sixty. Enjoy it in good health. I'd like to change it, but I don't know how.

Tom Higgins
Auditorium director
Former journeyman Broadway 'grip'
one time editor SMU scrimshaw



I feel very contemplative right now so I can't get very angry... but I still have the same thoughts under any circumstance. Involved as I was, I never came face to face with what I always knew existed. The apathy and total unorganization which runs this school, and more importantly, every other underlying system which tends to support our way of life. The word 'apathy' is a nasty word to many people. It implies a laziness and boredom with their environment. So... they don't use it and even worse, they reject and deny its existence. Over the past year I contributed to the Theater Company, the Women's Center, the Student Senate and its committees, a couple of student literature magazines (SMUT and TEMPER), and several agencies off-campus, to mention a few. In just about all these organizations I came up

against snobbery, egocentrism, red tape, frustrations unbounded, a lack of responsibility and commitment from the average student and total chaos! It's really,,uhm... terrible. And exhausting. Fighting this within the organization is bad enough, but to have to fight the people who aren't involved and don't want to be involved and then bitch about not getting the full extent of what they're paying for is...RIDICULOUS. It's irrational. Illogical. Overemotional. Mary Hartman. But I know all this....So I go home and talk to my cat...we call him monster and kitty.. and my mouse Rudy. Then I feel better. That's why I love them. They're not like anybody else.

Pat Manning



When I was a kid I played hockey all the time while everyone else played basketball. The other kids all thought I was crazy ...hockey is just a part of the whole academic thing. I'm not Don Cherry, my players aren't Bobby Orr...We're here to have fun.

Joe Prenda
SMU hockey coach

dorm heard it, all day and all night long. He just played it. Constantly.

They were crazy people. They were very unique crazy people, though. There was the Birdwoman, she had a lizard, a tree toad, a cockatoo...She wanted to bring her boa constrictor. Now get this, her roommate hated anything that wasn't human. She hated bugs, she hated animals, she just couldn't stand them. And one day the Bird Lady left for the weekend and she asked Laurie to feed

her toad. She was supposed to feed it live flies. It was really cute. I think she finally got somebody else to do it for her, though. Then they lost the toad. The toad went and hibernated, he came back again eventually. At the same time she loved all these lizards and stuff she was deathly afraid of furry animals. Caterpillars, y'know? Just freak her right out. In the same hallway, it was in my suite, we had a rabbit, a cat, and two gerbils. One of the girls in my suite, the first thing she did when they



got the rabbit was crocheted a little jacket. They had a leash for it, they took the rabbit for walks, they'd get the rabbit high...they had the two gerbils, one of them croaked.

This place makes me laugh. It's...crazy. I can't wait to get out of here. I won't have to eat this food anymore, I won't have to look at all these... crazy people, won't have to go through all the stupid fire alarms...What's really sad, though, is out

there in the world, there's just as many creeps and crazy people.

Joan Blue
Resident Advisor, Yellow House
Visual Design major

What did I learn? Well... I was more involved in I guess what they consider extra-curricular activities...being involved in all this bullshit up here, these newspaper jackasses...I just saw more of the university from the flipside, which made it all the more pointless...see these flaming morons running around here, trying to run the place...So I think I learned more from that side of it on what happens outside than people who just go to class and go home. They're just learning what the university is teaching them, they're not really making use of the university to learn about real life...screwups.

What do you do with it (an Art History degree)? Well, what you should do with it is get a job in Art History. You should go on and get your Master's or P. H. D., or whatever...And then you can teach. You know, the age-old solution: "What do I do now? Well, I know, I'll teach!" Except there are no teaching jobs. And, I guess, if I had the interest and motivation I'd hunt out a position where I could combine my photography with the art history that I've learned. Those are pretty rare, too. It's a rare job, you really have to kind of stumble across it. You can search and search forever and all of a sudden you run into some guy and he'll say, "Oh, yeah? I got a job for you!"

But then that's part of the problem with the university, it doesn't get you ready for any of that stuff. They don't tell you they're going to throw away your resume, when you go for a job. They don't tell you these things. You're lucky if they even mention the word 'resume' in class. In courses I had, there was no orientation toward the fact that when you graduated, you were going to have to find a job. They just kind of avoided the whole subject. It was too difficult, y'know? What are you going to tell them? Some guy, who's studying for four years to be a whatever, and he gets out there and he's going to find no job. If you tell him halfway through, "Oh, you're not going to find a job!" Kid's going to say, "Well, fuck it, I'm not going to waste my time doing this bullshit, I'll go to Mechanic School or something!" And then where will all the English teachers be? All the psychology professors? They'll have no one to teach. They'll be out of work. So they keep the myth going.

I would say my time here was well spent, in spite of the university. I learned the things I learned here in spite of what they were trying to do. Actually I guess that's the way you should do it. A college education is a very strange thing. You come to it in a position where you're getting a product and you're not even in a real informed position to know whether you're getting a good product or not. You pick a college, you go by hearsay, reputation that you read in some...whatever. You have to make a sizeable financial commitment to the school before you find out what it's like. If you go here it costs you a couple hundred bucks-three hundred, whatever it is now-you go somewhere like B.U. It costs you thousands of dollars, and then you find out, "Shit, this place is no good!" What do you do? There's no money-back guarantee. You know? There's no refund policy. They don't give you back a year and say, "Well, we're sorry you didn't like it!" That's it, you've lost a year, you've lost money, you've lost the whole thing, but you just have to hope the place is going to be right. And even once you get in there you may not be able to evaluate. They don't teach people to evaluate their education. People seem to be conditioned to accept what is poured out on them. "Come to be educated, we're going to teach you!" It's not like any other kind of consumer product, where the customer is always right. The university is always right. You're paying them, and they're telling you what to do. It seems crazy. You know, I liked my arrangement here much better. They paid me. That was more like it.

Mark Mattos
Photo Editor SMU Yearbook, SMU Torch
Photographer for SMU Theatre Co. and
occasionally other campus organizations
Art History major



(Reply to question: What did you get from SMU?)

I got run down and got every disease in the book now, because I'm so weak and malnourished (sic) from running around like a turkey for five years. No, I don't know...What did I learn from SMU...I think my department (Business) is all right... as some of them go... some of the departments over there are for the birds... lot of gulls go to class. I think the Business Department has some really good people there...I don't know...You can learn so much more in other ways...I've always been the kind of person who learned not so much from the book, in the classroom, but from experiences, and I think that's one thing the business faculty has...They don't just teach you from the book, but you learn from their experiences...Their personal experiences from their job, and everything...That's why I thought they were good faculty...They gave you a lot of their own background...And you learn a lot from it, because it's like an informal way of learning...A lot of that is due to the fact that many of them were part-time faculty that worked on other jobs and then came and taught courses, so you got everything right off the fire...Since my major was management, I think I learned a lot more in management in other areas...Other places... And most of that was in the campus center building...theatre...because most people, a lot of them go through the courses and out...but then missed a lot...because they didn't have the practice...A lot of places don't, a lot of schools, you can't get it. SMU you could get it, I think, you could work on it, because it's so young, that there's a chance to work. SMU is young, the organizations at SMU were young, small, just starting, so there was a chance to just go right in, and build. If anyone wanted to start a club, or anything...you could start it. That's where a lot of people missed the boat. They should have gotten more involved...of course,, SMU was a commuter school, so a lot of people just went from home to school and back and then to work and that was it, which was a shame. Of course, that's changing now...but at that time, there were so many possibilities with the Torch and the theatre and all those groups...concert series...they missed a lot if they didn't get involved, I think...Now, I'm not saying that each of these organizations always were developed to the best that they could (sic) by any means...maybe they could have been developed a lot better by more people who were willing to work...but at least it was something to strive for, somewhere to go-and you could learn about so many different things...when I was in the newspaper I didn't know anything about it. Of course I started by writing articles, but I can't write at all...they were just in fun. Then I got into the rest of it, I got into the graphics part which I didn't know anything about... when I was in high school I did some work on the year-book...Layed out in the year-book...that was nothing...so I learned it all there, not that I know a hell of a lot but I understand it, and I know what can be done...say later on I have a restaurant and I want to make menus or something for example I know the things that can be done...Maybe I can't do them, but I

know that I can have someone else do them and I know what I want and I know how they can go about doing that and I can say well, you can do this, you can do that, and so forth...of course, my fun was in the management-type end of it, organizing it, getting things rolling...it was a lot of fun. And, of course, you work with so many different kinds of people, that you learn a lot from them. And, most of the people involved in these groups were people from out of this area. If you think about it, people in The Torch, when I was in The Torch, came from someplace else to SMU. It was true with the theater. Even though there were more people at SMU from this area, it was the people from out of the area who got involved in these things. They did these things, I guess, since they were torn away from home, they didn't have that to go back to, to fall into, to be comfortable in. And I guess, since they were torn away from that, they could really get involved, it became a part of their life that was missing. Friends, a group of friends where everyone was working towards the same...It was like a family, you know? A family they didn't have here. This was true of the theatre, too. I know it's tough for the people around here who have to work, and everything, but...it might be good for them if they could move into the dorms or something...just to get that kind of opportunity that would allow them to go into those kinds of things. (When asked if he would have become a 'hippie' if he had started school a few years earlier) I don't know. That's a good question. I've never been 'wild' in the hippie sense-I've always been extravagant for sure. I don't know, everyone was so riled up in the Driscoll era, where Driscoll must go, and everything...maybe I would have gotten into it, but I've never been the kind of person that would work at something like that. I know it might have been a good thing to do, to get all against Driscoll, and get him out, and change things, but I've always worked in a more constructive-way, I know constructive isn't quite the word, but- you know, a more physical sense of seeing something happen, developing something, building something, some kind of organization-you know, working along those lines. Something more tangible, you can see...maybe I would've, I don't know...but I just got the end of it, as it was, and a lot of people (after) this had been over, a lot of those active-type people, restless people, were sort of looking for other ways to go, other directions to go, now that this was over with. Some people never found them, many still at SMU, and will never find them, because those romantic days are gone for them. But, a lot of other people did, and that's where this constructive push to build these organizations and to build up the Campus Center, that's where I think a lot of these people came from, that started this big push, more or less...and get that place developed and running right. However it is, right now...

Now, I think, it's changed. At first it was, as we(sic) said, the more activist type with Vietnam, and the demonstrations and the strikes, and Driscoll and everything out and then that era ended, and then we went into an era, a time where students were more concerned about building these

groups, formulating these organizations, a pushing them and doing...there were a lot of conscientious people. For a good while there... and now, it's changed again, now I think that it is over with, and the people that are coming in now are more...I don't know if they really care or not...more apathetic (in) attitude...they came in, the organizations were there, they were running fairly... you know, good...so they just fit right in. And I think it meant, at that time...if they wanted to develop these (organizations) any more, it was going to be a lot of work, because they were at a level that was—okay...I think it's just go in, do, plan, and get out. I don't think the devotion is there. I don't see people getting gung- ho over these things, staying up hour after hour, night after night, working... maybe it'll change, I don't know...but I think it's a whole attitude, I don't think you can pinpoint it...I think it's across the country...I think if you went to look at another university, look at another student organization structure, you'd find the same thing...and I think if you talked to students who went through at our time who have graduated and who could still look back into the universities that they would probably have the same ideas that we do about it... I think so. I don't think it's just SMU.

(you never lived like other college students?) No. (Why?) I was crazy, that's why. I do think in this locale, in this area here, I have been unique. I don't think there are that many other people that sort of went through this...When I came here, of course, there wasn't much, actually, it was small. I don't remember how many students there were, maybe three thousand. I think the size has almost doubled now...There were no dorms...The dorms were supposed to open the next Fall (after I came here). So I came down and looked around for apartments and so forth and so on...they had a housing list...so I found a place, I moved out to Fischer Road...

If you became friendly with anyone from SMU when you were a Freshman...from out of the area like I was...It would again be people from out of the area... I can never remember meeting students or friends or anyone...who lived with their family here...It just never happened. Somehow those people gravitated together. It's amazing, when you think about it. These were the people you'd find in the clubs, again, too...I don't know which was first, probably you met them in the clubs...but then again, there they were, where the other people weren't.

I lived there (on Fischer Road) for two years. It was a nice place out there... it had everything, we were out in the woods, there...I guess that's what started me off, starting in a place like that. ,

We had the whole house...complete kitchen, dishwasher...it was great. Of course, when they sold that house I had to find a place to go, and I looked for quite a while- and it was really tough to find something comparable to that- but that's when we moved into the palace. On Shirley Street. That was a first, too, 'cause at that time Rockdale West wasn't open, and (Shawmut Manor) was just starting to open. And we were the first students to move in there, so... we were the first students to

move into that kind of a life... luxury apartment type situation...later on, other students started to move in, either there or Rockdale or somewhere else like that...that was a beautiful place...It was when we first moved there, anyway...that was different, because people weren't used to that...most students...they didn't care, really. I don't know why they didn't care. I just don't like living in a dump. It wasn't really very expensive, with four people you could make ends meet very nicely, and live in a nice place. And I can remember, when I first came here we used to buy food- and this was five years ago- you say, "five years," it really isn't that long ago, five years...we could buy food, back then, that I just couldn't imagine nowadays. Because I used to go shopping, and I would be able to buy, oh,...we used to have a different meat every night. Pork chops, chicken the next night, a roast the next night, fresh fish...you know...every night, six, seven days a week, we'd have a meat main meal...I used to buy six pounds of hamburg- just for snacks-and everyone would just make hamburgs and it was like eating potato chips, know what I mean?- and it was like sixty cents a pound, one of the best hamburgs we got, we used to buy it at Norman's Meat Market up in the North End...I used to get all my meat up there...whatever it was, sixty, sixty-eight cents a pound, I mean, that's nothing!...and it was fabulous meat...really was, top meat...and you could eat all you wanted to!... and I think we used to spend- there were six of us in the beginning- like thirty-five dollars a week, or forty dollars a week...and you could eat all you wanted to, non-stop-eat for a week on thirty-five dollars for six people... and it's amazing when you think back only five years ago. Now you can't even buy a cracker...and you'll starve...but it was much different. I don't know, maybe more students now have to go to the dorms...I don't know. When the dorms first opened it was a lot cheaper to go out and live in an apartment...the costs are getting closer and closer now.

So, as I was saying, then we moved to the Palace, and it still (food) wasn't that bad, I used to buy it wholesale...that was a nice place, and I can remember when we went to Colorado. That was something, too...We just left. That was, uh...I don't know, three years ago...and of course now that would be an expensive thing to do, I mean, you'd have to think about it a little bit more than we did... we just went...I think we each took a hundred dollars... we had a great time...you know what I mean?... 'cause the gas wasn't that high back then. We used to do a lot more traveling back a few years ago. When I was here, I used to travel all over the place, New York, used to go to New York a lot...Stet and I often used to go to Atlantic City, Pennsylvania, and then of course when we went to Colorado we just left...You know?- I said we were going to go, visit Scott...we just about got in the car, and drove away! You know? -for a week...week and a half, ten days... but now, you have to think about that, you have to say, well it's going to cost me this much, cost me that much...so forth, so

on...but that was part of that whole atmosphere. You were freer to do what you wanted to...because the economic conditions weren't half so bad...you know? Now, you've got to think if you're going to go to the store to buy a loaf of bread, and you've got to decide if you've got enough money. Before, it was nothing, It really was...and of course even though wages have supposedly gone up, too, along with the prices, it hasn't gone up...they're not comparable. They're not. I mean, it was much easier to do things before, Now it's tight...

That life was good, and of course, as I was saying, we were in the Palace, we were there two years, and I can remember as I said we went to Colorado... Paul (Graham) came over one time with Sue Powers to feed the fish, you know? -and he walked in there, and he said, 'My God'...Sue was telling me... 'Students live here?' He just couldn't believe it. Of course, we didn't think it was that, you know, wild...but, if you think about it, looking at it through someone else's eyes, because he had lived down on Dean Street in an apartment that was down by the Rug Rat City, and he just couldn't believe it, y'know? Then it started to spread, kind of, 'Well, maybe...that's not a bad arrangement, really nice,' and so forth and so on...and people started to do more things like that. I think it was a bad time, because things were getting more expensive.

After two years there, it was time to move again. So, uh, we ended up here. I always wanted another house after Fischer Road, because having your own house is just, you know, the nicest thing. So we looked, and we looked for months, and months...well we found this place. I didn't want to move for months, and months...well we found this place. I didn't want to move in here, at first. We came, and we looked at it, and it was really a dump. We had looked at so many beautiful places that were really out of the question, they were just so big. We looked at one place on Mount Pleasant St. That was gorgeous. It had this beautiful mahogany staircase that came down, and split...beautiful beams and stained-glass windows and fireplaces everywhere... a real mansion, y'know. Oh, we wanted that place so bad, but of course, it's a good thing we didn't get it because we never would have been able to afford to stay. So, Paul actually talked me into this place, he did... 'cause it was so bad, such a mess in here, I just didn't want to even move into it. But then, we realized it was really kind of what we wanted because we could do what we wanted to with it, and so, we spent a month, a whole month, in here, to make it like it is, and now people still come in, in amazement...It's really interesting to see, because we forget-we do, we easily forget-the way we live. You know, you get accustomed to living certain ways and you forget, you know, what you have, y'know. And when people came in the other night, just from the party, y'know, there was one girl there who just couldn't believe it. And that makes you realize more that you really have more than most people. I've always been extravagant in that way, and I've moved so much furniture and so many things down here now, over the course of the years, five years, I've just...I've accumulated so

much stuff. Moving now is going to be really something. I came down here with nothing, practically, and now I'm going back with truckloads.

I don't have time to waste, now. Things are becoming much faster-paced, I think. You can't take the time you could before, leisurely...you can't do this, or do that...Now it's...time and money are so important, now, because money is so tight, y'know, that you just can't afford to take these little detours and do these things as much now. You have to...unless you're financed by somebody...parents, or someone else...but, I think that's the case, too, you've got to get in there, and do the work, and just get out. I don't think we're going to be finding as many long-time school veterans like we have at SMU, people that are there five, six and seven years...I don't think you're going to see too many more of those kind of people. Simply because of economics, you can't afford it anymore. I don't see that many new ones, at SMU. You know? It's still the same old bunch, hanging in there...but I think when those people leave, I don't think you're going to find so many long-term people that just hang around the university for the, uh, university life, and security, and all that. I don't think people can afford it anymore. Because you can't live that cheaply anymore. So that's it, you have to get down to business. It's unfortunate in some ways, because you can learn so much...from these things. You don't get an opportunity to have so many things around you and just say, 'Well, I'm going to try this, and learn about this, and work on this...' There's not many opportunities like that, except in a university.

...There's a lot of things I'll never forget, because I did so many bizarre things at SMU. It was all tied up with these people who would kind of 'lock-in' to a certain goal and would all work...those people were around...Everyone in the theatre working towards a certain thing. When we first started in theatre...Sue Powers was president of the theatre company...we tried to do the December show, 'No Place to be Somebody', and we couldn't cast it, and all that happened, then Marat-Sade, then we tried to do Marat-Sade in five weeks. And everyone just sorta rrrrrmmmmmmmmmmmm! I mean, everyone just sorta seemed to be there. People were there, the goal was there...I mean everything was there, all the factors that could get people together to work and push were there. And that's what happened, it just happened. And I can never forget that People were just going wild, working night and day on 'Marat-Sade', just get that show on the road, rehearsals, rehearsals, day after day after day. And that really started things moving. That show went so well, and it was such a tough show,...We moved to 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' and we decided... 'Well, let's put up a sign'-we got that tarp. I'll never forget as long as we live...See, we were supposed to go back to Denver, in the spring that we did 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'. We had a Winnebago rented, and we had everything set to go... 'Two Gentlemen' was coming up, and we

were now getting entrenched over there... you know...and, uh, we didn't go. So, since we didn't go, I said, 'Well, if we can't go, we're going to make this fun, we're going to do what we want,' -it was vacation week-and we're just going to have a lot of fun! So I had ordered that...crack...Paul was saying, 'You know, we ought to put a sign up on the building or something,' and I said, 'You know, I was thinking about that, we ought to put a big sign up there,' so Paul says, 'Well why don't we put up a...well, how big? Maybe get one like five by ten feet or something like that! I said, 'No, we're not thinking of that, I says look, there's a lot of room up there, let's make it like, Oh, I don't know...fifty by twenty-five feet! And Richard just...'Fifty by twenty-five feet You're crazy! Fifty by twenty-five-Do you know how big that is? That's as big as a stage!' I said, 'Yes, Yes! The bigger the better! We'll cover the whole side of building I said, 'Yes, yes! The bigger the better! We'll cover the whole side of the building!' And of course, I was always great for coming up with ideas like that. You know. Most of the time people go blah-blah-blah. But if the right people are there, then they'll go with me. You know? And will go through it- you know what I mean? 'cause I won't...If there's other people around, that'll go along with it, then I'm not going to back out! I'm all set, to go! y'know!?' So Richard said well you can't make that! So well all right forty by twenty-five feet. So Richard said nooooo! Everybody started laughing. Laughing, laughing said 'That's just gigantic!' I said, 'That's right the whole building with lights and everything' So everyone got excited, y'know, yes, yes, so Paul went down and ordered it. We got it back and oh, we put it on the stage and Tom, Tom Higgins was there and we opened it up and it filled the whole stage. The whole stage. It was great. He's...you'll never get that up, you'll never get that up, cut it in half, cut it in half, that's the biggest sign in the world you'll never make it! So anyway, we put the thing down and we started with it. That was the first tarp we ever put up. And uh, it took us a while to paint it, all night long we worked on that thing of course we didn't know that much about it but we found out how to do it. We gridded it out and...those kind of people were there. You know? Let's figure this out, you know? They were interested, and, you know, it wasn't just a- Aaaah,. Richard gridded it out, in proportions and we cut out cardboard, and cut letters 3-foot letters and...painted that thing all night long. Then we put it up. So well, let's put it up. 'Cause that's when we were supposed to go as I said to Colorado. So we were all upset 'cause we couldn't go so we were going to make the best of this. So we hoisted that thing up from the grid all the way from the stage floor up through the grid up to the...the roof there... and lashed that thing up with steel cable and that was at 6 o'clock in the morning and we were on top of that building and oh, it was cold out- this was in May-it was in May, and uh, the sun was just coming up. Oh, it was beautiful. Not a cloud in the sky and the sun was just coming up (over) the horizon...We were all on top of that building...we let that sign down little by

little...Barbara was there, down the bottom, and...we couldn't wait... We lashed the thing on there, ran downstairs...I remember saying, 'No one goes out! Everyone waits down that door! No one gets to look first!' No one could get ahead. I said, 'Everyone' We were going out there together. We didn't want anyone to get out there first and see it, y'know? We all went down and waited at the door until everyone was down off the roof and everything and we just ran out the campus road there and we just laughed. We were in hysterics. We saw that thing up there and you couldn't imagine. We laughed and we laughed so hard we were crying. We were just so...you can't imagine. We were in tears! We were so happy that thing was up there. It was just beautiful. It was... what an experience at seven o'clock in the morning. We were in tears. We were so happy that we actually did it. You know, 'cause everyone was sayin 'You'll never do it, you'll never do it...' And, of course that made us... drove us...Richard, of course, when you tell Richard he can't do something, it pushes him more and more and more...I'll never forget that. We were in tears. We were so happy we were crying. I'll never forget that.

Peter Cantone

former Managing Editor, TORCH

former President, Theatre Company

former chef, P.J. Kelley's

former Business Major, SMU

presently attending graduate school, Hotel Management,
at UMass



...just a slab of concrete between two disgusting cities.

Bob Parsons
Concert Series



College can't offer you a job right now...the only one who can offer you a job is your godfather...a talented uncle or something...(the theater) has given me a place to go to work. It's given me something to do with my life. Something to care about, because I care about it...something to work in a positive direction, to go after something, to keep producing...It's entertaining at times, even. It's given me a name, I think. People...in old days would say, 'Oh, that's Gary Hartwell, he's a farmer.' 'He's the meat cutter.' In these modern times, when we look for identity, we go beyond, but it's nice to have a standard one, too... 'stage manager', I like. I like to be in a managerial position... It is a good feeling to be 'the boss' of something, anything. This chair... It is, it's a very good feeling, a very rewarding experience sometimes, to be able to say, 'This is how we're going to remedy this situation, carry it out like this, this is the manouever I want you to do,' and they do it, and Bang it works, man... It feels really good.

I've felt better about myself in the past few years, (although) it really doesn't have anything to do with the theater, but I do feel better about myself than I used to. When I was a freshman here -well, all through high school, anyway- I began to get the feeling that I really wasn't very smart, I was kind of dumb...slow, lazy, a bum, you rat, you dirty rat, you know?... Then I worked in a bank for a while and I knew this person who was a T.A....

therapist... He was a good friend of mine for a long time through high school and stuff and anyway he was a minister and started getting involved in T.A. and he finally got some kind of degree, I don't know what you get...anyway...we used to just talk about it all the time, so we started to use ourselves as examples of how to practice this T.A. business, and I learned an awful lot, and I soon became a lot more positive towards myself, I started getting a better image of myself... I feel now that I'm just as smart as anyone...I'm just as capable as most people, too... Some people can do things that other people can't do, but in general I'm just as capable of becoming some rich superman as anyone is... As a matter of fact, sometimes I feel that I am going to become somebody great, and I think that that is the only way to look at life right now...don't bother with fifteen thousand dollars a year...go for a million, because it's just as realistic... Don't bother to be a peon, don't bother to become a middle-class American, you may as well just become a tycoon... I don't know how I'm going to do it, I don't actually have any kind of battle plans... I have a feeling that it's just going to happen to me... My real goal in life is to, uh, figure out to a certain extent what the fuck I'm doing here. And to die, peacefully.

Gary Hartwell
Fine Arts major,
head carpenter, Theatre Company

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Deborah Discount

Mark Laughlin

Ellen Winkler

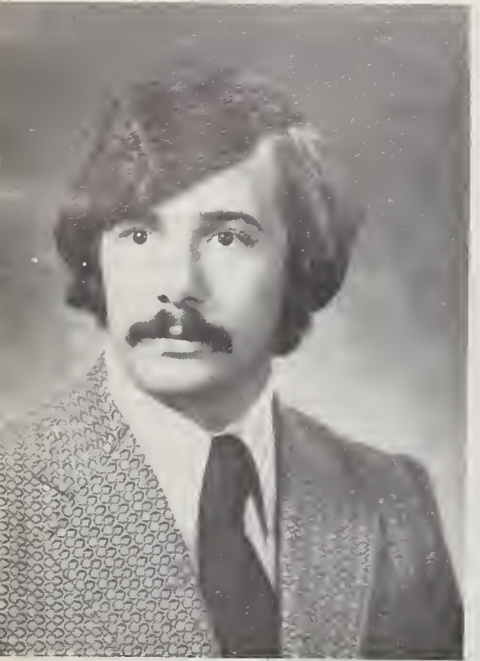




Magnus Aadland

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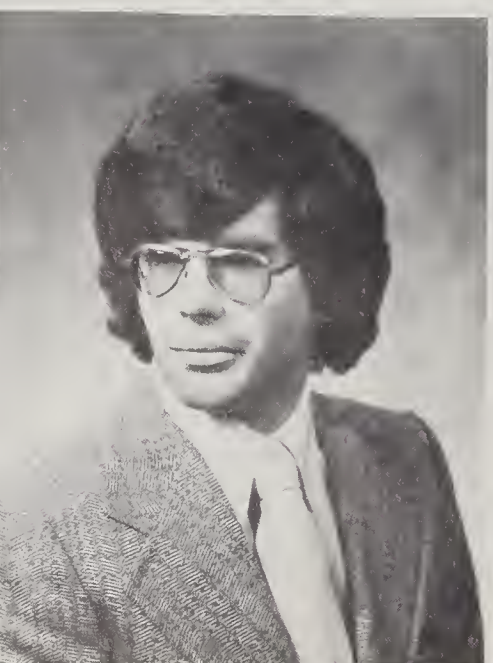
Gary R. Alaownis

Susan A. Albert



Carol A. Albrecht

Teresa R. Alfano



Hannes Alholm

David J. Almeida

Michael J. Almeida

Michele E. Almeida



Barbara A. Alves

Cheryl Amaral



David M.C.F. Amaral



Kenneth B. Anderson

Marjorie E. Anderson



Gary Anderson

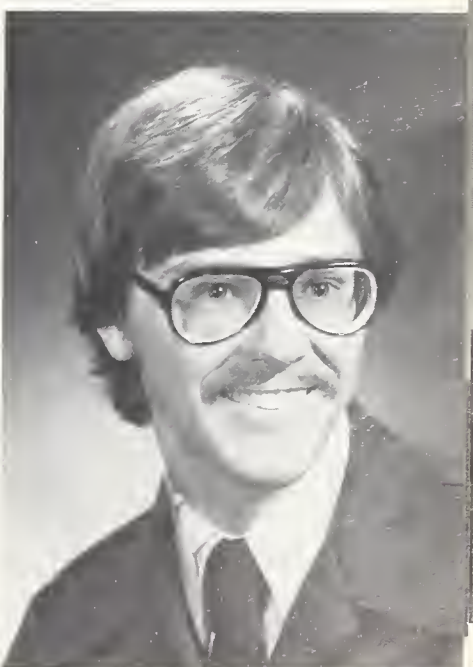


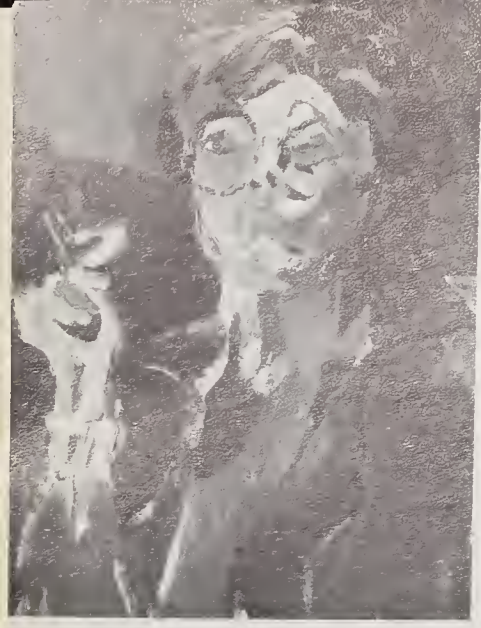
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George Angelo

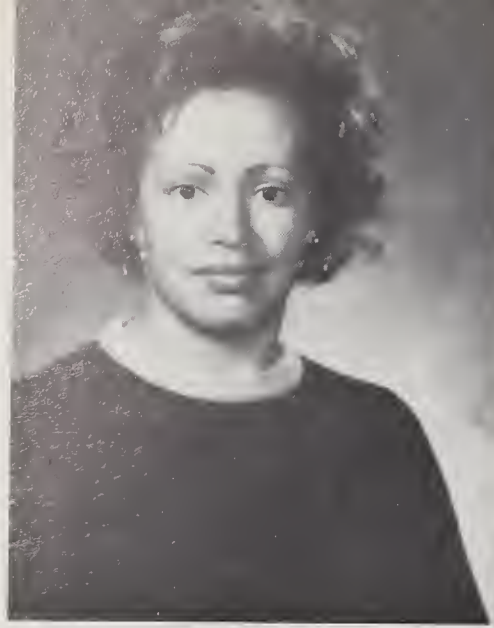


Stephen J. Ansay

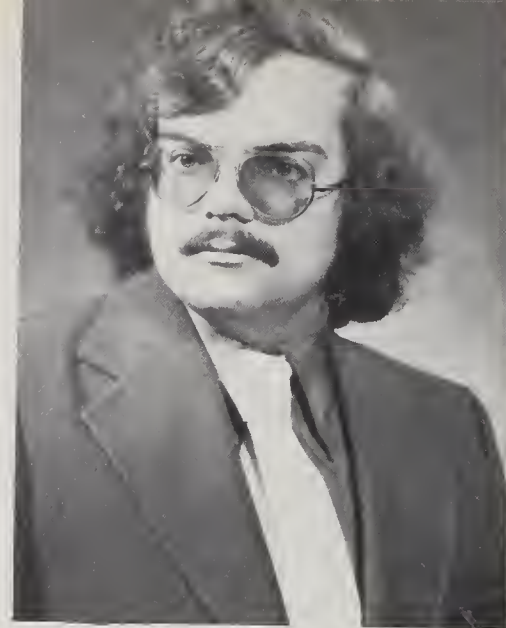




Martha L. Antaya



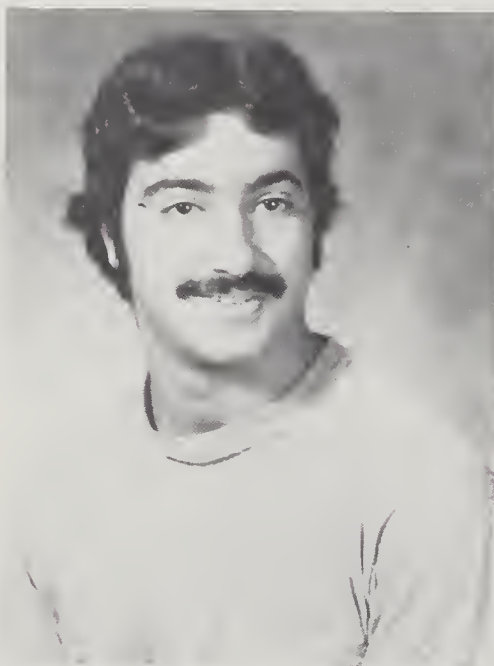
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David V. Arel



Stephen G. Arnold



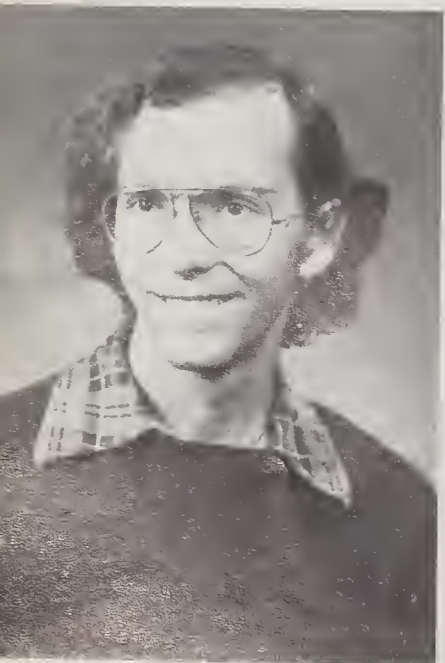
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Carleen J. Avila



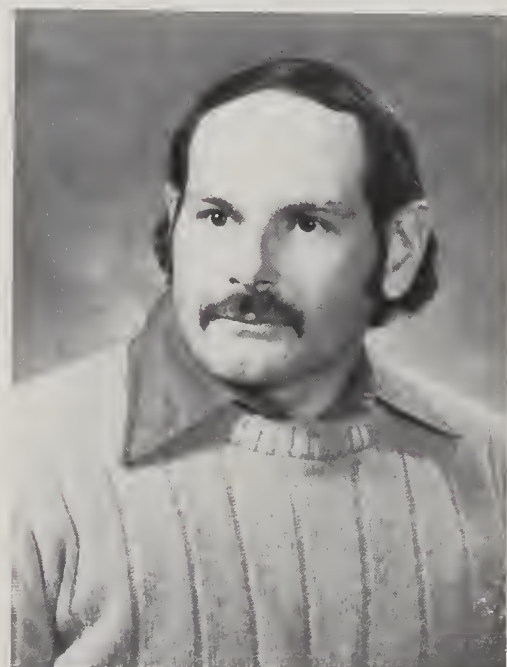
Simon Awofesobi



Robert O. Bailey



Susan M. Bailey



Robert P. Balzarini

Quinton M. Bannister



Robert J. Barboza

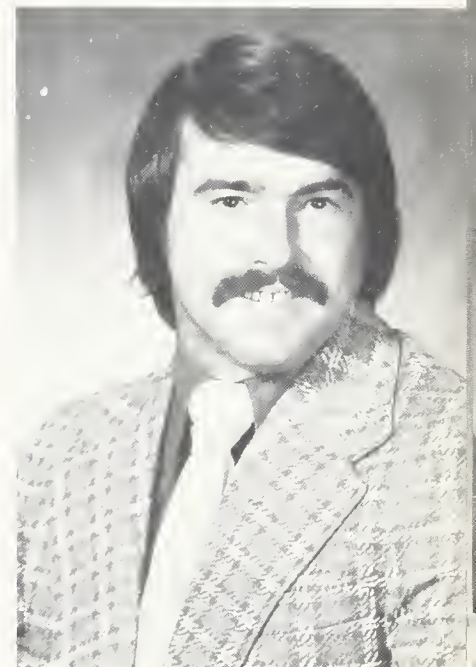
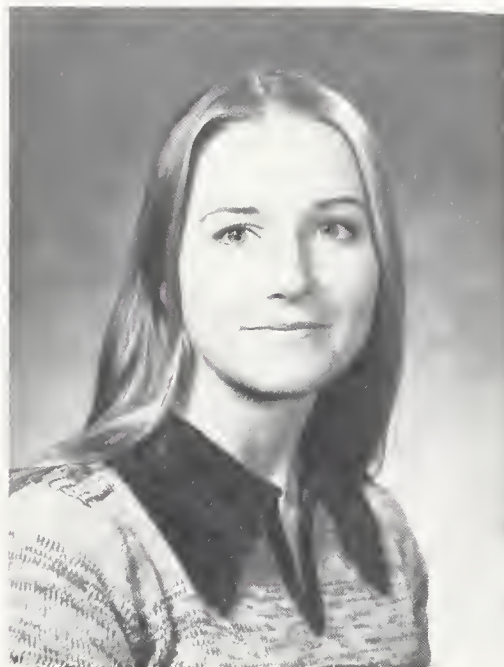
Catherine M. Barnes



Phyllis J. Barney

Deborah Ann Bastoni

Carla M. Bayides



Kathleen M. Bear

Richard F. Beaulieu

Norman R. Beauregard



Margaret V. Belknap



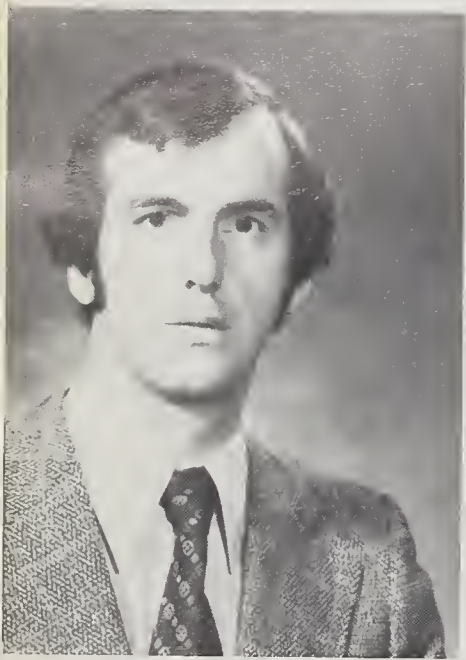
John J. Belli



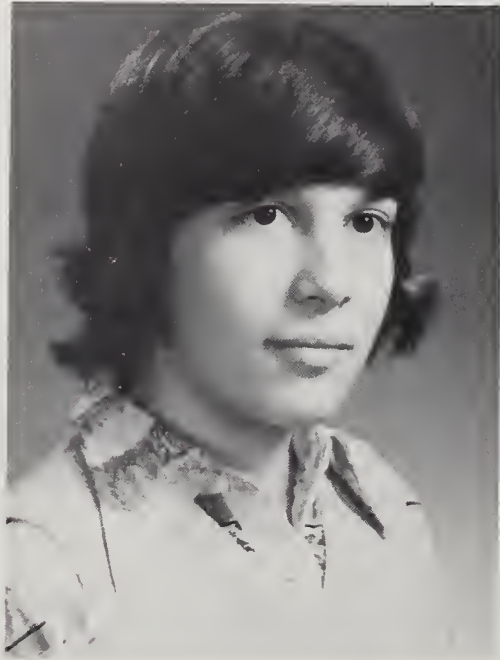
Raymond J. Belli



Sharon R. Belsky



Spencer B. Belyea, Jr.



Louise A. Benedetti



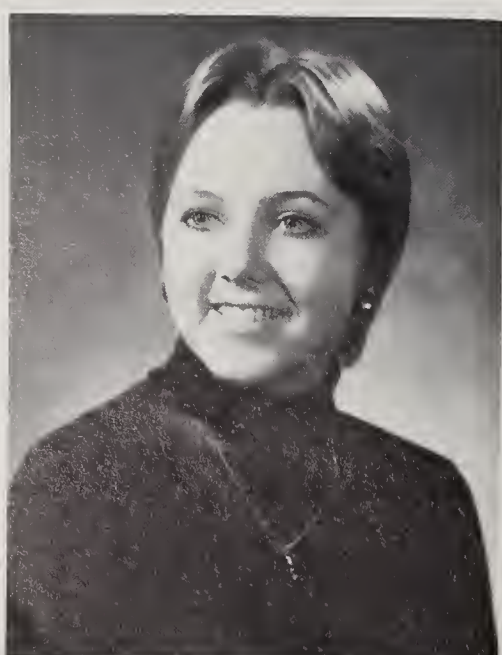
Jean Beneduci



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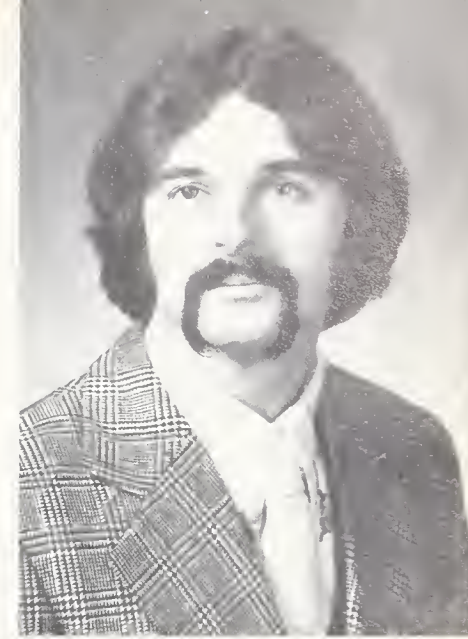


Ruth H. Benson



John G. Bergeron

Carleen Bernart



Raymond Bertrand

Normand Berube, Jr.



Maurice L. Bessette

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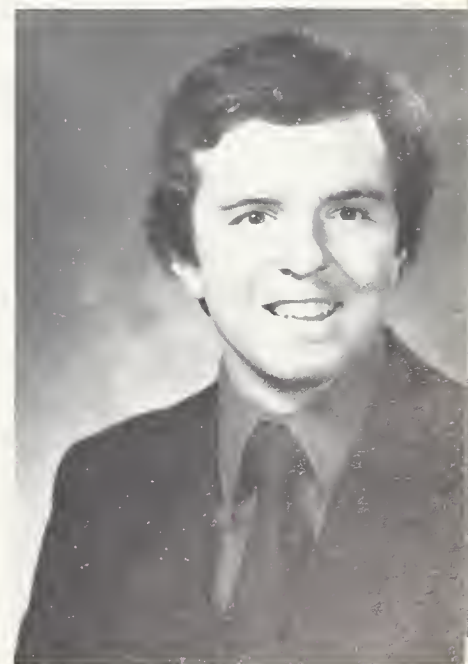
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Iva R. Bird

Elizabeth H. Bissanti



David M. Bixler





Patricia M. Blackmer



Barbara A. Blake



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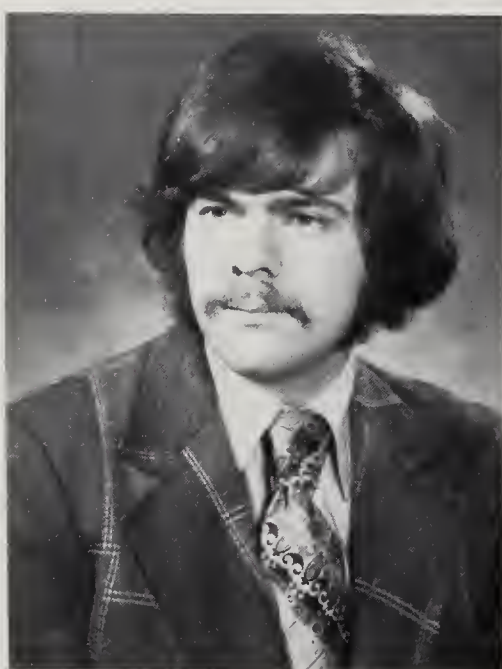
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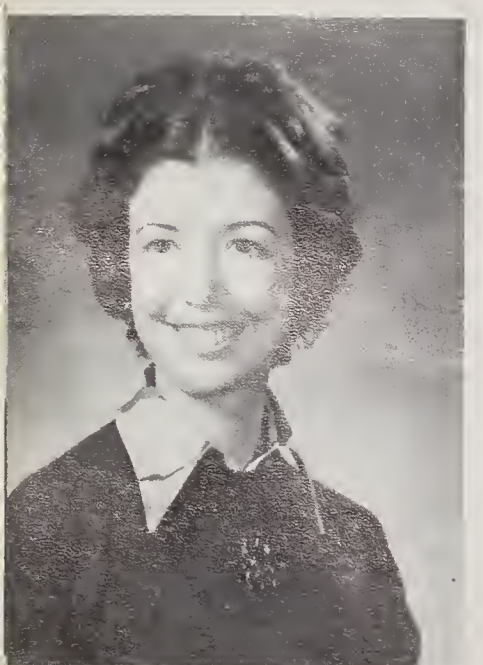
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Anne Booth



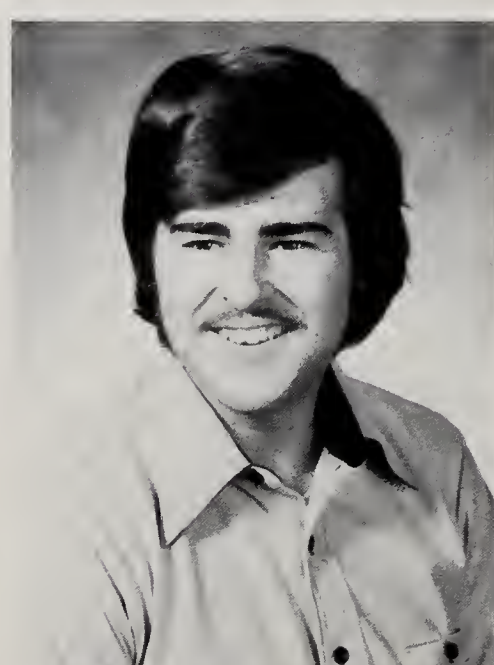
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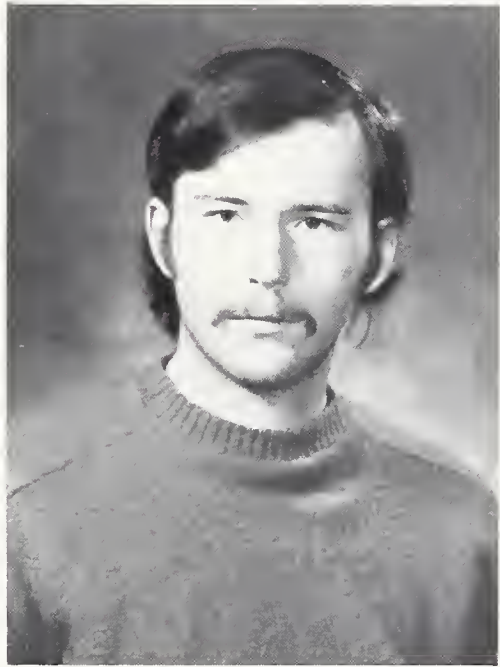
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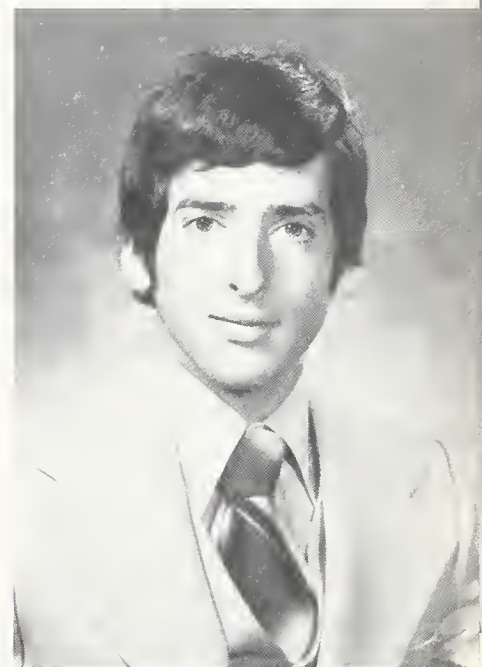
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Maria C. Branco

Deirdre L. Brennan

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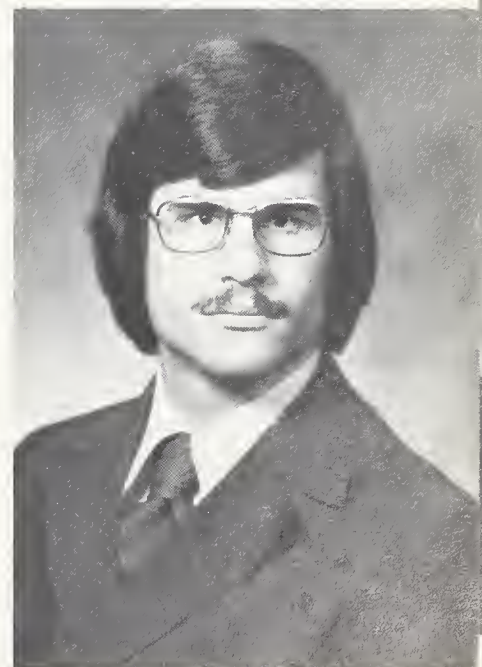
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Herbert W. Brown

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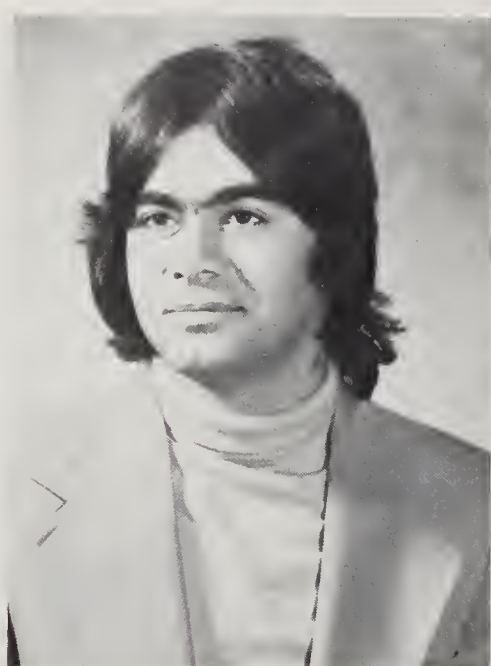




Kathleen L. Butts

Albertina M. Cabral

Barbara J. Cabral



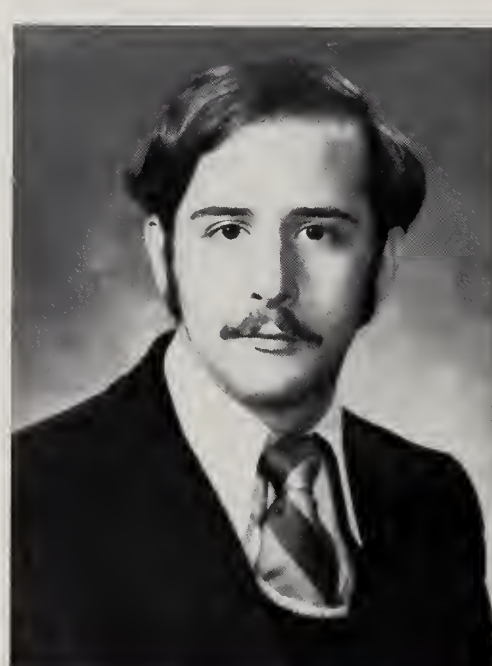
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George Cabral



Teresa A. Cabral

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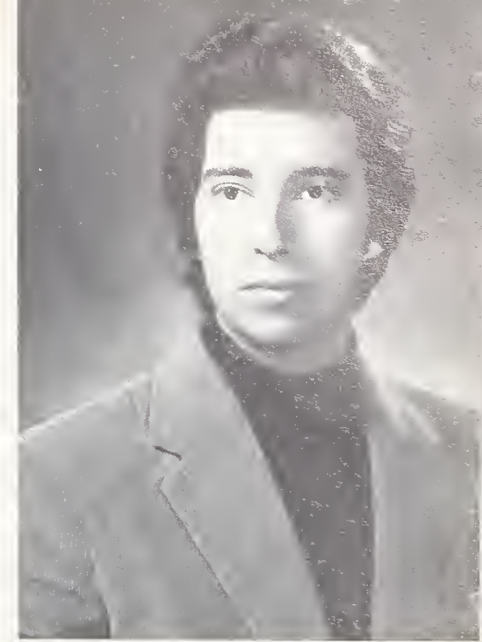


Maureen Callan

Cathy Campbell

Eugene P. Campbell

Laurie Carlson



Stephen G. Carreiro

Walter Carreiro



Bryan A. Carritte

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Manuela R. Carvalho



Arthur F. Cassidy

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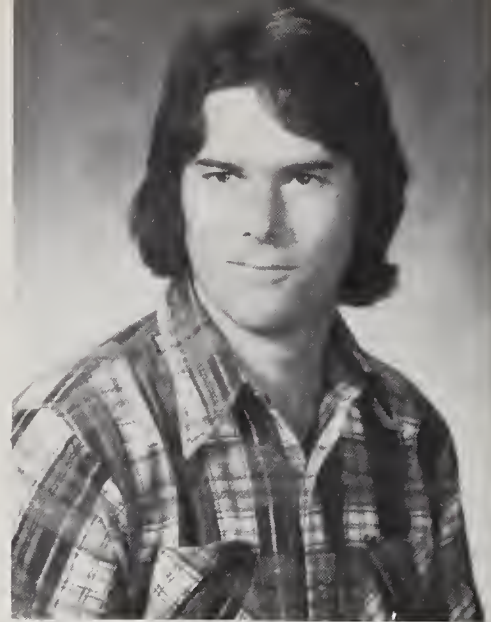




Michael J. Chadwick



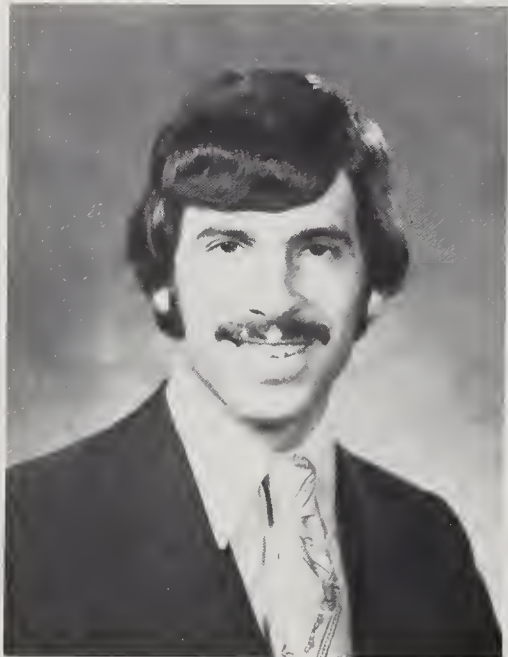
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Marion L. Charette



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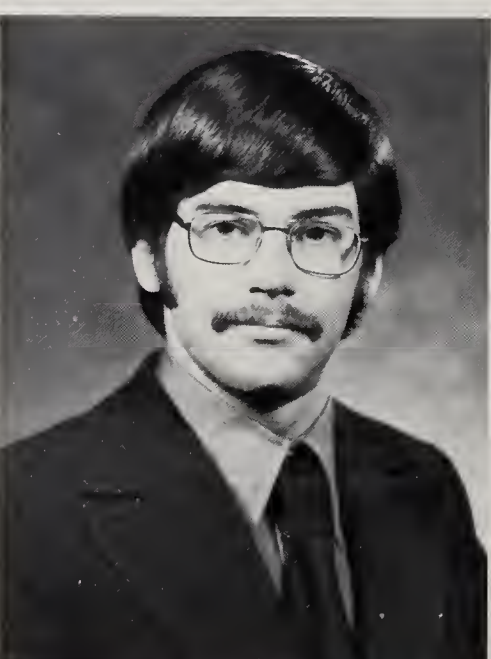
Douglas H. Chase



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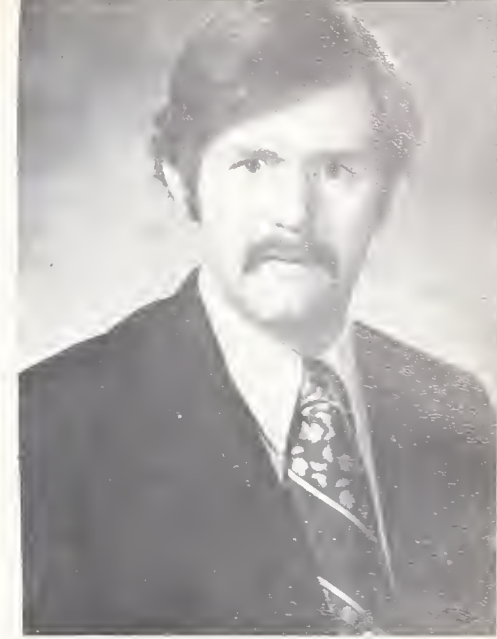


Roy Chirayil



Robert E. Cilley

Margaret L. Clark



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Eileen A. Coogan

Paul E. Coogan



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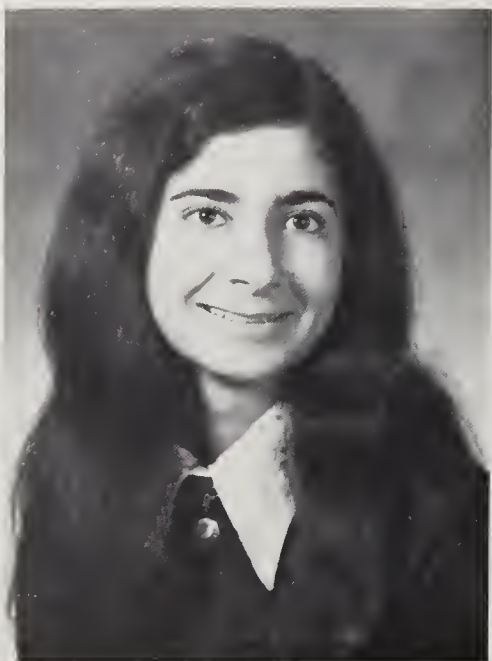
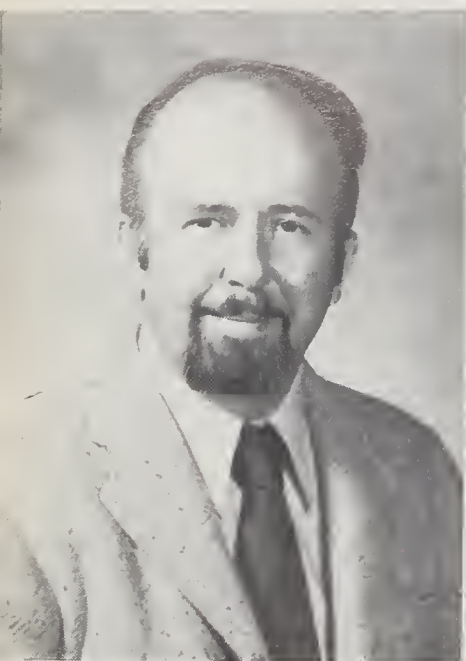




Frederic C. Cooper

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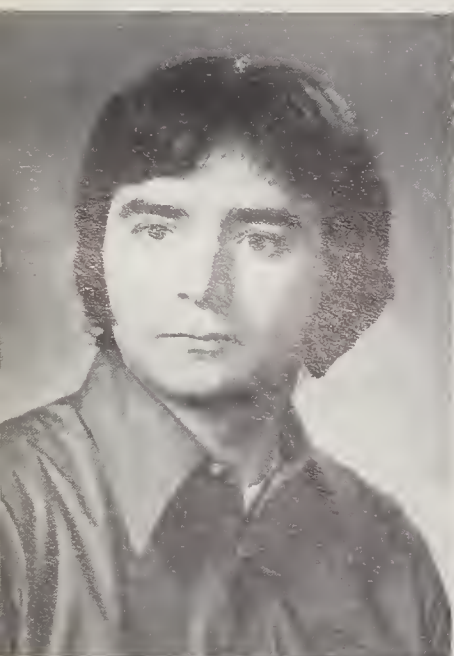
Richard L. Corriveau

Celeste G. Costa



Richard H. Cote

Sharon M. Courtemanche



Normand R. Couture

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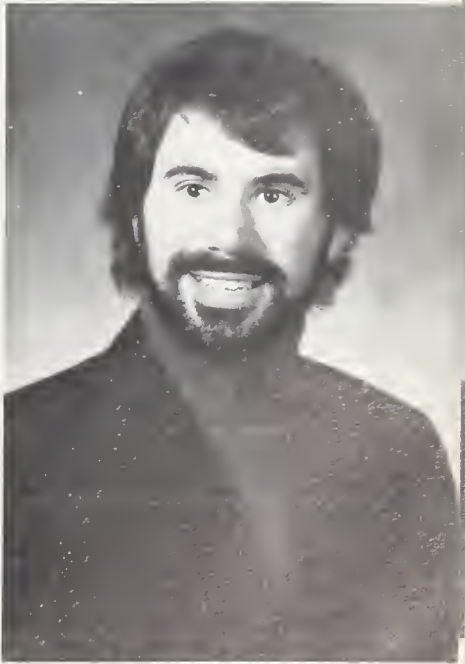
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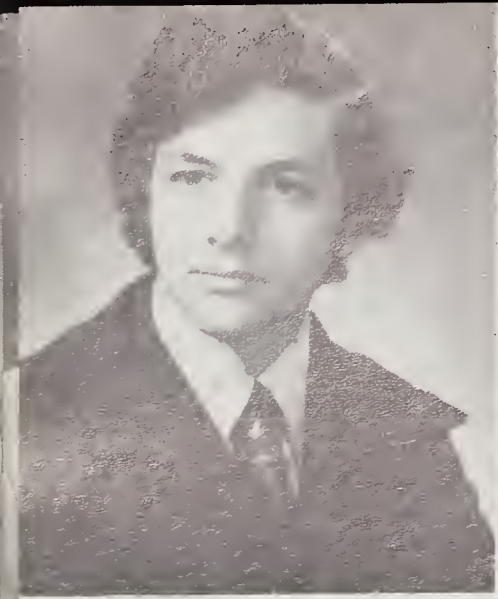
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Paula D. Dashuta



Carlos DaSilva



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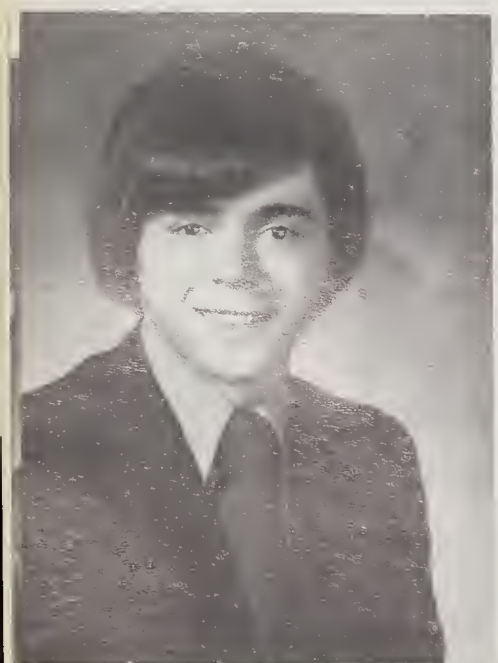
Diana K. Davis



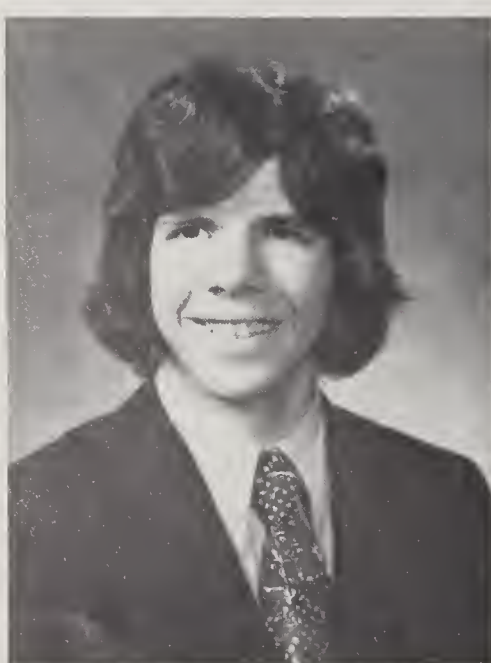
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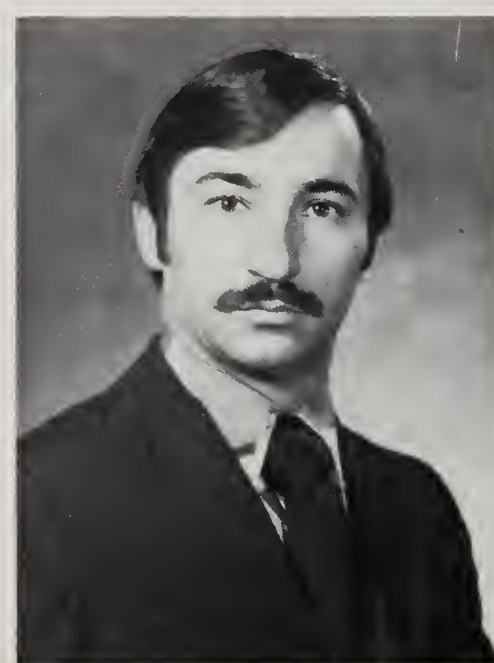
Richard D. Debalsi



Michael E. DeBarros



Leonard T. DeBenedictis



Maurice Decotret

Nanette E. Defeo



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Wayne Dellorusso



Frank J. Dembkowski III

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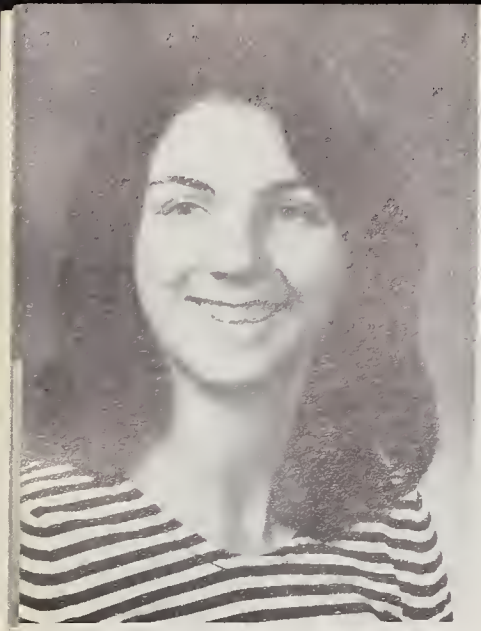


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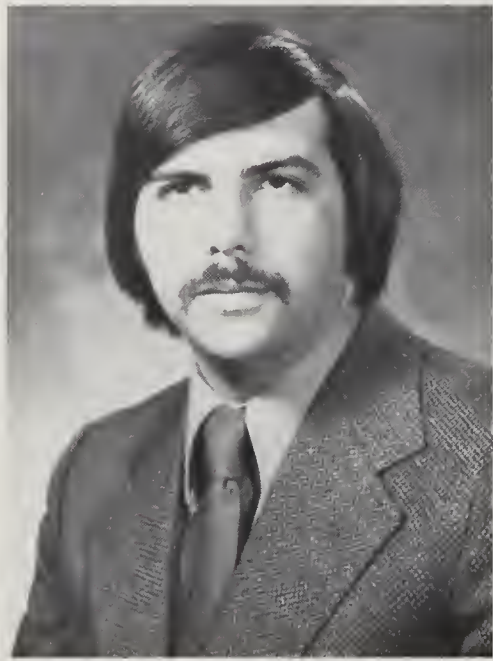
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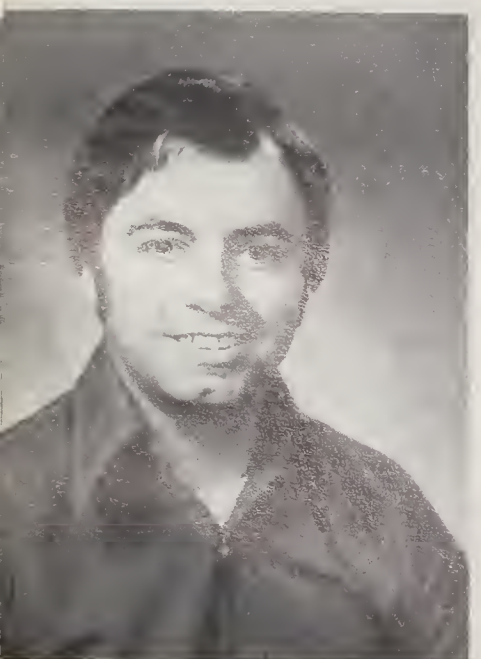
Ronald R. Desruisseaux



Carlene A. DeYoung



Steven S. DeYoung



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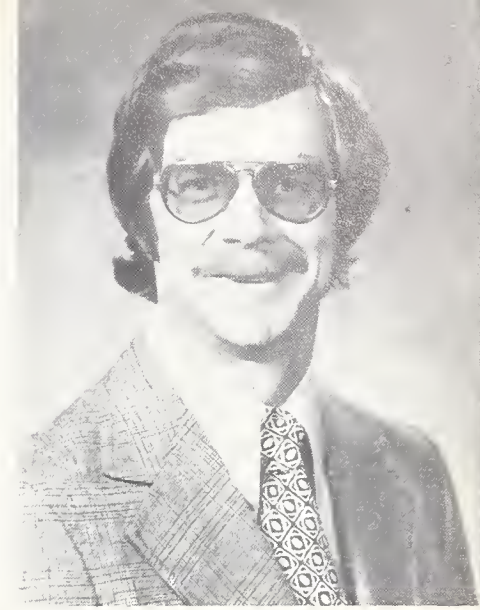


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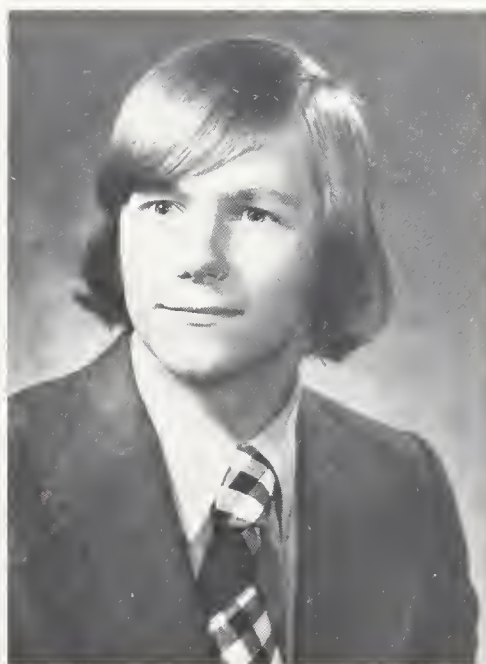
Paul R. Dion

Christina G. Dodd



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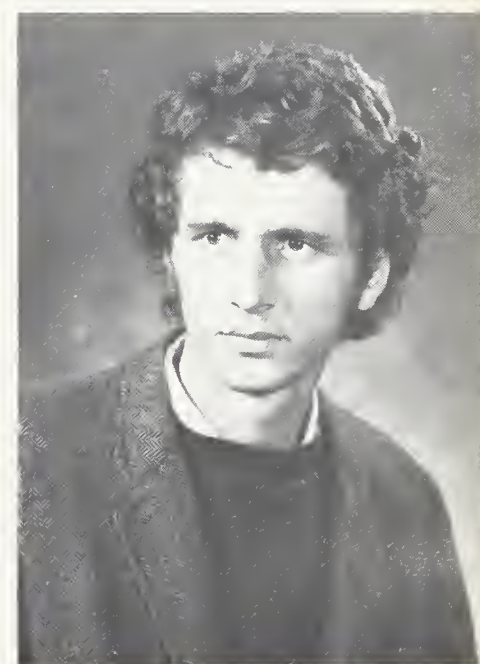
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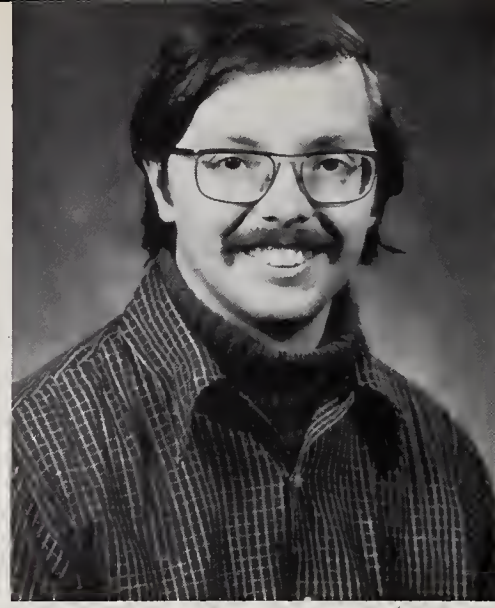
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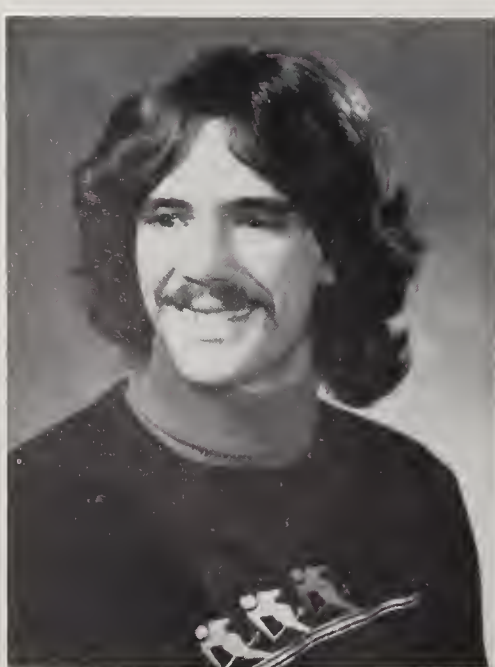
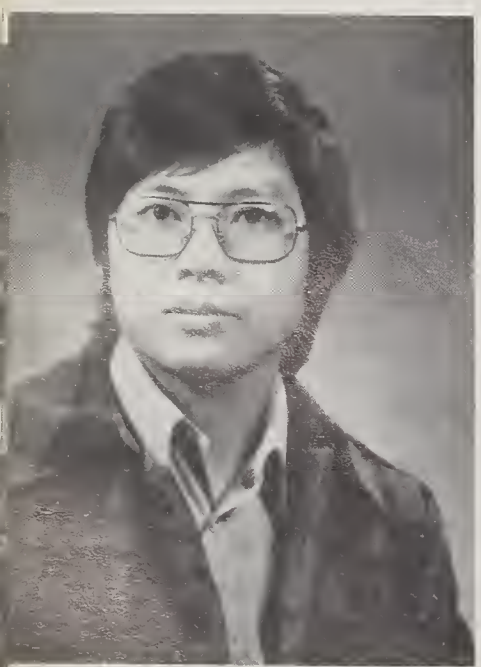
Karen L. Easton

Richard R. Eckman



Mary G. Edwards

Florence S. Eng



Ronnie K. Eng

Robert A. Enos, Jr.

Christopher Esancy

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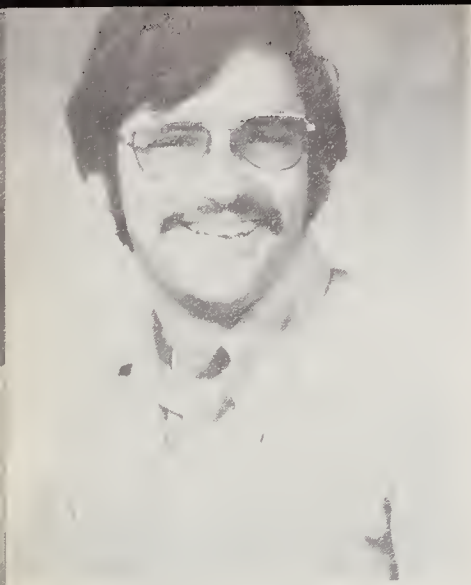
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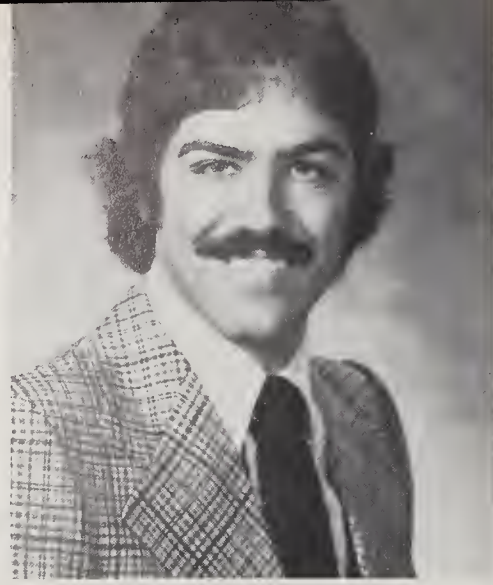


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Barry S. Fineberg



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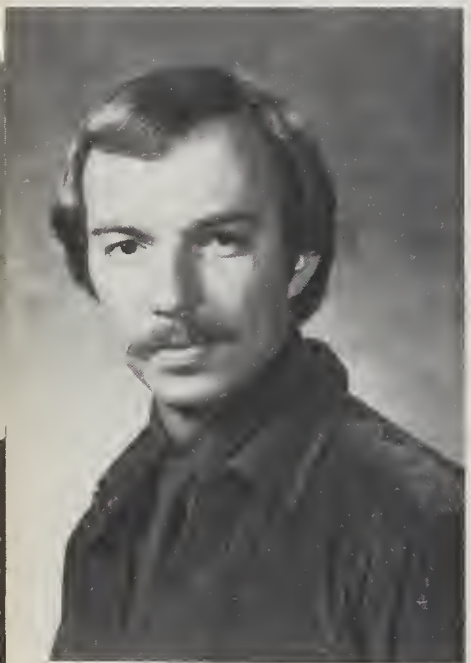
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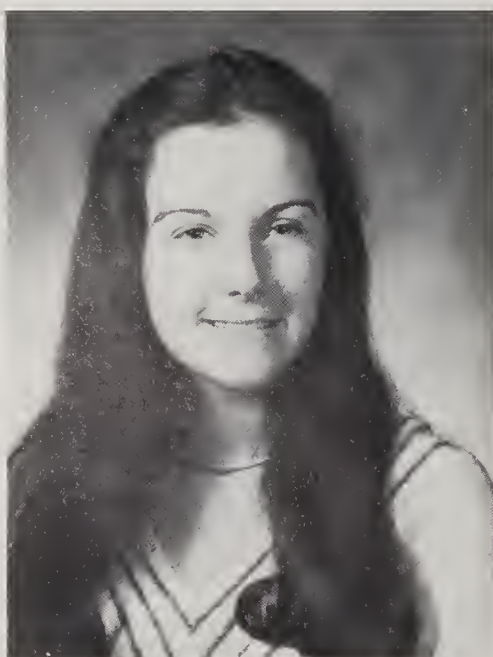
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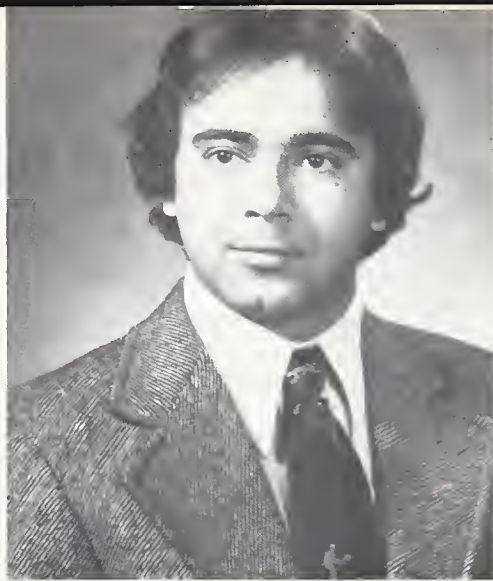


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Charles Funches



Maryanne Furlong

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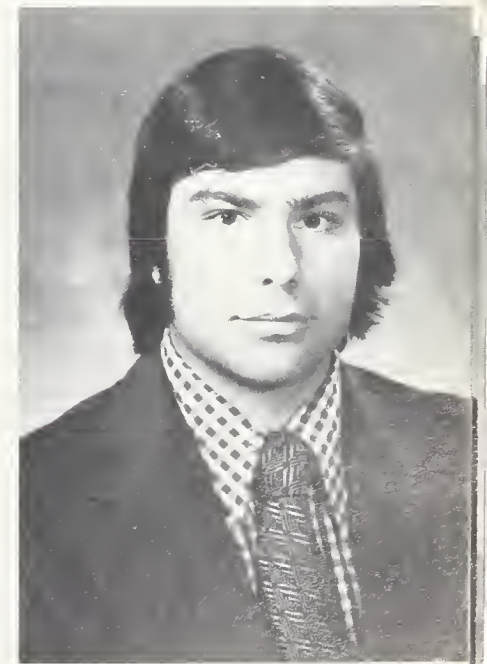
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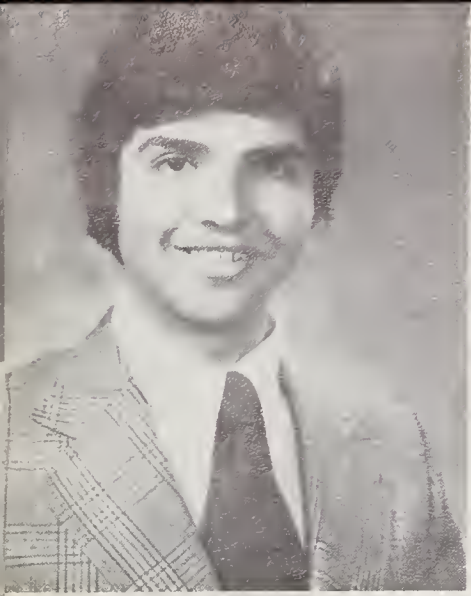
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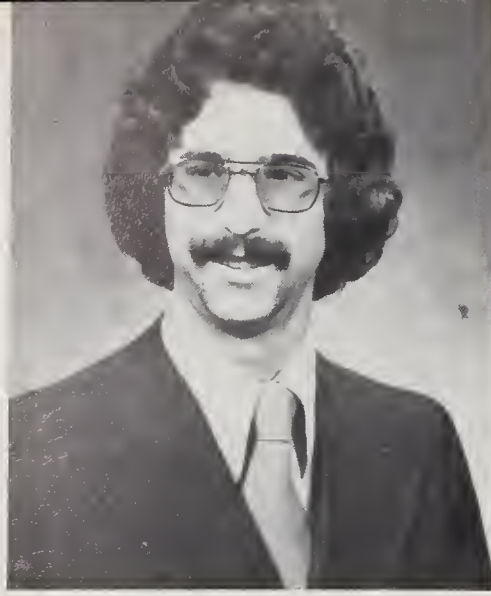
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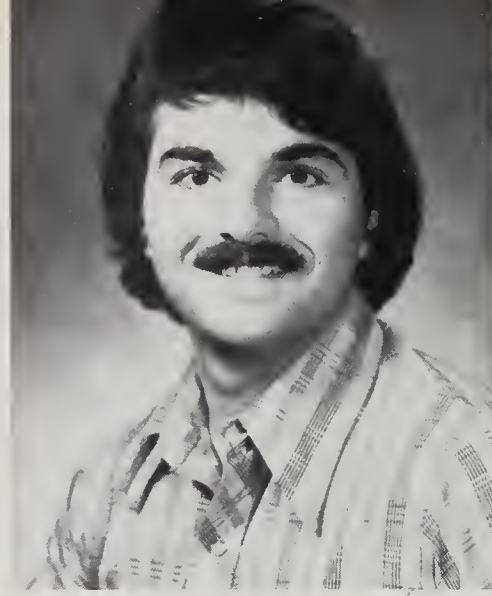
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John Gary



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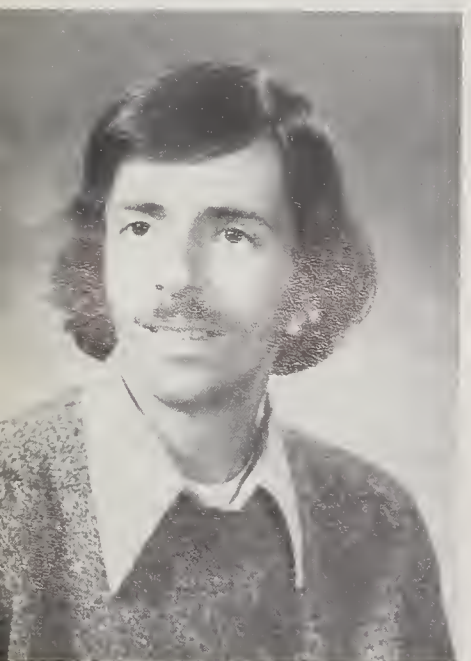
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Thomas W. Geggatt



Karen M. Geissler



Bruce M. Genhold



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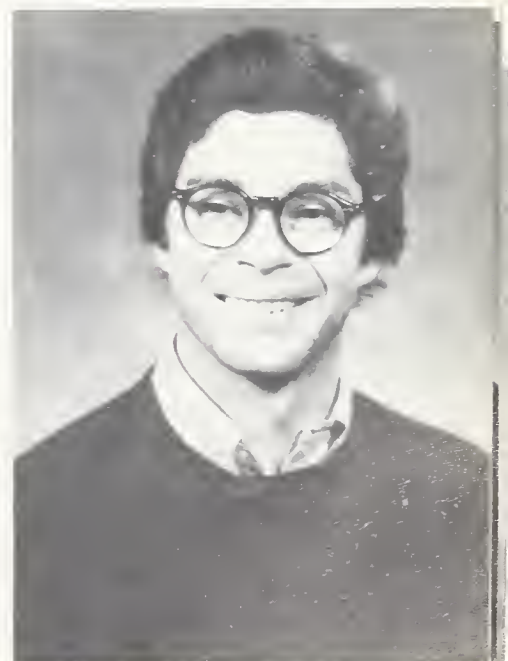
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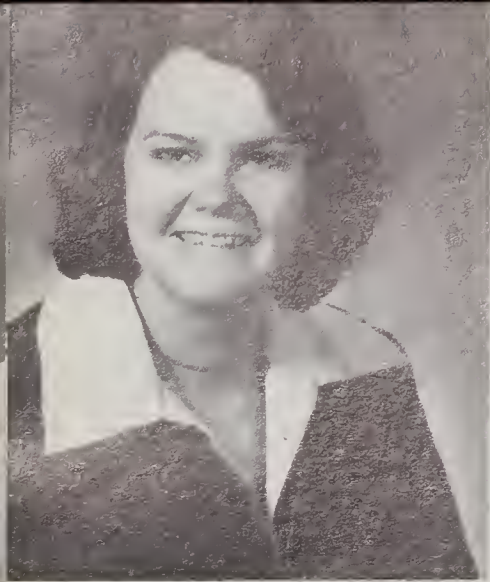
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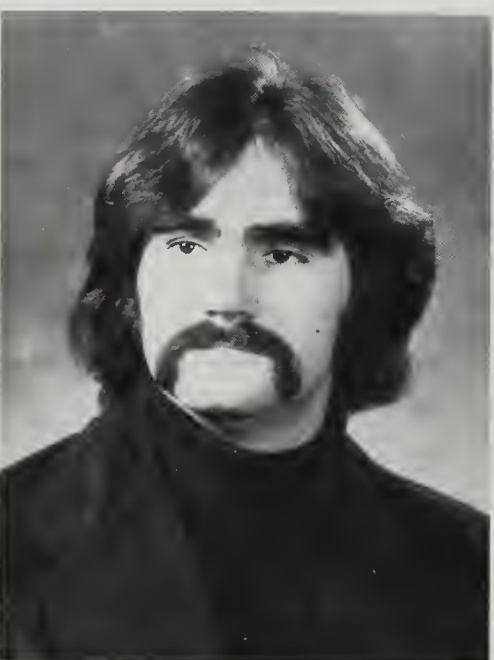
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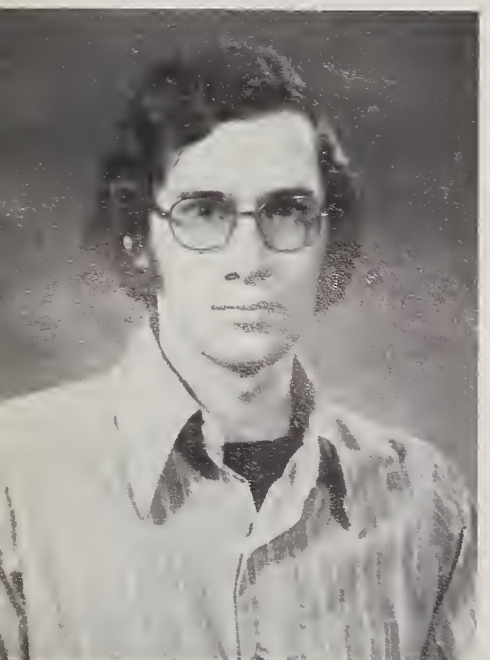
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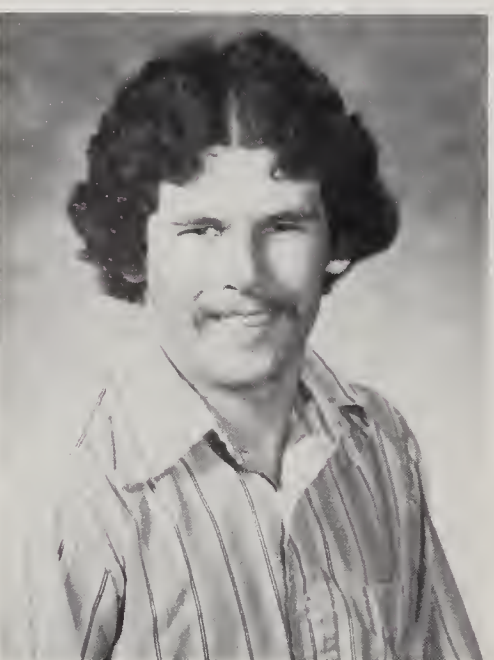
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Charles F. Gregory



Mark D. Gregory



James J. Gribouski



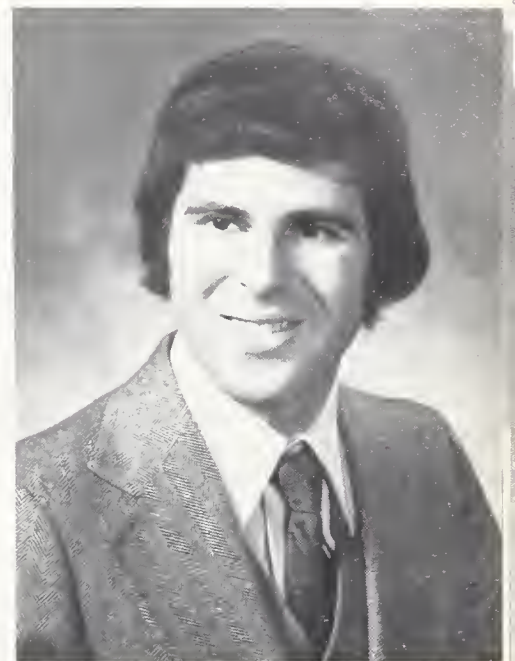
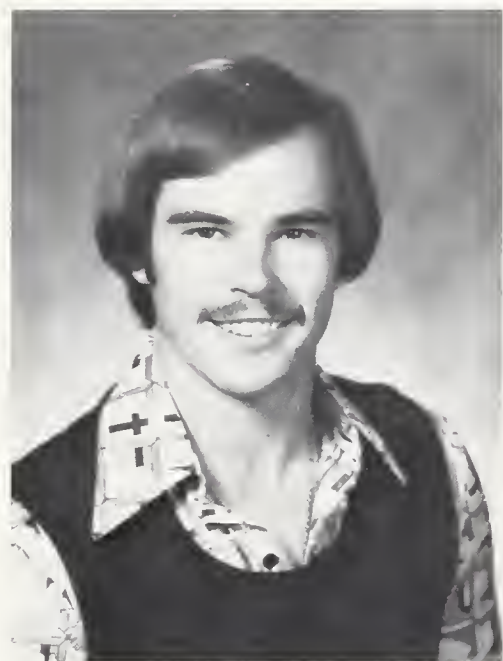
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Jerome M. Grotz



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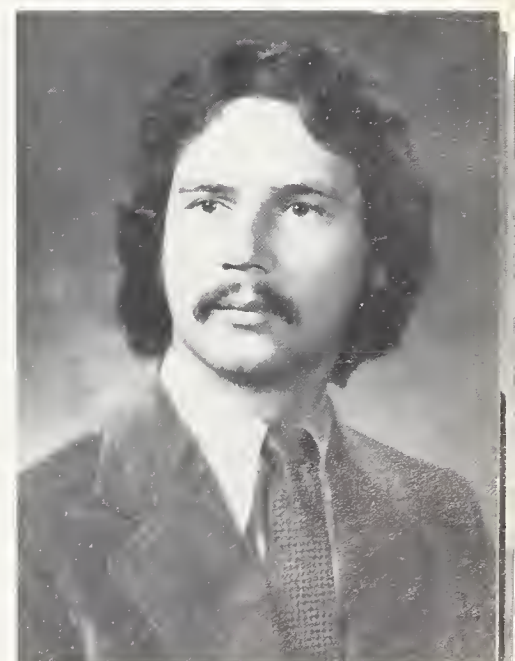
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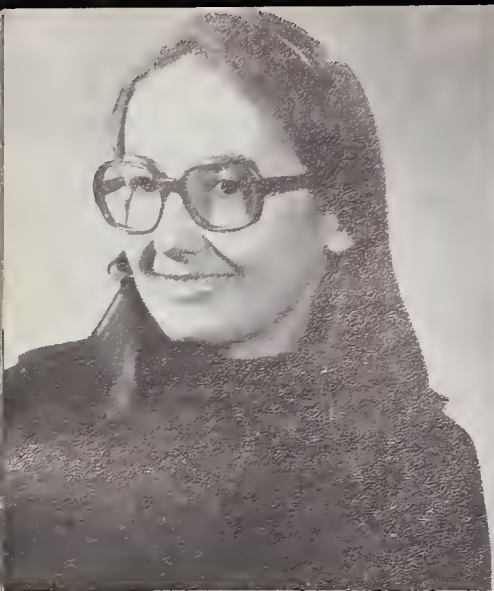
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Phyllis L. Hanson



Edward E. Hardy



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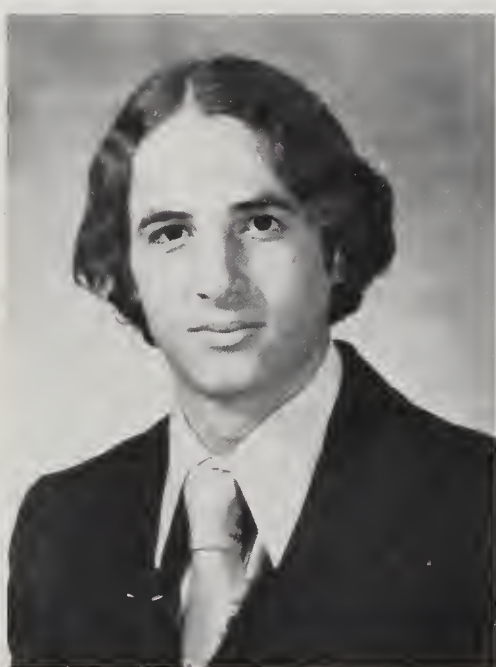
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Robert E. Harris



Janet M. Harrison

Scott P. Harrison



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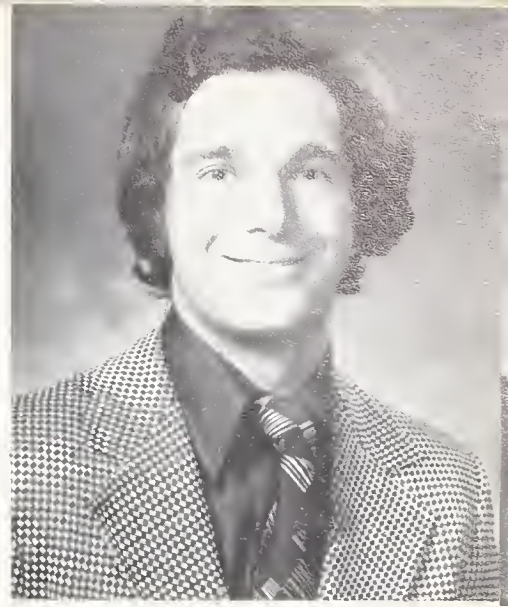
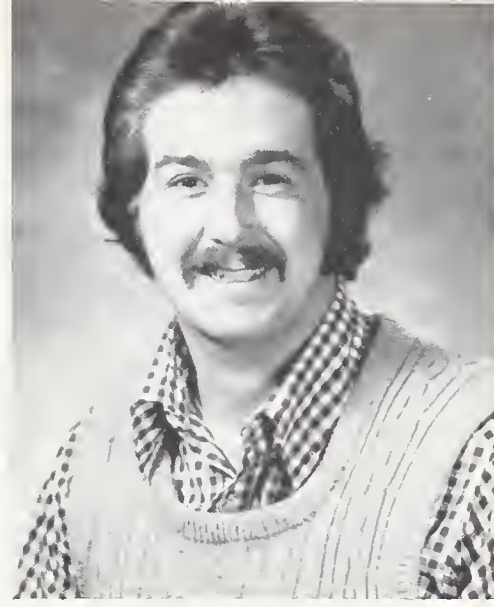


Mary P. Hay

Karen L. Hayward

Robert P. Hebda

Michael J. Hevey



Kevin J. Higham

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Karen L. Hochu



Kim I. Holland

Deborah C. Holme



Scott W. Horsley

Richard Huey



E. Jacqueline Hunt

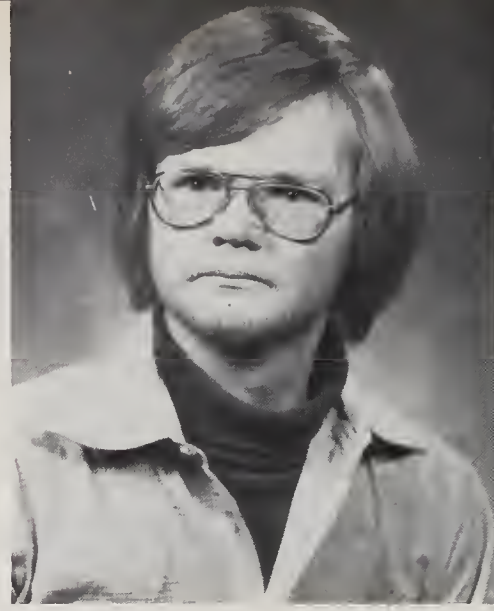




Karen L. Hunt



Robert G. Hutchings



William C. Jeffers



Anne M. Jenkinson



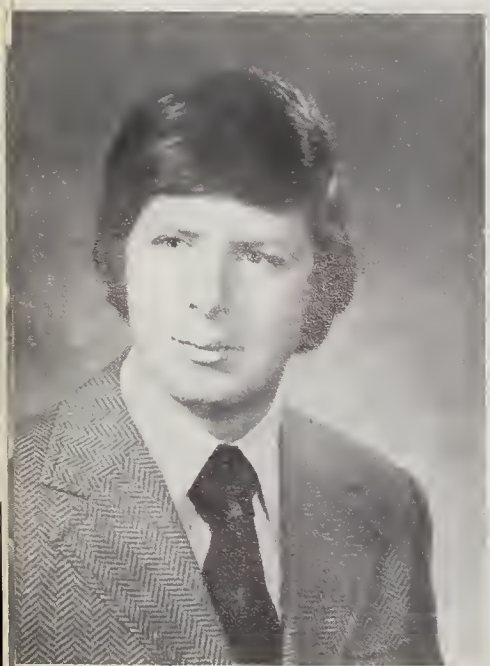
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Kristine F. Jodat



Maureen B. Jodoin



John H. Johnson



Sandra A. Johnson



Denise A. Jones

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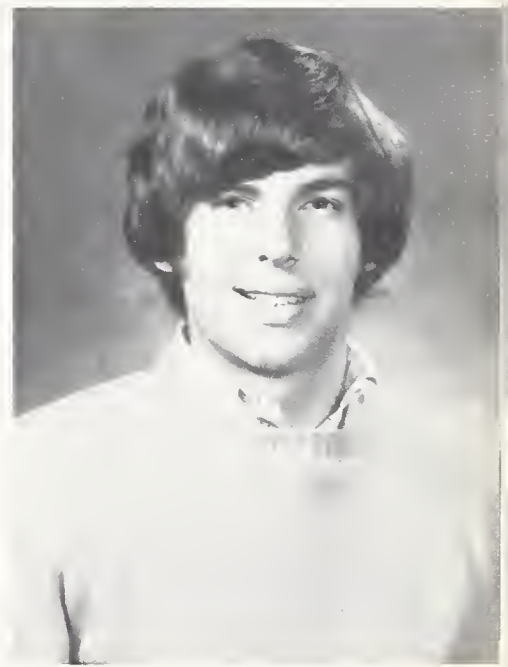
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Barbara L. Kaerwer



John Kim Kahler



Joanne C. Kaminski



Lawrence A. Kaner



Nicholas E. Kathijotes

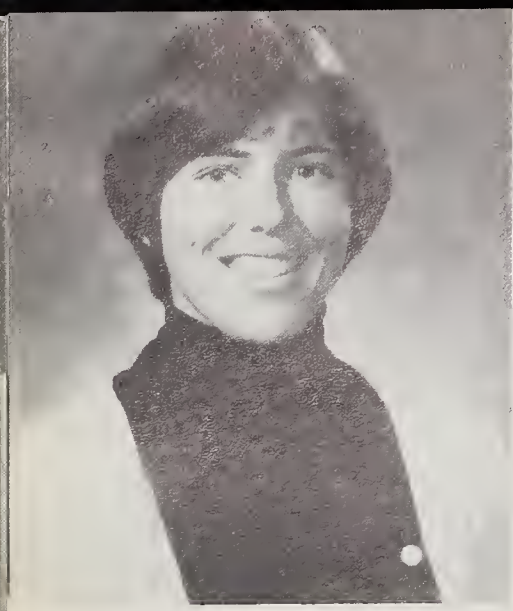


Marilyn Katler



Jane L. Keenan





Karen J. Keeping



Nancy Kennedy



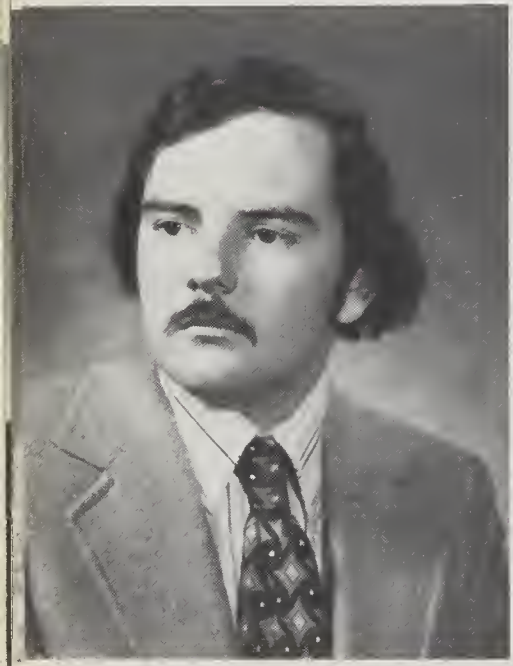
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Elizabeth Kent



Josephine A. Kenyon



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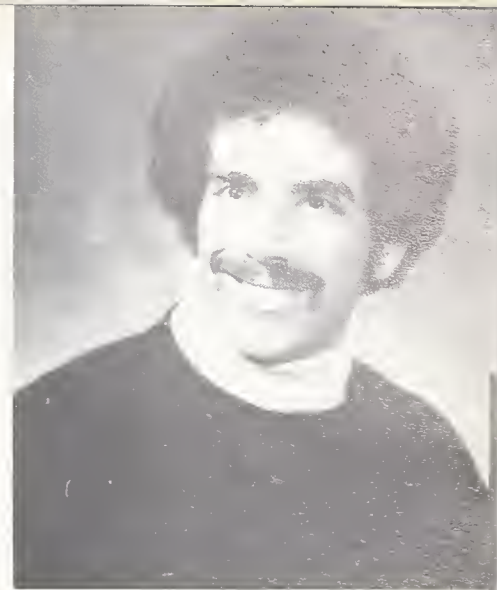


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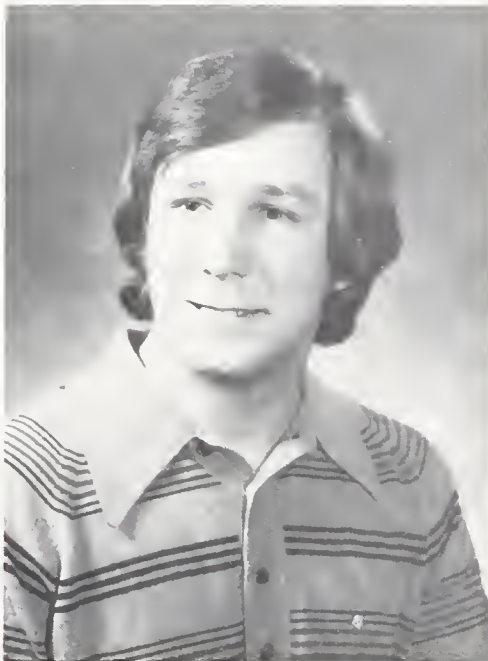
Peter R. Kinkade

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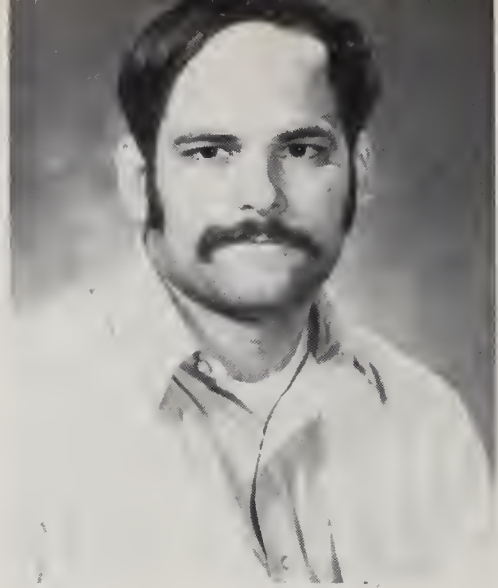
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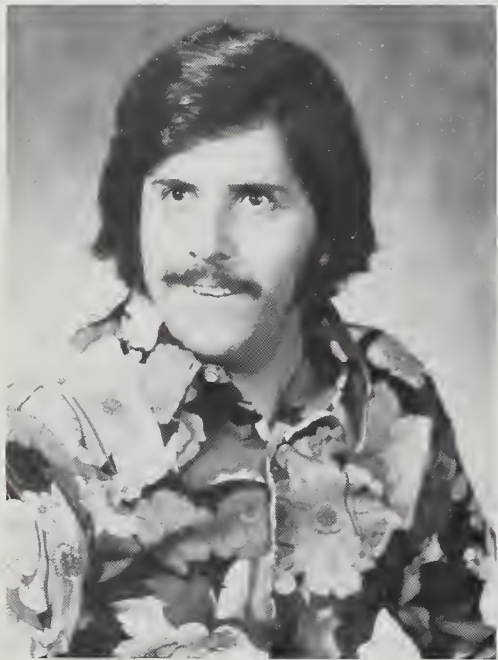
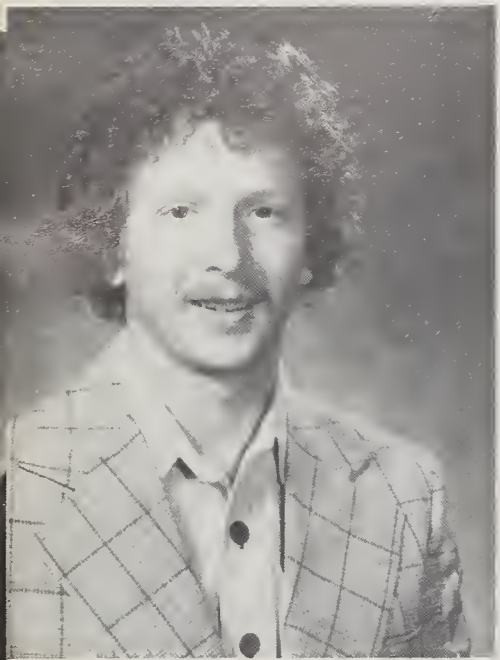


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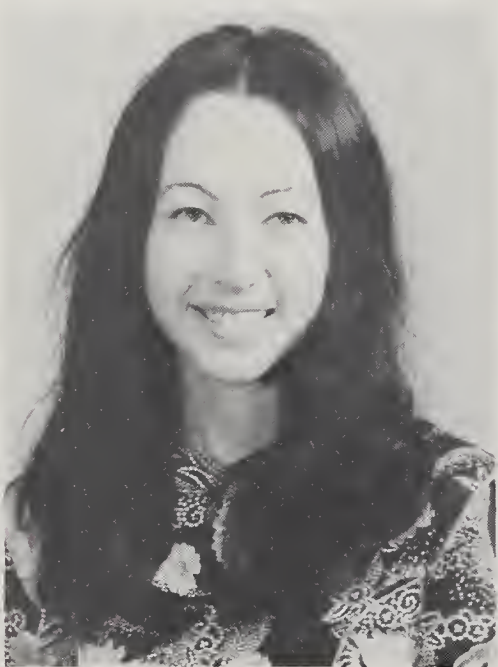




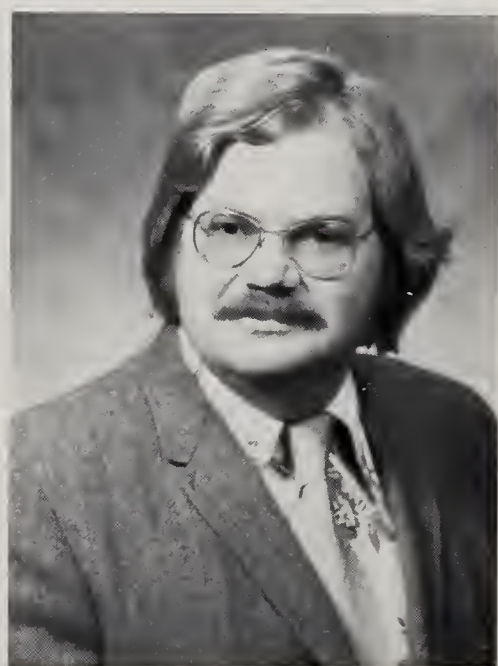
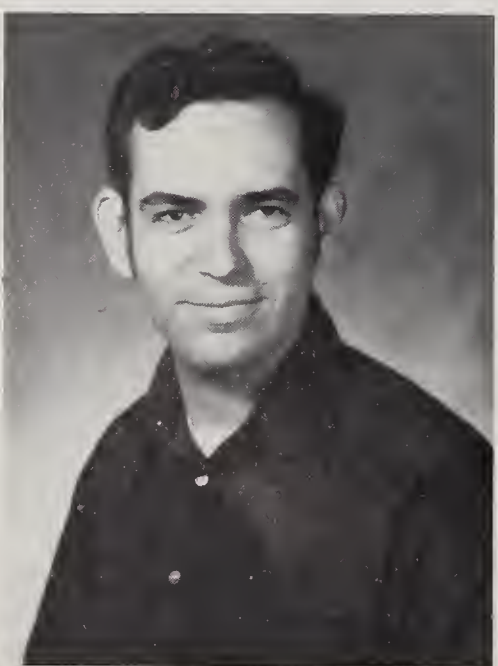
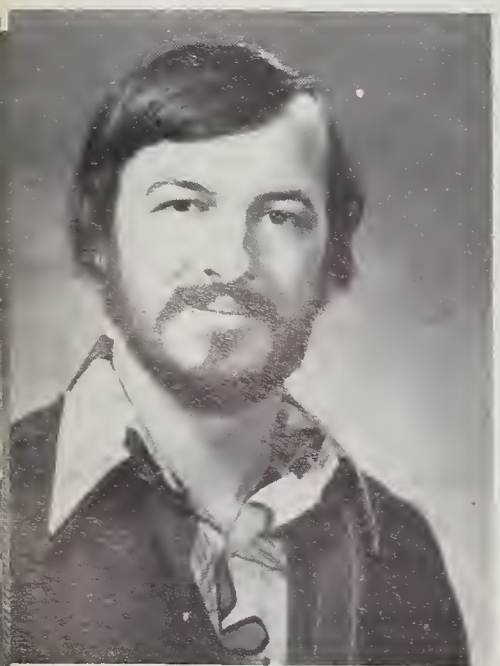
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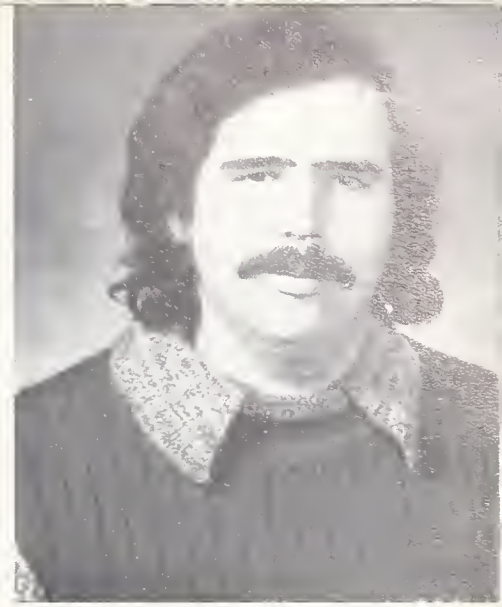
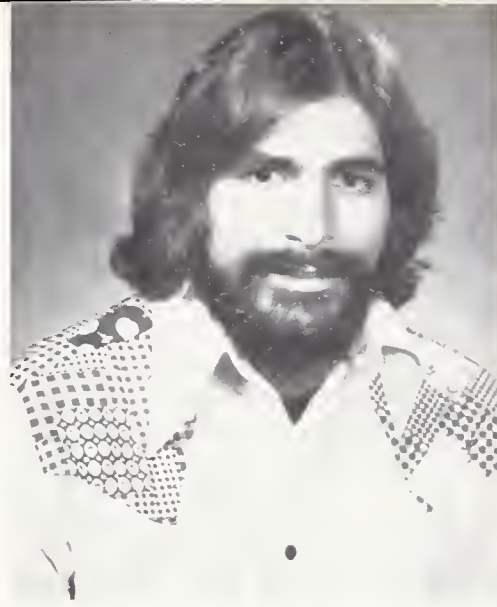


Christine L. Landgraf
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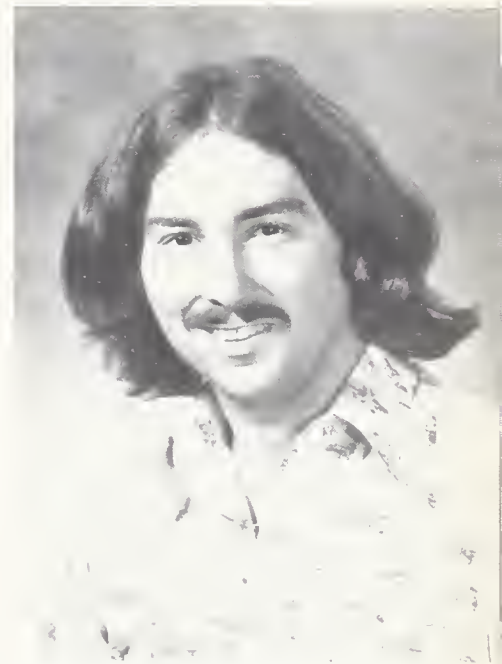
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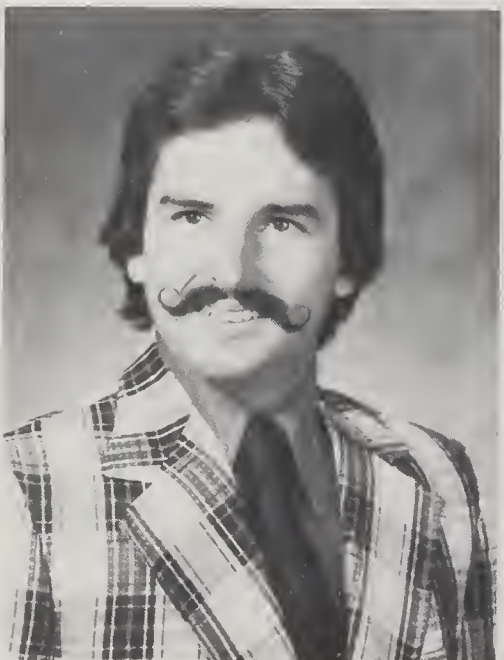
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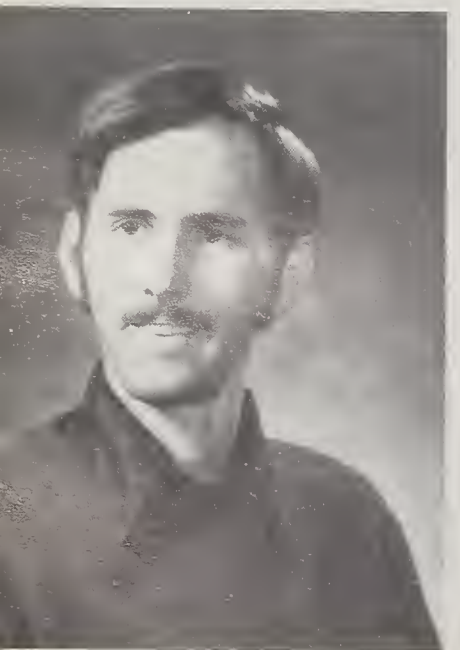
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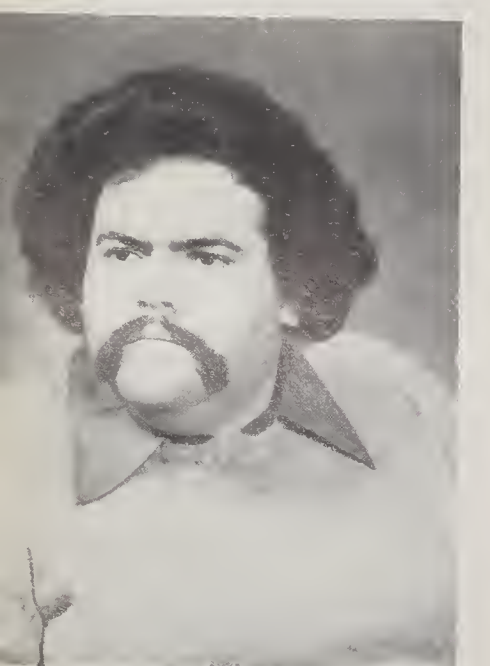
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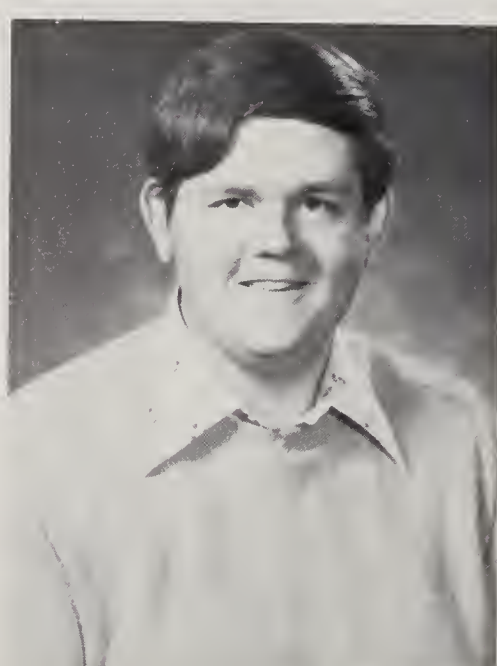
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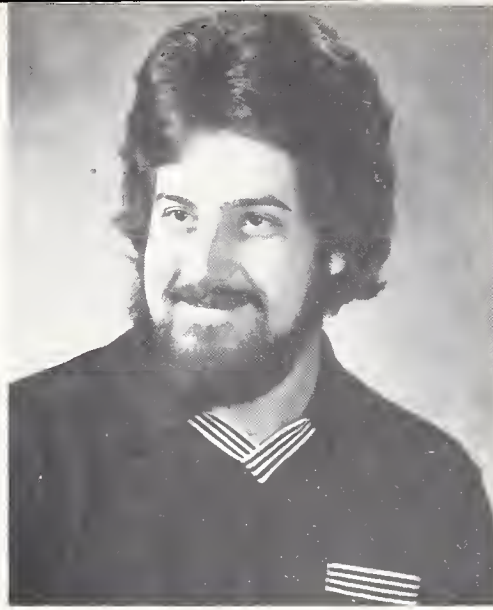


Michael A. Marcoux



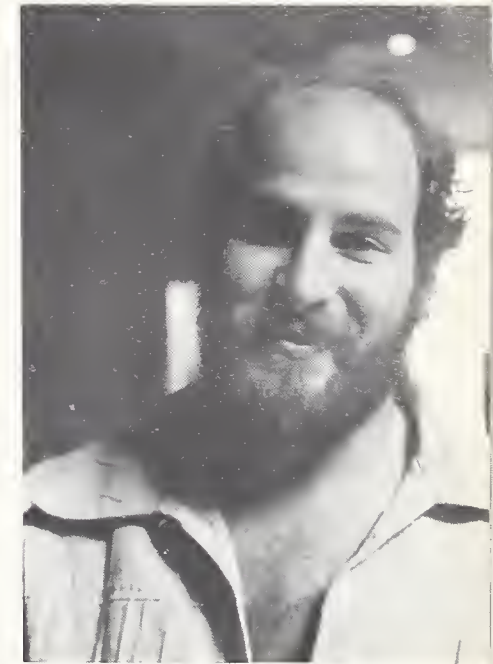
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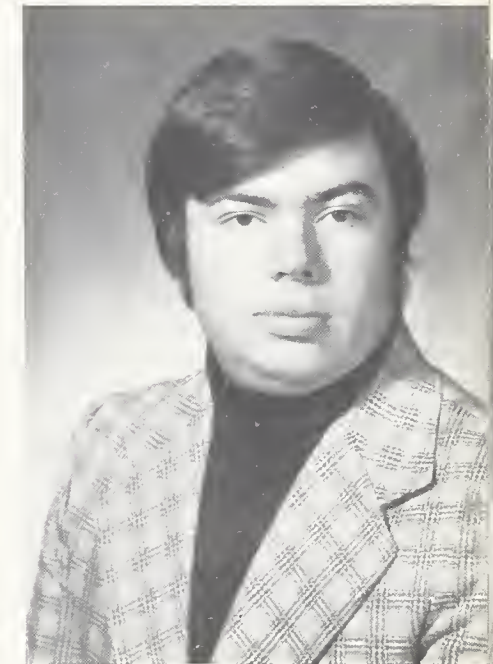
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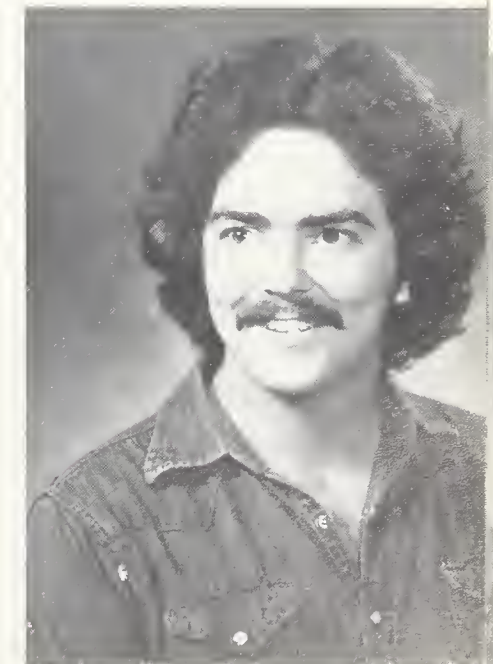
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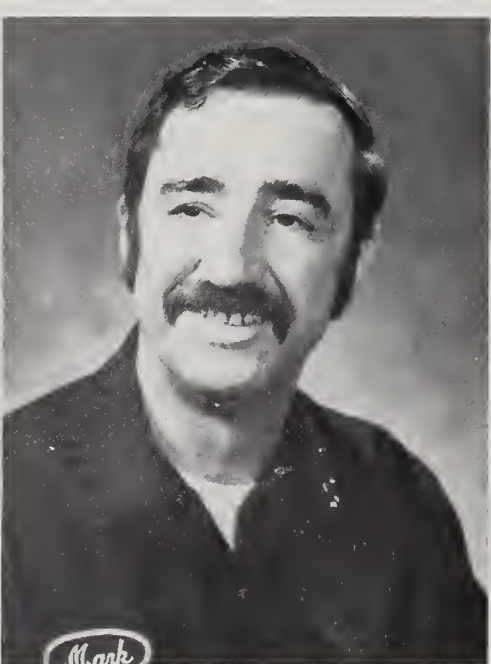
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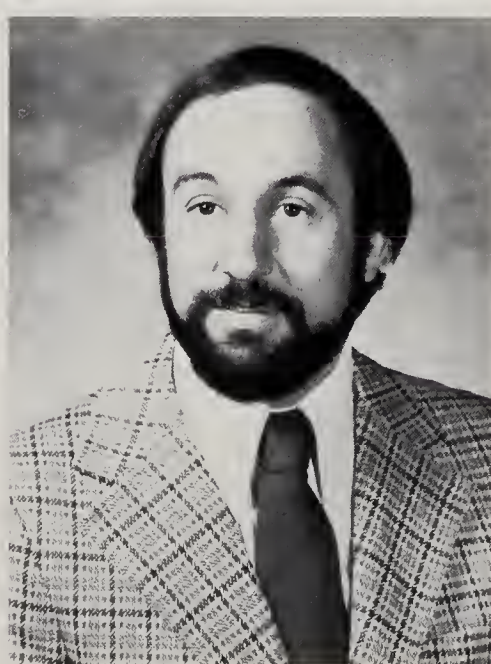
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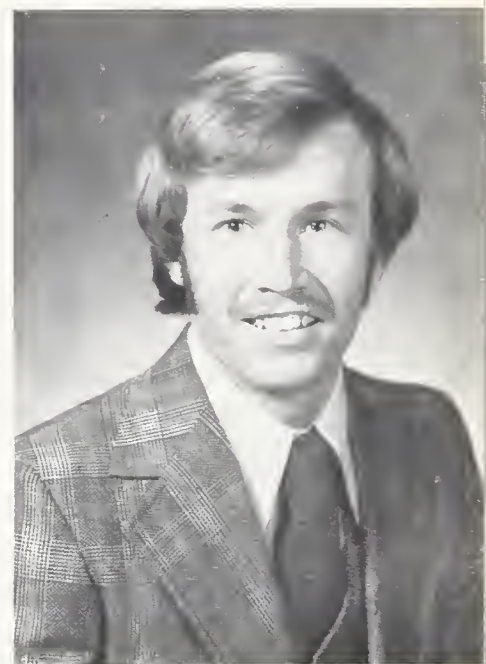
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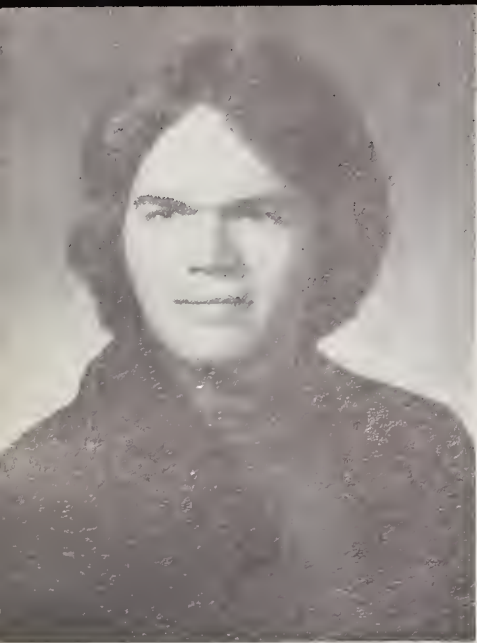
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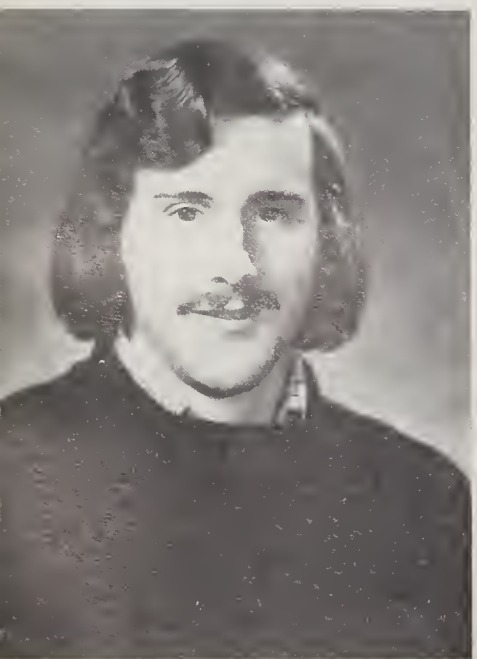
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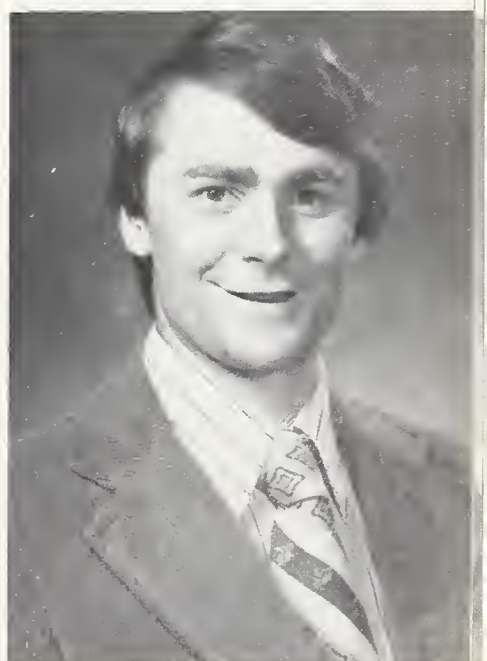


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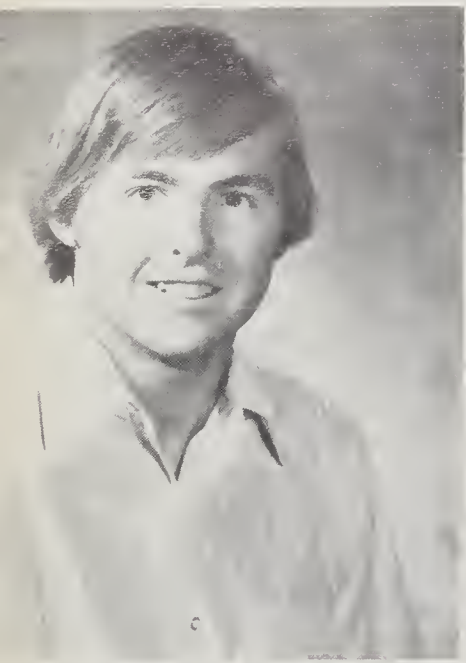
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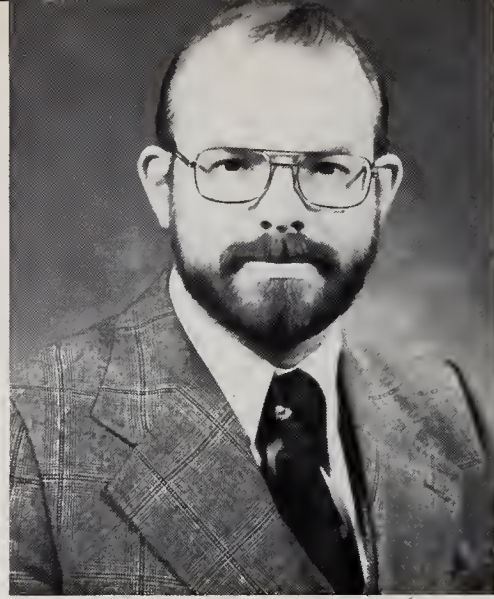
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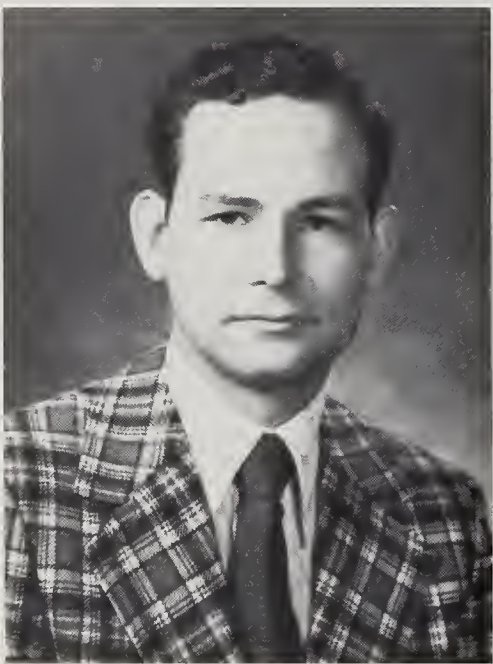
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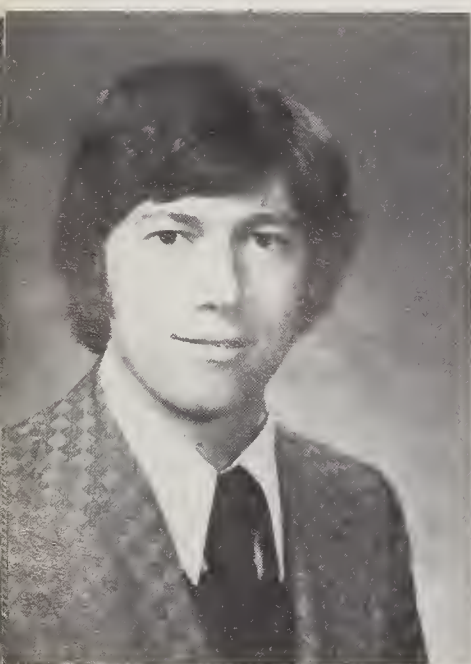
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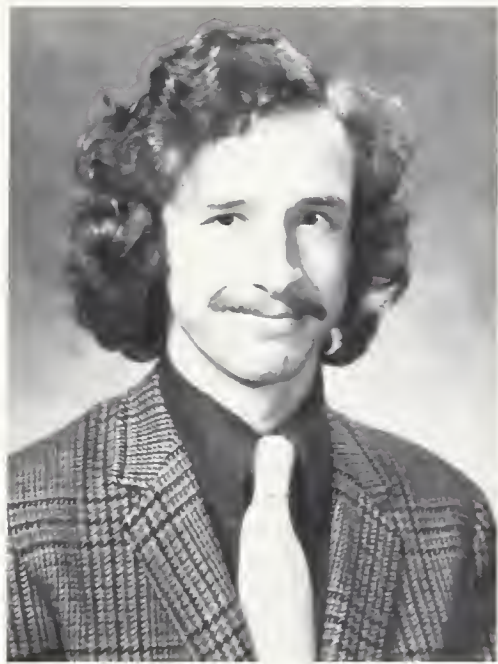
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Marilyn Oliveira

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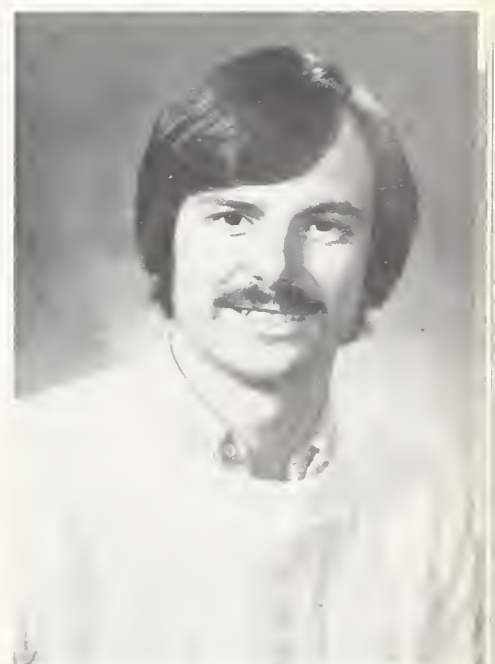
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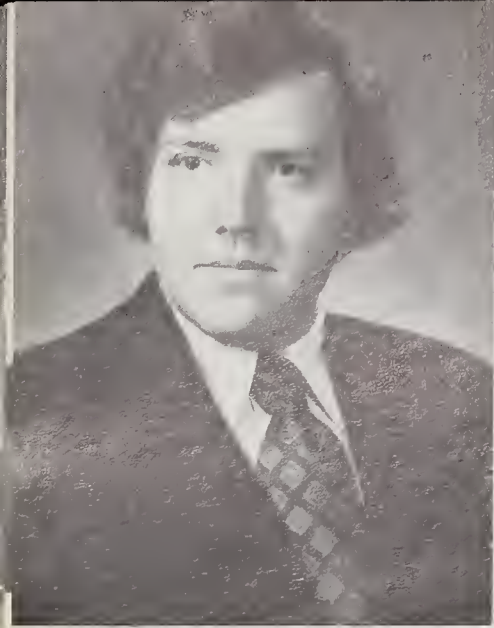
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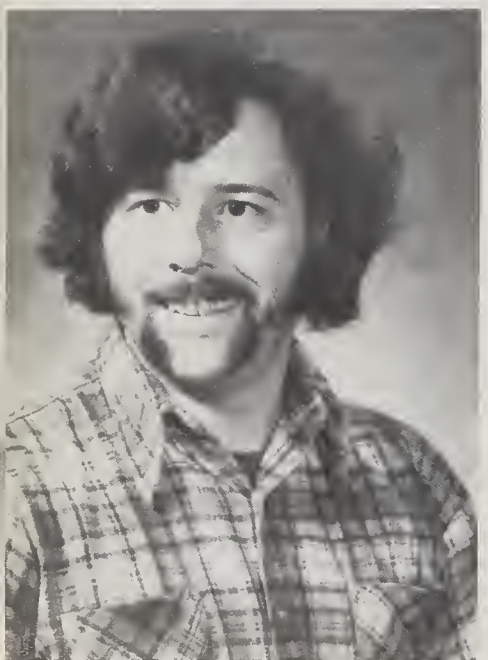
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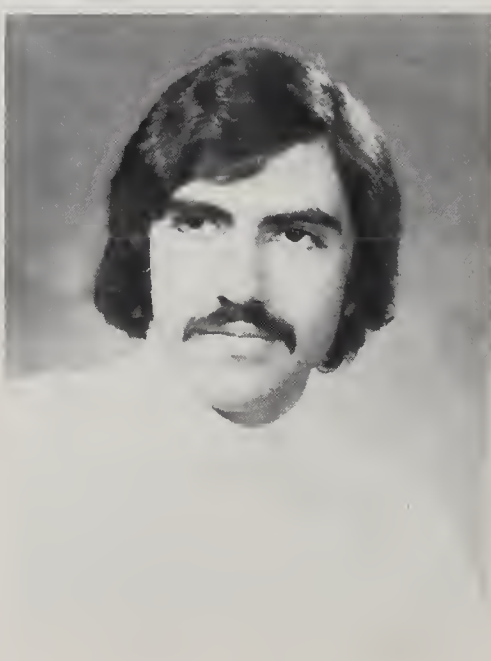
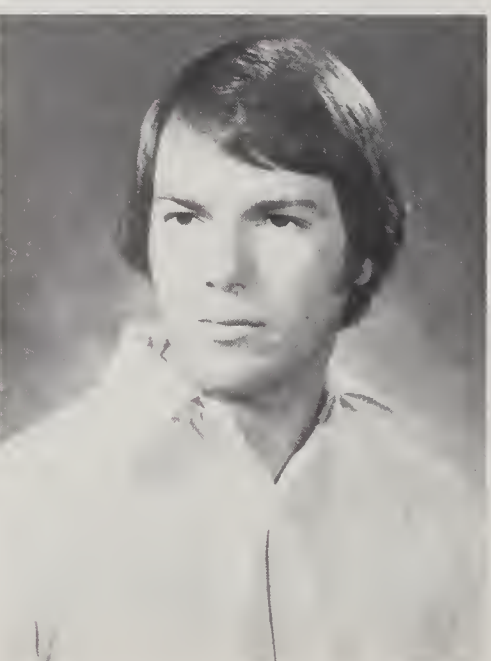
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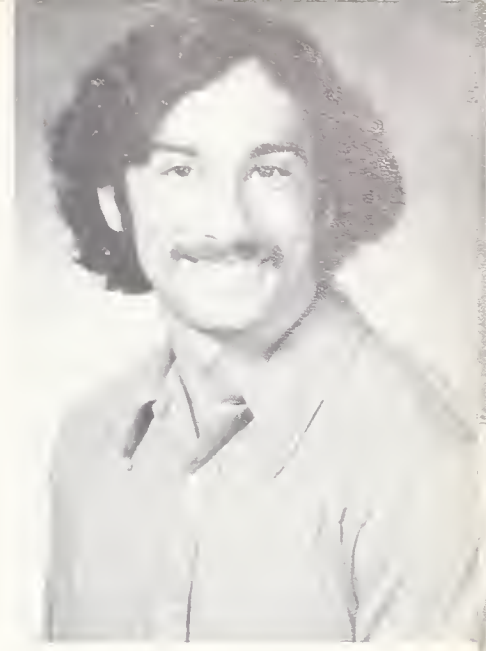


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Maria C. Pereira

Gloria A. Perron

Peter A. Petch





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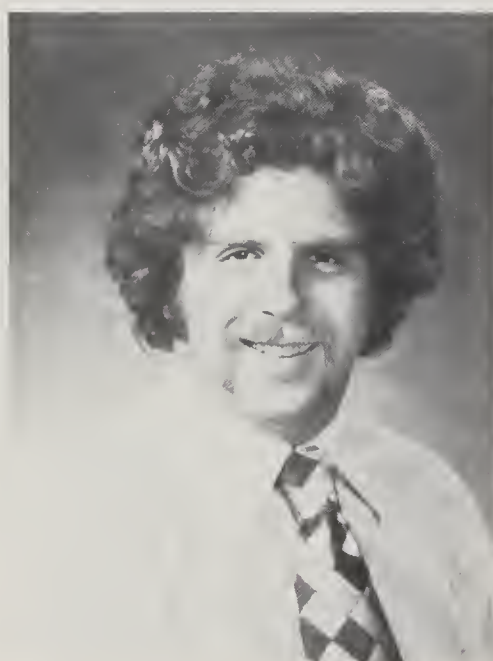
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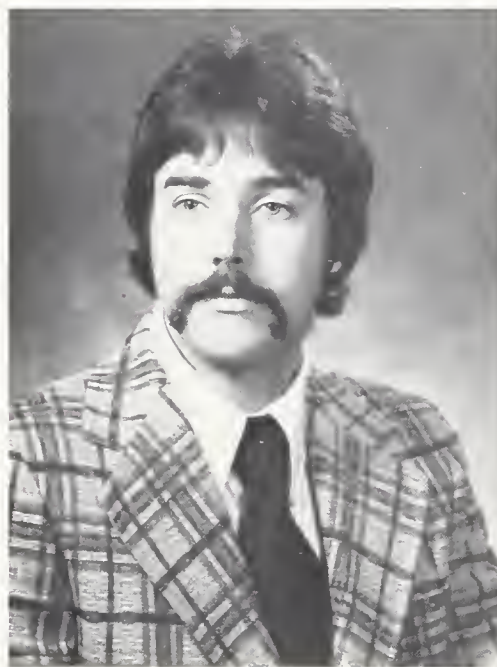
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Constance Poulos



Ronald S. Powell



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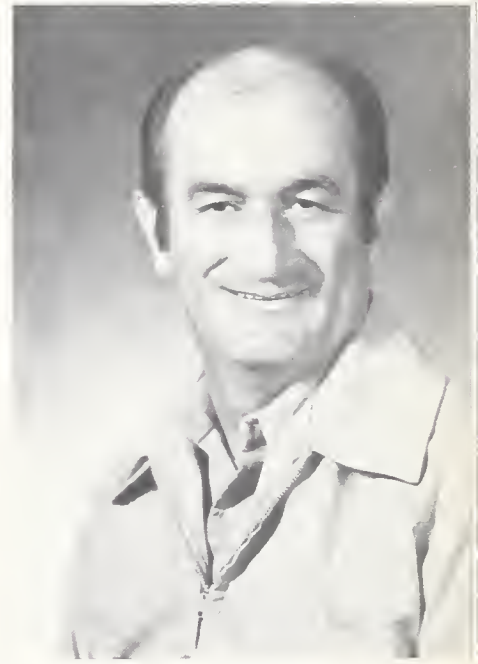
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Paula A. Richardson



Warren N. Richardson

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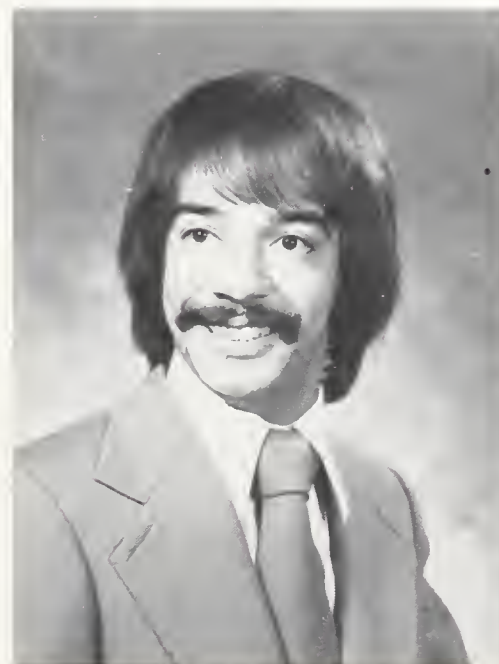
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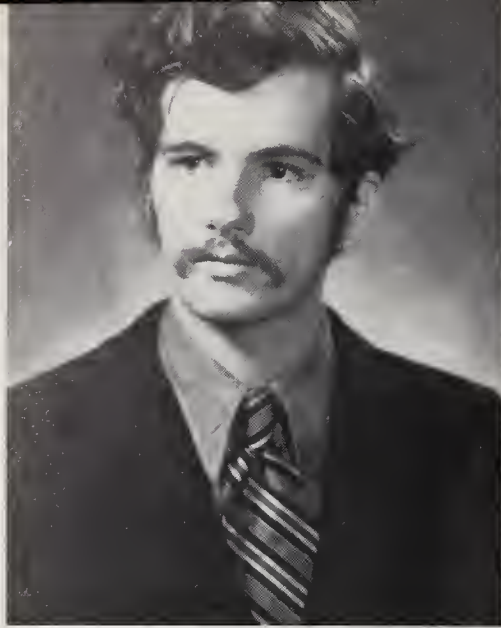
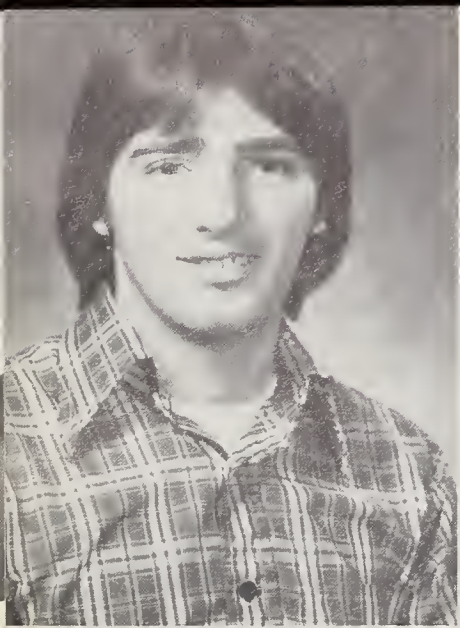
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Alice M. Rojko

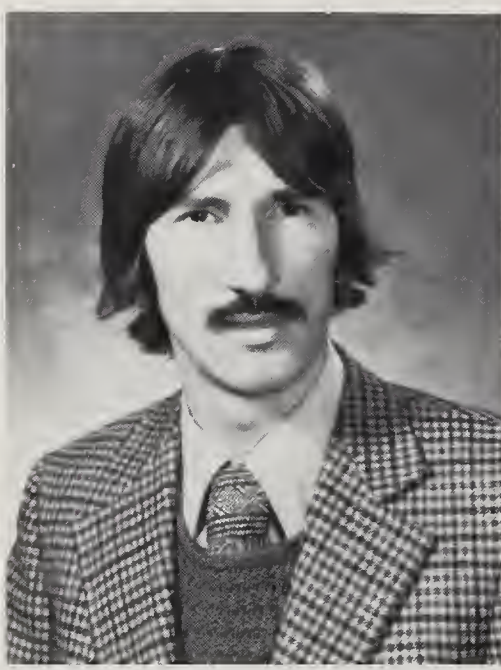
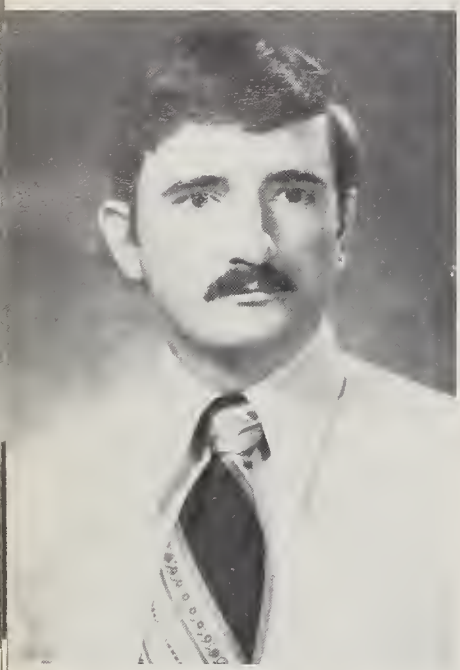




Daniel Romano

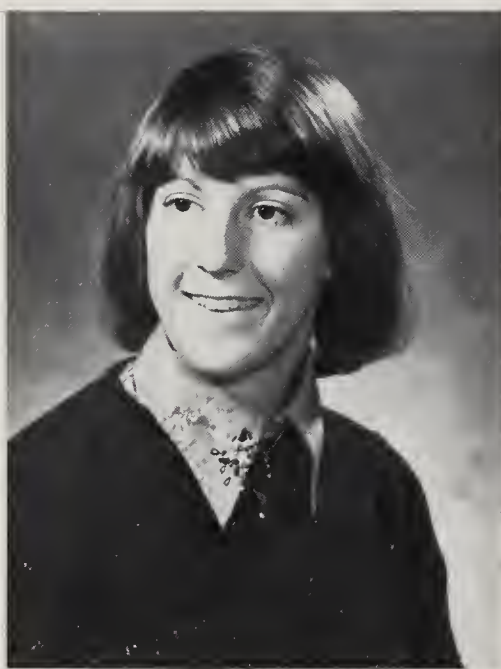
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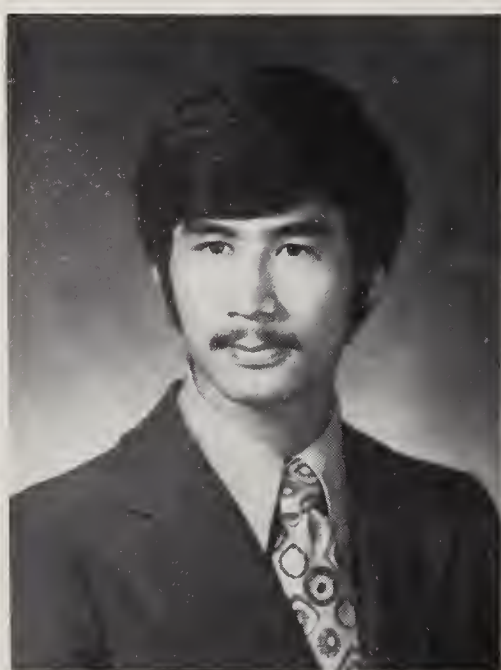
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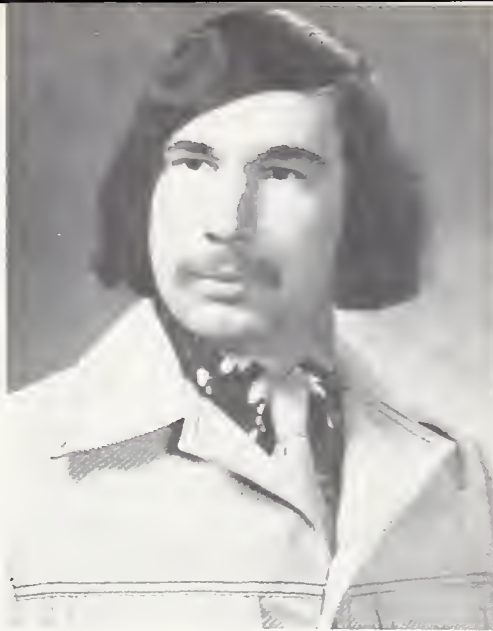


Juliette C. Roy

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Kenneth Robert Ryan



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Kyle A. Sandahl



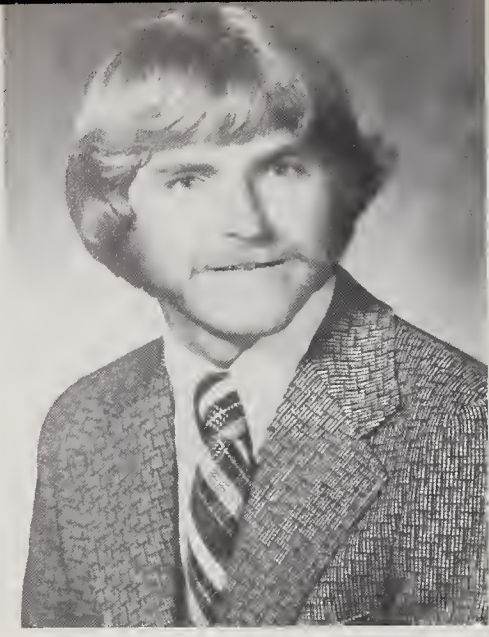
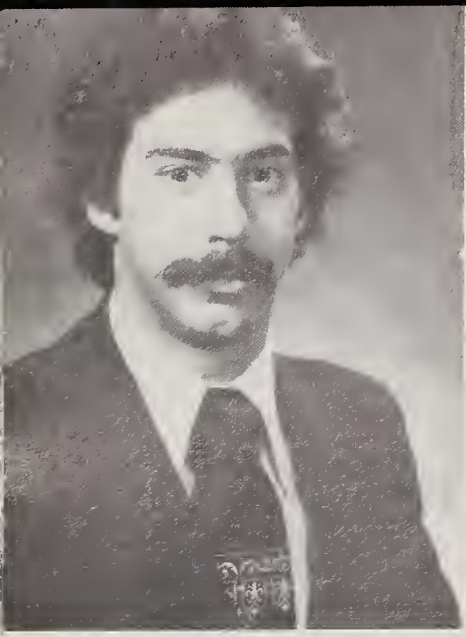
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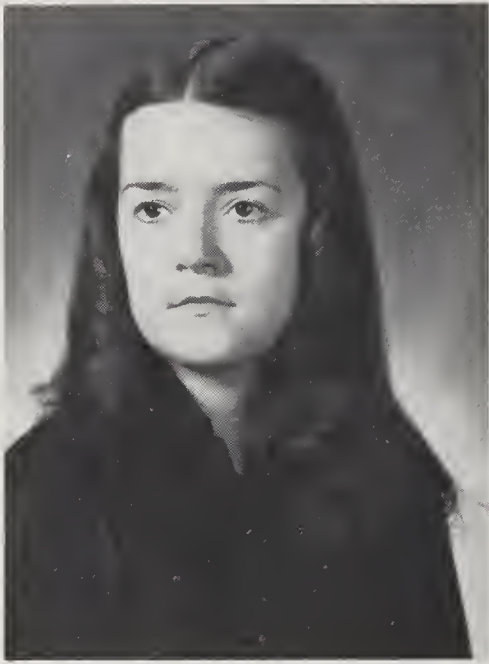
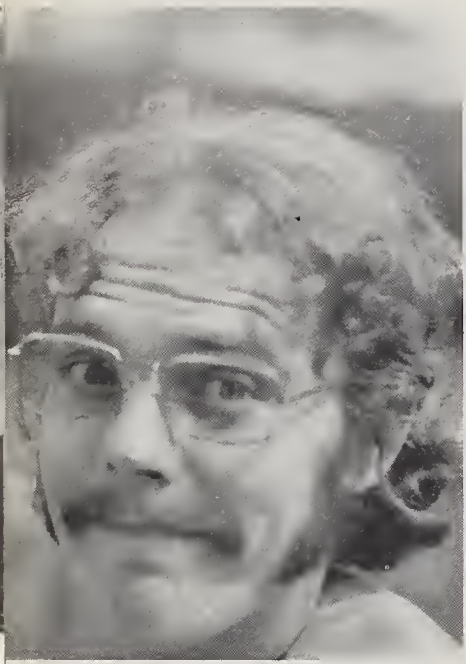
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Stanley D. Sawicki



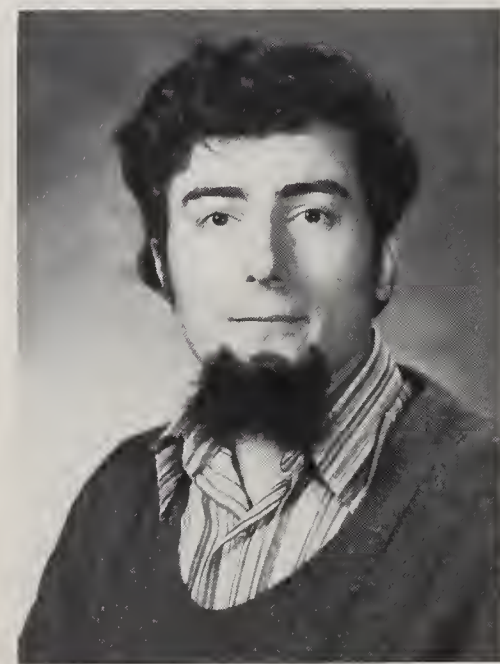
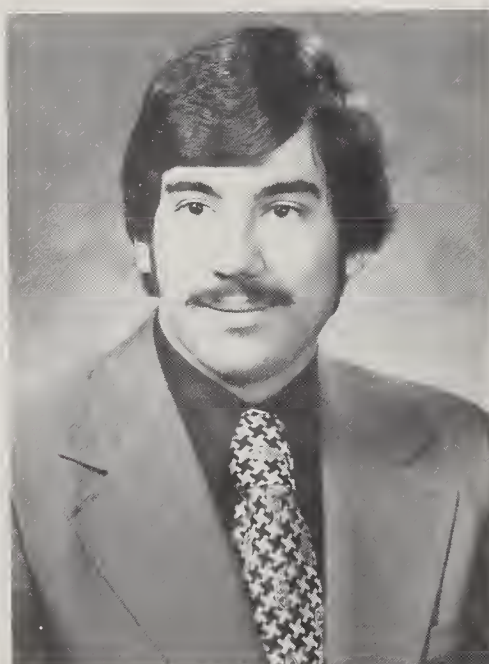
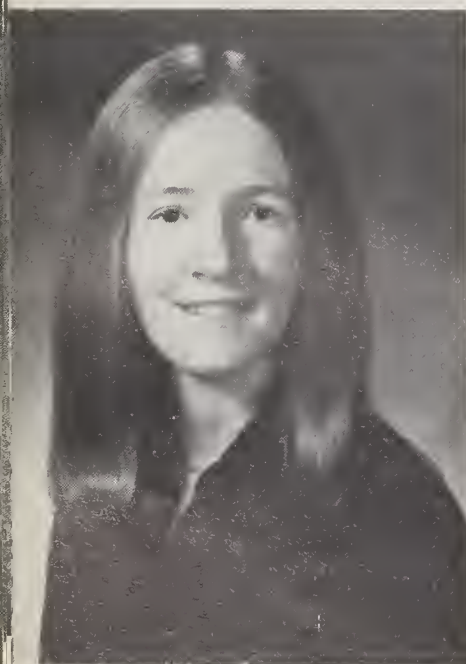
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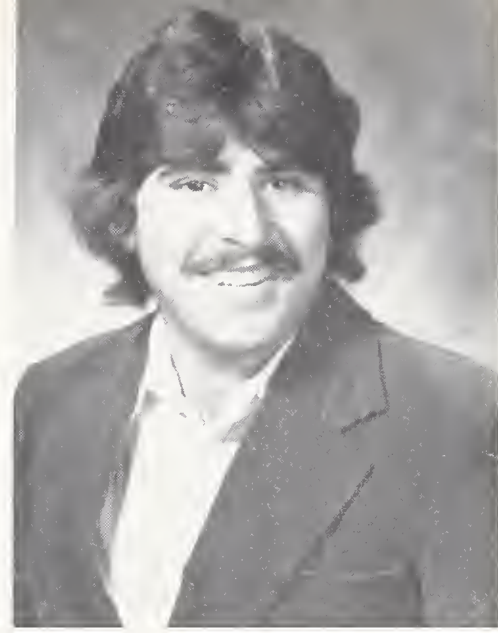


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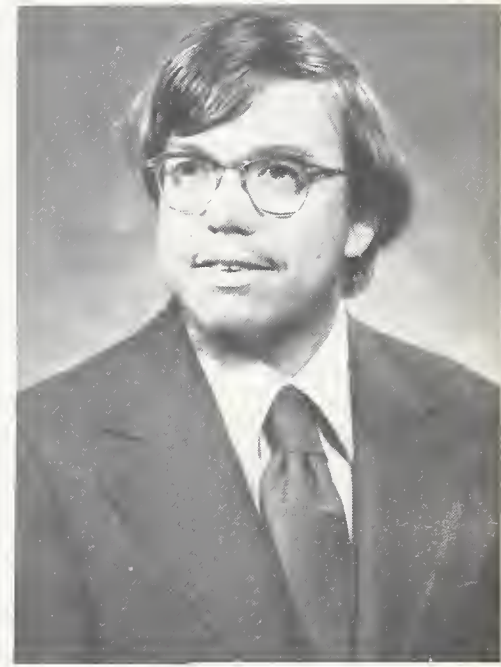
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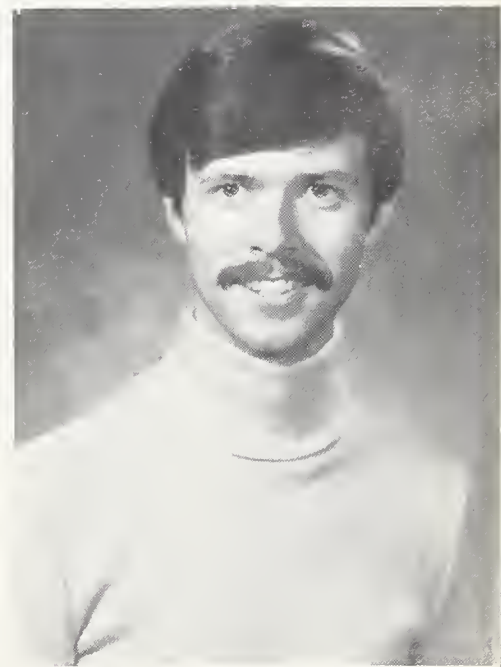
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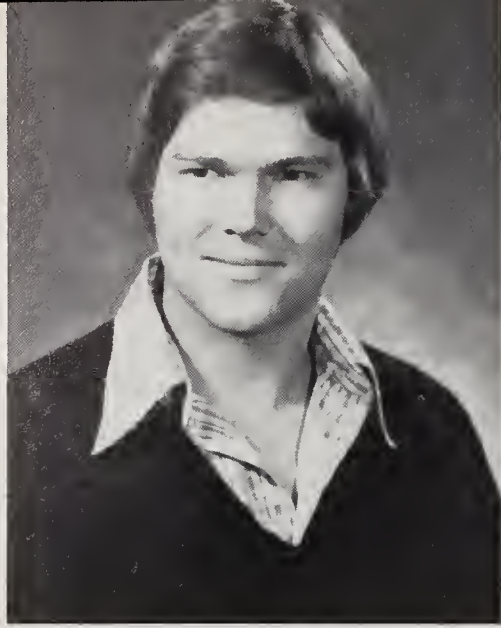
Ruth A. Souza



Kenneth J. Spindola



Claudette R. St. Germain



Richard M. Starzyk



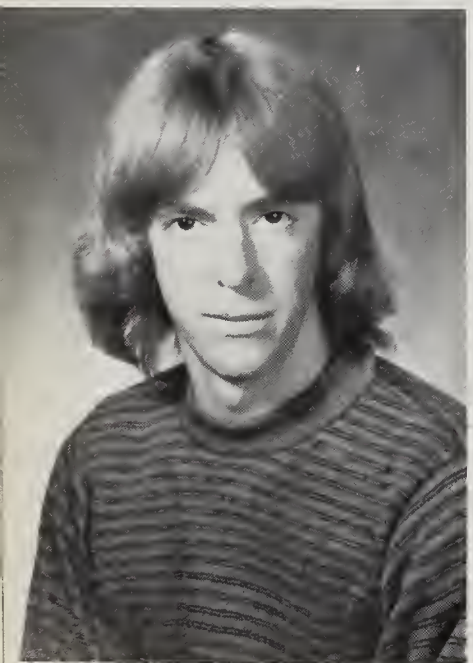
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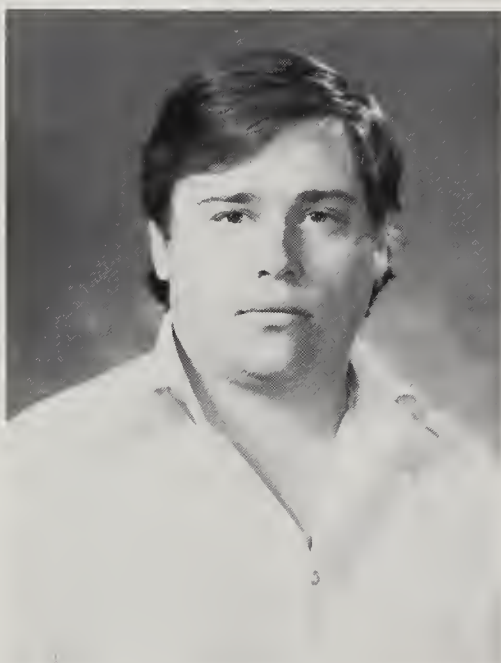
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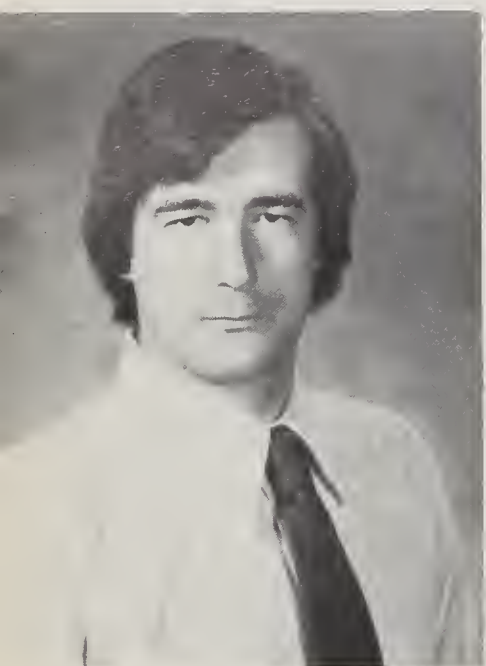
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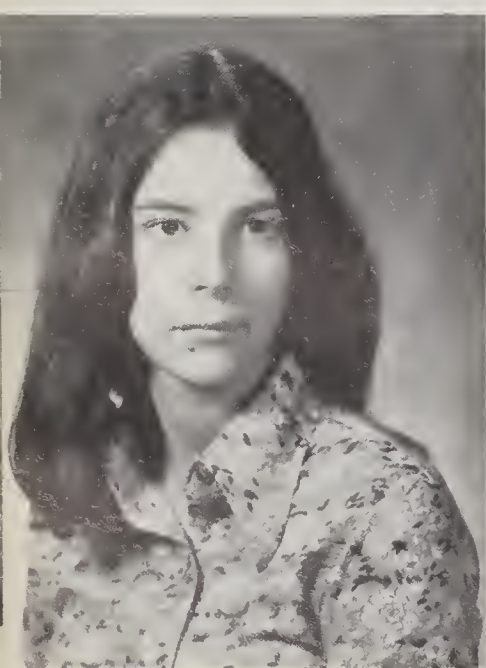
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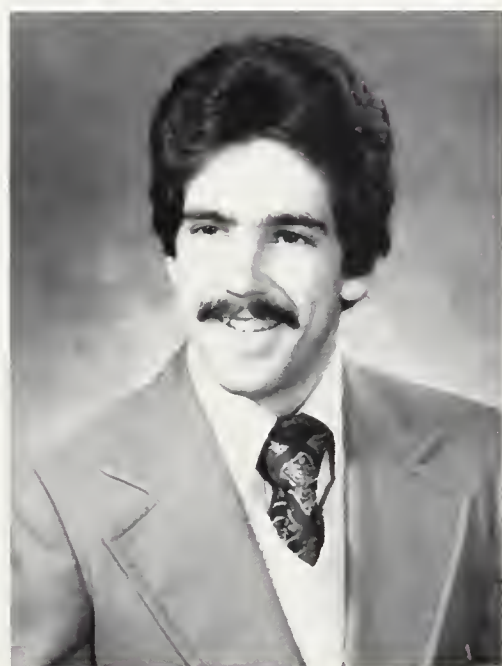
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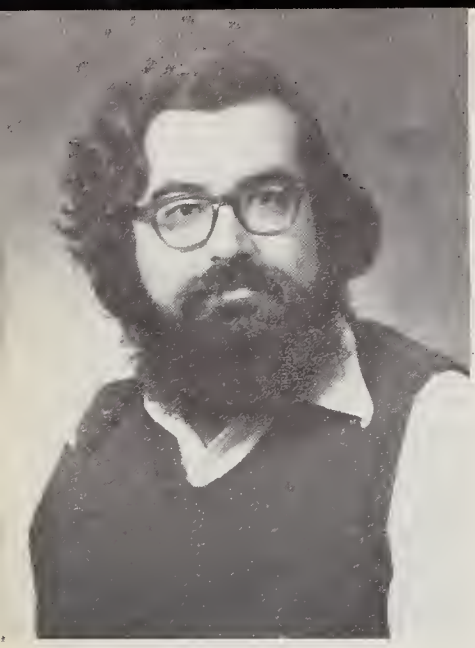
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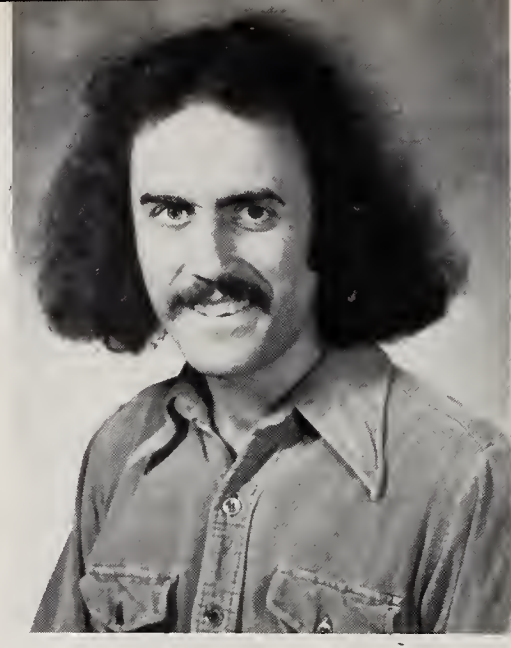




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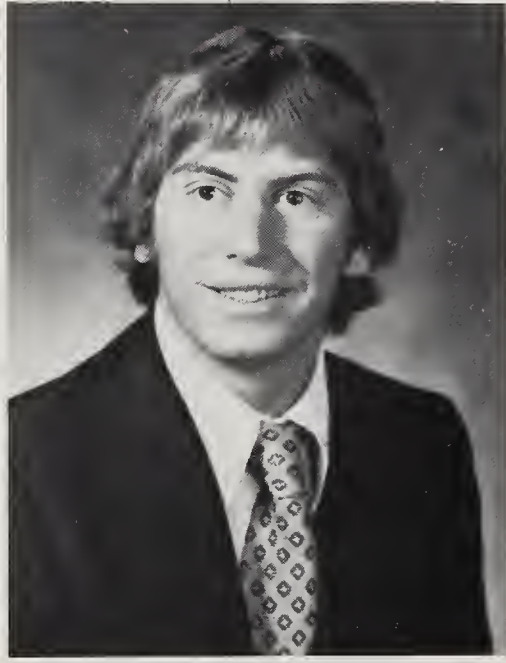
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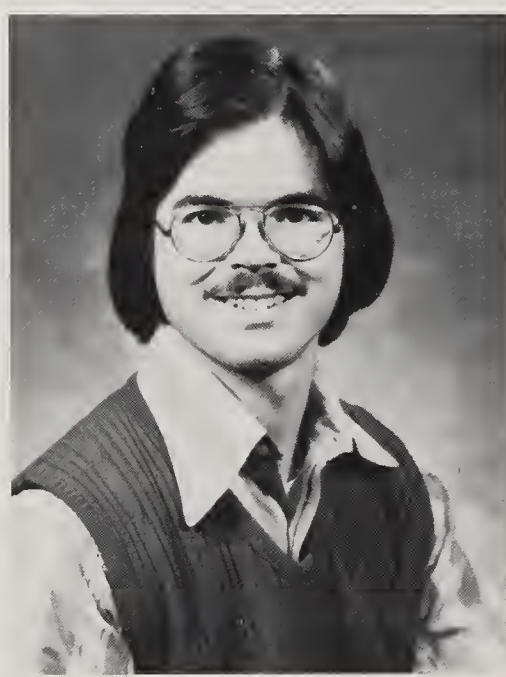
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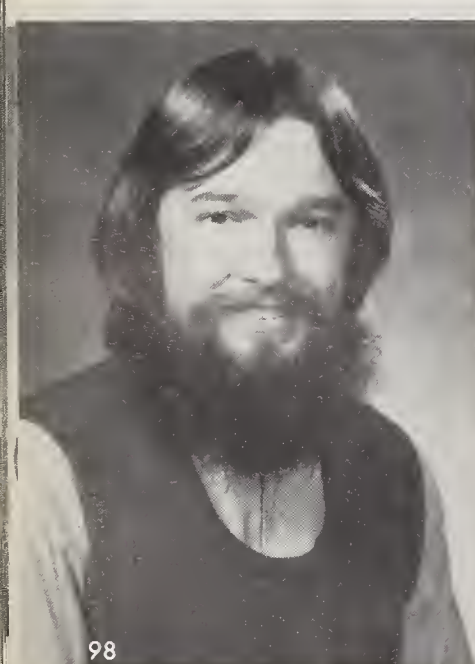
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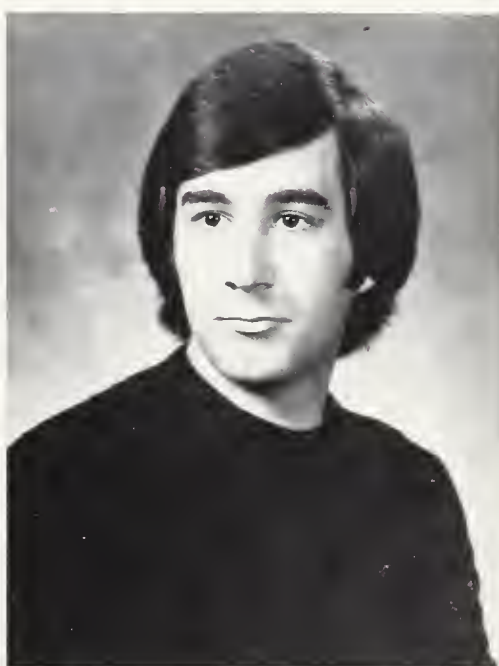
Allan K. Vieira



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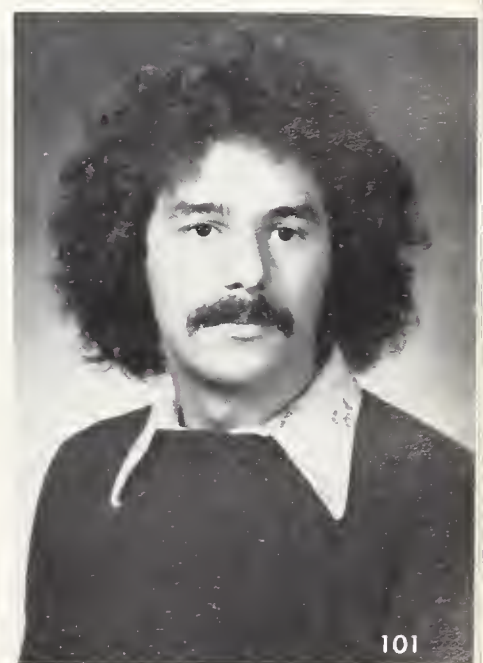
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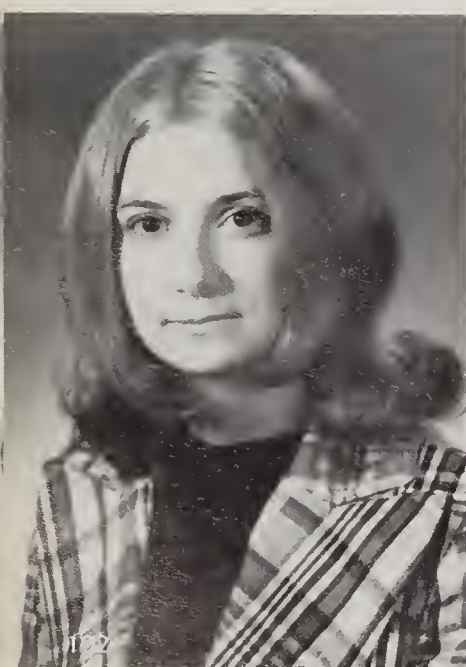
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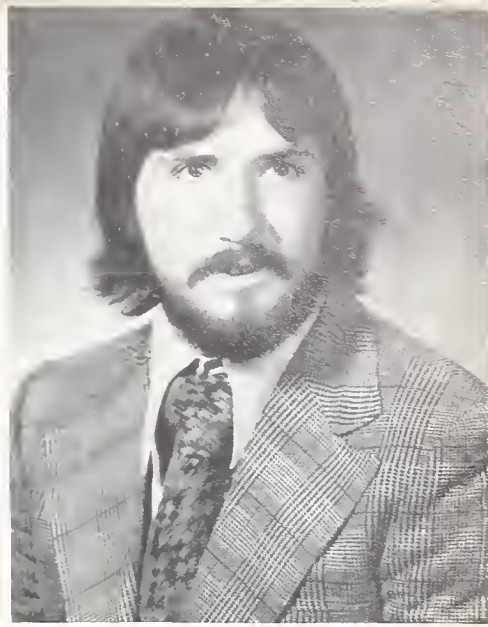
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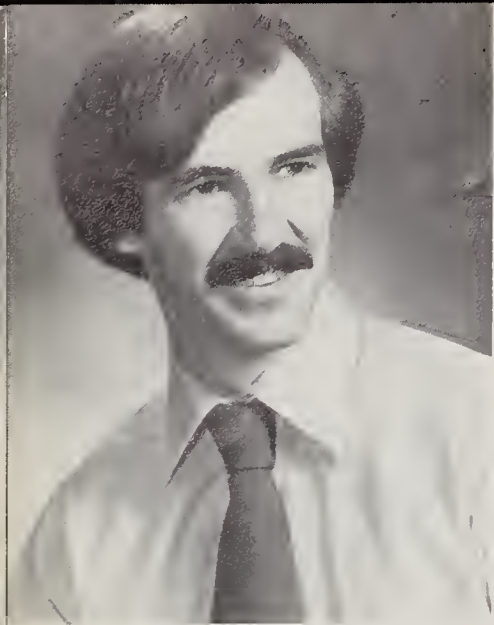
Janice L. Wysocki



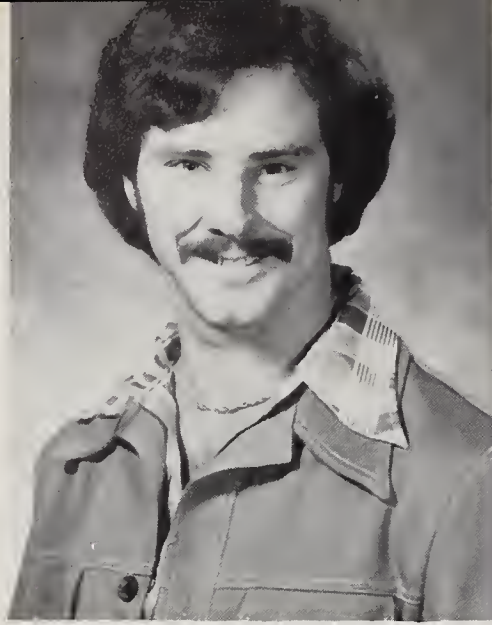
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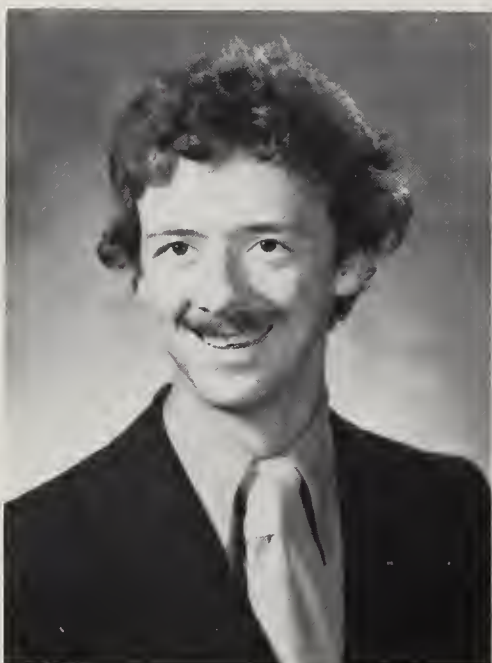
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James Tilmon Griffith
Bruce John Hebda
Pamela E. White Hebert

MASTER OF SCIENCE

PHYSICS

John DeYoung
Thomas Molinski
David Pereira
Gregory Squillante

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

VISUAL DESIGN

Jean Elizabeth Gagnon
Walter Golembewski
Elizabeth Heitzman
James A. Houle
Alyson Jacobus
Ralph Mercer

George Mavromoustakis



Robert P. Galan



Margaret Thibault



John Philip Souza



Charles E. Wingate III



Mike Zellner



Dorothy A. Dube



Michael Ziencina



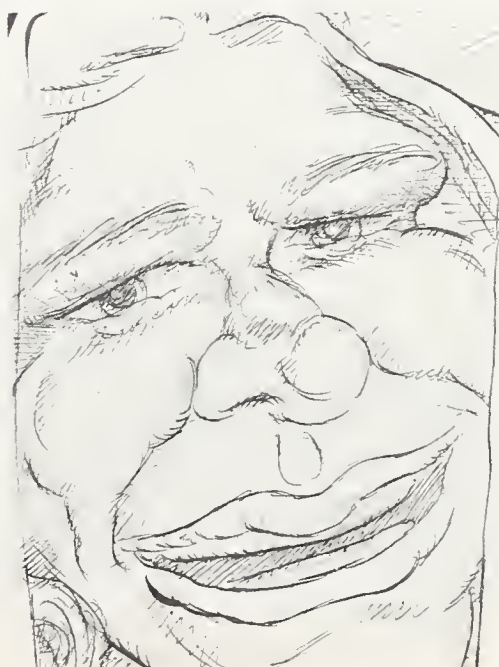
Arlene A. Zolla



Britta Herz



Laurie Carlson



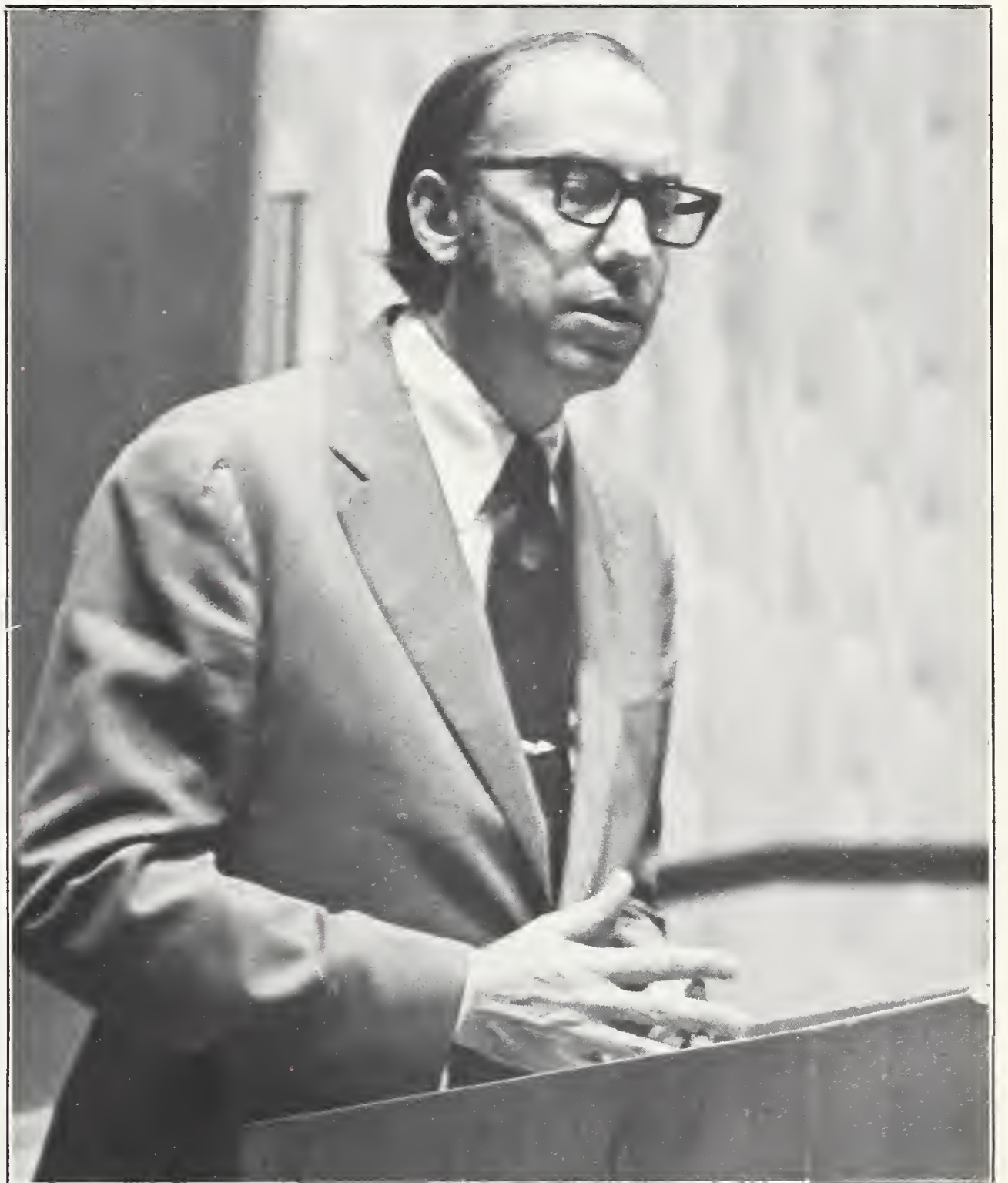
Nancy Zwicker



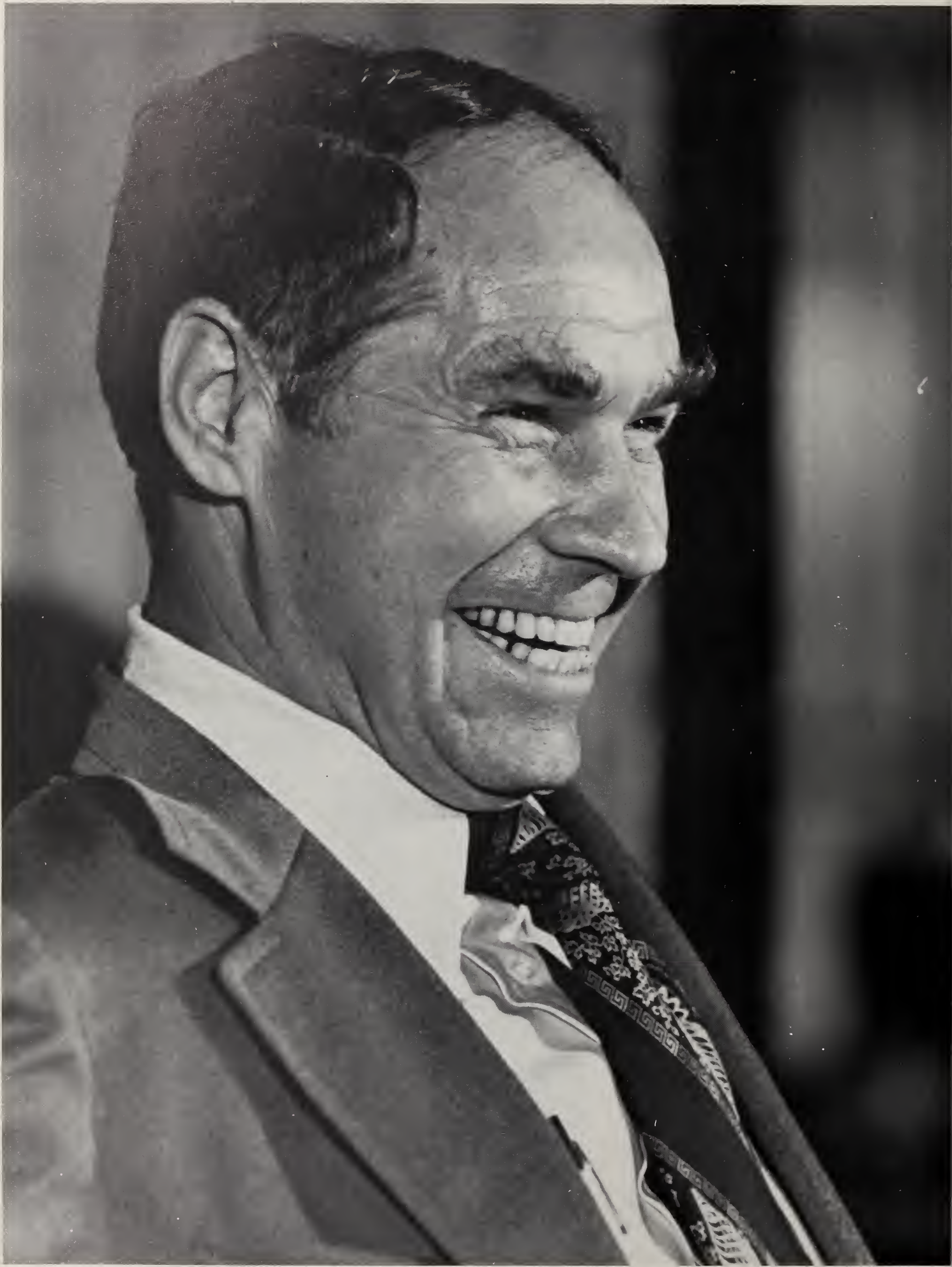
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*Congressman Gerry Studds
speaks at SMU.*



Times were tough in the fall semester of 1975, as the nation entered what was termed a 'recession' in its economy. Jobs were nonexistent, and those who had one hung on for dear life. Very few people had money to spend on anything. Even the state was bankrupt (see piece on Mike Dukakis, next). The nation's auto industry-a barometer of our economy- was giving out rebates in an attempt to bolster alarmingly sagging car sales. Strangely, prices on the whole did not go down considerably, (in fact, many rose unabatedly) which did not help the situation. Many feared a depression.

At SMU, located in the most neglected area in one of the most neglected states in the union, it already seemed like a depression. Faculty were laid off left and right, budgets were curtailed drastically, work study

facilities and its deplorable financial situation) they wondered if they could set up a program to train Iranian naval cadets in engineering. The number would be small at first, then would increase to 600 or 1000 as the years passed. In return, SMU's libraries would be filled with books, its buildings completed, and other financial wonders would be worked.

To a drowning university this seemed almost too good to believe. The administration proceeded cautiously at first, presenting the idea to a selected group of students and faculty, who received it with mixed reactions. The scope of the debate was then widened, and open meetings were held with Iranian representatives.

One of these representatives was Rear Admiral Charles Grojean, an amiable and soft spoken retired U.S.

(some of whom were from Boston), and others from within and outside the school. Whereas the majority of the students either didn't care about the situation or hadn't made a decision, the leading opponents of the plan had very definitely made up their minds on several points: (1) The administration was trying to shove the Iranian plan down their throats, (2) SMU would become an Iranian military academy swarming with Secret Service agents, and (3) the Iranian government was a tyrannical one which spied on and tortured any of its citizens it feared opposition from; and therefore SMU should have nothing to do with it.

This last point was hammered home on what turned out to be the final day for debate by a girl in her mid-twenties known only as 'Leyla.' On a crisp

the Admiral

hours were cut down, and some students had trouble meeting the school's modest tuition fees.

In the midst of this economic crisis, the government of Iran-a third-world oil-rich country made extremely wealthy and influential largely from U.S. petrodollars-made a discreet inquiry to the upper echelons of the SMU administration. After having studied the school (and having noted its proximity to the sea, its fine

Admiral who was in the employ of the Iranian government for the sole purpose of representing them in their search for a training grounds for their Navy. (The Admiral comes into our picture towards the end of the open meetings, which ran for about two weeks.)

Now at about this time, the opposition seemed to congeal. It took the form of Professors Hill and McCabe of SMU, a number of outside agitators

October morning just prior to a press conference to be held with Grojean and other officials, 'Leyla'- a non-student who claimed to be Iranian in origin- expounded upon the evils of the Iranian government from in front of the administration building with other opposition leaders. In a scene largely reminiscent of a sixties' 'protest' gathering, a large throng of students gathered, and were led in chants by Hill and McCabe- who were active







the Admiral

in this same fashion during the bygone Driscoll days.

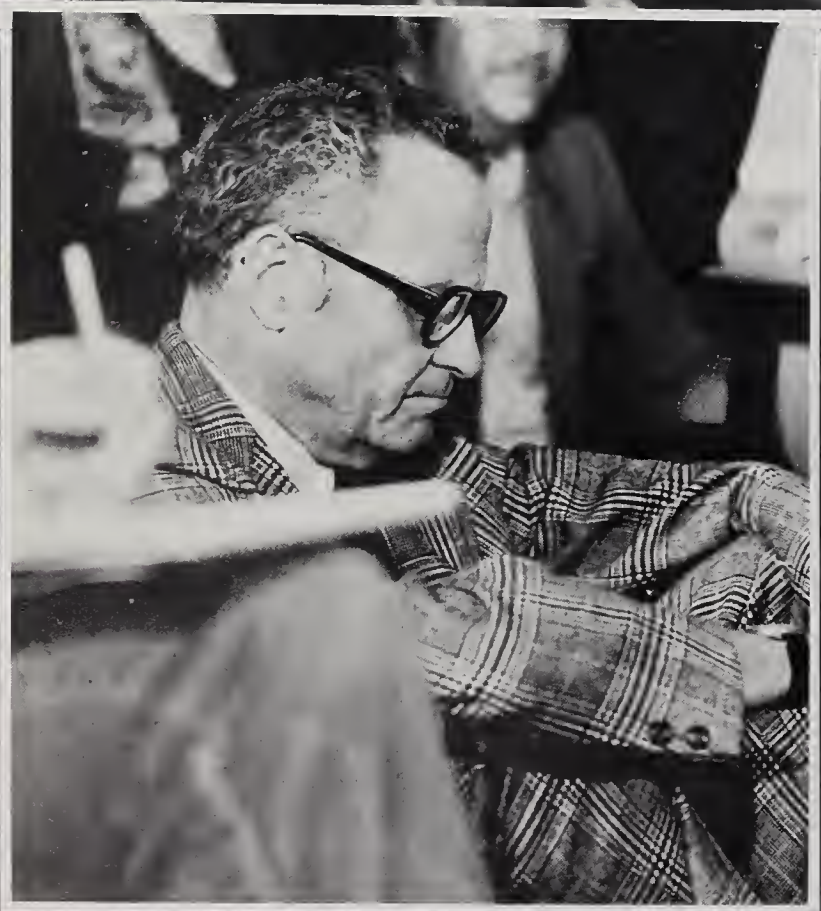
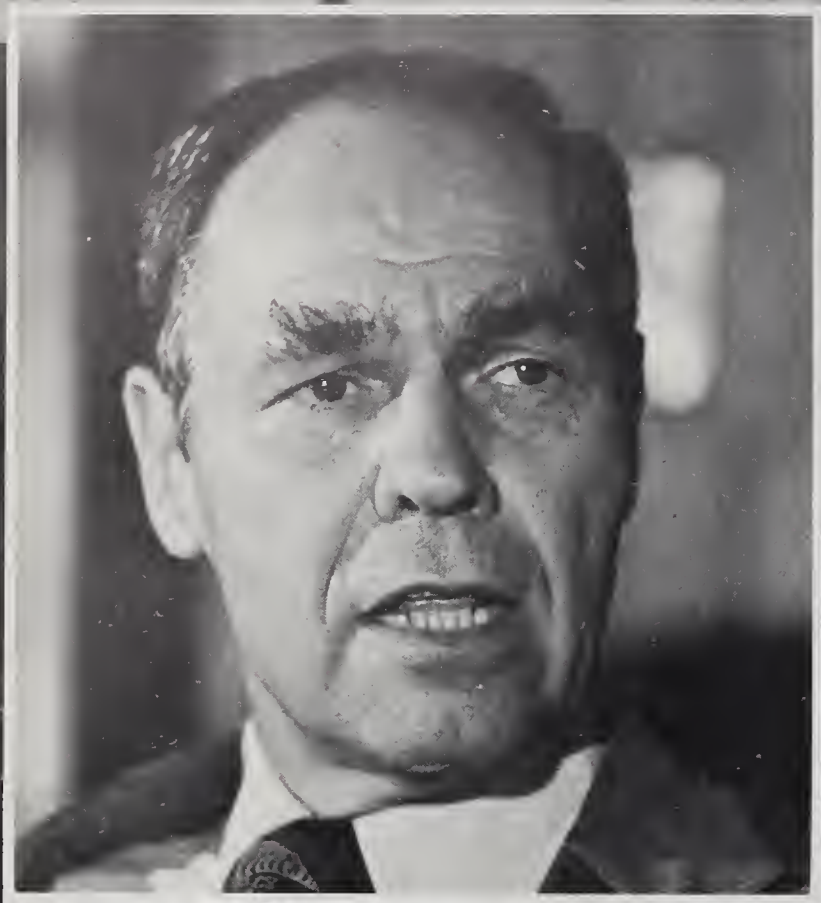
The press conference which followed was that in name only. The ballot box was stuffed, so to speak, as the room was filled to capacity with students who only moments ago had been fed great heaping ladles of the opposition's views; and the only noticeable proponents of the plan in the room were Dr. Donald Walker (the University President) and the Admiral (though there was at least one Iranian official there who remained silent throughout the proceedings). In fact, the half-hour or forty-five minutes were spent in cynical interrogation of

Admiral Grojean-of whom it can be said, much to his credit, that he never raised his voice or lost his temper. (Dr. Walker also, though at times visibly frustrated by the proceedings, handled himself well). Particularly inexcusable were the actions of a local television reporter present (whose camera lights shone in Grojean's face in a manner reminiscent of an interrogation-see photo). Abandoning all pretense of objectivity, he fired insinuations at Grojean ('Don't you stand to get something out of this? and seemed to be playing to the crowd, which outnumbered Walker and Grojean about 60 to 1.

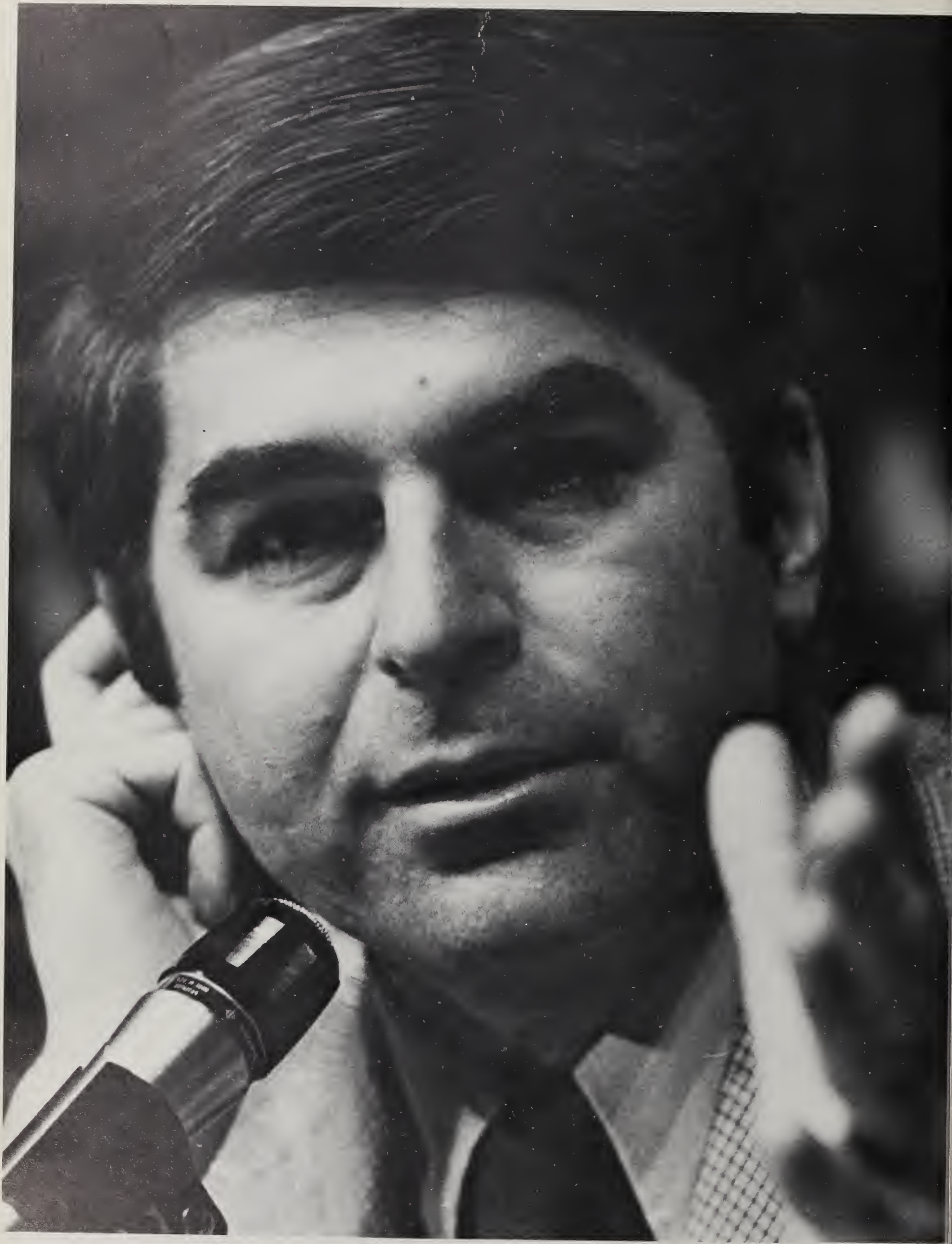
After this display, it became apparent to the Iranian(s) in attendance that their presence at SMU was most heatedly not desired, and they shortly thereafter withdrew their offer, so the matter never was put to a general student vote. We have been unable to discover whether or not the Iranians had a similar offer accepted at another university (or if they decided after their experience here that this country just wasn't for them.) And therefore do not know how it actually would have turned out. All we know for sure is what the student body at SMU lost-its freedom to choose.

(next page, counterclockwise from upperleft) Admiral Grojean, Dr. Walker, Iranian representative, and 'Leyla'.









If Admiral Grojean didn't draw the most hostile crowd seen at SMU since the Driscoll days of the sixties, it was only because Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis also appeared on campus. Dukakis' sin, in the eyes of the SMU Community, was one of inaction - failing to take the largest White Elephant in the state off the students' hands. The Campus Center building could never be paid for by the students, because the interest on its debt each year exceeded the

crowd and deliver bad news) many times before. Now, any man having to make a living by repeatedly facing a dangerous situation in order to survive has to work out some method whereby he can accomplish his task while skirting the worst of the danger. (Ask anyone who wrestles alligators for a living.)

There was an even larger crowd waiting outside the administration building upon Dukakis' arrival than there had been for Grojean's--and they

was, the only person on stage who actively agreed with Dukakis was Secretary of Education Paul Parks, but the other people on stage--student leaders, administrators--at least helped maintain some order.)

During a good half-hour of non-discussion with the students, both sides clung tenaciously to the views they had entered the auditorium with. Dukakis insisted the state had no money with which to purchase the Campus Center, while the students

the Duke

amount the student body could raise in fees. This year it was about to come to a head, as failure to meet a mortgage payment was about to close the center.

It had not been a pleasant term as Governor for Mike Dukakis by any means. The state's financial situation (he stated twice while here that the state 'can't even afford to buy teeth for its Senior Citizens') had been such that we suspected he had been in this situation (having to face an angry

were at least equally prepared to take him to task. Rather than face the mob outside, the Governor elected to hold his meeting with the students in the auditorium. This gave Dukakis at least two advantages over Grojean in handling a very similar situation: it kept Dukakis' back to the wall, and gave him a 'buffer zone' of sorts where he could (at least potentially, if not in actual practice) deploy persons who would either back him up, or at least not violently disagree with him. (As it

insisted they could not pay higher student fees to support a building for which they could never fully pay. Finally a lengthy petition signed by hundreds of students in favor of state takeover of the Campus Center was dramatically unveiled. After a few moments private consultation with Parks, Dukakis announced with equal drama that he would work for Campus Center takeover- with the catch of a tuition increase making tuition at SMU equitable to UMass.







the Duke

The students seemed to be too busy cheering to notice that part, they seemed to have felt they had won a great victory. We sat in awe of a Master alligator wrestler.

It seems in hindsight that although the crisis was upon us and the Campus Center was in danger of being closed, assumption of ownership by the state in such a situation was inevitable-if only because the holders of the mortgage would have no use for the building, and would petition the state to assume responsibility for the students' debt. Holders of such a mortgage, being very much in the economic mainstream, along with area legislators, would have made a very powerful

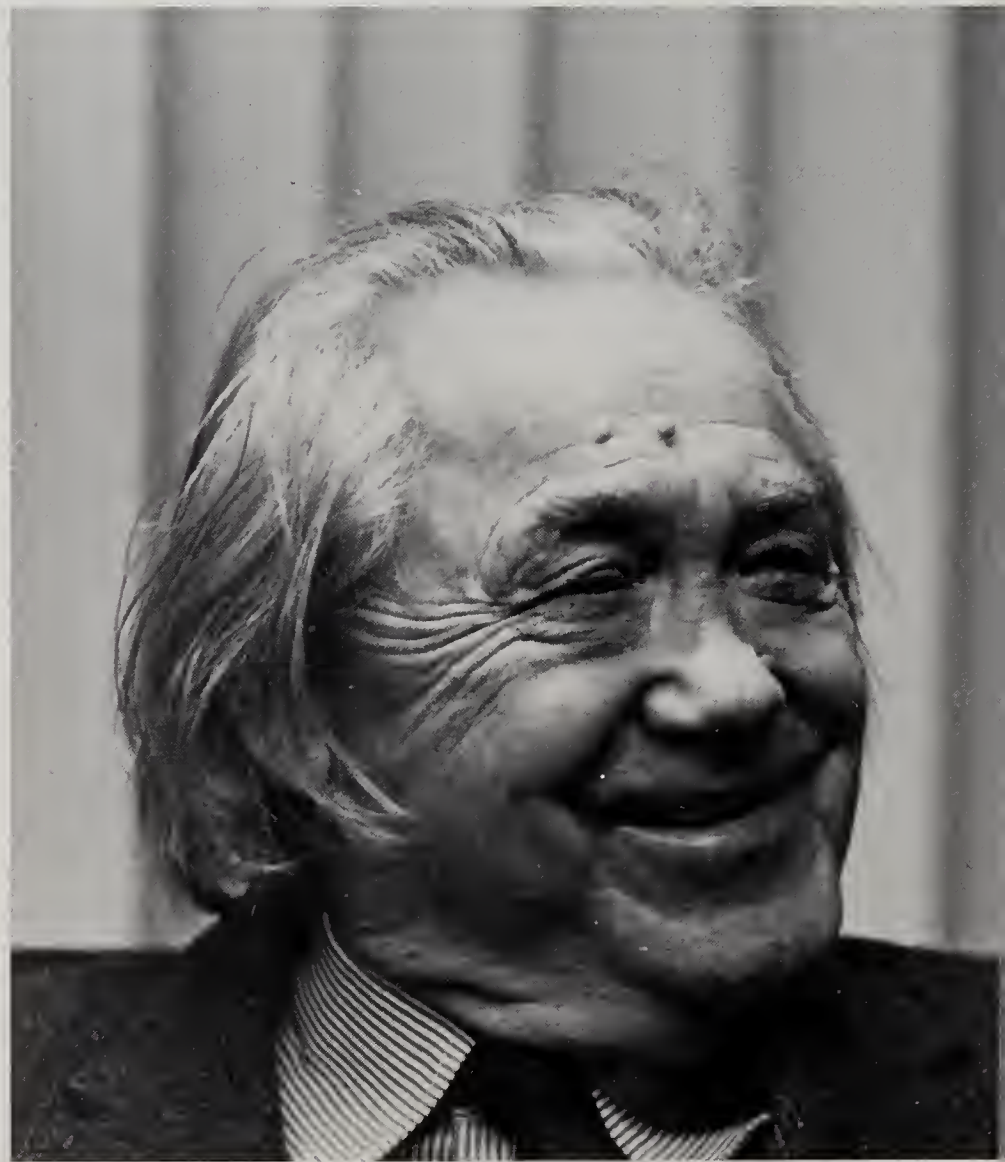
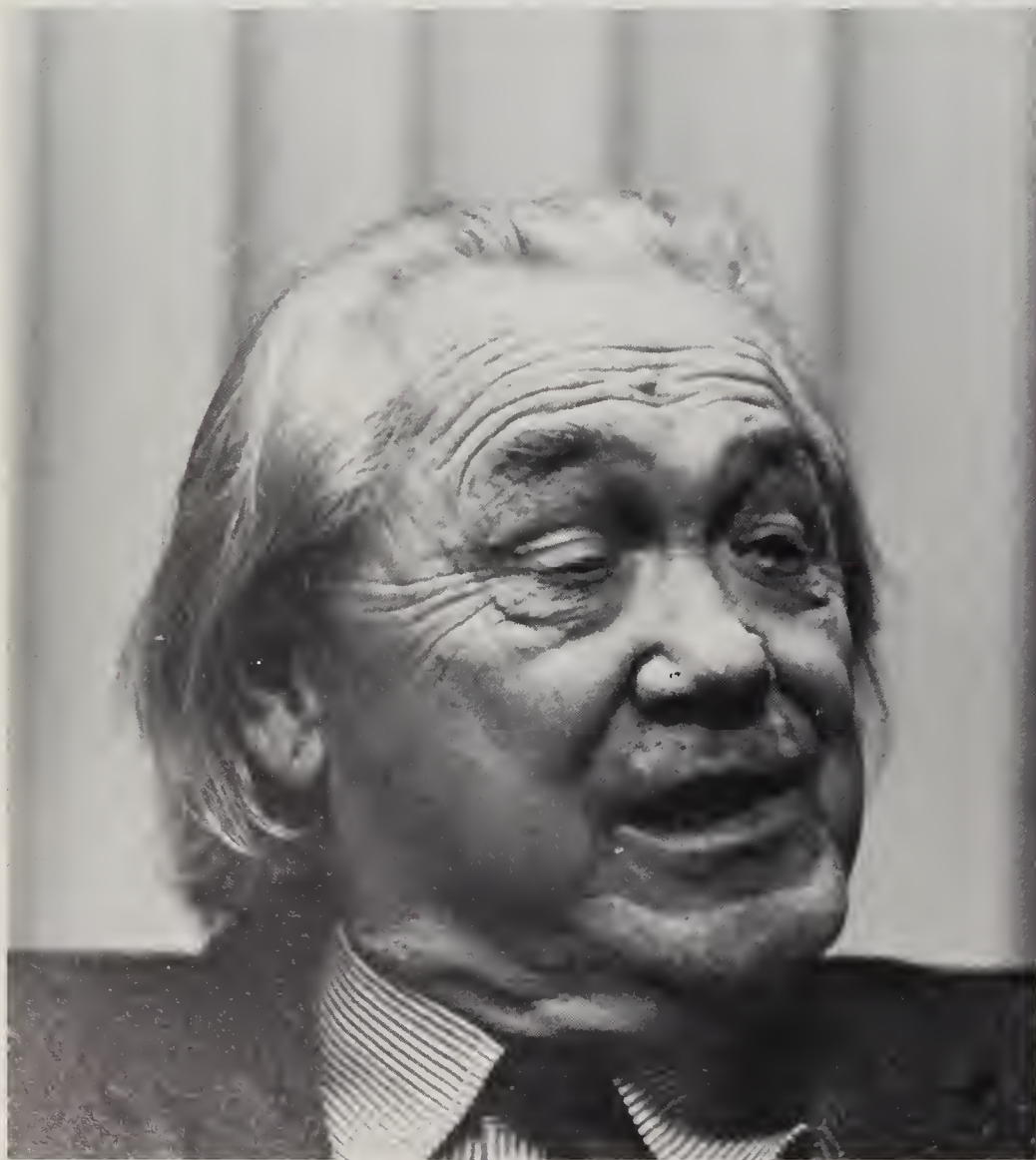
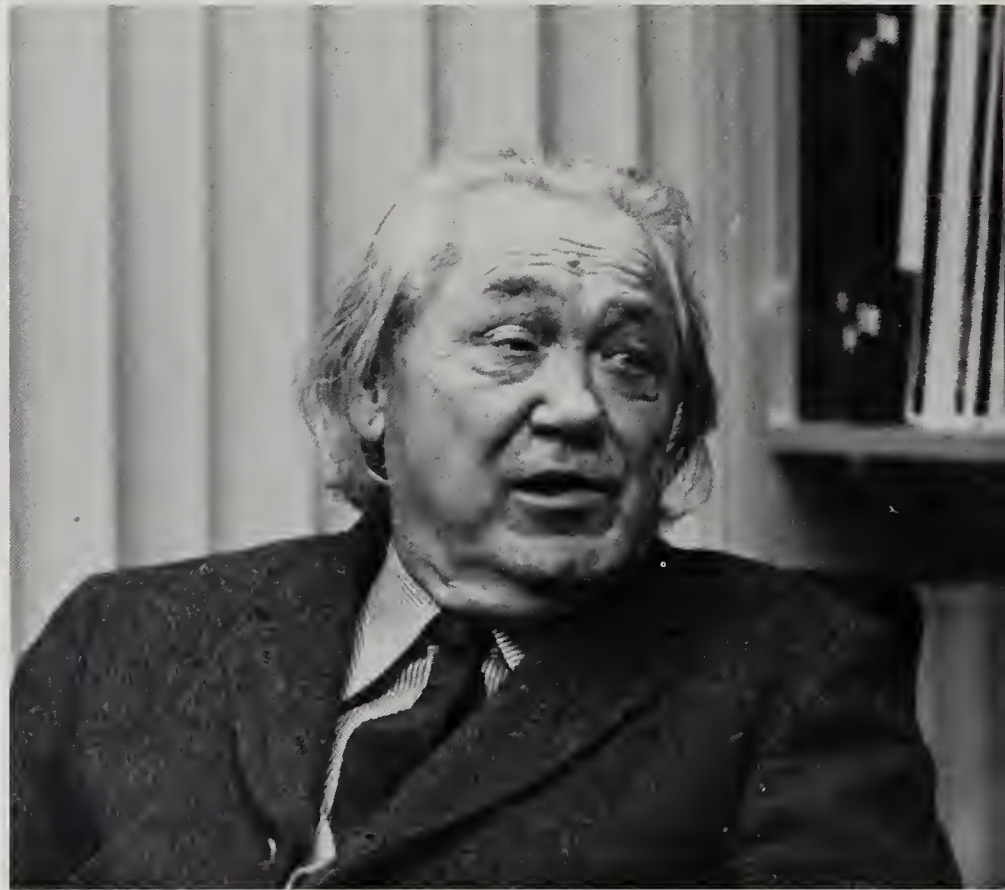
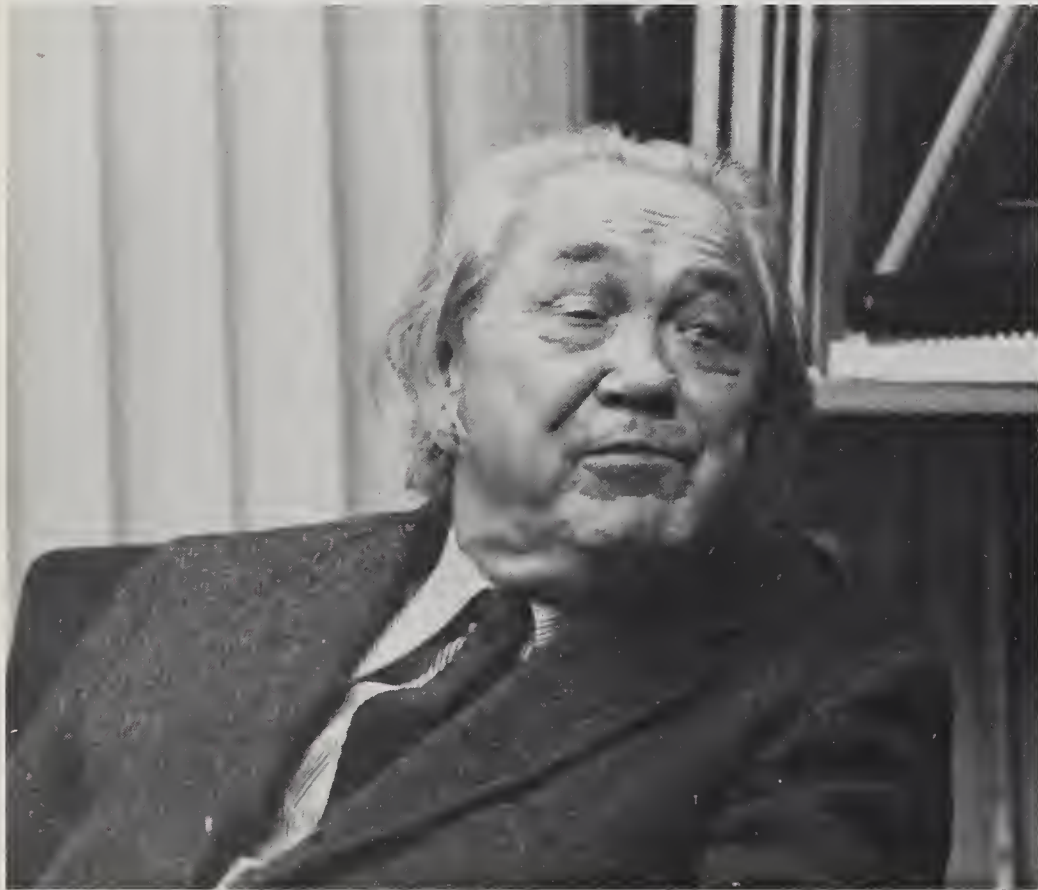
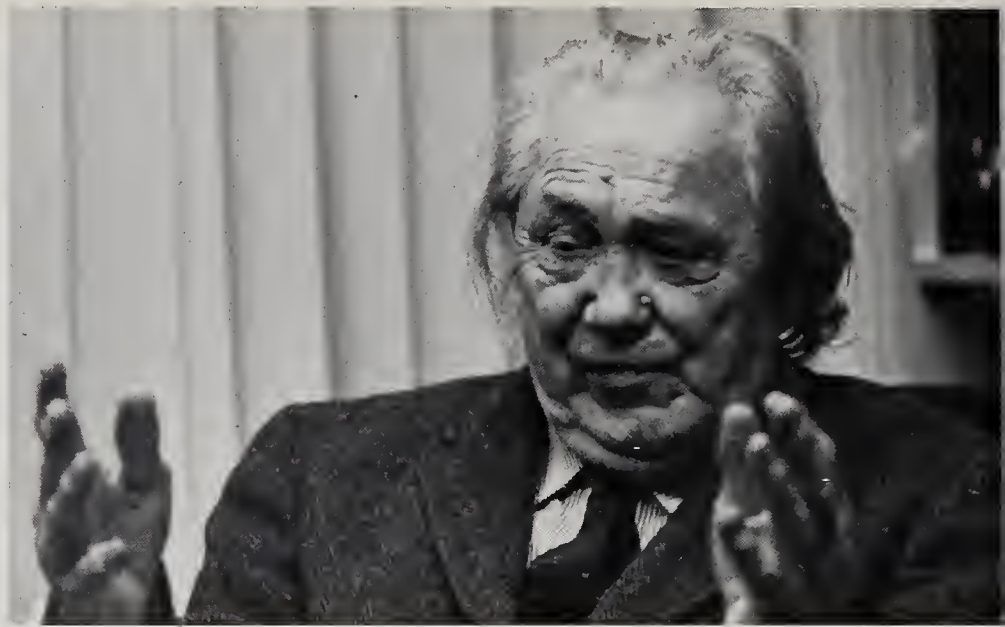
lobby indeed - much more effective than any mere students could have mustered. It seems to us, then, that we had been allowed to get ourselves into a position (a position, remember, that we inevitably had to slide into, as our debt was always greater than our ability to pay) where we seemed to be in a grave situation and had to petition the state for aid. Whereupon Dukakis (again we are speculating here, albeit not Too Wildly) after coyly hesitating until we were on the very brink, swooped in and capitulated to the inevitable state takeover - and added with a flourish the tuition increase. The stroke was delivered so artfully the students did not even

notice it. The real point here was not so much the tuition increase per se - we concede that as perhaps inevitable although Dukakis would have met opposition had he tried to legislate this as anything other than a 'tie-in' for the takeover. The point was (and still is) that SMU's independence from a UMass 'system' is really at stake here, as Dukakis hinted in the way he turned many of his phrases that day (for one, his insistence that since the state was buying the C.C., we must pay tuition equivalent to U submission to the state's Superboard system was subtly linked to the takeover. Time will tell whether or not it was actually the first step.









Henry

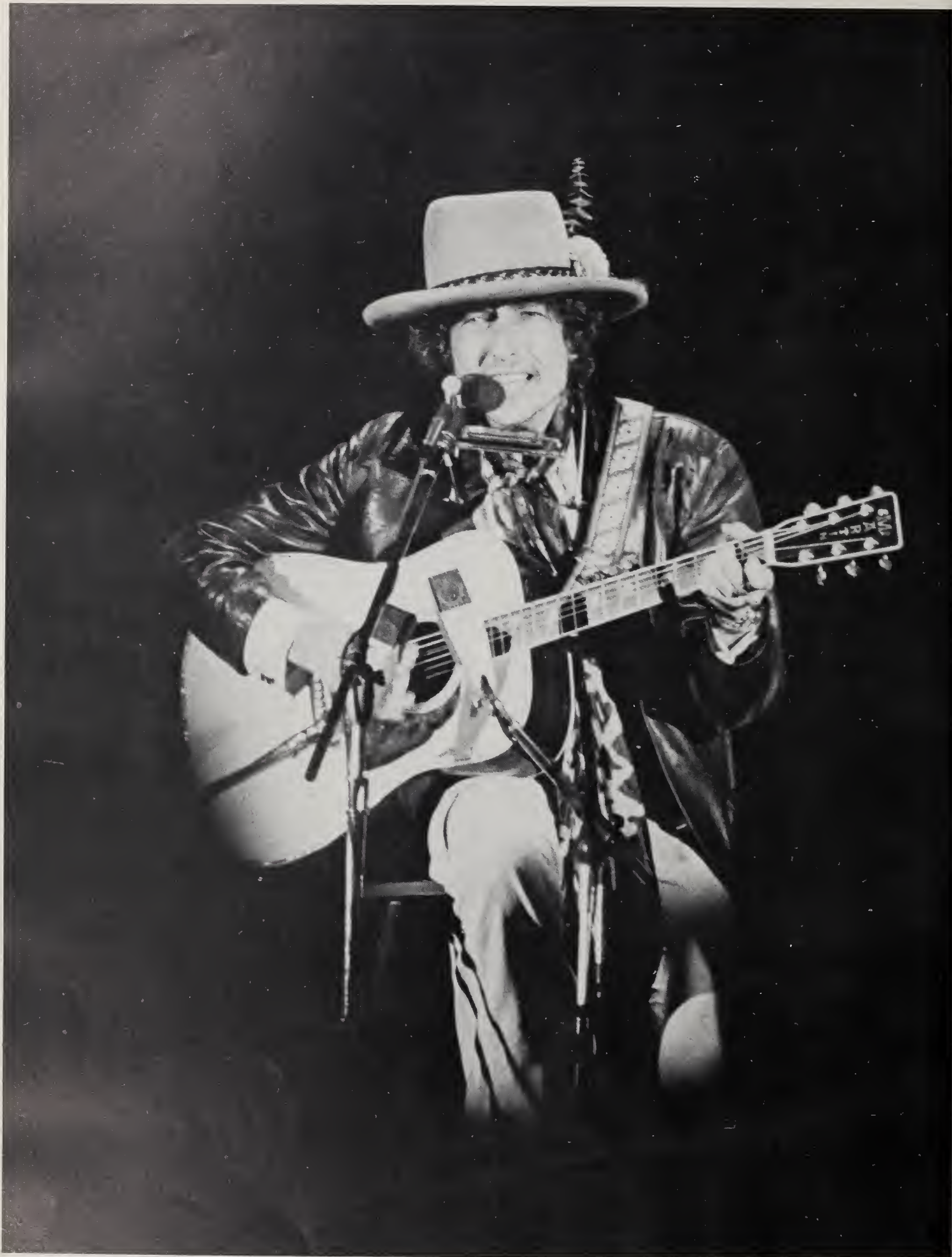
Henry Steele Commanger, noted historian, was another personality whose presence on campus touched off a controversy. When Commanger (the very stereotype of the dusty, rumpled and absent-minded professor) appeared on campus to speak as part of the Lecture Series, the Black Student Union immediately appealed to the Student Senate to ratify a letter of protest. The exact details are unclear, but what it amounted to was that Commanger had shed an unflattering

light on blacks in the introduction he wrote to a history book many years ago. Without having read the text in question, the Senate ratified such a letter (a move it later regretted, and later officially withdrew support from--but after the damage had been done). When Commanger arrived to speak, he was presented with the letter, picketed and generally harassed while delivering his address to a small crowd.

Commanger himself proved to be a

quite dull and uninteresting man whose presence on campus would not have been worth note here except for the incident with the Senate, which proved once again that a legislative body can be coerced into supporting almost any notion. (Take for example the U.N.'s recent stand equating Zionism with racism. Perhaps, as nationally syndicated cartoonist Jeff MacNelly noted, stupidity will be declared a form of intellectualism.)





The 'new' Bob Dylan rolled into SMU atop a wave of publicity, with big-time media coverage which put SMU on the map for a while, at least. SMU's lack of size was Dylan's inducement to begin his tour here, as the Word was he wanted to play small colleges to re-introduce himself to college (i.e., record-buying) audiences in an atmosphere more intimate than most modern-day concerts (with tens of thousands of people) allow for.

Despite the heavy-handed tactics of Dylan's production crew (during the performance they ran up and down the aisles ripping out film from cameras they had spotted in the audience from the stage) the 'Rolling Thunder Revue' was generally enjoyable and certainly well worth seeing. The performers of note were, of course, Dylan and Joan Baez. Dylan's performance was intense and controlled, as if he were performing a task requiring such concentration and energy that he

could not for a moment relax to notice or acknowledge his surroundings. He performed as if driven, and one got the feeling he applied the same intensity to brushing his teeth in the morning, or ordering a pizza. Baez, in contrast, was relaxed and communicative with the audience, as if performing in a coffee house. Amazingly, they managed to find a middle ground for their duets, and worked quite well together.





Jimmy

It's hard to believe that Jimmy Carter actually came to SMU. It's almost as hard to believe that the Democratic Party at the time was composed of a hundred small factions fighting amongst each other and threatening to bring about a collapse of the party, while the Republican Party was a solid wall behind Ford.

It seemed to many of us almost lunatic at the time. We really thought he was just another nut trying to beat

out the other nuts for party position. The way he spoke- WHEN I am president...WHEN you elect me... this guy was a peanut farmer!

At this writing this peanut farmer is ahead of the incumbent, Jerry Ford, by 10% in the polls. No matter what happens in the November election, his is one of the most astounding rises from obscurity to national prominence since Adolf Hitler (no similarity intended).

Jimmy, if you're out there reading this, come on back, we love you. All is forgiven. That Massachusetts abstention was a mistake, really!



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Athletics is a sensitive issue for many people especially when it comes to women. Athletics reflect cultural norms which have tended to perpetuate sex stereotypes and myths. Men are known as the 'strong and aggressive type', and women are known as 'passive and weak'. It is because of this and the idea that women are not achievers, aggressive and leaders, that they were encouraged not to participate. And myths die slowly.

*As many of us have come to believe, the traditional exclusion of the 'weaker sex' from athletic life has all but declined in this so-called modern era. However, the discrimination still exists. The subtle slanting of interest of a growing girl; the desire for her to pursue her femininity; the overemphasized male athletic scholarship; better paid male coaches; and the very much alive discrimination in the professional sports world. From one of his selections, *The Dynamics of Exclu-**

*sion, Herbert Spencer (1882) condemned this female exclusion from 'masculine games' and attributed this to the widely held belief among middle and upper classes that 'rude-health' and athletic prowess were unladylike. In 1965, Margaret Coffey presented in her essay *The Modern Sportswoman*, an historical review of the increase of women in athletics. She describes three periods of the female sportswoman: The emancipation of the 20's - of jazz and dancing, growing leisure, shrinking clothes and Freud, of required P.E. and the 'Golden Age' of sport itself. The second period of the 30's and 40's - of formal organization and women heroines and finally of the 50's - the post war decades of participation. So in view of what women have had to put up with, things seem to be changing pretty quickly. Across the country, colleges are reviewing their sports and athletic programs to determine if they provide equal opportunity to their female*

students. Federal law now mandates that institutions eliminate policies and practices which discriminate against students on the basis of sex. From a report to the American Council on Education - on athletics found that: 'the most important and far-reaching recent development on the college sports scene has been the movement to achieve equal treatment for women in intercollegiate sports. It is safe then to assume that with all this growing recognition, the women's athletics scene is likely to change drastically within the next ten years.

Five years ago in 1970, Marie Snyder arrived as Women's Athletic Director of SMU. At that point there was absolutely no sports or programs in existence for women. During the spring of that year a tennis team and several recreation classes had been formed. The response was fair. Over the years, seven other sports were formed. Although there is no recorded



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information regarding the amount of use the gym gets, I talked to several people involved in the direction of the gym and received a fairly agreeable response for all. I first spoke to Bill Gathright, Intramural and Sports Information Director. He feels that the gym does get a great deal of use but in all probability there are more men than women who use it, especially when it comes to the weightroom. According to Ms. Snyder, the athletic department offers as much for women as for men and that the usage of the gym was best described in terms of needs. She also felt that the average woman doesn't want to simply go down and 'work out'. After thinking over both these statements, the one overriding question was why? Why don't the women want to go down and work out and why do they stay away from the weight room? Over the last five years I have used the weight rooms extensively. At first I found the reaction from the men to be one of

amusement which gradually turned to acceptance. In contrast to that, however, I found the response from a passing female to be of pure amazement. Several approached me to ask why I was doing this thing and 'wasn't I afraid of getting big muscles?' This statement in itself is indicative of a major fallacy on the part of women and athletic training. The 'Billie Jean King Syndrome' is one of the fears of many women that they will be overdeveloping their bodies. Being only one of the complexities involved in attracting the female population to a gymnasium, it is important to note the immediate need of reeducation on physical fitness.

The cost of the gym alone is impressive: two million, eight hundred thousand dollars. Of 14,000 day and evening students in the 75-76 year, the gym collected \$97,000 from a portion of their general fees. Although the staff feels that the gym gets it fair

usage, I question why the response isn't a greater one? Is it time, laziness, lack of knowledge about its existence, or what? There now exists eight women's varsity sports and eight varsity men's sports, an Olympic sized pool, a weight room, a large gym floor, equipment, programs and activities. But of all this, one could guess that maybe 35-40% of the student population are involved in varsity and intramural sports and perhaps another 5% in intermittent use of the other facilities.

In summation, this editorial is not written from a negative viewpoint. The gym and its programs are open to the student body in good faith. I write this hopefully to enlighten and provide awareness of its existence and potential.

Pat Manning

commentary



Just what is field hockey? It seems that anyone with a stick and a ball can just bat it around from one end of a field to another. So what makes battling this ball into a sport?

The game is unique in that essentially it is the only sport played by women and founded by women. It requires speed, determination and skills including evasive tactics, passing, dodging, and strong manipulation of the equipment. SMU's first field hockey team started in 1972. Over the

years it has developed into a strong and skillful team. This year the team played an eleven game schedule including two winning scrimmages. The overall record was 5 wins, 2 ties and 2 losses. At URI on the weekend of November 1-2, the team attended the Northeast Field Hockey College Association Tournament. They tied 0-0 with both Gordon and Williams Colleges and lost out 2-0 with Worcester State.

It is up to Coach Barbara Carreiro to prep each player for upcoming matches. She must know the different styles of each member and utilize this to increase further winning plays. This year's co-captains were Nancy Kennedy and Sue Negri, who are both graduating seniors. Attention should also be directed to Lisa Drouin who was selected as College B II's goalie and to Mary McCarthy who asen in trials.

Coach June Pinto cited several problems with the team this year, emphasizing particularly the lack of women who go out for the sport. Her team consisted of only four seasoned players with the rest being far too inexperienced to stand up to the competing teams. Antoehr problem was height.

In a couple of games, the team

wasn't playing up to par and lost out on two possible wins against Bridgewater and Eastern Nazerene. The game of volleyball was invented in 1895 and a winning team resulted from good physical fitness, skill, teamwork and good coaching. SMU's best showing was in the tri-match of URI vs. MIT. Against exceptional competition, SMU rose to the challenge.

Hoping to see a number of improvements next year coach Pinto explained that she would like to see a tighter practice schedule, an earlier season with better publicity and perhaps most importantly, a new coach who could provide a better job, as Ms. Pinto is both volleyball and basketball coach for women at SMU.

field hockey / volleyball



As usual SMU's cross country team did what comes natural to teams coached by Bob Dowd: they won most of the time.

SMU's 1975 dual meet record was 14-1 pushing the Corsair cross country mark to 95-24.

But that was just a warm-up. In post season action, SMU placed fifth in the NCAA Division III National Championships at Boston's Franklin Park. This was the highest finish ever by a SMU cross country team in a National Championship and it pulled the Corsairs to an eighth place finish in the New England Cross Country Poll for 1975.

In that Nationals meet, Senior co-

-captain Peter Smith became the second athlete in SMU history to earn the title of All-American. Smith's 10th place overall finish and eighth place finish in team scoring put him in the select category. Senior Dave Hill, high hurdler and track co-captain, is the only other SMU athlete to win the coveted honor.

But one athlete does not make a cross country team. Mike Murphy, George Itz, Senior Buddy Harris, and Dan Doyle all finished within 15 seconds of each other and only 42 seconds behind Smith at the Nationals. SMU combined for 10th, 44th, 45th, 58th, and 59th place. Not bad when you consider there were 310 runners from 61 colleges and univer-

sities represented in Boston. And little SMU finished fifth.

Yet, the National meet wasn't the only invitational SMU participated in. The Corsairs won the SMU invitational for the first time in the meet's three year history. Their fifth place finish in the Cod Fish Bowl qualified them for the National Championship. This was followed by a first place in the NCAA Division III District I Championship. SMU also was the co-champion of the Tri-State Conference and placed 11th in the New England Championships.

Nineteen seventy-five was just an ordinary year for Bob Dowd's harriers.

cross-country



The Corsair swim team, despite a 2-7 record, had a season to cheer about. With a squad made up of mostly rookies and freshmen, the aquamen took giant steps toward respectability.

James Filippo, in his first year of head coaching, developed the talents of his swimmers to a high degree.

At the beginning of the basketball season things looked bleak for the Cagers. They had lost four men to injuries and had gotten off to a dismal 2-3 start. When Charlie Funches was injured against Gordon College, observers gave the roundballers little chance for success.

With their height and rebounding muscle diminished, the Cagers went to speed and finesse. At times, four guards played with the lean, 6'7" General Holman. This change turned the team around completely. They won fifteen of their next twenty-one, won the Western New England Basketball Classic, and went to the finals of

Filippo, a graduate of Springfield College, brought a thorough knowledge of swimming to the SMU campus.

Freshman, Dave Olson was the bright spot for the swimmers as he churned his way to seven University records: 100 yd. freestyle, 50.4; 220 yd. freestyle, 1:57.4; 200 I.M., 2:13.3; 200 yd. backstroke, 2:15.1; 500 yd.

the N.C.A.A. Division 3 New England Playoffs.

As the team rolled on, Ron Magnant, the scrappy 5'11" playmaker, emerged as the team's court leader. He totaled 184 assists and became SMU's all-time leader in that category. His passing wizardry left more than one fan shaking his head in disbelief.

Providing the scoring and the rebounding punch for the Corsairs was Holman. 'G' averaged 26.2 points a game as well as 13.6 rebounds. Over a torrid stretch of four games, he averaged 36 points and 20 rebounds. During his career at SMU he scored more than 2000 points to become the all-time leader in that category. In addition, General received the Christ-

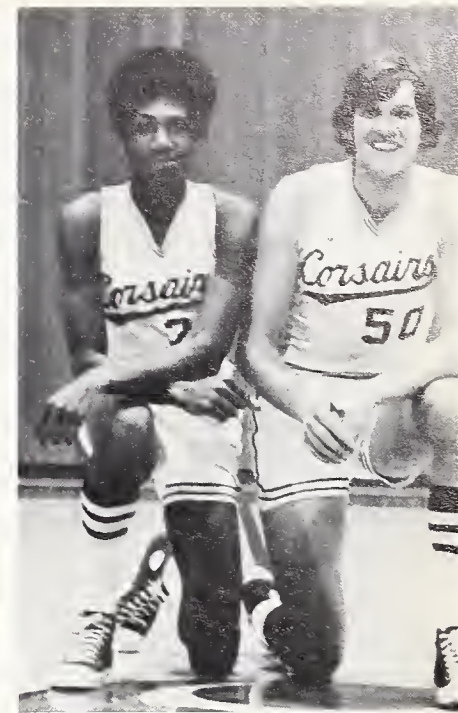
freestyle, 5:30.5, and a share in the Medley and Freestyle Relay records. He was undefeated in dual meet competition.

Captain Bob Cilley helped set the Medley record, swimming the breaststroke leg. 'Spitz' only lost once over the season in his specialty, the 200 yd. breast.

mas Tourney M.V.P.

Despite a tension-packed loss to Boston State, 97-95, the Roundballers had high hopes for a post season playoff berth. Two hours prior to their final regular season game, the team received word, via the telephone, that they were admitted to the N.C.A.A. Division 3 New England Playoffs held at Rhode Island College on March 11 and 12.

In the semi-finals, SMU squeezed by first seeded Suffolk University 79-76, with Magnant scoring 24 points. The Corsairs were nipped by Rhode Island in the final game 89-87, with a controversial last second basket. The Cagers argued (unsuccessfully) that R.I.C. hadn't inbounded



Senior Ric Cooper, along with Cillely, leaves SMU with his share of glory. Cooper shared the Medley and Freestyle marks and set the 1000 yd. freestyle record.

The team's biggest surprise was rookie Mark Griffin. In the last meet of the season, against Lowell, Griffin cracked the 200 yd. butterfly stan-

dard with a time of 2:39.0. He lowered the old mark by more than ten seconds.

On the springboard, freshman Cliff Manchester and Ron Wilson provided a tough combination. Manchester, only lost once all season. Sophomores Brad Cheney and Don Stewardson, though new to swimming, performed

like veterans, turning in some excellent times.

Randy Corwin and Jeff Stoloff, next year's captains, were familiar sights in the freestyle events. Freshmen Steve Clancy and Greg Garber added depth to the team.

the ball in the required five seconds with only one second left on the clock. Coach Bruce Wheeler summed up the team's dejection when he said, 'It's a damn shame that a Championship Game had to end in this fashion.'

Even with the sour taste of defeat still in their mouths, the Basketball team could look back on their accomplishments over the season and be proud.

Five men finished the campaign with scoring averages in double figures. Along with Holman were Mag-nant, 14.4; Mark MacLeod, 12.6, freshman Doug Hayden, 12.2; and Doug Crabtree, 11.8 This kind of scoring balance was the Corsair's basic strength.

Other outstanding contributors for the Cagers were Len Brophy, John 'Pole' Allegrezza, and the injured Funches. Though he saw action only in the first seven games due to a torn knee cartilage, Funches led the team six times in rebounds. Brophy played guard with a mean tenacity that epitomized the Corsair spirit and hustle.

Allegrezza, probably the most improved player over the season, played like a veteran during the playoffs. His long arms gave him the ability to play sticky defense.

The Corsairs were 17-9 overall on the season. They sported an impressive 16-3 divisional record. General Holman wrapped up an unbelievable season with first team, N.C.A.A. Div-

ision 3 New England honors.

In addition to the potent frontliners, the Corsairs bench was a big boost all season. Keith Miceli, and Freshman Robert Holmes helped to carry the Corsairs. When Keith Jones and others were on the injured list, Jim Ciborowski stepped in to provide bench strength.

What did the Corsair Cagers accomplish this past season? Aside from individual honors and adulations, they gained respectability and credibility. In the future, the SMU basketball team will be one to reckon with.

swimming/basketball



Like the Boston Red Sox dream team of 1967, SMU's 'Cinderella Kids' did the impossible coming back from last year's humiliating 1-13 hockey season to skate their way into our hearts with a 11-7 mark. These new kids on the NCAA-ECAC block showed the neighborhood they aren't going to stand for any more bullying tactics.

The team worked its magic spell on the rest of the league by putting twelve freshman on its roster. This new blood was the transfusion the doctor ordered as SMU was transformed into a scoring machine. In 18 games, the Corsairs scored 106 times while holding their opposition to 85 goals.

What the team lacked in experience it gained back in sheer enthusiasm. There's nothing more fun to hockey player than putting the puck in the net. 'The kids' showed they could do that very well. In the season's first two games, SMU steam rolled over

Curry 9-4 and Gordon 12-3.

But they finally made believers out of the league in the middle of the season. Down by one goal after two periods, SMU exploded for five goals in the third stanza to upset Assumption College 8-4. This was a grudge match as Assumption's 13-2 pasting of SMU last year was still fresh in the mind of Coach Joe Prenda and his six veterans.

At this point in the season SMU owned a 5-3 record. This looked more impressive when you consider seven of those games were played on the road and two of the losses were only by one point. The third loss was a two point spread as an open net goal was scored in the closing seconds.

But by no means was the Assumption game the high point of the season. After being demolished by Massachusetts Maritime in the opening game of their seven game homestand, 'the kids' proved what a classy hockey club can do. First, they squeezed out a 5-3 victory over Stonehill College

playing almost as flat as they did against Maritime. But this game highlighted one fact: SMU could win on an off night. Yet, two nights later they looked like a veteran hockey club. They tripped Westfield State 3-2 in overtime proving they could handle pressure. The next three games were a breeze as the Corsairs extended their winning streak to five games. Roger Williams, New Hampshire, and Gordon Colleges fell to the SMU barrage as 'the kids' averaged nine goals a game. SMU was now 11-4 placing them in a position to make the ECAC playoffs.

However, it just wasn't meant to be. Assumption, Mass. Maritime, and Fairfield overpowered 'the kids'. Sure, they were disappointed, but they were also very proud. 'The Cinderella Kids' had earned SMU respect in NCAA-ECAC hockey circles which is something comedian Rodney Dangerfield has been hopelessly trying to get for years.

hockey



With ten letter-men returning for the 1976 season, the SMU baseball team was expected to rank high among small colleges in New England. Coach Bruce Wheeler, an integral factor in the university's successful basketball and baseball programs, would have no problems with inexperienced ball-players.

The season began in the middle of March at the University of Maryland. It wasn't a very impressive start for the Wheelermen as they were completely overwhelmed in a 24-1 defeat. This, however was no indication of how the Corsairs would shine in '76'.

After winning seven out of twelve encounters on the trip south, SMU returned home to host their first annual Invitational Tournament. Some of the best teams in the state provided the opposition. The weekend was blessed with excellent baseball weather, but SMU salvaged only one victory in four games. The University of Massachusetts, who shut-out the Corsairs, eventually won the two-day event.

The following week began with a crucial victory over last year's division three champs...Eastern Connecticut University. Rookie right-fielder Dave Liimatainen stroked a late inning home-run to cap the inspiring 5-4 conquest. Liimatainen led this year's nine in home runs (as well as vowels).

April proved to be a prosperous month as SMU captured sixteen out of twenty contests. A modest nine-game winning streak high-lighted the long stretch of high performance. Apparently another play-off berth was forth-coming, but not until Eastern Conn. visited North Dartmouth for a final show-down.

Once again Mr. Liimatainen struck the decisive blow with a run-producing double in extra innings. Although the night-cap was lost, SMU had managed to defeat ECU in two out of three meetings during the regular season. A season which produced an outstanding 31-15 record.

There were many significant individuals in the success at SMU. Seniors Jim Ciborowski and Don Arruda, along with Junior second-baseman Joe Jason were the most notable...(and of course

Liimatainen). Jason, who belted the ball consistently throughout the campaign, led all hitters with a .420 average. Cibby had an impeccable pitching slate, earning five wins in five performances. Jim was the 'man' when Coach Wheeler wanted a sure victory. Cibby in many cases was the unexpected starting pitcher...

'Stubby' Arruda, as Don was affectionately called by his mates, was a solid performer at the 'hot-corner' with a .926 fielding percentage. Don also was the team leader with thirty runs batted in.

The remaining contributors to this season's success were: Steve 'Tito' Taber (base-stealing center fielder), Gary 'Gilly' Soares (.322 batting percentage), catcher Greg Morris, first-baseman Rick Rego...and a fine pitching staff of Steve Camara (6-4), smoking Joe Miller (6-5), rookie south-paw Dave Fogaren (4-0) and Gary Felix.

Rounding out the squad were Bruce Garifales (.310 batting average), Jim Lang, switch-hitting Brian Cassidy, Paul 'Sleeper' Starociak, Mike Priscella and Kevin Considine.

Steve Knowles handled the coaching duties with Bruce Wheeler.

baseball

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*(right) Constructing set
for Lysistrata. (far right)
Set collapses during dress
rehearsal.*

*The world for some years has been sodden with tears
on behalf of the acting profession:*

*Each star playing a part
seems to expect a purple heart.*

*It's unorthodox to be born in a box,
But it needn't become an obsession.*

*Let's hope we have no worse to plague us
Than two shows a night in Las Vegas...*

When I think of physicians and mathematicians

Who don't have a quarter the dough,

When I look at the faces

Of people in Macy's

There's one thing I'm burning to know-

Why must the show go on?

It can't be all that indispensable.

To me it really isn't sensible on the whole

To play a leading role

When fighting those tears you can't control.



backstage

*Why kick up your legs while draining the dregs
Of sorrow's bitter cup?
Because you have read some idiot has said,
'The curtain must stay up!'
I'd like to know why a star takes bows
Having just returned from burying her spouse?
Brave 'boop-a-doop'-ers,
Go home and dry your tears.
Gallant old troopers*

*You've bored us all for years.
And if you're so blue, wept-through,
And thoroughly woe-begone,
Why must the show go on?
We're asked to condole
With each tremulous soul
Who steps out to be loudly applauded...
Stars on opening nights
Weep when they see their names in lights.*



*The people who act as a matter of fact
Are financially amply rewarded-
It seems when pursuing their calling
Their suffering's simply appalling.
But butchers and bakers and candlestick makers
Get little applause for their pains.
When I think of miners
And waiters in diners
The query forever remains:*

*Why must the show go on?
The rule is surely not immutable.
It might be wiser and more suitable just to close
If you are in the throes
Of personal grief
And private woes.
Why stifle a sob while doing your job
When, if you'd use your head,
You'd go out and grab a comfortable cab*



In the audience and back-stage prior to opening curtain for Peter Pan. (next page) Break in work for set painters.

backstage

*And go right home to bed?
Because you're not giving us much fun,
This 'Laugh clown laugh' routine's been overdone
Hats off to show folks for smiling when they're blue,
But more 'comme il faux' folks
Are sick of smiling through.
And if you're out cold
Too old
And most of your teeth have gone—*

*Why must the show go on?
-I sometimes wonder-
Why must the show go on?*

Despite the beseechings of Noel Coward, the shows went on at SMU during the 1975-76 season. Two of them reflected the ghost of the sixties which seemed to haunt us during the academic year: 'Moonchildren' and 'The Rolling Thunder Revue.'

'Moonchildren' is a play revolving around a group of college students living communally in the classic sixties' style, and the trials and tribulations brought on by their lifestyle and the times. Having the period brought forward for larger-than-life inspection in this way seemed to make some students, who lived in the fashion during that period, uncomfortable. 'Moonchildren' is indeed a bitter-sweet period piece and many people feel uneasy about that time. As two ex-hipsters remarked in Garry Trudeau's 'Doonesbury' strip: 'What's happened to us?' In the Fall of '75 there had been talk of a sixties' nostalgia, with Nehru jackets and other paraphernalia coming back into vogue, but the idea was dropped quickly. The period is too close for comfort, and the thought of all that energy and excitement, however naively directed, grates hard upon the nerves of today's more complacent younger generation, whose energies are more directed towards finding work. When ten, twenty years have passed we will be able to view the play more objectively, and will appreciate it more for what it is. (In much the same way we appreciated the season's other period piece, 'Where's Charley?', on which there is more later.)

'The Rolling Thunder Revue,' our

second sixties-based presentation, heralded the return of Bob Dylan, who WAS the sixties to those who were there. However, a lot has changed since then. The culture (or cult, if you'd rather) which spawned Dylan has all but evaporated, of course, and many people on campus had never heard of Dylan (many of these came to the concert out of curiosity.) Also, Dylan, who usually performed alone (like a rolling stone) brought a troupe of performers with him, including Joan Baez; as well as a heavy-handed production crew (which probably was formed just to handle this particular tour) dubbed Zebra Productions. The entire production was handled rather unusually: the tour was booked only into small colleges and only students attending the colleges were allowed to attend. Also Zebra attempted to keep all information about the tour under wraps until the last minute, but it leaked out anyway. The official reason for all this was that Dylan wanted a relatively small audience, and wanted to give the students a chance to see him. However, the real tone of the production was set by Zebra as soon as the contracts were signed, as they told the concert series they could not say in their advertising 'The SMU Concert Series presents...' because, 'Nobody presents Bob Dylan!'

The night of the 'Revue' performance saw students lined up for what could have been several blocks waiting to enter the gym. Zebra actually frisked many students for

cameras (although many obviously still got in...see pages 126,160 and 161). Zebra also confiscated t-shirts printed by the Concert Series for its crew (God knows what they did with them). Meanwhile Dylan (the sixties nonconformist) had apparently acquired over the intervening years some expensive tastes- he drove up in four large camper trailers and ordered several hundred dollars worth of food, which he ate off silver platters.

The actual performance was well-received, although many in attendance were disappointed that Dylan did not sing more of his sixties' standards ('Blowin' in the Wind'), apparently expecting a sixties' revival. Dylan spent most of his part of the evening singing new solo releases ('Hurricane') and several duets with Baez (the high points of the evening for many). It was generally agreed, after the concert was over, that it was Joan Baez, not Dylan, who was the one they'd want to see again. Times change.

'Where's Charley?' underwent a widespread theatrical revival this season, as did Ray Bolger-the play's original star on Broadway. 'Charley?'s charm lay in the fact that it had been out of circulation for awhile, and gave a public hungry for nostalgia some straw hats, vaudevillian backdrops, soft shoe, period costumes and other idiosyncracies to sink their collective teeth into.

Also worthy of note as a current phenomenon was 'The National Lampoon Show.' This revue was based on the philosophy of success in satire

which guides the National Lampoon magazine: (1) spare nothing, including/especially your readership, (2) a little porn keeps 'em interested, and (3) if they don't buy the magazine because they think it's in bad taste, you didn't want them anyway-and if they do buy it they get calloused fast, so find bigger and better ways to shock'em. Of course, following such a philosophy does keep the law suits pouring in, but apparently the bucks pour in faster. One of the 'Lampoon's' editors was on national t.v. listening politely to various charges leveled against his magazine- it was trash, pornography, scandalous, bad taste and so forth. When the critic's venom was spent, the editor nodded politely and justified his magazine's existence in three words: 'But, it sells!' Indeed it does, and the magazine has spawned, besides the show (which was actually quite funny, poking fun at Watergate prisoners, plant lovers, Billie Jean King, and especially the audience) a t-shirt and poster industry, other printed parodies, a radio show, records,etc., and N.B.C.'s Saturday Night'-an Emmy-winning late-night satire/variety show. What really seems to worry some people is :what kind of perverts are we giving our money to in these enterprises? The answer, perhaps, was given to us by the road manager of 'The National Lampoon Show' who said of his troupe of actors, 'They're really just people like you and me, actually...They have families, mothers, kids, dogs, wives, mistresses...'



backstage

*Why must the show go on?
 Now, why not announce the closing night of it?
 The public seems to hate the sight of it, dear, and so,
 Why you should undergo
 This terrible strain we'll never know.
 We know that you're sad, we know that you've had
 A lot of struggle and strife,
 But is it quite fair to ask us to share
 Your dreary private life?*

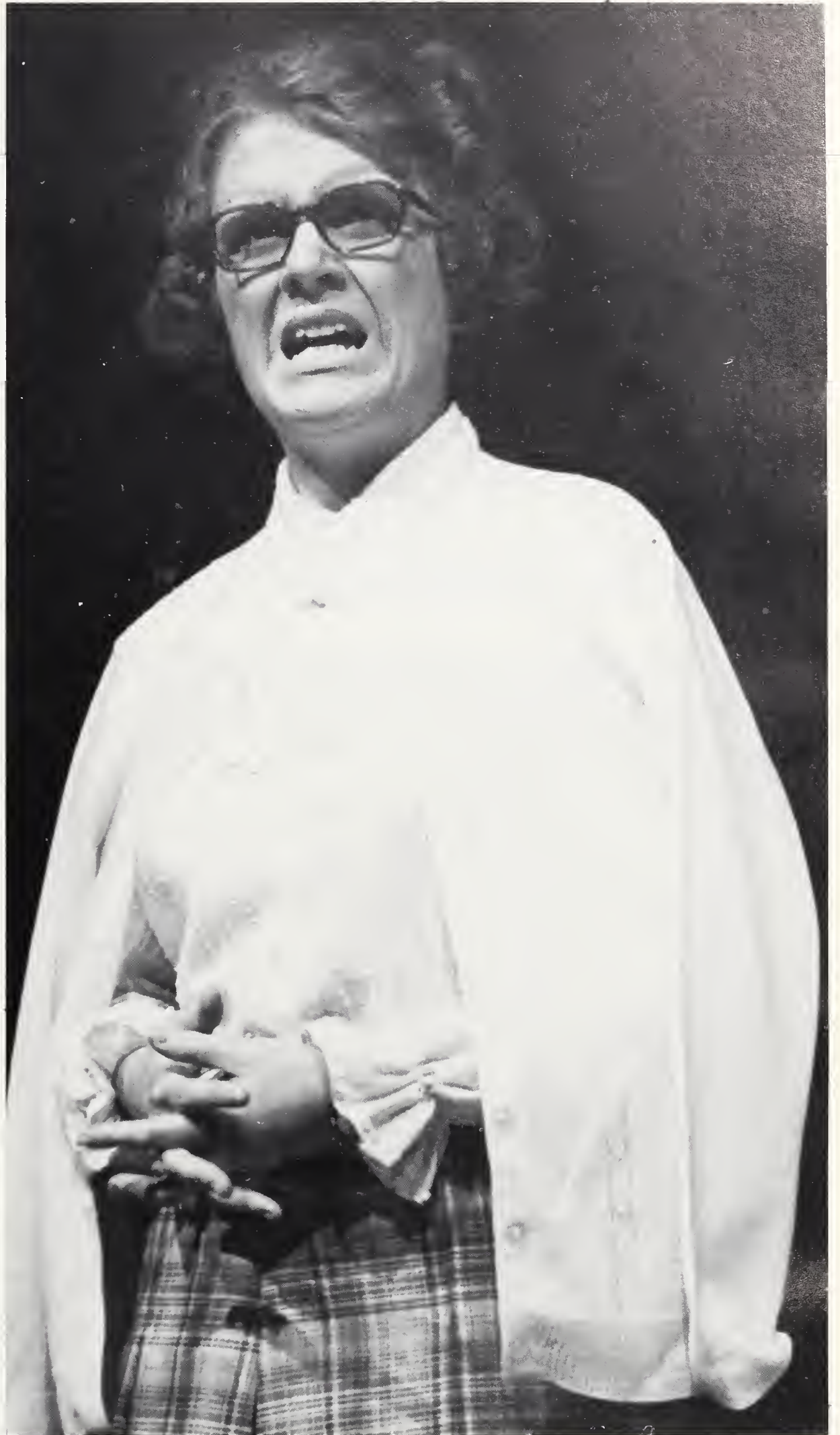
*We know you're trapped in a gilded cage-
 But for heaven's sake, relax and be your age.
 Stop being gallant, and don't be such a bore.
 Pack up your talent, there's always plenty more.
 And if you lose hope, take dope
 And lock yourself in the john-
 Why must the show go on?
 -I'm merely asking-
 Why must the show go on?*



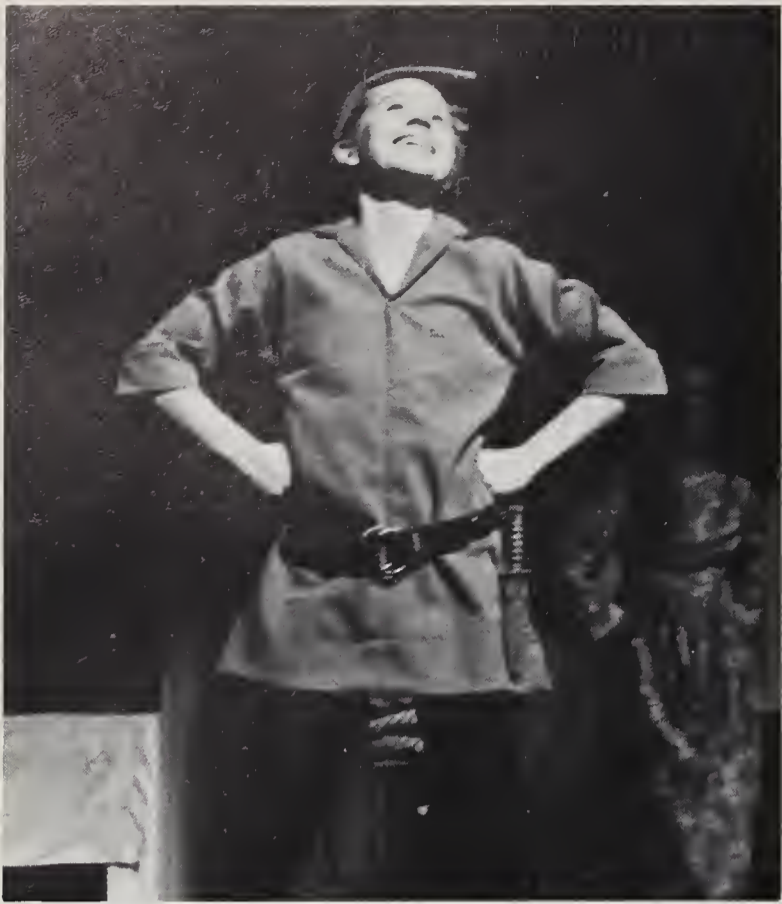


Moonchildren





The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie





Peter Pan





Three one act plays





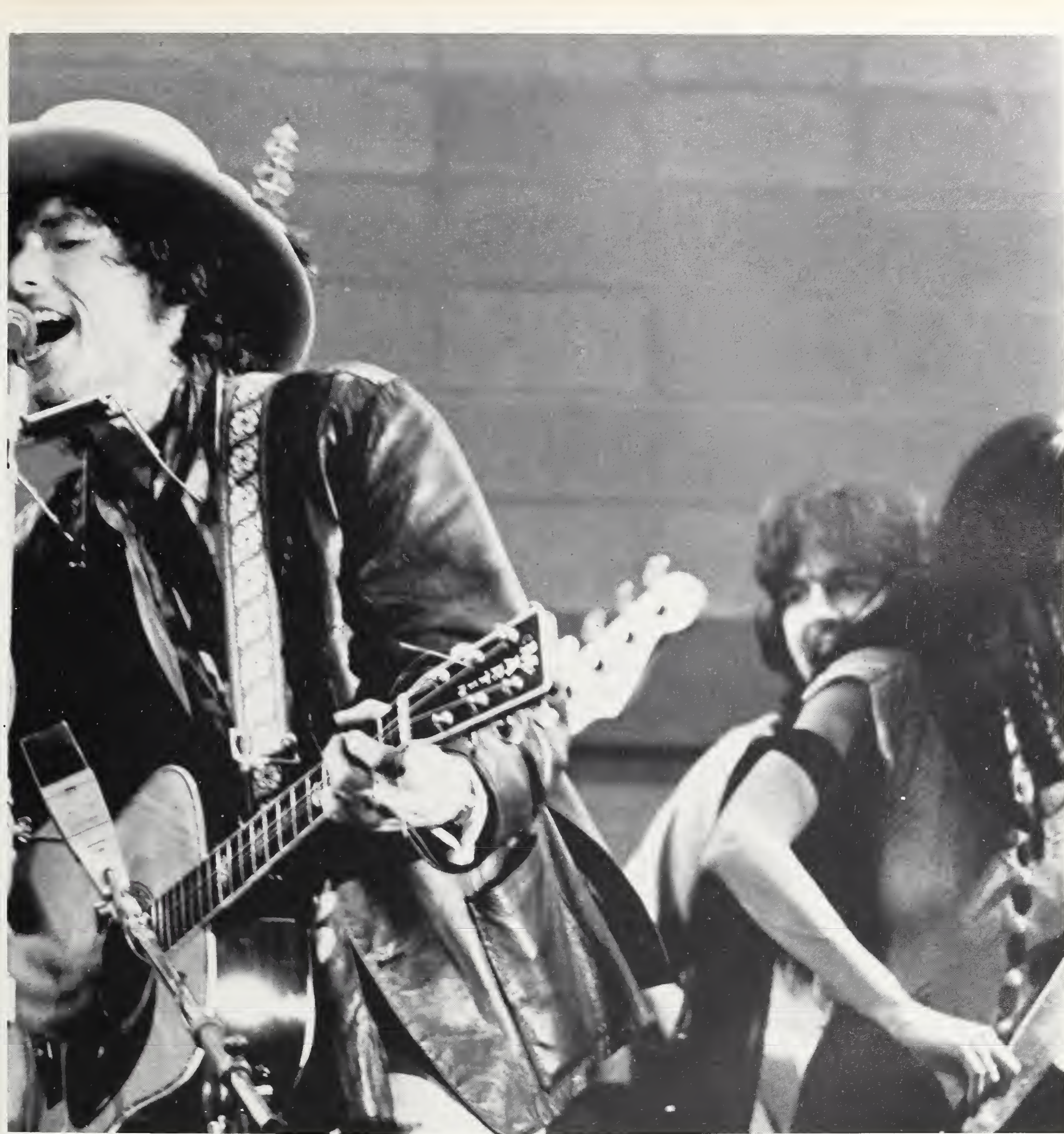
Lysistrata





Where's Charley?





The Rolling Thunder Revue



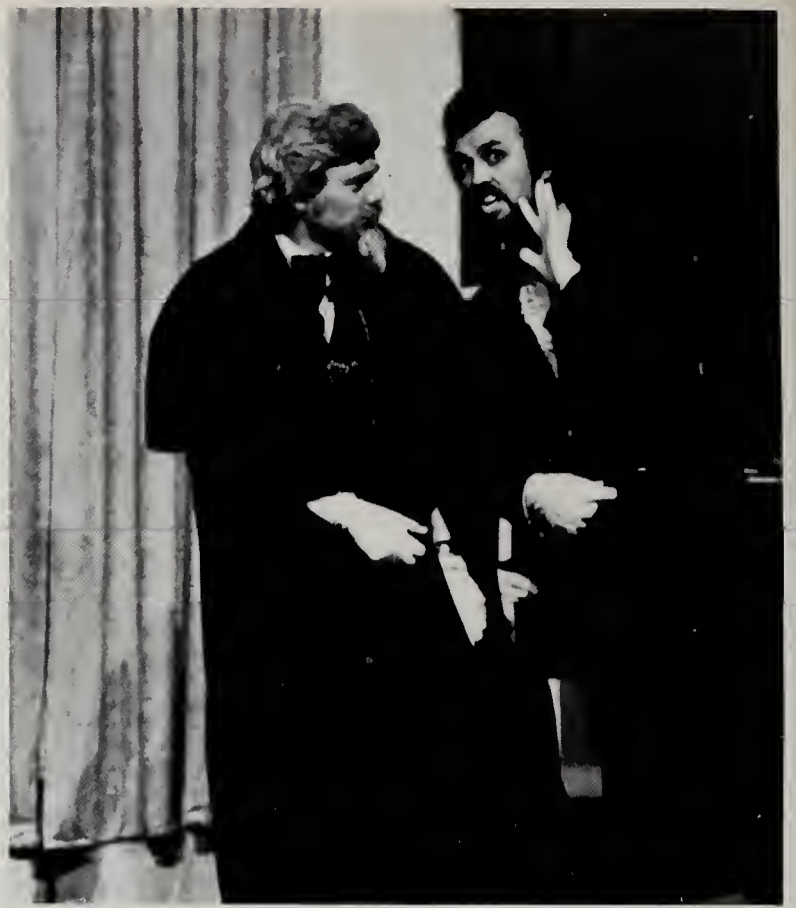


The National Lampoon Show





The Medium





RSVP





Lonnie Liston-Smith

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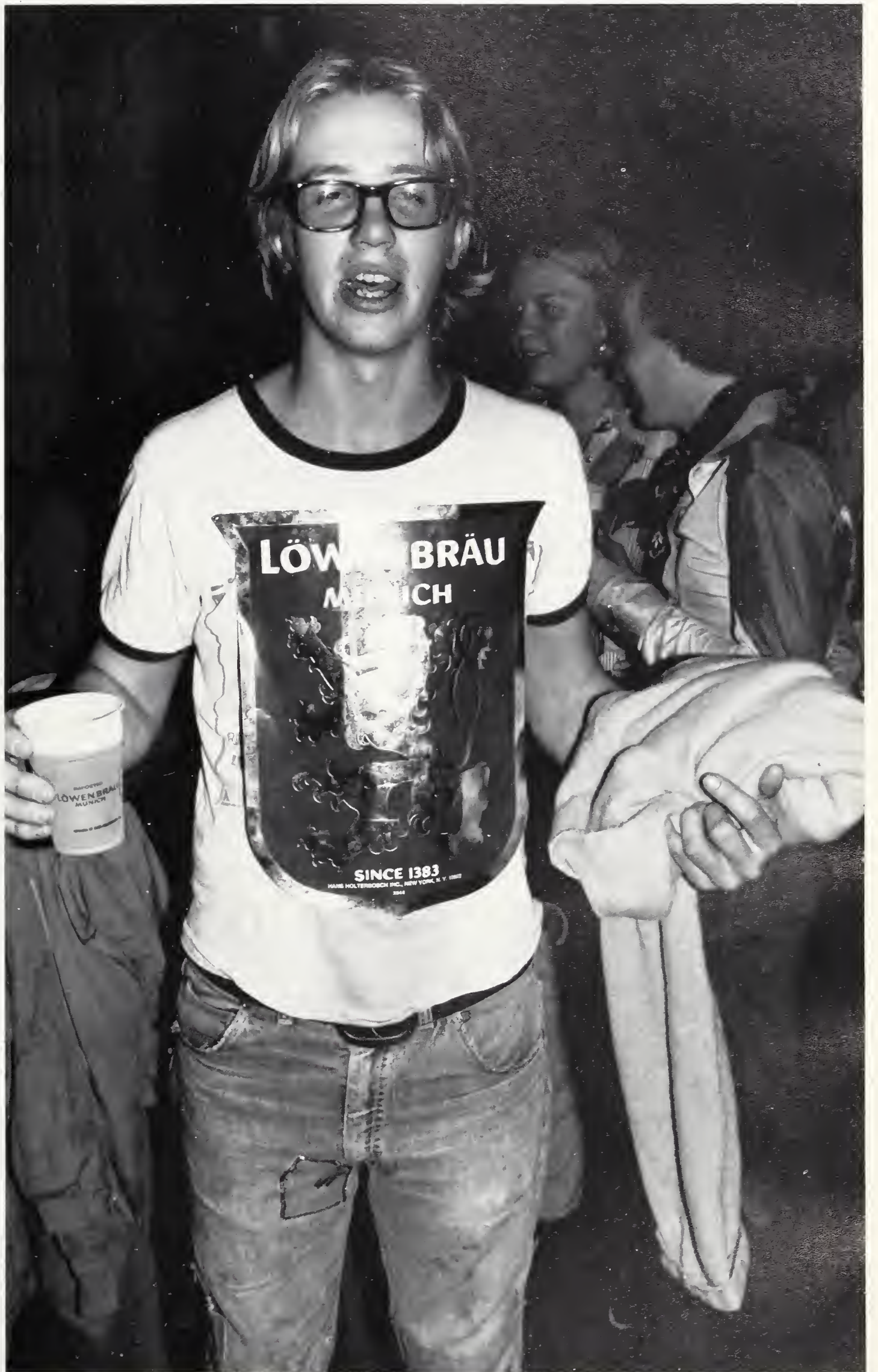
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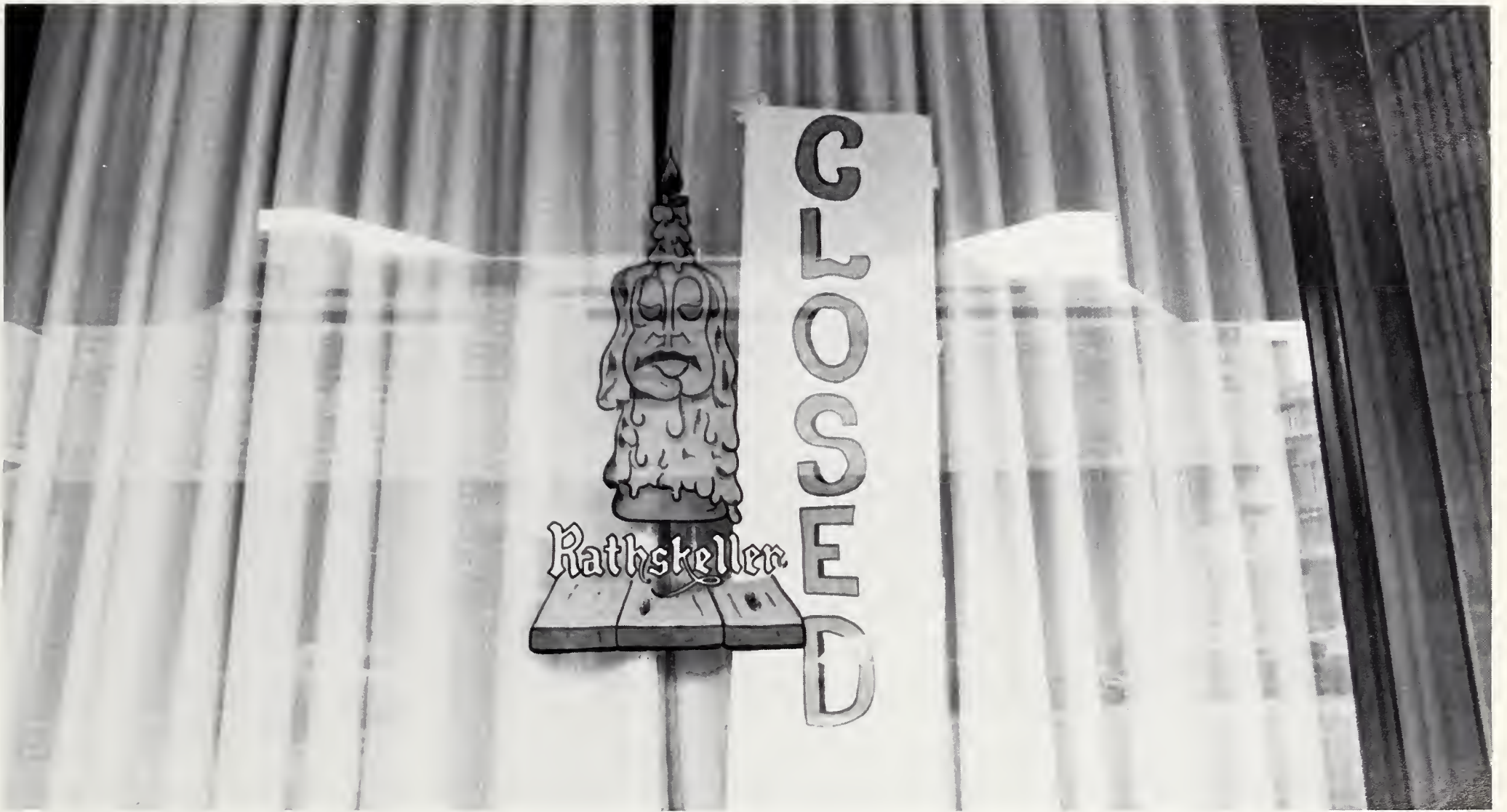
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Hard drugs- that staple of the sixties subculture- are no longer widely used or experimented with on most campuses, although most students, in the course of their four years come in contact with it. Students across the country have turned to alcohol -often rather heavily. Drinking has become the student's (and this same trend is being reflected in our high schools) number one pastime- and problem. Alcohol is no safer and no less addictive than many other drugs- it is simply more legal.

(facing page) students at various local spots (above) the SMU Rat is closed from violence and vandalism brought about by its patrons.

(previous page) Patron of the Oktober Bier Fest in an unguarded moment, with Bette Midler accompaniment. (For best results, we recommend a little nightclubbish melancholy piano music in the background.)





*(facing page) ballet at the gym.
(left) A dog and his boy. (below)
Concrete canoers.*







(both pages) Television studios in Audio-Visual. From the juxtaposition of photos, it appears Brian Moriarty (facing) is fiddling while Mike Laney and friends (above) burn.



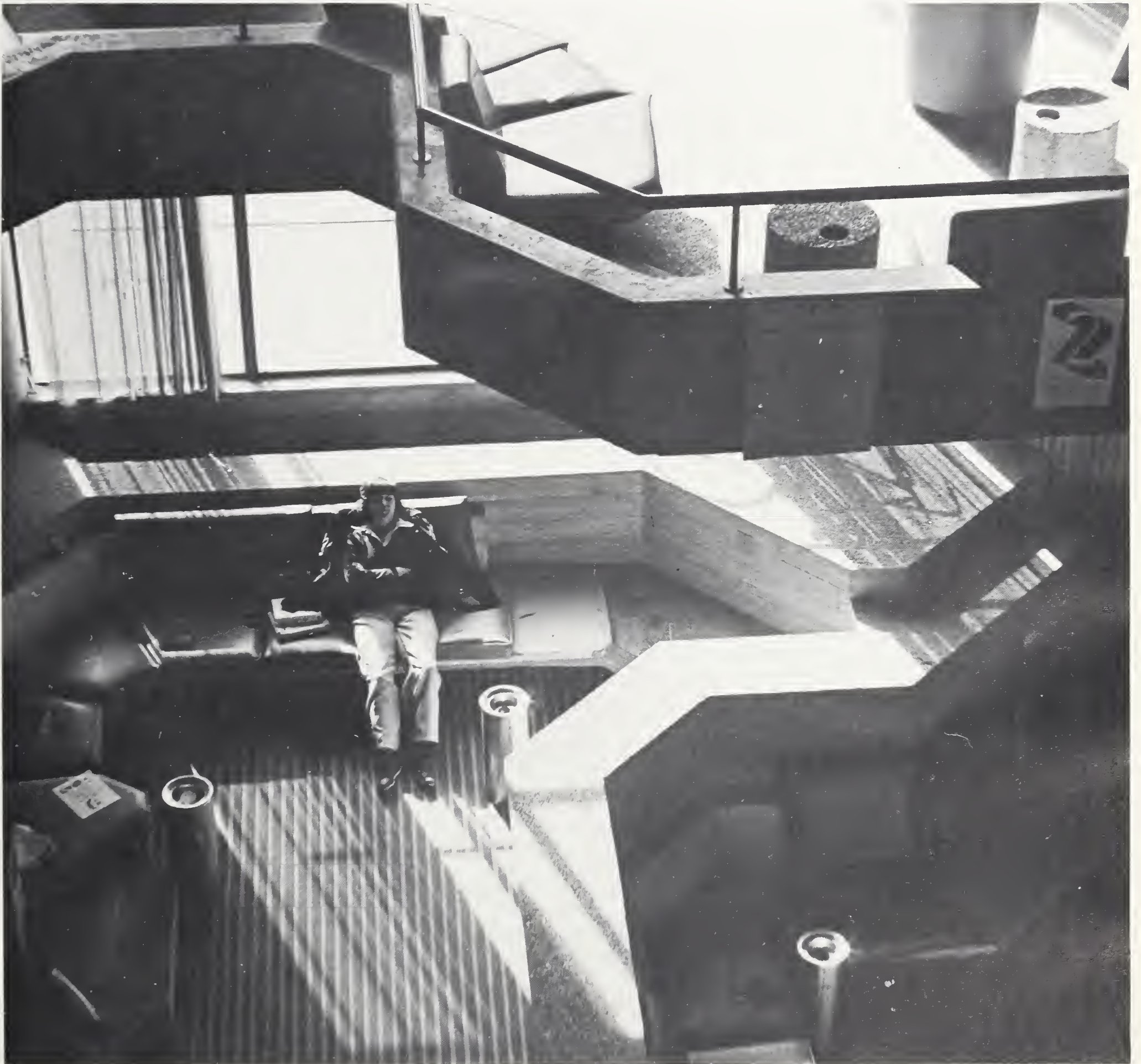
*(this page) Oktober Bier Fest
(facing page, top) Printmaking
exhibit in library (bottom) Textile
exhibit.*







(facing page, top to bottom) Lines at freshman registration, crowds at the TV lounge, lines at the bookstore. Waiting in lines is a familiar, and rather annoying, custom at the beginning and end of each semester, as books must be bought, courses must be applied for, and added and dropped (this page) Rest in Group One lounge.





Carving pumpkins.





The Champagne Christmas Ball.





*(Above) The Torch office
after a hard day's work. (Right)
Construction on new Fine Arts
building.*





(Counterclockwise from upper left) Dr. Jazz on stage, Women's Center people under a tree, Civil Engineers receiving an award, Student Advisors.





(Counterclockwise from upper left) Burned-out Fiat in Parking Lot 5, Sand(stone) castles sold for the Vet's Club, Art Fair for children.







(left) Disco night in the Campus Center. (above) The most striking feature of SMU is its sophisticated concrete architecture. It seems to reflect the moods of its populace—dismal in rainy weather, bright and alive in sunny, clear weather, mysterious and elusive in fog, inspiring and beautiful on cool summer nights.



fireworks over Boston rooftops, July 4, 1976

If there is a spirit of the seventies on the college campus, it is one of searching-back in time for its heritage. The period is marked by a return to classes, to short hair, to normalcy- and complacency. This has been viewed by many administrators with relief and many educators with alarm. Fraternal organizations, nearly neglected to their deaths in the sixties, have made something of a comeback. Brief attempts were made at some institutions at such things as goldfish swallowing, but these were not met with enthusiasm and went the way of the streakers.

The students are much more subdued than they once were, and much more aware of the world outside the institution.

No longer is a college degree a guarantee of employment-in fact, as many grads have discovered, not only can they not get work in their fields, but their degree often prevents them from getting lesser work. It is an age of over qualification, of thousands upon thousands of bitterly disappointed unemployed young people.

This disappointment stems in a large measure from the way we were raised to think about college-as THE stepping stone, THE means to a good (equated, among the middle and lower income classes as good paying) vocation. This is what prospective college students question, not the obvious opportunities to learn-though this is small consolation, since how many college students come to learn for learning's sake? Nevertheless, the future looks bright for state colleges such as SMIU, if not necessarily for many of its graduates, because private institutions are folding in increasing numbers-largely due to inflation- giving prospective students less leeway in selection. Also, as inflation spirals, the modest tuition becomes more appealing. These factors will assure state colleges the luxury, for the foreseeable future, of selection of applicants they deem most desirable. As we see it, even if everyone and his brother has a degree, and the value depreciates accordingly, a college education will still be an important consideration-if only not to be left out. Indeed, the day may come when acquisition of a degree of some sort will be as assured as a high school degree is to most of us--in fact, to help its citizens to cope with an increasingly complex society, college may become a mandatory continuation of high school. But that day will only come if our society today can solve the problem of providing meaningful work for its college graduates.

A

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This man is Crazy Arthur, owner-operator of the Met Photo in Providence. Even though we gave him our business all year, he refused to buy an ad from us. We trust you will take appropriate measures.



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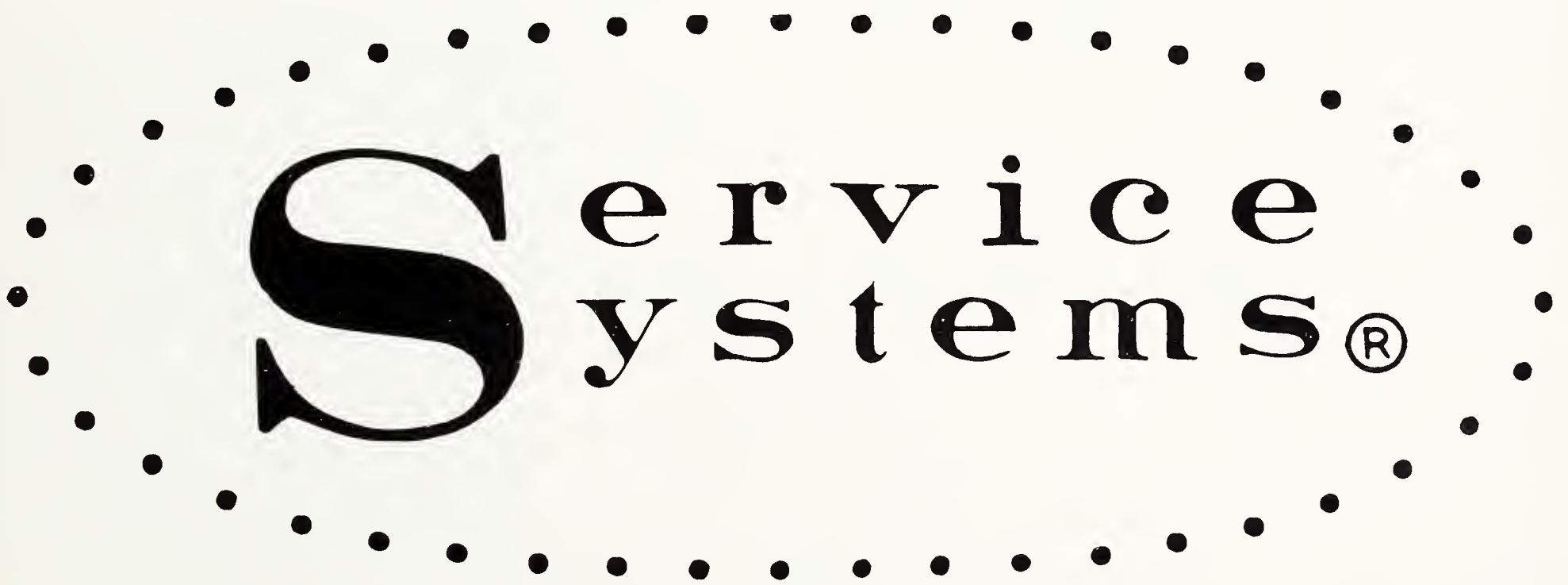
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Except where otherwise noted, the text used in this book was written by the editor, who must take the credit, or the blame. To: our typists- Martha Sylvia and Cathy Hickok, our ad people- Colin Williams and Debbie Derrig, the people who gave us their time for interviews, our advisor- Howard Glasser, our patient yearbook representative- John Levis, our soggy campus center director- Dick Waring, our handy handyman- Ray Lavassee, to Ann Cloutier and especially to Mark Mattos, and to any others we may have forgotten to mention in our haste, our thanks.

The philosophy behind the book-which hopefully shows-was to produce as accurate and incisive a time capsule of SMU as we could achieve with our very limited staff and funds. Our inspiration for the form in which the book was conceived came from two books: Bill Owen's photo-essay 'Suburbia' -from which came the idea of photographing university people the way we did (the 1974 SMU yearbook was produced along these same lines), and Studs Terkel's 'Working', in which Terkel allowed working people to tell the stories of their respective lives. We feel this sets the 'Scrimshaw' above the banal superficiality of the average college yearbook; which usually follow formulas virtually interchangeable with each other, saying nothing very substantial about the college or the times.

It must also be gratefully acknowledged here and now that we were given a good studio from which to work and a tremendous amount of administrative freedom in creating this book- freedom which I honestly do not feel we would have gotten at most universities, and which quite possibly may not be available at SMU at some future point, as the bureaucracy expands- as they are prone to do.

Photo credits: interview photos of Joe Scionti, telephone operator, Tom Higgins, Gary Hartwell, Joe Prenda, Joan Blue and 'the Nerds' by Mark Mattos. photo of Mark Mattos by Ann Cloutier. photo of Bill Bylund by Pam Garceau. photo of Yurek Kepinski by John Belli. All other interview photos by Jeff Faria.

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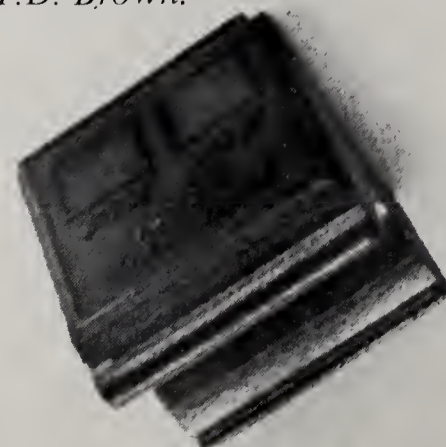
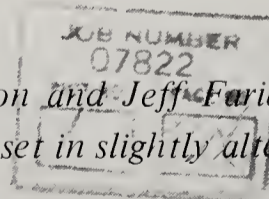
Sports photos by the Audio-Visual Photo Dept.- Thanks to them for their co-operation. Graduation photos by Ann Cloutier. Candid photos of Whale's Tail and Snuggler's Den drinkers, pumpkin carvers, and a few scattered candid by Deirdre Hanlon. Candid shots of ballet dancers and photo appearing on 'Senior Section' divider page by Mark Laughlin. Photo appearing on 'Diversions' divider page by John Belli. All other photos by Mark Mattos.

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