

P.C. Youth Guidance Needs New Members

by Bill Hill

The Big Brothers and Big Sisters of the College Youth Guidance Organization will hold a very important meeting, Tuesday, Feb. 13 at 6:00 p.m. in the Slavin Center, room 203. Anyone interested and willing to serve on the board are asked to sign up on the Bulletin Board as new board members of this organization will be elected at the meeting.

The Big Brothers and Sisters

have done many things this year. Movies are being shown on a bi-weekly basis, and swimming is made available to the children at the Father Barry Center on Thursdays. Trips to Civic Center activities have taken place - the Moscow Circus for one- and others are being planned. A tutoring program is scheduled for Mondays and the little brothers and sisters can eat with the big brothers and



sisters in Raymond Hall.

All big brothers and sisters work to keep a close 'one to one' relationship with their little one in individual circumstances and activities as opposed to group activities. The big brothers and sisters are friends - they are someone to talk to. They are not professional social workers, or psychologists, nor do they try to be one. The importance as a big brother or sister is built around this, they are listeners and sometimes talkers, someone to share a good time with or maybe someone it just feels good to be with.

There are presently around 165

children at the O'Rourke Childrens Center - a short fifteen minute walk from PC. The big brothers and sisters of P.C. number 'on paper' 88 - they don't need anymore on paper - the children need people and friends and companions. A very difficult time lies ahead with long weekends, exams and our two week break. It is of utmost importance that the pledge is not broken - be faithful - get to the center as often as possible. If you're presently unassigned the board may not know it. Come to the meeting - new ways of communicating will be discussed. A camping retreat will be planned and election of new

board members will take place. As a new slate of officers takes office in early March they will need a lot of warm bodies for the two most important organizational activities of the year, Tag Day and the Picnic . . .

The Providence College Youth Guidance Organization is open to any Providence College student, it is the most open Club on Campus. The restriction on membership is self imposed. You must be faithful to remain in the club.

Remember this important meeting is open to any new people - all members are expected to attend.



Center Aids Seniors With Future Needs

SENIORS. Would you like (do you want) (do you need) to improve your interviewing skills? Your selection or elimination as a result of a 20 minute interview be it for Graduate School or Career Employment...could seriously effect your entire life. This suggests that your effort to gain a knowledge of the deyd factors of the interviewing process is not only desirable but in fact, most important, even essential.

Hundreds of P.C. graduates, now older and wiser, who have returned to see us, would have welcomed such an opportunity.

Several such programs are now available. You may participate (1) as a member of a small group in programmed-learning workshops, (W.S.I. & II); or (2) meet informally to hear and critique several typical interviews (W.S. III).

Should you be unable to participate in neither of these Work Shops, you will find these plus a trainee manual and audio-tapes available to you at the Audio Learning Center. In addition, if practice makes perfect, you may want to use their tape recorder play-role interviews and with your buddy acting as the interviewer. You can then switch roles...and then critique your own effort. It can...and usually does...come as a bit of a shock to hear how you actually speak.

Northeastern University's Graduate School of Professional Accounting has several awards for students interested in the field, including a \$4,000 fellowship. These awards are offered to any

undergraduates who do not have accounting degrees, but desire to pursue graduate study in accounting. For additional information write to: Professor Joseph Golemme, Director, Graduate School of Professional Accounting, Northeastern University - Room 206 HA, 260 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. 02115.

The Council of Dental Research, the American Dental Association, and the American Association of Dental Schools are sponsoring a program in dental research. This would provide the student with a stipend of \$1,000 over a ten week period in the summer. The program is designed primarily for students who are considering a career in biology, chemistry, physics, and health sciences. The application deadline is February 15, for further information go to the Student Counseling Center, they are currently out of applications but are expecting a new supply any time now.

Note: The following companies will be available for interested students this week:

- Feb. 5, Kraft Foods and the Upjohn Co.
- Feb. 6, Stop and Shop
- Feb. 7, W.T. Grant
- Feb. 8, John Hancock, Lipton, and A.W. Chesterton
- Feb. 9, G.E. Credit Corp.

Note: If you're interested in summer employment in Europe, you can obtain an application form, job lists and descriptions, and an SOS Handbook by sending your name, address, and \$1 to: Euronews, Student Overseas Services, 22 Ave. de la Liberté, Luxembourg, Europe.

Football Club Notes Financial Bind Desires Activity Fee Referendum

In the midst of hockey and basketball season here at P.C. it might seem strange for the COWL to be doing a story on the football club. As you may not know the football team is in quite a spot for the next upcoming season and future seasons. With this in mind we decided to look into the matter, see how things were shaping up in the off season.

In meeting with Ken Larsen president-emeritus of the football club, Gene Harding present president, Frank McMorrow senior player who has been a member of the team for four years and Richy Kless one of next years tri-capt., one does get the feeling that the club is in bad shape, financially.

The Friar Football Club has grown in its six years from an independent "pick-up" team which could hardly stand on its feet, to one of the top leaders in the E.C.C.F.C. (Eastern Collegiate Club Football Conference), one year winning their division while in this past year finishing in the runner up spot narrowly missing the crown for a second successive year to Hartford. In the OCT. 18, 1972 issue of THE COWL there was a story which reported that the club was "showing it's character by laughing in the face of adversity, being hit with tremendous financial burdens and sent looking for a new home field. The Friars refuse to give into adverse pressure." At the time they were

laughing but after the one point loss to Hartford University in the championship game, one wonders. Hartford like most of the other teams the team plays receives financial support from the school's Student Activity Fee. On the day of the championship game the team players instead of preparing for the game, were out trying to sell tickets asking people to come cheer and support the team.

It's no secret that it does cost money to run a football program on any level at any school. This year the team was met with a problem two weeks before the season was to open; the team was forced to move its home game schedule to East Providence because lights couldn't be provided at Cronin Field (three Blocks from the campus). The students didn't like the move as evidenced by the lack of attendance over in East Providence. Next year as the team would like to be back on campus, the team is doing their best to assure all the students that this is your team.

Frank McMorrow mentioned the fact that 'you can struggle for just so long.' During Frank's first three years practice sessions use to run from 3:00 until 6:30 with the players eating, thankfully, at Alumni Caf. while they enjoyed this privilege mentioned, the team cleaned up the tables, trash, and did the dishes each night they ate there, so as not to put any extra work on the caf's staff. Last year the meals were not allowed, the

club was told by Mr. Murphy that it was too expensive to allow it. As a result practice sessions were cut back to 5:30, players now had to clean-up, shower and run over to Raymond by 6:00. Another problem is that a parking lot which might have to be built on the fields behind Raymond Hall next to the Tennis Courts would necessitate the team to hoof it down to Elmhurst Field down on Smith St. for practices, and it would be virtually impossible for them to be back in time for meals. Practice sessions can't begin any earlier due to classes and also the fact that 2 coaches teach in Mass. and have to drive here for practice.

Richy Kless has met with Father Duffy, Vice President of Student Relations about the parking lot. There is a city law which would require one parking space for every five spaces in the hockey rink. You might say we've had P.C. basketball games here for many years and people found places to park in Raymond and Alumni Hall Parking fields, but there's a catch, the parking facilities have to be within a certain distance of the arena. The parking areas now are about 100 yards shy of the arena. Father Duffy assured Richy that the school is fighting this but as they say "you can't fight city hall." (Richy and the other captains, John Tavalone and John Brady are

Cont'd. on Pg. 11

Zero-Zero Torr

by G. A. Curt

Author's Note: The meaning of this article is clear — that many doors remain closed when the pressure outside a department exceeds that within.

Zero-Zero Torr — or

The Bissell Effect

A "True" Account

The odor of acetic and carbonic acids mingled with the distinctive aroma of Dr. Fish's mummified cats jointly greeted me as I entered Albertus Magnus, confident of solving more of Nature's puzzling enigmas. Determined, I directed my steps toward the lab, paused at the door, and noticed a warning etched with hydrofluoric acid on the glass:

NOTICE: DO NOT ATTEMPT TO ENTER! THIS ROOM HAS BEEN EXCAVATED APPROXIMATE INTERNAL PRESSURE: 0:0 O. O. Torr

Obviously, someone had gone to great lengths to demonstrate the effects of atmospheric pressure. I reckoned the door to be about 32 by 70 inches, and pulling out my pocket calculator, determined that it would require about 36,000 pounds of pressure to enter the lab. Having missed lunch, and being somewhat out of shape, I thought it wise to accept the cut, but was somewhat disappointed that a more traditional approach hadn't been tried — like forcing hard boiled eggs into milk bottles or crushing gasoline cans.

Cupping my hands around my eyes, I looked through the window into the lab and was surprised to see that the linoleum had been stripped from the floor, and the cabinets, desks, chairs, and demonstration tables removed. At the farthest corner of the room I

could barely distinguish the remnants of a tattered white lab coat from which projected a couple of bones, a radius and an ulna, if my memory serves me correctly.

Indeed, I had heard that it was the intention of the administration to convert Albertus into a vacuum with a bunch of skeletons rattling about inside, but I had always attributed this to Rathskeller rumor. Somewhat startled at the idea that fiction might be becoming fact, I hustled to Harkins to see the man behind the scenes — Dr. van Thompson.

His secretary being out to lunch, I knocked at the doctor's door but received no reply. Disappointed, I was about to leave when a loud bang came from within the office and I turned and ran in to see what was the matter.

Thompson sat at his desk, scratching his head with a newly purchased buck-and-a-quarter Sterling plastic slide ruler. The room was strewn with papers crammed with calculations and a book, *Principles of Applied Quantum Mechanical Theory*, lay on the floor, somewhat battered after being flung against the wall.

The Vice President of Academic Affairs looked at me hopefully, "Do you understand this field equation stuff? It's Greek to me. Not really — you see, I'm fluent in Greek and although quite a few Greek letters appear in that book, they spell no words. In fact, the letters are usually preceded by a queer-looking decoding symbol, which I am told is an "integral". Once I've determined its significance, I'm sure I can teach the course and eliminate the need for a Physics Department."

Aghast, I left the room in search

of Fr. Peterson. His secretary told me that he wouldn't see anyone now — unless I happened to be a biology major. This I assured her to be the case and furnished proof by naming (from memory, of course!) the bones of my foot, starting with the big toe.

Fr. Peterson was delighted to see me, and after wiping his forehead, shook my hand and said, "Thank God! You must be a biology major." A copy of Strickberger's *Genetics* lay on his desk opened to the "Introduction", and I was surprised that every word had been triply underscored. Fr. Peterson lifted the book and started leafing through pages.

"I had a little trouble with Chapter 1 — that mitosis and meiosis stuff. But I think I finally cracked it! It's all a matter of being and becoming, isn't it? At least that's how I think I'll teach it."

I turned and left unbelievably. Albertus Magnus, usually one of the busiest buildings on campus was quiet now, and two maintenance men were hammering boards over the main entrance. A Donatelli pick-up was parked on the front lawn and three hard hats were admiring the sign they had just erected:

WELCOME THE NEW HOME OF THE RATHSKELLER! Live Band in the Amphitheater! Try your luck at computer roulette and drink pure ethanol! Come one — Come all!!

I gained some happiness from the fact that science at Providence College had died, not with a whimper, but with a bang.

Two Dates, Some Sounds

by Charles Duffy

August 14, 1945. I was fishing with my grandfather on a small pond in Plymouth, Mass. Not a good day for fishing — hot, bright, and cloudless. Besides, the fish had become skittish that summer because flights of bombers from Otis on the Cape used to come thundering low over the pond. To practice.

Sitting out in the middle of an empty blue lake with lonely pine trees and spooky dark green cottages for distant company can be pleasantly scary for a little kid; but seeing those bombers skim right over us, ripping the water like lions' paws with tissue, that's another matter. The wooden boat would rattle, the anchor chain jiggle and clank, and the metal tackle box meander over the boat's floor with the mad vibration.

But that day, no bombers. Only an occasional fly or bee ventured across the pond, lured by the bait and the one dull dead perch we had caught. A fading green water tower on the hill basked in the late summer sun, and the bleaching icehouse hid shyly in the dark little cove underneath. My grandfather would puff on his corn-cob pipe, and the smoke slowly disappeared somewhere.

Letters

Dear Editor

I'd like to thank the PC Film Society for presenting the movie "Death in Venice," it was the finest film I've seen on campus in a long time. I read the story about the Film Society in the January 24th issue of *The Cowl*. To my way of thinking, it is not a question of "artsy foreign films" VS "nostalgic and big films", it is just an issue of good VS bad. "Good" is a film that says something meaningful and says it well, "bad" is a film that says nothing and says it poorly.

Give us more like "Death in Venice" and let the less selective revel in things like "Taste the Blood of Dracula." When it comes to moron flicks like that, one may as well sit in front of a TV set!

Debbie T.
75

The Friar Fryer

By Gene Gousie

Look, my children, and you will see.

What alumni do when they leave P.C.

Dom "Diddly" Doo-Doo is head of the "Soon-to-be-Alumni" Club. I thought I'd interview him and get some idea of what we can expect from the Class of '73, those who will soon be alumni.

I found Diddly at the Rathskellar, sitting atop the juke box, sipping beer through a straw out of a pitcher.

"Excuse me, Diddly, would you come down here for a moment? I'd like to speak with you."

Diddly made it down, and we seated ourselves at the nearest empty table. He began to tell me that he was celebrating his fortunes of love. It seems he had just recovered his school ring from an old girlfriend who was trying, meanwhile, to melt it down by holding it over a candle in her room, the remains of which she was going to pour down his pants if she ever got the chance. Diddly had retaliated by taking his ring back and by subsequently "pinning" his ex's roommate with a "Go Friars" button. The two girls had gone out together tonight, so

Diddly was celebrating his good fortune. I finally got him talking about the "Soon-to-be-Alumni" Club.

"It's like this, you see. What have the present Alumni done for this school? Why, they've turned what used to be merely an extracurricular basketball activity into a big business concern. And now they're doing the same for hockey. Is our class just going to sit by and do nothing while the others do all the work and get all the credit?"

"I certainly hope not," I replied, indignant at any such thought.

"You bet we're not. Why, we're going to do something even bigger and better. That's why we're organizing now, before we even become alumni. What we're going to do is sponsor a water polo team. Yes, sir, that's right, water polo. The up-and-coming sport. First we'll turn sections of Admiral St. into a huge swimming pool. Then we'll build a stadium around that. It will seat about 300,000 people, not counting standing room. Then we'll recruit a team of Samoan (pearl) divers and retired Japanese Kamakazi swimmers. We'll outdo any sport here. We won't just give

them cars and money and scholarships, we'll give them speedboats as well. The stadium will cost us only about \$6.4 million, and it ought to pay for itself within three years if we keep raffling off Ramblers on the side. I tell you, this will really put both P.C. and our class on the map. That's really something, kid, ain't it?"

"Yep. I think you've got something there, Diddly."

REBUTTAL

Dear Sports Editor:

In your recent Winter Sports Special, an article profiling the various members of the track team appeared. Frank Dino, a freshman pole vaulter, was one of the athletes mentioned.

The article stated that Dino "was second last spring in the R.I. State Championships". This is entirely false. Both McLaughrey of Classical and Campbell of Pilgrim finished ahead of Dino.

The profile continued, "... his best of 12' will make him a contender in this year's New England Championships." This is another ridiculous statement. Firstly, it has been rumored that his 13' jump was illegal because the pit was placed more than three feet behind the vaulting plane. Secondly, if 13' was well below the winning height in the New England High School Championships (13' 8"), how could this height be sufficient to contend in the New England Collegiate Championships?

However, this is only one specific case. In the future, let's give our freshmen a little time to adjust to college life and to develop better skills before the sports staff begins to toss them a number of accolades.

E.D. Cimini

(our deepest apologies — ed.)

Spring Vacation

BERMUDA

8 DAYS — 7 NIGHTS

Round-trip Jet

Round-trip Transfers From Airport To Hotel
ACCOMMODATIONS — Dances, Beach Parties,
Cruise, Lunches

Economy Trip \$199

STANDARD TRIP \$225

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PUERTO RICO

8 DAYS — 7 NIGHTS

Round-trip Jet

Round-trip Transfers From Airport To Hotel
ACCOMMODATIONS

\$185

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Title of Publication: *The Cowl*

Frequency of issue: Each full week of the Academic Year

Location of the Publisher, Business Offices and Publication: Providence College, River Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island 02918

Editor: Michael J. Donohue, River Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island 02918

Managing Editor: None
Owner: Providence College, River Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island 02918

Joseph L. Byron, Business Manager

Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding more or one per cent of the total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None

Total Number of Copies Printed: 3,000

Paid Circulation: 2,850

Mail Subscriptions: 340

Total Paid Circulation: 2,850

Free Distribution: —

Office Use, Left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 150

Total: 3,000

The Black Supplement

Raffle Highlights Effort of Afro-American Society

by Maurice Smith

Hold a few dances and raffle off a "Basket of Cheer" and a "Season

Ticket" and you will find out just how easy it is to raise money. The



Cowl Photo by: Brenda R. Chapin

"Winner of the Basket of Cheer, Matthew Tattersall (right), with Keith Baker, winner of the Season's Pass (left), looking on is one of the chairman of the Raffle Committee, Maurice Smith."

The Right to an Equal Chance

Cheryl Lopes, a senior at St. Xavier's Academy, participated in an Equal Opportunity Day Essay Contest which was sponsored by the Urban League of Providence. Her essay won first prize. The important message she relayed in her essay merited additional publication and was therefore submitted for reprint in our Black Supplement.

In opening, I will take the liberty of explaining that I am presently one of a small number of black students throughout all my school years; I felt that my experiences over the last 11 years have been fairly unique. Here, I will try to relate in writing just what these experiences have been and what insight they have afforded me concerning equality.

My school life began in the days when black was not known to be beautiful. Believing the opposite, my playmates and I exchanged all the usual epithets concerning the amount of pigment in skin, texture of hair, etc.

At school, racism was never a very blatant issue. But, through the total exclusion of all blacks from our textbooks (except of course, George Washington Carver) we soon enough realized that there was no place for our blackness in the white world of "John, Jean and Baby Judy." When I look back I realize that we black kids achieved the worst possible academic record. And, I also see that we "failed" largely because nothing else was ever expected of us.

With the late Sixties came the riots and the legislation granting blacks the rights which, ironically, we were supposedly born with. I was growing up, was reading, listening, and becoming "liberated". My future was my own.

Later, near the half-way mark in high school, I began to become trapped in a prison of blackness. Or, I should say, of the urgings to be "superblack". Partially, it was the influence of the media which told me to think black and act black. Partially it was my own fault, due to my susceptibility. Very importantly, it was also the influence of those educators with whom I have had contact over the past three years.

Basically, most teachers invariably see any black student who can function well in school both socially and academically as a future leader of her people. All too often I have been allowed, and have allowed myself, to function below standards in the classroom since I know that I am sometimes marked for color of skin rather than quality of work. I have frequently been the "stool pigeon" of class discussions, the one who must give the "blacks' opinion", and thus attempt to present the opinions of 25 million diverse Americans.

Con't. on pg. 10

An Obscure Committee

by Bruce Miller

There are a few departments, services, and groups functioning for the service of the Providence College community, that the community is unaware of. One of these groups is The Committee on the Program of Study of Minority Groups in America. Initially headed by Mr. John Edwin, a former Black instructor here at Providence College, the committee has remained quite obscure since its formation in October 1970. Its main intention at the time was to offer a wide array of courses in Black Studies. Later, the committee remodeled its program to cover all phases of minority study.

Its present chairman, Dr. Stephen Misovich of the Psychology Department, expressed a deep concern to expand the cultural aspect of the committee's program. He stressed the need to reorganize the course of Study on Minority Students in America to include additional Black history and culture courses as well as courses dealing with Portuguese Americans, Latin Americans, and Women as a minority. These courses of study would be further supplemented by outside lecturers, literature, and programs which the Committee has finances to obtain.

But what is needed now is an awareness of the committee's actions and total involvement by interested students. Courses of study in the Study of Minority

Afro-American Society did just that and now, we are well on our way to producing the first scholarship sponsored by a student organization on campus.

The fact that we haven't experienced any failures, in any of our undertakings, is evidence of how hard the members of the Society have worked to make our goal a success!

Within the last five months, our efforts have produced enough for a half scholarship (the raffle, as a whole, was a success, but if fell far short of our expectations). We are confident that our efforts this second semester will create the funds for the other part of the scholarship. Thus far, a dance is in its planning stage and future events look very promising, some of these are future dances, perhaps another raffle, and the possibility of bringing a group to P.C. for a concert. These ideas have been put on the floor for discussion, but to date, there has been no decision as to when they will take place. All in all, we consider the first semester to be a success and hopes are high for the second semester.

Finally, there are a few people to whom AFRAM PROD. owes its thanks. First of all, the officers of the society — we wouldn't have made it without them. Secondly, the members themselves — their devotion and sometimes back breaking work was an inspiration in itself. Then, Mr. Hamlin (our moderator), Chapin Hall Dorm Council and the students who live there, the administration, the Student Congress, The Cowl, and so many others that lent a hand. THANKS!!!

The Society also extends its congratulations to Matthew Tattersall, winner of the Basket of Cheer and to Keith Baker, winner of the Basketball Season Ticket.

M.L.K. Scholarship Program

by Robert H. Hamlin
Director
Martin Luther King
Program

In order to continue the contribution made by Dr. Martin Luther King to Blacks, Providence College has established a program in his honor to assist students in obtaining a college education they may otherwise be unable to realize. Such a program was instituted at the time of Dr. King's death. It is hoped that through this program educated Black leaders may continue Dr. King's dedicated service to the Black Community. Students are urged to participate in the Martin Luther King Program through contacts provided by guidance counselors and alumni. Students are recruited from among the hundreds of high schools contacted by the admissions office of the college.

For admission to Providence College, students should have completed a college preparatory program in their secondary schools. In addition to five electives, students should normally have taken: four years of English, two years in one foreign language, two years in mathematics, one year in history, and one year in science.

Due to financial limitations the college finds it necessary to restrict the number of Martin Luther King Scholarships. All applications for these scholarships are considered by a special committee designated for this purpose.

In the past the program for scholarship winners consisted of a summer session designed to orient these students to college life. Upon satisfactory completion of this initial phase which a faculty committee determined, students were admitted into the regular fall term. This, however, will be discontinued as of this summer.

The program is funded principally by Providence College with the addition of funds from private donors, lay faculty and where applicable, Educational Opportunity Grants.

Based on the Providence College Financial application and the Parents Confidential Statement, local students are granted whatever is needed for tuition. Resident students are also granted whatever is needed for room and board. Students who are eligible for an E.O.G. must sign the required forms from the office of Financial Aid. Travel to and from home is considered the student's personal responsibility, as is his clothing and other personal items. Members of the Martin Luther King Scholarship Program must meet the same academic standards as any other student at Providence College.

Students who need or desire tutorial help may receive it from Providence College free of charge.

Subject to a student's performance the scholarship is renewable on a year-to-year basis for four years.

Presently there are approximately forty students attending Providence College as holders of M.L.K. scholarships; of that number twelve are women.

Last year eleven students were graduated in a senior class of approximately 515. The eleven represented the largest black group in the history of the college. Five were recipients of the M.L.K. scholarship. All are now in graduate school or engaged in successful employment.

Keep the
Faith

Groups in America have been offered in two phases by the college, but their listing in the college catalogue deviates from the regular disciplinary listing. If these courses could be brought to

the attention of the student, the ultimate hope of having a program which would serve students who want to major in the study of Minority Groups in America, could possibly be achieved.

Jordan Speaks at Urban League Meeting

by Wanda Johnson

On February 7, Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., Executive Director of the National Urban League, will be a guest speaker at the 34th Annual Meeting of the Urban League of Rhode Island. The meeting, which will be an occasion of honoring Mr. Andrew J. Bell, Jr., of Cranston, a past president who was credited as one of the founders of the Urban League of Rhode Island, will be high-lighted by a speech on "The End of the Second Reconstruction" given by Mr. Jordan.

The meeting will take place at the Colonial Hilton, in Cranston, where dinner will be served, followed by a social hour.

Mr. Jordan, a graduate of De Paul University and Howard University Law School, obtained honorary degrees from nine colleges and universities.

He also served as director of the United Negro College Fund and the Voter Education Project of Southern Regional Council, and as Attorney-Consultant to the United

States Office of Equal Opportunity. Mr. Jordan, succeeded the late

Whitney M. Young, Jr., as director of the National Urban League.



Vernon E. Jordan, Jr. Director of the National Urban League, speaks tonight at the Urban League in Providence.

Lift Every Voice and Sing

James Weldon Johnson, a Black poet and civil rights leader, wrote this piece titled "Lift Every Voice and Sing." It was first used to celebrate Lincoln's birthday, but as it conveys a sense of birthright and heritage, it has become known as the "BLACK NATIONAL ANTHEM."

Lift every voice and sing
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty:
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has taught us;
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us,
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun
Let us march on till victory is won.
Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn has died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears have been watered,
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
Till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.
God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who has by Thy might
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, Our God, where we meet Thee,
Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God,
True to our native land.

James Weldon Johnson

Memo from the Editor

My concept of having a "Black Supplement" was twofold. First, it was to be informative to whites in regard to blacks having more than just athletic abilities, and second, that it was to be inspirational to blacks and to be something to reflect upon.

Many of our black authors experienced publication of their literary works for the first time and others were used to seeing their name in print, but all of them can be credited for their great effort that was displayed in making this supplement the success it was meant to be. Whether it was in the form of poetry, articles, or prose, the message that was relayed in this supplement which made it such a success was ...Blackness: thinking Black, acting Black, and seeing Black, not necessarily a militant idea, but a culture, a feeling, and an existence all its own.

I would also like to extend my sincere thanks to Allan Baker, the President of the Afro-American Society, for having faith in my abilities as editor, Michael Donohue, editor of the "Cowl", who displayed the greatest patience with my sometimes awkward and unusual techniques, and the entire "Cowl" staff for their assistance.

Putting together the "Black Supplement" was an experience for me, but what was more important was that it was another accomplishment for the Afro-American Society of Providence College or to be technical about it, one could call it another "Afram Production."

Wanda Johnson,
Editor-in-Chief:
"Black Supplement."

America Speaks

Hate is a necessary evil
To combat love,
For all love brings
Is Peace and more love.

Who needs this love
When I am the best.
I've the atom bomb, and
I'm stronger than the rest.

I care about those over
In Vietnam and India too.
I'm winning their war and
Sending them my bombs, guns,
and food.

I control all the main capital
Imports, exports, and trade.
Yes, my worldly subjects
I've got it made!

Radical tensions I've heard
Mention of for years,
But believe me world
You can dry your tears.

I've had a wee problem of
Segregation and integration,
But they've been solved.
Next year — total annihilation.

Yessiree, I'm pretty smart.
I rule the world alone
No problems with anarchy,
For all my people stay stoned.

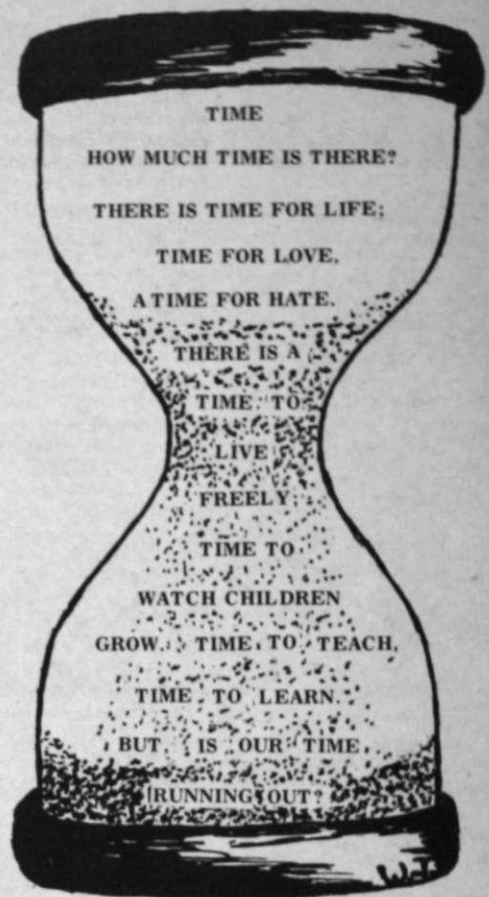
For those who try to rebel
Against my glorious reign,
I throw LSD, marijuana,
And a little scag in their veins.

Because of me and all
Of my brilliant solutions,
The world's only problem
Is that of pollution.

All in all, I've been doing
Very, very, well, though
All the people — sinners
Are damned to Hell!

by Lenora Henderson '75

Time . . .



Valerie Johnson

To Whom it May Concern

Twenty days later a baby was found, outside, open to the wilds of nature; one would have wondered how she had survived, but then the weather had been fine since...

He was neither here nor there, and I didn't know where else to look. Someone had said, inside myself, but that was now empty, a Black void, full of nothing that one wished to remember even if one could. It was bright outside yet I couldn't find the sun, a light breeze blew across my face, causing me to shut my eyes and enjoy the wonderfulness of something that I knew wasn't what I thought it was, but only for a moment. Reality was here, wasn't it, or was it behind my eyelids?

I suddenly realized I was quite tired, but could find no place to sit, perhaps it was better that I didn't, perhaps in reality I couldn't. A sound came from far away, and that was impossible for by being alone there could be no sound, for I made none. He came and I didn't see him, realizing this he waited, smiled and then went away. I felt I should want of something, but there was nothing I truly needed. Did that really matter? At the thought of why I was here instead of there made me uneasy, as if I should not think that. Trying to think of something else is very hard to do, especially when there is nothing else to grasp on. I hoped, but that was useless, I decided that this wasn't real and decided to wait it out. He came for me, glowing in an aura that I didn't understand, I was afraid to follow.

Having outlived everyone else, we wished she had survived to tell us the story. Her life, their life, wishes, wants, and needs. She would have been a very beautiful Black woman. The cause of her extinction, our fault or theirs?

Brenda R. Chapman

Black Declaration of Independence

When in the course of Human Events, it becomes necessary for a People who were stolen from the lands of their Fathers, transported under the most ruthless and brutal circumstances 5,000 miles to a strange land, sold into dehumanizing slavery, emasculated, subjugated, exploited and discriminated against for 354 years, to call, with finality, a halt to such indignities and genocidal practices—by virtue of the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God, a decent respect to the Opinions of Mankind requires that they should declare their just grievances and the urgent and necessary redress thereof.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all Men are not only created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights among which are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, but that when this equality and these rights are deliberately and consistently refused, withheld or abnegated, men are bound by self-respect and honor to rise up in righteous indignation to secure them. Whenever any Form of Government, or any variety of established traditions and systems of the Majority becomes destructive of Freedom and of legitimate Human Rights, it is the Right of the Minorities to use every necessary and accessible means to protest and to disrupt the machinery of Oppression, and so to bring such general distress and discomfort upon the oppressor as to the offended Minorities shall seem most appropriate and most likely to effect a proper adjustment of the society.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that such bold tactics should not be initiated for light and transient Causes; and, accordingly, the Experience of White America has been that the descendants of the African citizens brought forcibly to these shores, and to the shores of the Caribbean Islands, as slaves, have been patient long past what can be expected of any human beings so affronted. But when a long train of Abuses and Violence, pursuing invariably the same Object, manifests a Design to reduce them under Absolute Racist Domination and Injustice, it is their Duty radically to confront such Government or system of traditions, and to provide, under the aegis of Legitimate Minority Power and Self Determination for their present Relief and future Security. Such has been the patient Sufferance of Black People in the United States of America; and such is now the Necessity which constrains them to address this Declaration to Despotic White Power, and to give due notice of their determined refusal to be any longer silenced by fear or flattery, or to be denied justice. The history of the treatment of Black People in the United States is a history having in direct Object the Establishment and Maintenance of Racist Tyranny over this People. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid World.

The United States has evaded Compliance to laws the most wholesome and necessary for our Children's education.

The United States has caused us to be isolated in the most dilapidated and unhealthful sections of all cities.

The United States has allowed election districts to be so gerrymandered that Black People find the right to Representation in the Legislatures almost impossible of attainment.

The United States has allowed the dissolution of school districts controlled by Blacks opposed with manly Firmness the white man's Invasions on the Rights of our People.

The United States has erected a Multitude of Public Agencies and Offices, and sent into our ghettos Swarms of Social Workers, Officers and Investigators to harass our People, and eat out their Substance to feed the Bureaucracies.

The United States has kept in our ghettos, in Times of Peace, Standing Armies of Police, State Troopers and National Guardsmen, without the consent of our People.

The United States has imposed Taxes upon us without protecting our Constitutional Rights.

The United States has constrained our Black sons taken Captive in its Armies, to bear arms against their black, brown and yellow Brothers, to be the Executioners of these Friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

The Exploitation and Injustice of the United States have incited domestic Insurrections among us, and the United States has endeavored to bring on the Inhabitants of our ghettos, the merciless Military Establishment, whose known Rule of control is an undistinguished shooting of all Ages, Sexes and Conditions of Black People:

For being lynched, burned, tortured, harried, harassed and imprisoned without Just Cause.

For being gunned down in the street, in our churches, in our homes, in our apartments and on our campuses, by Policemen and Troops who are protected by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they commit on the Inhabitants of our Communities.

For creating, through Racism and bigotry, an unrelenting Economic Depression in the Black Community which wreaks havoc upon our men and disheartens our youth.

For denying to most of us equal access to the better Housing and Education of the land.

For having desecrated and torn down our humblest dwelling places, under the Pretense of Urban Renewal, without replacing them at costs we can afford.

The United States has denied our personhood by refusing to teach our heritage, and the magnificent contributions to the life, wealth and growth of this Nation which have been made by Black People.

In every stage of these Oppressions we have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms.

Our repeated Petitions have been answered mainly by repeated Injury. A Nation, whose Character is thus marked by every act which may define a Racially Oppressive Regime, is unfit to receive the respect of a Free People.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our White Brethren. We have warned them from time to time of Attempts by their Structures of Power to extend an unwarranted, Repressive Control over us. We have reminded them of the Circumstances of our Captivity and Settlement here. We have appealed to their vaunted Justice and Magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the Ties of our Common Humanity to disavow these Injustices, which, would inevitably interrupt our Connections and Correspondence. They have been deaf to the voice of Justice and of Humanity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the Necessity, which hereby announces our Most Firm Commitment to the Liberation of Black People, and hold the Institutions, Traditions and Systems of the United States as we hold the rest of the societies of Mankind, Enemies when Unjust and Tyrannical; when Just and Free, Friends.

We, therefore, the Black People of the United States of America, in all parts of this Nation, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the Rectitude of our Intentions, do, in the Name of our good People and our own Black Heroes — Richard Allen, James Varick, Absalom Jones, Nat Turner, Frederick Douglass, Marcus Garvey, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Jr., and all Black People past and present, great and small — Solemnly Publish and Declare, that we shall be, and or Right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT FROM THE INJUSTICE, EXPLOITATIVE CONTROL, INSTITUTIONALIZED VIOLENCE AND RACISM OF WHITE AMERICA, that unless we receive full Redress and Relief from these Inhumanities we will move to renounce all Allegiance to this Nation, and will refuse, in every way, to cooperate with the Evil which is Perpetrated upon ourselves and our Communities. And for the support of ourselves and our Communities. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm Reliance on the Protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

The National Committee of Black Churchmen
(reprinted from the New York Times, Friday, July 3, 1970)

An Instructor Speaks

It was long ago in Greece and the philosopher Socrates who said that "the unexamined life is not worth living" by one who calls himself a man. One might say he was talking about giving useful direction to life, the need to use our experience and our talents wisely and productively. The wisdom of the ancient philosopher was never more contemporary than now.

The times in which we live demand that the very best we can draw from ourselves be focused more fully upon the challenge of social responsibility. The utilization of our talents in the interest of others less fortunate in need. This means facing up to some rigid self-examination. For some of us, it may not be easy. Far

too few people have been aroused to the seriousness and the potential dangers of the problems that plague our campuses and our communities. Many do not believe or are unwilling to admit — that the ills of drug abuse, poverty, crime and racism are their problems, too. They cannot or will not see that the same sickness that afflict the less fortunate will, in a very real sense, afflict them, too, if they refuse to become concerned and committed to constructive action. Blind to seeing themselves as part of the problem, they are blind to seeing themselves as part of the solution.

I am addressing this message to you undergraduates because I have faith in the saying that the

young shall lead. What you and others like you have done already to fulfill this prophecy at home and abroad is indicative of what we can expect in the future.

Some people say that the young are among the leaders of the shock troops in the battles against racism and poverty — and in my opinion, that is a good description.

Continue the fight! During the next year I hope each of you will make it your personal, individual business to discover racism and poverty as it is known only to those who are afflicted by it. Get even deeper involved in finding the solutions! Lay down lines of communication to sources of help. Open channels of hope. Transmit the message of concern. Organize.

Catalyze. Hope, concern, service — these are the key ingredients of the hope for a better society.

The flame of freedom and equality and progress has been ignited today not only in the ghettos of our great country, but throughout the world. The signs of the times say it will not be extinguished, for kindled in each man is the desire and the will to shape his own destiny as a free man.

There will be a lot of failures and disappointments, you've got to be able to take it on the chin without giving up. But the greatest feeling in the world is when you can see that you've reached one person or broadened the horizon of one child. In this way you move ahead a step at a time, one small success after another.

Should you get deeper involved in the America that is hungry and cold and desperate — the America that is filled to the brim with illiteracy and hopelessness — the

next year will be difficult for you. Each of you will experience some bitter, soul-searching disappointments. But be thankful for them. They will test your capabilities of resistance. You will be impelled to preserve from the very energy of the opposition. These difficulties will strengthen your mind as hard labor strengthens your body. Your very failures, throwing you upon your own resources, will cultivate energy and resolution. Your hardships will teach you fortitude. Your successes will inspire self-reliance. And please remember: when you save an old man, you save a unit; but when you save a child, you save a multiplication table. That's an important factor to be considered in determining the future of all people in America; and it's a major factor in determining the future of Providence College.

Melvin Bell

Letters to the Editor For You . . . ?

by Clara McKnight

The former boss of the Supremes made her movie debut in a film based on the life of singer Billie Holiday. Not having heard Miss

Holiday sing I can't say whether Diana Ross sounds anything like her, but I can say one thing THE LADY SINGS!!!

Remembering Diana Ross from the Supreme days (Baby Love; Come See About Me; Rag Doll; Stop In The Name of Love) I couldn't in my wildest imagination see her singing the blues, and in a movie! But when she sang "Strange Fruit, Lover Man and My Man" she was a true blues singer I have but one complaint, the lady cannot act which is too bad. Many times Miss Ross acted enough in some scenes for two people.

The script was filled with extemporaneous dialogue, what can you say about a line like "I have a confession to make." There were some very dry clichés and plenty of stereotyped lines.

Bill Dee Williams (from Brian Song) plays Billie's boyfriend. He is a sentimental numbers man with beautiful gardenias. Morey Amsterdam plays a nightclub owner, but the man to watch out for is Richard Prior (piano man) who had a terrifically funny part.

This is by no means a complete picture of the late great Lady Day. As a staff member of the Northeastern newspaper said, "Too much hollywood and not enough Holiday." This is not to say that this wasn't a very touching movie, but instead of its being the rebirth of Billie, it's the birth of Diana.

and one that was rather amusing to me since someone used up a lot of ink and time to write: "Contrary to the common belief that Black is Beautiful, Black Sucks." I really hate to think that the person who wrote that could one day be President of this country. Someone supposedly educated!! I haven't seen any signs saying "Ketvertis Sucks" or "Hooray Marvin", so I really don't think Black people engage in such decadence.

I'd like to make it clear that I am not in one way or another judging that incident, only the reaction of uninvolved, uninformed, unthinking people. I realize that I can't stop you from being racists, but try printing your witty words where they can be appreciated, perhaps in your kitchen at home where your mother and father and sisters and brothers can get a good laugh. I will appreciate your cooperation in this matter.

Keith R. Baker '74

Black on Grafitti

This letter shouldn't have to appear in a school newspaper, yet this problem is utmost in my mind. I am writing this letter out of anger and I feel justified in doing so. Ever since the incident in October between Marvin Barnes and Larry Ketvertis, I feel every Black person on this campus has been harassed.

To be explicit, all of the profane grafitti around this school referring to Marvin has been distasteful and unwarranted. One day while entering Raymond dorm, where I live, I observed on the elevator, "Marvin Sucks, Fuck Marvin and his Tire Iron, and Marvin is an Asshole." I became outraged at this yet I didn't say anything. One morning after breakfast I entered a bathroom and retired to one of the stalls to insure my regularity; on the wall there were more disgusting pieces of literature. Yet, now it wasn't just Marvin Sucks, but read, "Black Sucks and Niggers Suck"

A Letter to America

Because we were once, in all innocence and great ignorance, believers in that myth "the so-called equality of men" that you through your constitution led us on with.

We dreamed of owning your large spacious plantations, sitting on our verandas sipping mint juleps and being waited on. But those dreams got old and withered with age.

So we stopped dreaming and faced our somewhat bleak future. We endured the cold smouldering hate of your northerners and the open, all enveloping, malicious hate of your Southerners.

Yes, there were times when we would take almost anything your children would throw out but soon we became tired of playing that same old game. We wanted a new game to play. We made one up just for you America. It was first titled Civil Rights but you didn't play that game so well so we changed the rules a little and called it Riot. It proved to be a very interesting game. For the first time we weren't entirely on the losing end. We won new houses, better jobs, teachers with higher levels of education and better equipped learning facilities.

We finally beat you America. What do you think of that.

Norma Lyons

Hate of Want

Like a wooden Indian,

he stood broad and tall with his piercing eyes

planted on me. My blood ran wild as I got

a rush from looking at this beautiful creature.

Your fingers tiptoe through my mind as your

words pass on the breeze of the wind. Who is

this Black devil that tramps upon my grounds?

Mane of a lion and body of a cheetah,

I feel the speed in your stride. Tripping

off of the vibrations, I passed out of this

world into the unknown of tomorrow with you.

Eva Weston

THE BLACK



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Assistant Editor Eva Weston
Assistant Editor Brenda Chapman
Staff

Clara McKnight
Camille Burke
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To Be or Not To Be

by Keith R. Baker '74

That is truly the question. During my three years stay here at P.C. that quote written by William Shakespeare seems to be made especially for me. I am an avid fan of basketball and when possible I attend the games that P.C. plays. Just after the starting lineups are announced, some one gives a signal and 11 1/2 thousand people stand up to a nation anthem? I believe it was written by Francis Scott Keyes and is called the Star Spangled Banner.

Now in referring back to those words spoken by Mark Anthony, 'Should I or should I not be a hypocrite.' Being honest as possible that war song in my mind isn't a national anthem and doesn't deserve the strength it would take me to stand up or remove my hat. In order that I won't be misunderstood let me spell out exactly what I mean. In referring to the S.O.B. sorry S.S.B. as a war song, if my memory serves me correctly the song is about bombs blasting and rockets glaring. By saying it isn't a national anthem, I mean that I am a member of this nation, which may be fortunate or unfortunate (I haven't decided yet,) and this song isn't representative of me or my ideals. If you closely examine your ideals it probably won't be congruent with your ideals either. Frankly I'd just as soon clap for a basket made by P.C. than get up and look at a flag that may be worse than the song people sing to it.

I know that some people have had the pleasure of seeing me stand up apparently being reverent or whatever it is one does when he stands up for that song. Yes I am guilty of being a hypocrite of the worse degree. Yet I do have a reason that I feel is valid. You see in the beautiful Providence Civic Center I have a seat that is surrounded by dear, devoted darling Dominicans and wonderful, witty, wide eyed wasps or whatever they call themselves.

Now don't get me wrong some of my best friends are Dominicans and wasps, but they just don't understand my dilemma. So I have to stand as not to offend anyone. After all as long as my people have been in America no one has thought about offending us. We've always been someones favorite boy or just like part of the family.

However, what I have just mentioned is trivial. The fact is that I am at Providence College to get an education; I'd hate to think that my marks have suffered because a teacher, whether he be male or female, Dominican or laymen, saw me sitting when the national anthem was being played. I don't think that we have any teachers that closed minded, but see me in May and I'll let you know. So in closing if you see me sitting or standing in the Civic Center during the anthem don't judge me; I've already examined my reasons for doing either, judge yourself and maybe the next time you'll be the one people are looking at instead of me.

Keith R. Baker '74

Medford, Mass.

by Master Yusef

you asked me to write you a love poem, but i would rather move across yr breast and whisper poems into yr ear.

soft and black moist and black amorous glow of yr lucid eyes calling 'look at me'.

and when you ask me why i am so quiet it is only because the poem sits smiling just behind my lips.

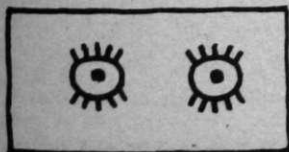
The Grapevine

I'm watching you all the time. I have no name, no face, but a thousand mouths. I am under the bed, in the closet, listening at the door. I know all, and what I don't know I make up (little lies work wonders). I can destroy you but you can't touch me; after all, I am your creation; you make me what I am.

I have hurt many of you Brothers and Sisters on this campus breaking up good friendships. Hey! I have sisters in a competitive bag, trying to out do each other. I've messed up many beautiful relationships causing the Brothers to down the sisters. You ask how? Simple — I just say, "Guess what I heard?"

I've made some feel so down that they will never get up; I've even made some leave. I've messed up minds and made life just a little rough for you. I still cannot be stopped. I have made life Hell for many, but it's you that keeps me living on.

I am your destruction
I am you now — what's
that you said you heard?



Points of Interest

Blackmen are credited with the following inventions:

Rotary Engine	July 5, 1892	A. J. Beard
Lawn Mower	May 9, 1899	J. A. Burr
Ironing Board	April 26, 1892	Sarah Boone
Boot or Shoe	November 28, 1899	W. Burwell
Player Piano	1899	J. H. Dickinson
Golf-Tee	December 12, 1899	G. F. Grant
Gas Burner	April 4, 1899	B. F. Jackson
Pencil Sharpener	November 23, 1897	J. L. Love
Elevator	October 11, 1887	A. Miles
Fountain Pen	January 7, 1890	W. B. Purvis
Dust Pan	August 3, 1897	L. P. Ray
Bottle	December 12, 1899	A. C. Richardson
Clothes Dryer	June 7, 1892	G. T. Sampson
Curtain Rod	August 30, 1892	S. R. Scottron
Refrigerator	July 14, 1891	J. Standard
Fire Escape Ladder	May 7, 1878	J. R. Winters
Galvanic Battery	August 14, 1888	G. T. Woods

WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

ANNOUNCING!

THE CENTRAL BLACK ARTS FESTIVAL

IT'S THE GREATEST! IT'S THE COOLEST

YES MAN! IT'S FESTIVAL TIME AT CENTRAL

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, FROM 7:30

AFRICAN DANCING DRUMMING

COOL MUSIC BY LOCAL GROUP!!

YOU ALL COME, HEAR! SEE YUH!

New Book on Minority Students

PRINCETON, N. J. — The newest edition of **Graduate and Professional School Opportunities for Minority Students**, a book describing academic and special assistance programs offered by graduate and professional schools for Black and other minority group students, is now available to college guidance counselors and other interested groups.

Graduate and Professional School Opportunities for Minority Students is published by Educational Testing Service (ETS), with the support of a grant

from the Henry Luce Foundation of New York for the data collection and dissemination. The book is endorsed by several organizations of graduate and professional schools.

Included in the book is information provided by some 700 schools and graduate departments about their programs in arts and

sciences, business, law and medicine. Each entry describes the school's admissions standards, fee waiver policy and financial aid programs. In addition, information is provided about the percentage of minority enrollment, the number of minority faculty, and the existence of active minority recruitment programs.

NANA

by Eva Marie

No great-grandmother is as great as mine

She'll live till the end of time. It's funny you can't think of words to say

Of What She means from day to day

It's fall and the embers are slowly dieing out in the fireplace. The trees have all turned their autumn colors and now the leaves fall brown and crisp on the earth. It's quiet without the birds, but a few squirrels run around to find last minute acorns before hibernation.

The rock wall is still across the street covered with moss. Occasionally a car flies by going nowhere, but to one end or the other. My street isn't used much anymore now so it's full of cracks and holes. Still, like it was when I was a little girl, there aren't any street lights. The old hill where we used to ride our bikes has been flattened down and the cow pasture is covered with a school.

Remember, when we would walk up the street to wait for Diane to come home from school? Danny

and I used to find so many things among the tall blades of grass. And that rainy day we got lost trying to walk through the woods to the center. I really thought we would never make it back.

Any time she's there to understand or even give a helping hand
A friendly house and a warm bed
She'll see you're Always well fed

Nice makes the feeling right
look to the future for a brighter light
A guiding word and a loving hand

I now go out to take my stand
Always to remain in my heart
thank you for such a healthy start

And what I'd really like to say
is Have a very Happy Birthday
Standing outside the house I can see you playing at the piano. As night comes on you sit with Smokey by your side. The T.V.'s on and the living room is so cozy; slowly your eyes shut and your head droops down. Just a little time out in your busy day.





Cowl Foto by Brenda R. Chapman



Cowl Foto by Brenda R. Chapman

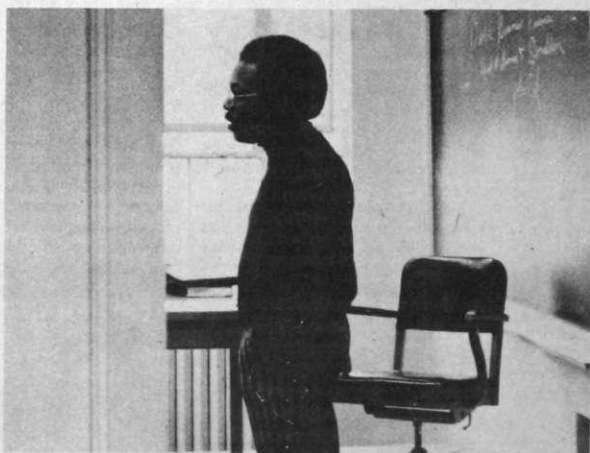
Me

*They ask me, what do you know?
 A pitiful, young Black woman, just out into the world.
 I stare in disbelief, because they could not begin to understand
 even if I told them.
 The trials and tribulations of being a Beautiful, Black woman.
 Sister*

Them

*The Strength of My Essence
 The Key to My World
 Together We stand, Divided We fall,
 And old cliché we all know well
 My Brothers are My Life
 I know this do They...*

Brenda



Cowl Foto by Brenda R. Chapman



Cowl Foto by Brenda R. Chapman

Regards to People and Me

*we're all like leaves on trees,
 when the wind blows we shake.
 For us i pray Autumn comes, that we might fall
 from our individual highs and,
 hit a common reality
 if i fall before you i'll wait,
 i know you're coming too,*

Monique Akita

the sun was shining
on a rainy day
flowers blossomed
through the cracks
perfuming the air
it seeps into my room.

the beautiful clothes
torn and ruggard
dressed the white manequin
standing in front of a
shelf of bread
as the drums played in the parade
hiding the rumbling in my
stomach

the president came
i was enlightened
he spoke of wars and troubled
times
from the beginning of my life
shook hands and turned his back
to the injustices against my
kind
they clapped and hurrahd
Brenda R. Chapman

**I
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i saw you standing
in the night.
i extracted you
then
experienced you
and as
darkness settled
your
gentle tenderness formed
a kiss on my lips.

Monique Akita

Poke and Pass

by Master Yusef
you light
the joint
and suck in
long and hard
then exhale
in satisfaction
and pass it over
she grasps
it lightly
and sips in deep
then sighs calmly
you draw in easy
the second time
as she awaits her turn
you say its simple
she says its easy
but whooo
takes care
of the kids
while
your
in
j
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!

BE YR-SELF

by Master Yusef

Be for real brothers and sisters
for it is said that, the greatness is
achieved
when the power of the man is
aligned with the power of
the moment

put down those burglar tools and
gloves
unless you don't possess the con-
fidence
to achieve rewards becoming to a
man . . .
you "rip-off artist"

BE YR-SELF

put down those white babes
Brother,
unless you can't find the courage
to rescue yr raped sister
from those breeding pits of white
sin . . .
you "Oreo"

BE YR-SELF

put down those straightening
combs and b.c. pills
sisters, unless you can't stand
To see yr self in true blackness and
dignity-you who supposedly
symbolizes
fertility and balance in our culture
you "Jemima"

BE YR-SELF

put down those super-fly hair
Dooos
multi-colored jumpsuits, super-fly
struts
and bullshit talk, unless you can
jump
through windows, sell coke, pimp
and
drive an "EL-dado" — but in that
case your
still a player . . . and Anyone can be
a player. All you need is equipment
and a script . . . you "Plastic Jim"

BE YR-SELF — be for real
brothers and sisters

I'll Miss the Man

by Monique Akita

He'd treat me cruel
with all his Blackness
But I loved him.

He gave me all his maleness:
forcefully driving, then
rolling away.
I loved him — I'll Miss the MAN

Mocking my ebony flesh
told me of
White bitches layed.

Couldn't take more abuse
I shot him to keep him,
I loved Him!
i loved him
I loved him?

I guess I'll Miss the Man

Think it Through

by Master Yusef and Special "K"

malcolm's message starts to sting
you
a whole new universe crashes in yr
head
blackness and soul

power surges through black
bodies generating truth
mobilize and unify
blackness and soul

set up classes
call in scholars
educate the people

go out on the streets and shout
blackness and soul
turn the loud speakers on.....stop
.....what's that up behind us?
upsetting the people and turning
them around?
jamming up their ears
so they can't hear the truth?

why's it's charlie running up
behind us
with his tv camera all hooked up
and his beer ads and billboards
fat from peddling his stuff as he
scurries along
that old huckster out there
shouting:
hogmaws and neck bones
straightening combs and
bleaching cream
tv sets and cadillacs and white
port wine

(STOP HIM)

equal opportunities for qualified
neegroes
(negro is a portuguese word
meaning slave)
bussing kids and fair housing laws

(STOP HIM)

equal opportunities for qualified
black stillingers
cigarette songs and ivory soap
songs and tee-vee shows

(STOP HIM)

special on sale this week — limited
time only

freedom combs and images,
electric slap-me-5's

and a collector's item —
blackness & soul?

(STOP HIM)

Seconds

by Monique Akita

love opened my eyes
and i saw again.
why — why had i
waited so long?

THE ANSWER

unsureness — a broken heart —
fear
"i'll never fall in love again i
cried"

BUT

Love opened my eyes
and i saw
for the second time how beautiful
the
world is.

Africa in a Vision

by Monique Akita

As I slept I saw rich Black soil,
that truly deserved to be called Motherland, for it gave birth to an abundance of lush greenery.
As my mind wandered I saw beautiful ebony people, gracefully moving to such unique rhythms.
THIS IS MY BEGINNING.

AIN'T IT AWFUL

by Wanda Johnson



Student Handbook

To Members of the Student Body:

The Student Handbook will be distributed on Thursday of this week. The Handbook is intended to cover a two-year period, 1972-73 and 1973-74. Considerable effort has been made on the part of the Committee on the Student Handbook to incorporate the many suggestions of the students. It was not the charge of the Committee to change or alter rules and regulations contained in the Handbook. These rules and regulations are established by the College through the workings of other committees.

Nonetheless, the Committee intends to continue its work during the second semester in order to review any comments that are submitted to it by members of the community. It will continue its efforts to make the Handbook a useful and important source of information for students. Changes will inevitably take place and the Committee decided to issue an addendum each September in an effort to update the Handbook without having a whole new printing of it.

Students are encouraged to read the Handbook carefully and to be fully apprised of its contents, because it will be presumed that they are aware of its contents.

Distribution will be to every student of the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes. The Committee thought that it would not be of great value to distribute it to each individual of the Senior Class because of the short period of time left for them on the campus. Nonetheless, copies of the Handbook will be available at the Office of Student Affairs for any Senior who does request one.

Francis C. Duffy, O.P., Chairman
Committee on Student Handbook
Vice President for Student Relations

February 5, 1973

GARY BURTON QUARTET

February 13

College Union

8 p.m.

No Admission Cost
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THE COWL

Published each full week of the school year by Providence College, River Avenue and Eaton Street, Providence, Rhode Island 02918. Second Class Postage Paid at Providence, R.I. Subscription rate is \$4.00 per year.

Editor Michael J. Donohue, Jr.
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Staff: Our usual assortment of elves.
The opinions expressed herein are the opinions of the editorial board and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the administration or student body of Providence College.

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This Week In Sports

Senior Class Graduation

BASKETBALL

Wed. Feb. 7, At home St. Joseph's
Sat. Feb. 10 Away U.R.I.
Mon. Feb. 12 At Home Cleveland State

HOCKEY

Fri. Feb. 9, Away Boston Univ.
Tues. Feb. 13 Away Boston State
Sat. Feb. 13 Away Brown

TRACK

Sat. Feb. 10, Away All Eastern Games

Equal Chance

Con't. from pg. 3

Fortunately, I have recognized the intellectual drain into which I have fallen. I have no right to use my color to gain any advantages, I now realize. There is no such thing as "thinking black". I can only think and act as myself. And, I realize that I will have to face up to my limitations since I cannot rely on my color to assure my future.

So, this is basically what equal opportunity means to me; the right to act as I will and to be judged subsequently as an individual, as the unique human being, the woman I am — the right to be myself.

Seniors:

The graduation week committee has been meeting and planning our graduation week activities. The cost for the activities will be approximately \$45.00 — \$50.00. In order to bring the cost down and enable more people to attend we are trying to raise money by having a car raffle.

With the date of the raffle less than a month away we have had few ticket returns. We urge anyone who has tickets to be returned to return them as soon as possible. Also, more tickets are available. Anyone wishing to help out by selling tickets at shopping malls or churches can contact one of the class officers through the student congress office (Slavin Center — room 214) or at the table set up in Alumni Hall cafeteria.

The more tickets sold the less the cost of the weeks activities will be. We need the cooperation of the class in order to be successful. Anyone selling over \$100 worth of tickets will receive a free bid to the graduation week activities.

Senior Class Officers

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P.C. - a bee hive?

by Gene Gousie

Last Thursday evening, a National Geographic special was presented on the tube, and to this boob it suggested what may perhaps be considered a rather nefarious analogy. Entitled "The Hidden World," the special program delved into the lives of various insects. One of these was the world of the bees.

Bees live in a hive of wax and honey. There are three types of bees. The queen heads the hive, all centers around her. Without her, there is no hive. The drones are males whose duty it is to pamper and mate with the queen. The workers build up the hive and collect food for the members of the community. The group survives only by reducing the individual to an automaton, guided not by intelligence but by blind instinct.

Let us suppose that Providence College, and the modern university in general, could be considered a bee hive, a community somewhat removed from the usual business world. Its honey would be the action and ideas it inspires, the truths which it holds to and toward which it leads others to aspire. This honey then becomes the food on which the rest of the world is vitally sustained.

The queen bee becomes not the president of the college, for he is really very limited in his powers, but rather the administration, the bureaucracy which plans and decides.

The drones, those who nurse and keep alive the queen, are not so easily identified, for they often blend in with the crowd. They are represented by those who think that such bureaucracy as has

become the commonplace is necessary for the pursuance of an education, and by those who feel that such education, in the bureaucratic atmosphere of the first group, can be grounded in a particular organized religion. The first of these groups, the bureaucratic apologists, has become a slave to the business world, to the state. The university then begins to act in accordance to the rules and whims of the world it sets itself apart from, and thus does not pursue those courses which could at a later time provide guidance for the world. The second group, the religious apologists, becomes a slave to its own delusions. This leads to a number of persons exercising control solely by their tenuous and worldly connection with a religious organization. It thus follows that any one with both a certain religious identification and some bureaucratic experience is most likely to be fit to an administrative task. There is no necessary connection here to any goals of education.

The workers then become those who actually provide the bread necessary to feed the rest of the community. These workers are those faculty who provide their talents and those students who provide the physical bodies and the financial support necessary to continue the administration as it now exists.

How, under these conditions, can such a community be characterized? Perhaps as a group which survives only by reducing the individual to an automaton, guided not by intelligence but by blind instinct.

Football . . .

Con't. from Pg. 1

at this moment writing the mayor of Providence in hopes of a change.)

Some people would like to have a referendum drawn up by Congress which would either increase the Student Activity Fee from \$55 to \$58 or have the Student Activity Fee be re-evaluated so to allot \$3 out of the \$55 now in effect. Gene Hardy, next years president, said this would allow for all students to attend all home games for free and enable the club to have a budget to work with. Ken Larsen, past president said it took \$10,000 to run the program this year but that the club is willing to work it down by having day games scheduled instead of night games to alleviate lighting costs. Ken mentioned that costs such as referees, police security, insurance for fans in the stands and insurance for players coaches, salaries were all necessities.

One might say the team does manage to "Pull thru" each year, but to give you an example of how they pulled through makes one stop and wonder. What every football team naturally needs are footballs. The team owes this to Mr. Bob Strut, who kindly donated six game balls out of his own pocket estimated at a cost of \$150. Mr. Thomas Aquinas Malloy, Class of '49, donated \$1000 to the program. Dr. "Doc" DeRobbio gave his undivided help time, and medical services throughout the years, at no cost to the team, except that a win. Coach Kevin Dorgan, '72, gave up his talents to the team at no salary. Andy Baines, the trainer, also gives freely of his time and patience.

Thanks also go to Ned Cullinan, B.O.G. President, who arranged for a mixer to support the team financially and also to the few fans and cheerleaders who encouraged the team to "keep laughing in the face of adversity."

Last years referendum was cut down by Fr. Peterson. In last years election, 37% of the student body voted for Congress representatives and the football referendum. The Congress was elected, the

referendum was passed by 90% but it was ruled that not enough people voted for the proposal. A lot was lost because too many of the students abstained from voting for President of the Congress or the referendum.

Gene Harding, most emphatically, made it clear that if another referendum be drawn up by the new congress the voter turnout would have to be in the vast majority.

From The Ticket Office:

Tickets for the following games —

BASKETBALL	
Holy Cross	now on sale
Villanova	on sale Feb. 12
St. John's	on sale Feb. 19
Brown	on sale Feb. 19

HOCKEY	
Boston University	Now on sale \$3.50/ticket at B.U.

Information regarding buses to the Holy Cross, Villanova, and St. John's basketball games can be obtained at the Student Affairs Office.

Ticket Manager
DON BELLO

Intramural & Carolan Club Expand as "Hoop Craze" hits P.C.

by Gary Thurber

The basketball craze has hit P.C. once again, as evidenced by the participation in two basketball leagues, the Intramural League and Carolan Club League. Both leagues have expanded and are seeking more gym time to give teams a chance to play every week and to alleviate problems in scheduling.

The Intramural League, which began a few days before Christmas, has an incredible 42 teams in competition for playoff berths. Comprised of a 16-team A Division the remaining 26 teams are in the process of being divided into B and C divisions.

Intramural games are slated Tuesday and Thursday nights from 7:30-9 and Wednesday from 6-8 with twelve teams playing a night. With this setup each team plays about 3 games every 4 weeks and eight or nine games for the season. Playoff plans are indefinite at the moment, but a playoff will be held at the end of the season.

There is an added feature to the Intramural League which will be coming up in the next few days. The six top teams will engage in a special playoff with the winner going to a tournament at Boston State. There is a possibility that the final of the tournament will be played at the Boston Garden preceding a Celtics game.

Skip Cannata, in charge of the program along with Intramural Director Peter Luthis, says, "This is the biggest year, yet, for intramurals. Before one team was able to play two games a week. Now, six teams a week don't even play!"

Rules of the league dictate that any team which forfeits two games will be dropped from the program. Rosters for each team must be turned in and players can wear any uniforms they wish at their own expense. Student referees, paid for their services, are provided for every game.

A variety of nicknames, from Schlitz Monkeys to Golden Pad to Bell's Ding-a-lings, have been adopted by teams in the league. Strongest competitors appear to be Tuba's A Afram A, Wuffels and Jersey A.

In a crucial contest between two of these teams Afram A defeated the Wuffels, 34-33, as more than 50 people watched the proceedings. the proceedings.

A different entity altogether, the Carolan Club League, has "only" 22 teams participating. The league commenced play last week after each team paid a \$1.50 entrance fee. This money will be used towards payment of trophies and referees.

Co-commissioners Phil Russo and Don Roy divided the teams into two 11-team divisions, American and National, which they felt would provide for balanced competition. All teams will play ten games, one with each of the other teams in their respective divisions, with the playoff teams being the top two from each division.

Moniques Uniques, Liberators and Wuffels will be leading competitors for the championship. Playing Tuesday evenings from 6-7:30 and Wednesday at 8-10, the Carolan Club League also has the problem that six teams are unable to play in a given week.

Don Roy explains, "As it is, the girls were kind enough to give up part of their time to help us. There simply isn't enough gym time."

Concerning scheduling, Roy said that, to try to offset forfeiting, attempts are made to reschedule games, especially on nights of home basketball and hockey games.

Like the intramurals, games of the Carolan League consist of two 15-minute halves, running time, with a one and one situation in the final two minutes of each half. Referees keep the time, but the teams are responsible for keeping the score.

Both leagues are well-run and organized and provide enjoyment for the four to five hundred students that actively participate in the competition. Unfortunately, enrollment is closed to any further teams or players.

Some night when the booking is done and there's nothing to do, before going to the Rat, stop by the gym and watch a few games. You won't be disappointed.

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Friars Rally for Second Half Wins Open 3 Game Home Stand With Hawks

by Joe Caruolo

Although twelfth in the national polls this week, the Friars were given a run for the money as two underated clubs (Niagara and Boston College), forced their



Nehru King

games into the closing minutes before each contest was decided.

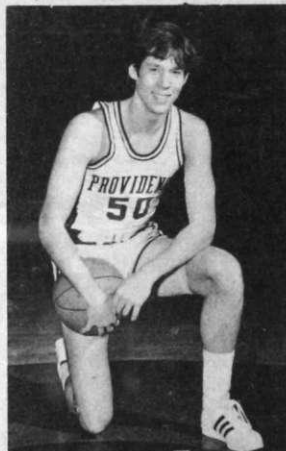
Proving to consistently come up with the big second half blitz the Friars turned the games around, as seniors Ernie DiGregorio and Frank Costello proved too much for the opposition to handle offensively. On defense, junior center Marvin Barnes continued to lead the country in a wild rebounding display.

In this weekend's contest with the Purple Eagles, the Friars appeared to have the game under control after a shaky first half. Down by four at the half time buzzer, the Bradley Hill Boys battled back in the closing minutes of play.

In the early minutes of the second half, the Eagles and the Friars continued to trade buckets. With six minutes elapsed, a 15 ft. bucket by junior Kevin Stacom put the Friars in front to stay. Quickly, the score jumped to a 49-40 lead for the Providence five. Of these 9 points, Stacom would collect 6 in the four minute barrage.

Credit must be given to the rebounding ability of Marvin Barnes during this Friar surge. Proving to be the nation's leading rebounder, the big junior completely controled the contest. By halftime, statistics have the Friars outrebounding the Eagles 23-12. In the final tally, the lanky center had pulled down a respectable 24 (do you believe in fate?) rebounds. Add to this five blocked shots and an intimidating defense under the boards.

Guard Ernie D had his hands full with the effective defense of the Eagles Captain Al Williams.



Rich Dunphy



Steve Rowell

Turning over the ball 17 times in the first half, the Friars were forced to call on their defense as Eagle guards proved to have the edge in the early going. The game could have been lost in these crucial turnovers as the Eagles cashed in on the Friar's carelessness. Averaging 24 points a game, Ernie D. was held to a mere 6 in the first half. Credit the game saving effort at this point to Barne's rebounding.

"Rebounding" himself in the second half, the North Providence senior turned the tables on Williams and limited the Eagle guard to just 12 points.

Fran Costello, playing the most improved ball on the team was forced to play the bench as precautionary measure. Picking up early fouls, Coach Gavitt was to call on senior Nehru King, freshman Rich Dunphy, Gary Bello, and Allan Baker. King, scoring 6 of his game total of 10, and Dunphy 6

points displayed the faith Gavitt has in calling for reserves.

In the final minutes, the Eagles had erased a comfortable 13 point Friar lead to 1. Calling for an illegal time out, the Eagles were called for a technical which put the score 68-66. Barnes put the cap on the game as he converted two foul shots with just 7 seconds remaining.

Earlier in the week, the Friars were forced to keep their poise with a tough Boston College team. Again, the Friars were to decide the game with a blitz. Leading only by only three points with 8:28 remaining, the Friars ripped off eight straight points which broke the game open.

Fran Costello and Ernie D. teamed up in the barrage for four apiece. In the first half, the two teams were never more than four points apart in action that produced some tense moments for Providence College Fans.



Matt Taylor

Leading all scorers with 25 points, Ernie D. hit on 10 of 17 from the floor and five from the foul line. Apparently, Eagle guard Jere Noolan set the stage for The Friar's second half blitz with 18 points and a commendable defensive job.

Opening a three game home stand this Wednesday, the Friars will take on the Hawks of St. Joseph's College. Led by 6'9" All American Mike Bantam and 6'5" Pat McFarland, the Hawks should prove to be another close one. In an Away game, played at the Civic Center as well, the Rams will attempt to even the score as Steve Rowell, Robbie Young, Abu Bakr, and Jerry Minette take on the nationally ranked Friars. Closing the home stand will be new comer Cleveland State.

Currently, the Friars are 10 and 0 at home and 14 and 2 overall. Should the squad sweep the three game stand, the home court advantage theory will certainly hold true as the P.C. record would stand at 13 and 0. Tickets for all the above games are now on sale in the ticket office located on the second floor of Alumni Hall.



Gale Drummer

Coming into the game determined to break the eight year famine at the Eagles home court, the Friars finally gave the 40000 fans at Robert's Center something to scream about.

by Jan Penkala

The Providence College Friar Icemen came up with an unseemingly possible win over the highly rated Clarkson University hockey team last Saturday by a score of 3-2, after dropping two "possible" games earlier in the week.

In last week's action the Friars lost 6-2 to Northeastern in Boston, and fell short against Brown University 5-3 at Meehan Auditorium. After these two checks in the minus column, PC came back versus the number four school in the East and took Clarkson in a fast skating and hard hitting effort. Jim Murphy started the scoring for the Friars at 5:09 of the first period on his backhand

Shawn Howard, playing a regular shift on the Shanahan line due to the need of John Martin on defense, scored the first goal of his college career on a hard drive from 20 feet out to put the Friars 2 up on the Knights after twelve minutes of play. Shawn, only a freshman, has comeback from a broken thumb and is showing great promise. Dave Kelly, Shanahan's right wing, assisted on the goal with his passout from the corner.

The period ended with the Friars ahead by 2-0, but the team from Clarkson obviously didn't come to Providence to be taken so easily. The second stanza of the match saw the Knights shutout the PC Hockey Friars while scoring two of

Hockey Forces Upset Clarkson Drop Two In Week's Action

teams were skating as though in a bitter death struggle. Martin on defense used his weight and hockey knowledge well in putting the jamper on Clarkson's rushes down ice, Pete Valenti was pushing his body all over the rink looking for opportunities, and Dave Kelly made quite an impression on the Knight's defensemen in their end. What the Knights had over PC in pure speed, the Friars made up in hustle. Having four lines on the ice regularly for the first time this season, the Friars benefitted from that extra bit of rest on the bench between shifts and skated better because of it.

A penalty to the Knight's defenseman Palmer set PC's chances to win the contest at one better midway through the final period. The Friar penalty unit went to work in Clarkson's zone, but were thwarted for a minute and a half not being able to break the Knight's defensive box. Then Mike Marvell picked off a clearing pass coming out of the Clarkson zone, wheeled at midice and unexpectedly let rip with slapshot at the goalie. With that shot the Friars upset the East's 4th best team. Mike put sheer speed and direction on the puck and goalie Piehl could only look behind in dismay to find it in the net. The goal came at 11:59 with the Friars still enjoying a man advantage.

For the final 8 minutes of the game the Golden Knights of Clarkson fought for the tying score, but the Friars fought just as hard for the upset victory and held tight. Eyen being assessed concurrent penalties in the last 1 1/2 minutes, PC found it in them to hold the Knights off. Clarkson pulled their goalie with less than a minute left and put six skaters on the ice against three for the Friars.

The battle ended with the puck being cleared into the Knight's zone and the Friars found themselves the proud owners of a Division 1 victory.

Earlier in the week, the Friars were in Boston to play Northeastern University in the Huskies newly renovated arena. NU scored first, but PC struck back with a goal of their own in the first period. Dan Kennedy set the play in motion with a pass to "L A" Alsfeld at the side of the cage. Lenny, not seeing an opening of his own, slid the puck to Ken Richardson in front of the net and he shook the twines with a quick shot. The period ended 1-1 with no real advantage going to either club.

The second stanza was a different story though, as the Huskies took advantage of the Friars' defensive mistakes and sluggish play to score 4 times. PC traded goals in the third and lost to the NU Huskies 6-2.

One consolation of the game was that co-captain Gary Williamson notched his 100th scoring point on an assist to Sean Shanahan's third period power-play goal. Gary is only the 8th Friar Iceman to break the century mark.

On the 1st of February, Brown was PC's opponent of the evening. The crosstown rivalry between the Friars and the Bruins started out fairly even, but ended with the Ivy-leaguers taking the game 5-3.

Brown started the scoring at 3:39 of the first session with Jack Merrill collecting the honors for his first goal of two. Dave Kelly answered this goal back, with 2 1/2 minutes remaining in the period, with an unassisted tally coming on a forty foot slapshot from the right. The period ended 1-1 with both teams seeking an advantage.



In the second stanza the Bruins went one up on Mike Marvin's strike from out of a screen in front of Mike Zybura after a closely played 17 1/2 minutes. PC failed to score in the second 20 minutes and went into the finale down 2-1.

Gaining a slight foothold on the game, Brown tallied a third goal at 2:38 by Brian Stapleton on a tip-in. Brown defenseman Paul Wormith fired a shot in from the point to Stapleton stationed at the right of the Friar net, all Stapleton had to do was put his stick down and he lit the red light. PC started to come back and a tally by Mike Marvell, from Williamson and Shanahan, and a shorthanded score by Gary Williamson, from Murphy, tied the score.

With the score evened the Friars looked to notch a win. But as in the past, penalties cuffed the Friar offensive power and Brown netted two powerplay goals the second into an open net, to take the game from Providence.



Cowl Foto by Pete Mazzone

Dave Kelly challenges goalie in action at Meehan Auditorium.

shot against the Golden Knight's goalie Carl Piehl. The little co-captain was set up for his goal when defenseman Pat Lovett drove a shot from his right point position and the goalie left a rebound for an opportunist to take advantage of.

The Clarkson sextet looked a little sluggish in the first period, but picked up the pace and the game became a contest of speed, wits, and determination.

their own. Senior Bob Baldwin netted Clarkson's 1st after two minutes of the period, catching PC off guard with his shot off of a faceoff. Clarkson's high scorer Brian Mason put in their second goal just six minutes later to tie the score at two all. The session ended with no further scoring, but with numerous fine plays and bruising bodychecks at both ends of the ice.

The scene was set. It was a brand new ballgame. The two