

Triangle

financial problems plague drexel

by linda thompson

Drexel has money problems, Dr. Hagerty told freshman men Monday night at Kelly Hall. He stated that he is considering a \$100 tuition increase effective in January because of the possible inavailability of state aid.

In a later interview, Harold Myers, Vice President and Treasurer, confirmed Dr. Hagerty's fears. Drexel had asked the state of Pennsylvania for \$3.5 million in aid for the 1970-71 fiscal year, and \$2.4 million was budgeted for Drexel by the state. Only the first half of the budgeted amount, \$1.2 million, was actually appropriated to Drexel, with the second half to be appropriated by the legislature in the next session.

Earlier, Drexel was under the impression that the additional \$1.2 million would be forthcoming, raising the level of aid to the budgeted \$2.4 million, approximately the same as last year, fiscal 1969-70.

Now, however, it is uncertain as to how much of the second \$1.2 million Drexel will get because of the change in legislators after the November 3 election. All or part of that amount may still be appropriated, but no one can predict a figure. If the original \$1.2 million is all we will get from the state, there will be a \$2.3 million deficit in Drexel's 1970-71 budget and the university will

have to obtain additional funds from other sources.

In order to make up for the possible lack of funds, Dr. Hagerty and Mr. Myers are investigating several alternatives. Budget cuts in such areas as renovations, new personnel, janitorial services, and laboratory equipment will, according to Mr. Myers, reduce the projected deficit to \$1.9 million, a far cry from last year's \$295,000 loss. Appeals for aid from alumni and the use of presently available reserve endowment funds will help offset the lack of state aid, but even so Myers believes a tuition increase probable.

The proposed tuition hike would, Mr. Myers stated, generate only \$6 or 7 hundred thousand in revenue, not nearly enough to make up for the lack of state aid. If Drexel were to obtain this amount from its students, the budget would still lack a substantial sum and the university might be forced to deplete its endowments and/or borrow the money.

All of this is still in the speculation and planning stages, and it seems probable that a final decision as to whether or not tuition will be raised need not be made until late December or early January. The question of how much state aid will finally be available may not be resolved until much later — perhaps not till February or March.



Mr. Louis Murdock, Drexel's out-going Assistant Vice-President for Student Affairs, with a friend.

murdock to leave

by tom collier

Mr. Louis Murdock, Drexel's Assistant Vice-President for Student Affairs, is leaving the University to enroll in a graduate program at Temple University. Mr. Murdock, who finishes his work here today, became Assistant Vice-President and the University's highest ranking black administrator in August of 1969. He had previously acted as an industrial coordinator in the Co-op Department.

As Assistant to the Vice-President for Student Affairs, Edward McGuire, Murdock was responsible for the coordination and management of the University's programs dealing with underprivileged students. He coordinated Project MAP (Motivation, Application and Preparation) and was instrumental in developing the current DUAL program.

Murdock was active as a recruiter of black faculty members. He also served as a black student advisor and as the coach of the Freshman cross-country team.

October 31, 1970

by bill macnair

The October 31st peace demonstration is almost here. The Student Mobilization committee with the support of some area colleges (Drexel?) has organized a march from JFK Plaza at 12:00 noon to Independence Mall for a rally at 2:00 p.m.

There will be "feeder" marches to JFK Plaza by groups from Penn and Temple, and Mansfield and Bloomsburg Colleges will have buses coming to the city. Drexel is not sponsoring anything for the day, but since Penn happens to be right next door there is no excuse that the march is too far away to go to. Penn's rally will start at 10:30 a.m. at Penn's Main Green, and the march from Penn to JFK Plaza starts at 11:00. Speakers

at the rally include Stuart Meecham, Kate Millet, Mohammed Kenyatta and Dave Cohen. Also present will be Jay Ressler of the SMC and Pete Kilgore, a Kent State student.

After the rally there will be an SMC sponsored Anti-Military Ball at Penn's Houston Hall (34th and Spruce Streets) at 8:30 p.m. There will be costumes, refreshments, and live bands, and the donation will be one dollar.

The anti war movement is for everyone's benefit and it will not work unless people show their feelings by coming out to the rally instead of sitting at home watching the football games and reading about the demonstration in Sunday's paper.



Dr. Enrique Menocal, accompanied by his wife (left), relaxes during a pause in the discussion at the Hovel last Sunday. Dr. Menocal presented a program on Cuba at the student-run coffee house.

a soldier comes home

by larry marion

Feel sorry for the deprived Air Force pilot back in the States, who doesn't have an opportunity to drop real bombs, and possibly kill real people. One U. S. Air Force wing commander, according to this week's Time magazine, placated his frustrated airmen by reminding them that they are luckier than the guys back home--"My men grumble...that there are no good targets anymore. But I always remind them: Viet Nam is the only place in the world today where you can drop real bombs." First lieutenant Herbert Ermler, an infantry officer who guarded the village of Phouc Luu for four months, felt a more personal frustration--he can't answer the one question a completed tour of duty in Viet Nam asks him: Why? For Ermler, the search for this answer beckons him to see America second.

Herb Ermler, now 26, graduated Drexel in June, 1968, an accounting major from the Business Ad-

ministration College. Once at Drexel, the Cardinal Dougherty grad became involved in the soccer team and various non-athletic activities. When poor grades precluded non-academic endeavors, Ermler abandoned all school activities except ROTC--this as a hedge toward avoiding the draft. His small-college-quarterback build soon became accustomed to the mandatory rigors of ROTC, and his blondish-brown wavy hair was soon cropped to specifications; now a receding hairline is revealed between curls. Ermler's small-town boyish good looks were not hampered by his hair loss--the girls are checked out while they're checking him out; a small convertible would have completed a very innocent stereotype.

Once you listen to him, though, Herb's soft voice, uncorrupted by Philadelphiaisms, unveils an

continued on page 3

October 31st Anti-war protests

- 10:30 AM Rally - Penn's Main Green
 - 11:00 AM March from Penn's Green to J.F.K. Plaza (all Drexel students are invited to attend)
 - 12:00 PM March from J.F.K. to Independence Mall
- Speakers at Independence Mall include
- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------------|
| Stuart Meecham | Mohammed Kenyatta |
| David Cohen | Kate Millet ("Sexual Politics") |
| Jay Ressler (SMC) | Peter Kilgore (Kent State Student) |

followed by a SMC Halloween Party at Penn's Houston Hall

announcements

Marty Kellman, Drexel's former controversial professor of humanities and independent thought, will speak at the TKE house, 3421 Powelton Ave., this Thursday at 7:00 p.m. His topic will be "What Spiro Agnew, Martha Mitchell, and Wally Merrill Don't Know about Education and are Afraid to Ask."

This is the second installment of a series of discussions (sometimes known as the Douglas Favell Lecture Series on Creative Education). He will deal with crimes of absurdity committed in the name of academia by those known (or rumored) to be con-

nected with education management, manipulation by choice or chance of the student, and misconceptions about higher education which have hindered and now threaten the progress of that process. Also liable to pop up in the discussion are the Philadelphia Flyers and New York Rangers.

A list of reference material will be made available in the near future. The only prerequisite for attending these sessions is one week of Drexel education accomplished with eyes greater than 50% open.

"Freshmen interested in intercollegiate swimming and diving" - An organizational meeting of all interested frosh has been scheduled for 3:30 p.m., Wednesday, November 4, in the Abbott's Building (East), on the second floor.

There will be a Human Behavior and Development meeting for all majors concerned with H B & D on Wednesday, November 3 at 3:30 p.m. in the Picture-Gallery. There will be a film on an autistic child which will be followed by an organizational meeting to plan uses for the lounge in the new building to facilitate student-faculty relations.

"An American Girl" is the title of the movie to be shown Wed. Nov. 4 Room 232 DAC at this week's Hillel meeting. It is a study in a recent incident of anti-Semitism.

The Hillel bowling party will be Sat. night Nov. 7 at 8:30 p.m. at Adams Lanes (Adams Ave. & Foulkrod St.). If you are driving there or if you need a ride please contact Barry Oslick through the Hillel mailbox first floor DAC.

On Tuesday, at 3:30, November 3, C.K. Williams will be the guest of the Design Department. He will be speaking on "Lies," a recently published collection of poetry. The lecture series is

open to all students, in room 113 Straton Hall.

A number of freshmen were recently surprised to learn of the existence of student mailboxes in the Main Building. Concern has also been expressed by the Financial Aid office that Freshmen cannot be contacted via the student mail. Therefore, for general information, there are alphabetically arranged, cubby-hole mailboxes in which correspondence to students is distributed. They are located on the lower level of the Main Building, just to the left of bottom of the stairs descending from the Great Court. Happy reading!

The Fraternity Free University will be presenting a program on Women's Liberation at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, November 4 in the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity house. All interested people are invited to attend.

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a soldier comes home

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exquisite sensitivity of speech and content. When he speaks of his just ended tour of duty (9/70 severance), his tone becomes mostly incredulous, the remainder mournful. Lt. Ermler saw people killed and maimed, and they knew not why.

*'Had be and I but met'
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!*

*'But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.*

T. Hardy

Herb always answers the question, "Tell me about your war experiences?" the same way:

"The South Vietnamese peasant is a rice farmer." Just that, and to explain the concepts behind that statement. Ermler's eyes saw simple people who don't know the difference between socialism, communism, capitalism, or imperialism. Continuing a thousand year tradition, the rice farmer views himself not as an individual farmer, but just another farmer. All he, his predecessors, and their progeny knew was the land and its singular complex use: farming as a totally dependent life-style.

For Ermler and his men of the Second Battalion, 27th Infantry Division, Phouc Luu represented the above paradigm that they infortuitously invaded. Living with unintelligible wars fought for alien concepts, the villagers and peasants of the surrounding paddies now know of only one life-goal: personal survival. While Ermler's platoon guarded a suspected V.C. infiltration route, all the 24 men usually ever saw were local inhabitants carrying baskets--to the North Vietnamese Army camp two miles away across the nearby border. To live, the villagers had an arrangement with Charlie--"we'll supply your food, and you leave us alone, or at least tell us in advance of impending attack." Realizing that the Cong would kill them if they didn't volunteer to feed the soldiers, the peasants made the best of the situation with the Northerners.

And then came the Americans. In Ermler's words, we said to the Army of the Republic of Viet Nam, "move over, son, we'll show you how to fight a war." We moved them, all-right: Vietnamese soldiers were centered around the population and military installation centers, while the Americans went out into the "boondocks--knee-deep in mud." After four years of effort, money and death, we were still showing them how to win a war they didn't understand and couldn't win. That's how the war was being fought, when Ermler arrived in September of 1969.

Ermler: "We came in, with our advanced technology, and destroyed men, rather than try to understand how best to accomplish what we wanted to do. It was (is) much easier to destroy your enemy than it is to understand him, or at least make an accommodation with him. Our technology has so out-stripped our humanity that destruction comes easier than construction."

So how does one survive the vicissitudes of a war



three graduates of -Nam U: n. lampert, c. bell, h. ermler.

perplexing to people unenlightened (I) to democracy's blessings? Tu Van Lee, once a farmer whose paddy was close to Phu Cuong, one night was drafted by the Viet Cong, as are all eligible, i.e., non-ARVN and healthy males between the ages of 18-40. To a Vietnamese, it really doesn't matter who drafts you, you're still drafted.

Tu requested some form of remuneration for his family during his absence. Once this was promised, Tu resolutely started marching to his new environment, away from the land he and his ancestors loved. His family was killed the following week--too expensive for the V.C. to feed them. Later, when a similarly drafted neighbor met Tu, and related the tragic news, Tu killed his entire squad, and delivered to the Americans ten weapons and himself.

*My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.*

W. Owen

Now 1st Lt. Ermler (he was promoted) paid Tu well for his brave deed, enough for Tu to be considered wealthy by his peers. Offered an additional \$50 a month to be a scout for the Americans, Tu readily accepted--this is a princely wage in Cu Chi.

Ermler: "This has totally destroyed the concepts once held by the Vietnamese. We have made their wives and daughters prostitutes, made beggars out of their children amid the American's materialism, and have forced them to leave their beloved land for a more distant, alien environment. There was a little personal morality in Vietnam--many have more than one wife, and many women have had many husbands."

When someone from the Officer's Quarters asks their housegirl, Hue, what she will do when los gringos leave, she just shrugs her shoulders--Tu does the same--and looks the other way. She and five children are very well, right now, due to the \$40 a month salary she is paid--very good wage for a woman there. Since the men are out fighting a war, the women and their children become the family, with a husband or two or

three occasionally present. One husband might be very distant from his family, another might come home once every month, depending on his unit's rotation, and the third is home when the second one isn't--they're in opposite armies. Practical considerations also call for Tue to have three families--one in each of the three villages surrounding the perimeter of his military existence.

When Lt. Ermler left Cu Chi, Hue was a 27-year old boot cleaner for the Americans, and happy to be doing it. Meanwhile, back at the boondocks, grass was \$1 a key. I'll repeat that: one dollar per kilogram. According to Ermler, there are more Hondas in Cu Chi than in some big cities, due to the affluent Americans there. The individuals in this village of four thousand react distastefully to the American materialism, but are making the best out of it collectively. Their leaders, in far off Saigon, can play golf with the Americans at the Saigon Golf course. Most of the Thieus and Kys are immigrants from the North and have no feel for the land; their interests lie in escaping the fact of the North and to continue their bourgeois habits learned from the French, and at the foreign universities they attended.

But the Vietnamese peasant knows none of this; he just wants to be left in peace, to farm his lands and retain at least part of his harvest. Land reform means nothing to him: "The people in the North had their own little plots, before the partition (when the North became Communist), and now lost it to the State; the Southern land always belonged to the big landowners and for the most part still does. Nothing changed."

Herb says this with a plaintive air, trying to explain how the Vietnamese peasants see their lives. He foresees great trouble in Vietnam, until the warriors are allowed to become civilians again, and the resources of a war-scarred country are turned to social objectives.

Herb Ermler returned to Drexel last week, and spoke to Dr. Shostak's "Social Problems" class. He tried to show the class someone not so much concerned with being anti-war, but pro-people and the survival of the race. An idealistic ex-combat lieutenant, whose Vietnam experience shattered his head--figuratively--now wants to decide "how to avert utter catastrophe from coming to this world."

Next week Herb Ermler goes to find the answer in America.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified ad rates: \$1.25 for 25 words per issue. \$.25 for each additional 5 words. Place classified ads in Triangle mailbox in the D.A.C. or contact Advertising Manager, Room 52 in the D.A.C. RA 2-1654.

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liv taylor wait was worth it

by craig nygard

The Woodstock generation made a geriatric comeback at the Main Point between the hours of 4:00 and 6:30 p.m. last Saturday in, of all places, the town of Bryn Mawr. Bryn Mawr is noted for GTO's, Hot Shoppes, Villager sweaters and Ladybug underwear. Hardly an auspicious place for even a feeble comeback.

Between these hours, while reading W. H. Auden's "Commonplace Book," I sat in that Main Line metropolis enjoying the brisk autumn weather. Somewhere around page 24 I was offered a piece of bubble gum and a Butterfinger. Everyone was offered these delights. Unfortunately, I only accepted the bubble gum--much to the enjoyment of my dentist. The time between 4:00 and 6:30 passed in this way. (Parenthetically, I might suggest eating a Jewish pickle when chewing bubble gum to add new dimensions to one's cultural appreciation of various ethnic traditions.)

However, the Woodstock revival ended at 6:30. At this time (for reasons unknown to veterans of the Main Point), everyone stood up. At this point, I did not wish to be left out on any movement, however insignificant, and I also rose for the occasion. Carefully dog-eared page 287, I wondered why everyone was so rammy one hour before the doors would open.

Woodstock was over, and the crowd turned from peace-loving, passive people into New York Mets fans on the first day of the World Series in 1969. Concern was shifted from the physical and intellectual comfort of one's brothers to one's place in line. Never were heard more discouraging words.

Fortuitously, our intrepid observer was saved from the blasphemous Behemoths by the arrival of his Muse. At this point in the evening, moods and modes shifted into a more ethereal plane of Freudian and Masters and Johnsonian data. In between sips of coffee and bites of steak, a resolution was reached--the tire was low on air.

Yet the inflated tire became very insignificant once we were seated inside the amphitheatre. Shilo provided an interestingly thought-provoking performance.



by k. souser

The highpoint of the evening, as expected, began with the arrival of Livingston Taylor. Formerly dwarfed by the success of his older brother, today he is a star in his own right. While the "Sweet Baby James" album is selling wildly mostly due to the beautiful poetical combination of alliteration, internal rhyme and highly stressed metrics, Livingston demonstrated that his brother, though older, is not quite as masterful with organic excitement as he first seemed. From "Carolina Day" to "Dixie," Livingston delighted the audience with the down-south, up-north combination of music, voice and lyrics peculiar to the Taylor family.

One word of caution: do not sit on cold pavement for over two hours, even with Auden's warmth, unless you are prepared to suffer upon the morrow.

john and rebecca discover self- portrait

(CPS)--John just blankly sat there on his inflatable chair for a moment and Rebecca sighed again before either of them could make a move. Then John pulled up the phonograph arm and flipped over the two records once more, and Rebecca stuffed out another cigarette.

John hit reject and Dylan's "Self Portrait" came on again. He spoke first. "I just can't figure it. I just can't. We brought this album home three hours ago, and I still can't get anything more than songs and music out of it. Dylan's just not saying anything. What's the matter with him anyway?"

"It's gotta be us," Rebecca said. "I know there's some moral in there somewhere, but we're just missing it. I mean 'Nashville Skyline' was hard enough to figure out, but we got it, didn't we? Maybe Dylan's trying to make it tougher for us."

"I don't know. I can't believe he's not trying to say something, but it's a sure bet he's making it harder for us. I mean 'Blowin' in the Wind' was easy to figure out, and 'Times They Are A-Changin,' and 'Like a Rolling Stone,' and 'Positively 4th Street,' and even, 'Mr. Tambourine Man.' But this is ridiculous."

"Yeah, and why does he put all that old stuff on the album? 'The Boxer' is terrible, and that live stuff from the Isle of Wight concert isn't any better."

"Look at the cover photos and see if he's wearing shoes. Maybe Columbia's trying to tell us he's dead."

"Oh, yeah, right. I'll bet that's it."

"Well have you got any better ideas?"

"Well, not yet, but if I could just get some meaning out of one of these songs I'd feel better. 'Wigwam' is really crazy. How can you put any deep meaning in a song with humming and no words?"

"Maybe it's got something to do with the Silent Majority."

The stereo started to play "Days of 49," and Rebecca lit another cigarette. "Come on," she said. "Dylan couldn't care less about the Silent Majority. Now take this one, for example, 'Days of 49.' It sounds like it just came off of 'John Wesley Harding.' It's a nice country ballad that paints a picture but doesn't have any deep meaning, you know."



"Yeah, I can understand that one, sort of, but what about 'All the Tired Horses'? Dylan doesn't even sing on that one."

"Yeah, I know. The meaning's got to really be deep on that one. I just ... oh, hell, John! This is driving me crazy! Put on the Dead," and John obediently tossed "Self Portrait" aside and put on "Workingman's Dead," while Rebecca stuffed out her cigarette.

"That's more like it," Rebecca said as Jerry Garcia opened up "Uncle John's Bank." "This one I don't have to figure out."

"Yeah," said John. "How could Dylan do this to us?"

THE DREXEL TRIANGLE
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reason why;
neither is yours."

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peroration upon a degenerate bass drum

by steve wojcik

Appearing at a local cinema is a comedy aptly named, "Lovers and Other Strangers." Calling this movie a comedy is a misnomer. Since I don't know exactly what to call it, the first sentence shall stay in.

The protagonists are two young people who have, unbeknownst to the parents, been living together for a year and a half and are getting married in three days. The movie opens with the couple in bed and the guy is getting qualms about married life. Ex-

tras include: the bride's (they do...) virgin, Kahil Gibran, and Kurt Vonnegut Jr. reading cousin; the groom's brother who is getting divorced; the groom's Italian father and Italian (Jewish) mother; and the bride's father who insists, repeatedly, that there is no gap between him and his daughter.

The film progresses through a series of problems all centering around the nicities that dissolve one in three marriages in America. The moral is implied in the title.

The wedding reception was an especially depressing scene. Coming from Polish background, I am fully acquainted with things such as these along with the ethnic gossip and the who's doing what to whom.

The end was beautiful. There wasn't any. You were not sure whether Bob and Carol stayed together or if Ted and Alice broke up. A good movie to see if you are not planning to get married.

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philadelphia... what a thought!

by karen ulrich

Possessing neither the proficiency in streams of consciousness as James Joyce nor the delicious straightforward cool of Catch 22 I shall try to relate to you my impressions of Philadelphia.

Writing with a tinge of excitement, replacing the goggle-eyed giddiness of a freshman, I'll tell you what I see.

I wanted to jump right into Philadelphia and arrive at a level of knowledge that would enable me to speak in terms of sections and streets — but alas, it hasn't been mastered yet and I must restore to "around where?", near Gimbels? "What about the Northeast?" but I'm learning. My knowledge is only limited by experience and exposure; and 4 years is a long time.

I find myself fascinated with the city, cement, lights and people— not awed or scared, but simply fascinated. Walking down Market at eleven p.m. and watching the night lights and surroundings of Philadelphia do their things is one of those experiences I love. The visages of City Hall, and the J.F.K. Plaza and the fountains and messes and messes of stores, apartments and "hovels" sorta streak to the brain center and bounce off the cement.

How about walking into Wanamakers and becoming part of the "Philadelphia legend" — as so advertised — it's truth or fiction left up to the individual.

I once took the wrong bus home and ended up, or kicked off, in the bull's eye of U. of P. Trying to walk through the maze back to "home" I found another segment of Philadelphia wedged in with all the others. Ivy League, Rah-Rah pseudo-cool and real coolness in people different from, but related to, the Italian market in the sense that it's all Philadelphia.

I guess the best impression is when the streets and places start to have a meaning, a memory, an association good or bad that makes Philadelphia "home."

By now I've decided this whole thing is totally biased, bubbly and typical — God what a thought!



Where Fats Domino
still finds his thrill.

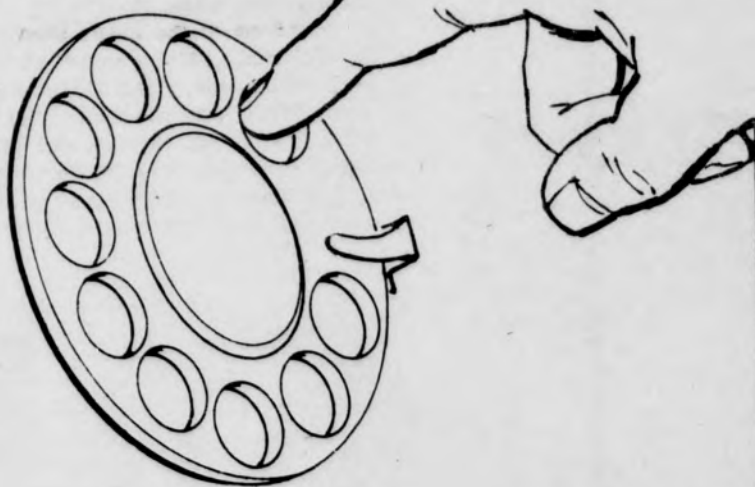


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Continue to dial in the usual way. Within the Philadelphia Metropolitan Calling Area, dial the number only. Beyond the Metropolitan Area, dial "1", then the Area Code (if other than 215), and the number.

Keep handy the dialing instruction folder you received in the mail. You'll also find complete dialing directions in the Pink Pages of your Telephone Directory.

 Bell of Pennsylvania

politics

by steve greene

broderick vs shapp

Income Tax, or no Income Tax, that is the question. Mr. Broderick, who is against the income tax, says he will balance the state budget by new economies and efficiencies. Mr. Shapp says that only a state income tax can solve the state's fiscal woes.

To put it bluntly, Mr. Broderick's arguments do not seem credible. He has been Lieutenant Governor for the last four years. Why, one must ask, have his economies not been carried out? And if he is elected and doesn't have an income tax, one can only shudder at the thought of a reduction of state services. The state budget deficit is now anywhere from 300 to 500 million dollars, and even the most optimistic estimates of new economies by Broderick (or Shapp) may be perhaps 50 million dollars. That leaves a 250 million dollar deficit if you are optimistic, and a 450 plus million dollar deficit if you are not optimistic. The only recourse left open for Mr. Broderick will be to slash programs, and two that come to my mind very quickly are the state aid which Drexel receives directly from Harrisburg, and the state scholarships.

Mr. Shapp's arguments have a note of justice in them. A state income tax, he argues, will take less of a bite out of the little man's pocket, something a sales tax does not do (the sales tax is a regressive tax — that is, a family with an income of \$7,000 a year will pay a higher percentage of their income on taxes than a family with an income of \$70,000 a year.) With an income tax, Shapp says he will be able to abolish some of the nuisance taxes now on the books; he may even be able to reduce the dreaded six percent sales tax — the highest in the country.

In conclusion — Shapp. As much as we'd like to never see a new tax again, an income tax is always preferable to another tuition hike.

pennsylvania politics

Pennsylvania voters will choose a governor and a senator on November 3, along with 27 congressmen, half of a state senate, and all of the approximately 200 state representatives. Needless to say, the state of Pennsylvania is now at a financial crisis. Basically, there are two choices — no new taxes, with a cut in state services to balance the budget; or no cut in services, with a new state income tax to balance the budget (it should be remembered that Drexel gets a considerable amount of state aid, both in the form of direct aid and in scholarships to Drexel — you can't have your cake and eat it too).

sesler vs scott

In the race for Senator, voters have a choice between the incumbent, who calls himself "the most powerful senator Pennsylvania ever had," and a little known state senator from Erie, who defeated a peace candidate in the Democratic primary.

The little-known state senator from Erie is William Sesler. The peace candidate he defeated was Norval Reece, who has now endorsed Sesler, along with such noted Democrats as Senator McCarthy and Senator McGovern. Sesler spent most of his time in the state senate writing bills on education and missing roll call votes, the latter Scott frequently attacks. In order to win, Sesler would have to achieve a considerable upset, something he has done before in his political career. He was first elected to the state senate in 1960, achieving an upset in normally Republican Erie county. Each succeeding reelection brought him a larger victory margin. If Sesler does win, it will be the Democratic upset of the year.

Our "powerful" incumbent, Hugh Scott, has served for 30 years on Capital Hill, 18 as a representative in the House; and the last twelve years in the U.S. Senate. Scott was first elected Senator in the Democratic landslide year of 1958. He was re-elected during the Johnson landslide of 1964. Needless to say, Scott has saved up an uncountable number of political debts over the years which he is using this election, and even though Scott seems to be a sure thing, he continues to campaign and is running a well-financed campaign

THE SMALL SOCIETY—By Brickman

WHY ARE TAXES
ALWAYS AN
ISSUE IN AN
ELECTION YEAR?



Sesler



Scott

vote november 3

(as compared to the belt-tight Sesler budget).

Scott boasts that he is the most powerful senator Pennsylvania ever had, and he probably is. After the death of Senator Dirksen last year, Scott was elected Minority leader for the Republicans. His victory was a close one though, he won by only 5 votes over conservative Senator Baker. One of the ironies of this year's elections is that if the Republicans do win control of the Senate this year, the new Majority leader may not be Scott. The newly elected freshman Republicans will be more conservative than Scott, and they will probably look for a younger, more conservative Majority leader — possibly Senator Baker, or Senator Dole (Scott is now 69, and he will be 70 a few days after the election.)

Scott's voting record and position on major issues leaves much to be desired. Scott is a self-proclaimed champion of civil rights, yet he voted for Judge Carswell for the Supreme Court. Only after Carswell lost the republican nomination for senator in Florida, did Scott renounce that vote (who says you can't have your cake and eat it). It should be pointed out that Scott is Nixon's man in the Senate. According to a recent Congressional Quarterly survey, Scott supported the President's position on domestic affairs better than only

two other Republicans, and he supports the President's position on foreign affairs better than anyone — he received the highest rating. Scott favors the Nixon policy on Vietnam — whatever that is. As for reduction of military spending and a re-ordering of our national priorities — Scott received a 100% rating for his voting this year by the "American Security Council" — a hawkish, pro-military-spending organization.

Sesler has charged that Scott has taken all sides on all major issues. While this charge is obviously an exaggeration, Scott has been known to "play" politician whenever it is to his advantage. Besides the Carswell example, Scott has reversed his stand on gun-control recently due to pressure from Western Pennsylvania hunters. All of the people who participated in the Moratoriums last fall fumed as Scott would one day come on T.V. and say that the protestors have every right to demonstrate, and then the very next day come on T.V. and questioned the demonstrator's patriotism.

In conclusion, it is this writer's opinion that the interests of Pennsylvanians as a whole and the Drexel community in particular would be better served if we choose Bill Sesler to be our senator for the next six years.

Ah, 'tis fall. "And in the fall, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of ... politics, what else?" Ah, politics, politics, America's favorite sport. We all know what it is, don't we? The game is usually played with two candidates — one Republican, one Democratic, although there are many instances of one of the teams defaulting. Also, the game is made more interesting by an occasional third player — such as in senate races in New York, Virginia, or Connecticut. The size of the playing field varies. The domain of a committeeman is two city blocks. The presidential elections include the entire nation, all three and a half million square miles of it (unfortunately, we do not get the chance to choose a president this year).

Strategy and tactics

If you are a Republican, you invite Spiro Agnew to a fund-raising dinner in your behalf. Agnew attacks the Democrats as being "Radical-Liberals," as being permissive, and as being soft on "Law and Order." If you are a Republican running for governor in Pennsylvania, you reach for the nearest gutter, pick up the worst piece of manure you can find, and throw it at your opponent.

Strategy for the Democrats consists of mainly answering charges that they are "Radical," permissive, or soft on "Law and Order."

Scoring

Candidates are rated on style, personality, appearance, and a special category called "political polemics." In a few, scattered races, candidates are rated on issues, although this very seldom occurs.

nj senatorial race

by steve rhodeside

In New Jersey, incumbent senator Harrison Williams, Democrat, is being challenged by Republican Nelson Gross. Williams is the second ranking member of the Senate Labor & Public Welfare Committee and has taken strongly pro-labor stands during his stay in the Senate. Since Senator Yarborough was defeated in the Texas primary, Williams will become chairman of the committee if the Democrats retain their control of the Senate (which is likely). Although he was a fervent Johnson supporter and for the war during Johnson's administration, he has come out against the Vietnamese War. Williams voted for the Cooper-Church amendment to end the funding of our Cambodian adventure as of July 1. He also voted for the McGovern-Hatfield amendment, which would have cut off funds for American participation in Vietnam as of June 30, 1971 (the amendment was defeated.) This act in itself should make him acceptable to the peace people.

Nelson Gross, on the other hand, led the defection of the New Jersey Republican delegation from Case to Nixon during the 1968 Republican convention. He generally backs the Nixon line although he claims to be slightly left of the center in his party. (Another Christine Jorgenson, maybe?) Gross has been endorsed by President Nixon so you should be able to judge his probable actions as senator-elect by that. Thus if you are a Nixon freak, your choice is Gross, otherwise vote for Williams.

ARE
ERE IS
TICS-



the national scene and predictions

by steve greene

What a year! Carswell rejected by the slimmest of margins. Cambodia, Kent State, Jackson State. And now the "new" Nixon gives us his "new" peace plan (see "Old Nixon, Old Wine, Old Bottles" in the October 16 issue of the Triangle). The defense budget is being cut by two billion dollars — not because of Senator Proxmire, not because of any anti-war congressmen, but because Representative Mahon decided so. Who's Rep. Mahon, you're asking yourself. Rep. Mahon (D.-Tex.) is the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, and he had decided that a twenty-or-so billion dollar (national) deficit next year will look pretty bad; and a completely uncut Defense budget would only confirm the "Military-Industrial-Congressional Complex" Theory. Not that two billion out of sixty-eight billion is so much of a cut — but it's a start.

And how about Agnew? He called the Democrats just about everything in the book, and a few things that weren't even in the book. Nixon didn't want to be left out, so he "planted" demonstrators in his crowds, or so says Life magazine.

And justice? An Ohio grand jury indicts twenty-five demonstrators; absolves the National Guard of all blame. New crime laws

will allow "no-knock" all over the country, double jeopardy, no bail, minimum sentences — basically, a repeal of the Bill of Rights.

So the voters get down to the real nitty-gritty and go out and vote. And I'm supposed to tell you what those voters are going to do. Well — I could go by the Gallup Poll — which says the Democrats lead the Republicans 53-47, which translated into votes means the Democrats will gain seventeen seats in the House. But the races aren't over yet. We still have a national anti-war demonstration tomorrow. And an announcement by Nixon on Monday night concerning new troop withdrawals (a la Johnson). And a General Motors strike which may take away two Senate seats Republicans hoped to gain.

So here are my predictions, for what they're worth:

Pennsylvania — Shapp will make it for Governor, while Scott will serve in the Senate six more years — Pennsylvania voters delight in ticket splitting.

U.S. Senate — Republicans will only gain two or three seats net — nowhere near the seven seat gain they need for control.

U.S. House — I'll stick with Gallup — seventeen more seats for the Democrats. More will mean a Democratic victory, less will be victory for the Republicans.

on the threshold of a dream

by larry besnoff

I was waiting in line to get tickets for the show. There was a long line in front of me. The first man had to show the lady in the booth all the papers he had. His visa, passport, student ID card, draft classification, library card. She was unconvinced. The man in the booth told the old lady to give the man outside the brown tickets. She reached behind her and brought out two blue tickets.

All of a sudden the line disappeared and I was next. I struggled to get out of the station wagon. I stepped over a few kids, especially the one that was gagged and tied. When I finally got to the booth some old people had already snuck in in front of me. But my turn came. The man walked out and the lady turned the light out. I tried to reach across and show her my cards, but the distance grew to almost four feet. She shouted across that I could go in the secret entrance if I really was press. It didn't matter, the show was almost over anyhow.

The door had a green arrow on it, it wasn't even the building that the show was in.

Another old lady stood by the door. I couldn't let her know that I didn't know where I was going. But she knew. I started going upstairs, but there was no overpass. Walking away from the old lady on the upper floor I again walked by the lady at the door. She knew. I turned left and found everything covered with pink and red carpeting. Flowers were inscribed on the walls, floor, and ceiling. Everything had a different angle. The floor sloped down at -23 degrees. I started running. As I bounced into the ceiling and walls it was soft. The angle increased.

It'd be fun to roll down, I thought. As soon as I was rolling, I was falling. But it was smooth. All those flowers and bright colors. I didn't feel anything.

At the bottom was a soft pillow. I didn't notice myself land. There were more people there. They had all gotten in the same way. I wasn't the only one.

I reached for a bundle of towels. But they turned into sweat socks. At least they were clean. A man walked over and said that I couldn't go in wearing dungarees. I didn't know I was wearing pants. It didn't matter, the show was over.

I ran out and started crossing a wide creek. The stones were perfectly round and spaced just the right distance apart. When I got to the middle all the stones, which were really turtles, began walking away. But since I was chasing two identical twins, it didn't really matter.

There was a tree, which was natural since it was in the woods, that looked like a big sling shot. They were trying to push one of the twins through the opening of the Y. There was plenty of room. If she would have passed through she would have gotten her intelligence for the day. For that was how she learned. But she didn't want to learn. She didn't even know where her sister was. She didn't care. They couldn't get her through the overgrown sling shot. Her mother didn't know what would become of her. She didn't like her mother.

So I started climbing up the hill. There were people who started before me. But I was the first one up. I even helped one of them through a hard part. At the top was a big lake. It was winter and all the nuns were ice skating. It was nice watching them. They saw us watching and began to run after us. There were policemen with them. Actually they were only running to their cars. They had old cars, and all had their convertible tops down. That was strange for it was cold out. Maybe nuns don't get cold. They all beat me down the hill and all the cars were filled when I got there. No one would give me a ride. They left. The last car waved and I grabbed an arm. They were driving fast and I was waving like a flag from flagpole. The car was really moving fast.

It was my honeymoon, and I kept saying that it was, but somehow it wasn't. We went back to my wife's house. Her parents were sleeping on the floor so we sat above them on the couch. My wife's friends were all around, on the floor, even under the couch, so I got up. I was whispering to her about honeymooning in Atlantic City but some strange kid across the room started opening a gift. I kicked the kid's feet, but his arms just popped out. Mr. Myerwitz appeared and kicked everyone out. My wife's mother was still there and so was everyone else. I started talking to her father. We shook hands and I told him of the future. He was never friendly before. I told him how all those people were friends of his that he didn't know. I had to go to the bathroom.

I was on the steps to the right, I knew that the bathroom was on the left. So I had to go higher, I couldn't jump from one step to the other. I wasn't magic.

I thought about someone telling me of the flooded basement as I washed my hands in the bassinet. All of a sudden I looked down and, lo and behold, there was five inches of water at my feet. It was dripping from the ceiling and sprouting from the pipes in the floor, at the same time.

Even the pots and buckets that I lined up didn't seem to cover the deluge. I called for help, but the buckets had already stopped filling. No one came. I couldn't figure out where to throw all the water. If I put it in the sink it just stopped up again through the pipes. I couldn't throw it outside.

I ran downstairs to ask my wife for a date. I was too late. There was a boy scout troop there and she was going out with them. She knew when she'd be back. I was sad. She said she'd be home at 10:00. I said how about 9:30. I knew that we'd compromise at 9:45. We did.

The time should have been earlier because as I watched her go she turned into an old lady. She was rocking in a chair with a blanket over her knobby knees. All her friends were laughing. I asked where my wife went. They said that she'd be back at 10:30. I was losing time.

I ran upstairs, since it was my house I found my room easily. A nearby door was open a crack. I called in to see if it was my wife. The old lady was there too.

She said, "Those that have shouldn't, those that might won't, and those that can't will."

I was confused. Maybe I didn't understand. Maybe I wasn't supposed to.

Editor, Drexel Triangle:

In reference to the recommendations of the "Hiring and Firing Commission," I am especially distressed that the Administration interpretation is that "the minimum academic requirement for employment as a full-time faculty member at Drexel is a Ph.D." Running through the latest catalog, I find that twenty-six faculty members in the College of Business do not have the Ph.D. I list them below:

Anderson, Ronald	Grassi, Mercia	Richman, Donald
Beers, Richard	Grebis, Thomas	Rives, Stephen
Bertas, Helen	Hurwitz, Kenneth	Rossman, Herbert
Bremser, Wayne	Jaffe, Irving	Savchak, John
Busko, Michael	Leone, James	Schoener, Robert
Destefano, Michael	Lubowsky, Barry	Sloss, Joseph
Ford, Joseph	Melbourne, Arthur	Weinberg, Martin
Gallagher, James	Muskin, Jerrold	Zito, Arthur
Geiser, Eugene	Ponti, Francis	

I am convinced that the above list includes the very best teachers in the Business College. Several of these faculty members have won a variety of awards for distinguished teaching, yet none of them could now be hired if the Ph.D. degree were to be made a minimum requirement.

Seriously, does the Administration feel that these individuals are of the type that Drexel should not employ? God help us if that is truly the attitude!

Worried about Drexel's Future
A Bus. Ad. Senior

Editor, Drexel Triangle,

Several erroneous statements appeared in the Business Report by Sam Stein. They are as follows:

"Presently there are no plans to hire new teachers"--We have great plans for new personnel to be added to our staff. At this point in our planning phase, money seems to be a real problem. When we know the budget projection for next year, an intensive search for the right people will be instituted.

"Most classes are overcrowded, especially the lecture classes or required subjects"--Our auditorium seats 299 students. Our required lecture classes number 165, 176, 114, 132, 118, and 107 respectively.

"The five-year Bus-Ad co-op is accredited"--All programs are accredited by Middle States. Our complete undergraduate program is accredited by the American Association of Colleges of Business Administration.

"The science courses connected with the Bus-Ad department are watered down"--We have special courses open only to our students in chemistry, physics, and biology. They are special courses for us in that they do not require calculus or higher mathematics in their presentation and understanding.

"This causes the science area to leave much to be desired"--The courses, as offered, add to the complete education of those students electing the areas, and tend to fulfill the educational aims of our college.

"Every Bus-Ad co-op student will have to take a Behavioral Science lab"--The five credit course in Behavioral Science has been a requirement for all of our students for the past five years.

Joseph F. Ford
Acting Dean



From a South African textbook on criminology: "In extreme cases marijuana can so destroy a man's character that he mixes freely with persons of another race."

CWS Student Payroll Vouchers are due today by 5:00 p.m. in the Financial Aid Office (1-215).

Editor, Drexel Triangle,

It is with much dismay that I am forced to challenge your criteria(?) for the publishing of articles(?) in your newspaper(?). Recently (about a month ago) I wrote an open letter to the student body which attempted to explain some of the problems and areas of concern of the present student government. This has not been printed due to "lack of space," which implies that ALL of your articles(?) were more important(?), and of greater interest(?) to the student body.

It is already extremely difficult for the president of the student body to communicate with the students on a timely basis; in spite of this, you continue to aggravate the situation. You have

alienated a vast majority of your readers, and added to the lack of communication between students and student leaders. This action has decimated any power which student government may have. Your lack of cooperation has heightened students' disillusionment and harnessed (sic) the effectiveness of responsible student leaders. You have done and continue to do a disservice to those students in whose interest you pretend to act.

It is time that The Triangle begin to fulfill its responsibility as a student newspaper. Remember, we the students, are painfully paying for your operation.

Brian McElwee
Student Body President

Dad,
Please send money
girlfriend Mr.

Your Son

It's been 6:30 since 1942

"Keep on tellin' me about the good life, Elton. because it makes me puke."



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NICHOLSON

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WILLINGBORO, N.J. FOX
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Mr. McElwee's letter, which was submitted two weeks ago, was quite lengthy. We ask that letters to the editor be kept reasonably short and to the point. - ed.

"BRILLIANTLY DONE!
DEVASTATINGLY FUNNY!"
— Kathleen Carroll, DAILY NEWS

"A TRIUMPH!
A RIP-SNORTER!"
— Judith Crist, NEW YORK MAGAZINE

"JOE IS EASY RIDER FROM
THE OTHER END OF THE
GUN BARREL."
— Douglas B. Ode, SHOW MAGAZINE



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F S

It has come to my attention that out of the 5,600 students comprising the undergraduate student body, one student has been dissatisfied with this year's Homecoming. I am writing this letter with the intention of relating the true facts to this mixed-up sophomore.

To answer his first charge that the concert was a Penn concert, this is an utter falsehood. "The Grateful Dead" were contracted by Drexel for Drexel's Homecoming. I will say that arrangements were a bit hurried regarding this concert. This was due to the cancellation of "Eric Burdon" two weeks prior to Homecoming. Because of this cancellation and the conditions required by the "Dead," we had to rent a larger hall; thus Irvine Auditorium. It is a matter of record that Drexel paid all groups concerned, including the University of Pennsylvania. In arranging the concert the seats were divided as follows: sixty percent to Drexel and forty percent to Penn with the better seats reserved for Drexel students. All tickets were sold on a first come first served basis and the concert did sell out. The above description does not indicate faulty planning on the part of the Homecoming chairman.

I will not answer anything that has to do with the selling of football tickets. I will say that the Homecoming Committee did get the Athletic Department to sell tickets in the Student Affairs office and the DAC. The committee also had the requirement of presentation of a matriculation card in order to get a ticket changed to an I.D. card especially for those students in industry. Furthermore, any student who cares about the school would also care about the football team on Homecoming Day whether they are in contention for the Cereal Bowl or whatever.

I would further like to say that the student Homecoming Committee this year for the first time coordinated all facets of the Homecoming Day. It arranged for all interested parties, Alumni Office, Student Affairs Office, Faculty, Athletic Department, etc; to meet and discuss their plans and coordinate activities before the actual day. To support this action I offer this year's Homecoming Activities which were attended more heavily than ever before. Also

the student, faculty, and administration response to the planning and execution of Homecoming 1970 which was favorable in all respects. I am ashamed and angry that someone who professes interest in the school would publicly criticize me using supposed facts of which he does not have first hand knowledge. I don't think that an apology is in order. I believe that Mr. Cohen should regard this as a public rebuke to his personal affront to me that he should remain quiet if he is uncertain of what he is speaking of, and that as a sophomore he should wait and gain more experience before he goes off half-cocked on some subject he has never experienced.

I believe that this past Homecoming was the best ever at Drexel and that next year will be even better.

Very truly yours,
Sanford J. Pilch
Chairman, Homecoming, 1970

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at the Hovel
this Sunday**

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the
frumious
bandersnatch
is
not
extinct

by thomas k. kilkeny

Samuel Powell, prosperous merchant and Revolutionary Mayor of Philadelphia, decided that he wanted a farm in the suburbs. The 400 acres he purchased evolved into the present day Powelton Village, named after the large mansion he erected at what is now 32nd and Arch Streets (the building burned in 1828).

Cartographic records indicate little development in Powelton until the Centennial. Most of the structures in Powelton were built between 1872 and 1876 by the richer Philadelphians who joined the move from the city but didn't want to move all the way to the Main Line which was just being developed at that time. Other contemporary developments were the building of the Fairmount Park road system and rail lines to accommodate the Centennial Exposition. The University of Pennsylvania had just moved across the river and consisted solely of what is now College Hall.

During the next fifty years Powelton gradually changed to a bastion of the upper middle class. Immediately following the second world war Powelton was deserted by the middle class for the mushrooming suburbs. Their place was taken by a lower socio-economic class as the buildings passed into non-resident owners and were divided into apartments. Light industry developed along Lancaster Ave. and 32nd Street; this, coupled with the development along Market St. by the universities created a physical barrier isolating Powelton on the east and south.

Students, some university people, old residents, a smattering of professional people and a sizeable group of people looking for an easy place to live constitute the resident Powelton community. Undoubtedly Powelton will show a decline in population with the new census. Drexel expansion alone has wiped one census tract (F-52) off the map and left a vast wasteland. One might jump to the assumption that this physical destruction has led to the destruction of the community structure, just the opposite, however, is true.

The threat of physical obliteration of the community has generated a host of organizations dedicated to preserving and increasing the sense of community identity. The Casket Company Center provides a meeting place for community meetings and serves as a focal point for a multitude of activities. Block parties encourage people to think of Powelton as a cohesive whole and display the full diversity of life styles in the area. Representatives of the community have acted to

prevent the destruction of property by Drexel and RDA; Powelton owes them a debt of gratitude. The fact that residents are willing to risk jail to preserve the community speaks well for the sense of identification of the community, it does not speak well for those who try to destroy Powelton.

Although this article was supposed to be about Powelton Village life styles it has gone wide of its conception because there are as many life styles as there are people. Some Drexel students live in frat houses & dorms, you already know what they do; others have apartments and do whatever they please. Permanent residents like Powelton for the freedom it affords and because they see how it can be a viable residential community. Powelton is whatever you want it to be.

Drexel, with RDA as its accomplice, seems bent upon destroying Powelton. It is not that Drexel Administrators are dishonorable men, for, as Marc Antony observed, "Brutus was an honorable man, so were they all honorable men." Drexel designed its expansion plans without meaningful consultation with the people they intended to displace and has consistently refused to make meaningful concessions of its own volition. It would appear that the Drexel administrators are as incapable of dealing honestly with the community as they are incapable of dealing honestly with the students. Perhaps it is not all malice, the simple incompetence which abounds among Drexel's highest administrators is often mistaken for malice since it assumes the same outward appearance.

A curious double standard comes into play when you try to discover what Drexel's plans are; if they say they are going to build on a plot of land you can be fairly certain that another multi-story orange monument to bad taste will rise on the spot; when they say they have no plans to steal more land one is well advised to meditate upon the circumstances surrounding the transfer of the Sudetenland to Germany. Just when you think Drexel has finally come across with the truth you find they have purchased land where they supposedly have no plans to build. Recent community action has probably thwarted some of Drexel's plans. If Drexel can be stopped then Powelton can be saved; both parties would benefit. Just think, if Matheson Hall were demolished we could build some nice Victorian houses.

THIS WEEK
IN SPORTS

(Advertisement)

Fri., Oct. 30
FRESHMAN FOOTBALL vs.
Penn "B" team, 3:00, Home
Sat., Oct. 31
FOOTBALL vs. PMC, 1:30
Home

SOCCER vs. American, 1:30
Away
CROSS COUNTRY vs. Lebanon
Valley, 1:30, Away
Wed., Nov. 4
SOCCER vs. Penn, 3:00, Home
CROSS COUNTRY vs. West
Chester and St. Joseph's, 3:30,
Home

IF CUP STANDINGS (SPRING AND SUMMER)

HOUSE	PTS	HOUSE	PTS
SP	23 1/6	TC	14
TKE	21	LCA	12 1/2
SAM	19 1/2	PKP	12 1/6
DSP	19	PSK	11
APL	17 2/3	PLP	9
TEP	15	SAT	6

VOLLEYBALL FINAL RESULTS

HOUSE	W-L	PTS	HOUSE	W-L	PTS
PKP	10-1	7 2/3	PLP	5-6	3
APL	10-1	6 2/3	PSK	3-8	2 1/2
SP	10-1	5 2/3	SAM	3-8	2 1/2
LCA	8-3	5	TEP	2-9	1 1/2
TC	7-4	5	TKE	2-9	1 1/2
DSP	6-5	4	SAT	0-11	1

TENNIS FINAL RESULTS

HOUSE	W-L	PTS	HOUSE	W-L	PTS
SAM	5-0	8	TC	2-3	3
TEP	4-1	6	DSP	2-3	3
SP	4-1	6	PSK	2-3	3
TKE	4-1	5	PKP	1-4	2
LCA	3-2	4	SAT	0-5	1
APL	2-3	3	PLP	0-5	1

What started out looking like a rout turned out to be a real squeaker as TKE beat DSP last Sunday at muddy Drexel Field.

The first quarter was basically back and forth football with both teams scoring touchdowns. In the beginning of the second quarter, TKE quarterback Jerry Madden connected with Tom Hunt for a score. Later Madden again connected with Hunt and made the score TKE 20-DSP 6.

At the beginning of the second half the field was becoming worse and controlled running became almost impossible. On one set of plays, TKE linebacker Hank Gu-brandson came in for Hunt at offensive end and proceeded to catch a goal-line pass for TKE's final touchdown. It was now DSP's time to score. On two consecutive sets of downs they found their way to the end-zone and made the score TKE 26 - DSP 20 with the added extra points. Late in the fourth quarter, TKE failed to run out the clock and relinquished the ball to Delta Sig with about 30 seconds left in the game. TKE's

T. Hunt blocked a touchdown pass right on the goal-line as the game ended. DSP's record is now 2-2 and TKE stands at 3-1.

In what was probably the most exciting I.F. game this season, Sigma Pi edged Theta Chi 16-12.

Sigma Pi led at half-time 2-0 as Bill Schlyer caught Steve Centrella in his own end zone for a safety. In the early moments of the third quarter TC gained the lead 6-2 as Butch Rappach threw to Jim Brittain for their first touchdown. SP took the lead back 10-6, scoring on another safety and Ed Burke's TD toss to Chuck Balough. With 55 seconds left, Rappach threw to Kearny in the end-zone for what seemed to be the game-winning touchdown for TC. Burke then guided the SP offense the length of field and scored as time ran out on a 20-yard burst around left end.

Schriever, Centrella and Dempsey were outstanding for TC as were Hilbert, Fallstick and Burke for SP.

The Beer Drinker's
Corner



by Joe Ortlieb, Brewmaster

The answer to a question I recently received might interest quite a few of you.

The question: "I have heard about a festival in Germany called an 'Oktoberfest.' Can you tell me what it is and where it is held?"

Well, I guess you could call 'The Oktoberfest' the world's biggest beer party! It was first held in Munich, Germany, in the Fall of 1810 to celebrate the wedding of Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria and Princess Therese. Ever since, it has become an annual autumn event much looked forward to by natives and visitors alike.

No wonder. 'The Oktoberfest' features succulent chickens broiled slowly on spits. Yards and yards of plump sausages cooked over charcoal grills. But most important of all is the native-brewed beer! A total of eight Munich breweries supply it and it's served in steins that hold more than a quart! Of course, it would be unthinkable to serve an out-of-town beer at a Munich 'Oktoberfest.' Their own is brewed especially for local tastes.

Here in the Delaware Valley we don't have an 'Oktoberfest.' But we do have Ortlieb's Beer—brewed here in Philadelphia to satisfy local tastes for over 100 years now. Try Ortlieb's and maybe you'll never be content to settle for an out-of-town beer, either. Prosit!



Got a question about beer? Ask Joe Ortlieb. Write to him at The Henry F. Ortlieb Brewing Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 19123.



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souls on ice

by marty kellman



A number, albeit insignificant, of people have expressed confusion, if not chagrin, at my continued presence about our beloved pseudo-University, indeed a presence of increasing corporeality. The aforementioned means, dictionary fans, not that my avoirdupois increases (although it might on occasion), but that the frequency of its appearance does. It was sufficiently execrable when my manifestations were limited to these Agnesque literary effusions but, packaged in a soiled Flyers sweatshirt, they are particularly discomfoting. Some explanation, even if unmitigating, is necessary.

Withdrawal, particularly of the unilateral kind as recommended by our administration last spring, is a difficult, slow, and painful process. If I "cut and run," as some sources have rashly suggested, it would lead to a veritable massacre of the following I left behind. The forces we combat are ruthless and would immediately massacre both of my readers, as well as their relatives and friends. Thus, I propose a phased withdrawal until both my readers are able to indite such columns for themselves, or at least flee. "Cold Turkey" has never been the best way to kick any habit, nor has withdrawal ever been recommended as a particularly effective method of preventing the spread of new conceptions, or, for that matter, of misconceptions.

Speaking of abortions, as so many of our public figures are lately, a hopefully fruitful union has taken place between the IF Free University and the Douglas Favell Lecture Series which was announced only last summer by Barry Ashbee, a right-shooting columnist. The forces of revisionist reaction permitting, these lectures on Contemporary Education will be offered on most Thursday evenings, time and location uncertain to confuse the enemy as well as our friends. For time and location, consult your local grapevine, or any other noxious weed you wish to consult with. We will begin in fraternity houses and, the way things seem to be going, will end up in Algiers.

However, the shrivelled up *raison d'etre* of this column is still ice hockey and, these days, there are few subjects, other than Drexel football, that one can be more optimistic about. The Flyers seem to have abandoned their no-win policy of last season and have substituted victories in its stead. The reasons for the success of this new outlook,

so far, are many and varied. Not only have the Flyers followed the rest of the nation in making a strong move to defend the Right by adding the aforementioned Barry Ashbee, but have also added help on the left in Bob Kelly and even center in Serge Bernier, kidnapped from the Quebec Liberation Front. Also instrumental in our early success is the kind addition of two new franchises, Buffalo and Vancouver. These newcomers we have welcomed with all the enthusiasm the latest arrival on the block always reserved for the even later one, giving even him someone to beat up; the love one immigrant group shows for the next, the excitement that sophomores who hated pledging feel in beating up pledges. Despite prohibitions on hunting buffalo out of season, we have gone after them with some relish, particularly a Bison

named Fleming who roamed these plains last year. By the end of the game, there were many Buffalo-head uniforms scattered about, looking as if we had knocked over a parking meter. The penalty for hunting Canucks is another story.

The main improvement, however, is in the play and presence of the oft-mentioned, fabled Doug Favell, who not only won the first three games he played but, in his one loss, was designated *le premier etoile* or "first star" in a game at Montreal, causing the government to invoke emergency powers in the province of Quebec. Combining the tendons of Achilles now repaired and the abundant hair of an unblinded Samson, he continues to find ever new ways to amuse himself and his followers, if not his coach. Fortunately for the Flyers, he is permitted, despite his hirsute coiffure which is now almost shoulder-length, to finish any game he starts, even if the combination of athletic excellence and anti-establishment appearance might confuse impressionable youth and cause them to grow up with dangerous attitudes. Thus, keeping what David Crosby calls his "freak flag flying," he joins Joe Namath, the mustachloed Derek Sanderson, and Jody Brelsford among others who are leading youth down the primrose path to permissiveness.

All but the latter have the advantage of being professionals, however. But, if you wish to watch Jody, our local C. C. Ryder and Co., in his glorious Triumph, I suggest you get to the PMC-Drexel game early. Despite record-breaking first halves, he has been mysteriously disappearing, a la Houdini, after that. Since barbers are rarely available at halftime, it would be difficult even to be properly shorn by the second half. Besides, Samson could only destroy a Temple after his haircut, and they are not on our schedule this year. Paraphrasing James Simon Kumen, hair has been known to make people sick, our coaches for instance.

Enough hair-splitting for one month. Controversy need be restrained or we might be fired again, this time by a Free University, which would be far more embarrassing, even though the salary drop would be less, but not much less. Moreover, it might prejudice the impartial review I hope to get from the new hiring and firing commission when I re-apply. I cannot imagine anything else that would.



lion - taming

Continued from page 12

run a down and in pattern. This was the co-captain's third TD of the campaign. Lynn Ferguson's PAT kick was perfect, and DU was ahead to stay.

The second quarter saw the belated arrival of the two fraternity busses (and our cheerleaders), which gave additional vocal support to a team that was already sky-high. It also saw some fine length of the field drives by the visitors. One ended when we lost the ball on a muffed handoff at the Albright four yard line, but the other was capped by Brelsford going off-tackle for three yards and paydirt. Ferguson's try was again good, and the half ended with visions of a second straight shutout, since the defense was doing its usual fine

job. Brian Cullinan in particular seemed determined to cover his helmet with stars completely as he put constant pressure on the opposition quarterback, thereby forcing a number of incompletions on hurried throws.

During halftime, the Reading Police decided to confiscate some of the refreshments brought along by the Drexel rooters, probably because it wasn't the local brand.

In the second half, Danny Miller replaced Brelsford after he had picked up 16 more yards, much to the chagrin of some segments of the crowd, who wanted him to continue his assault on Archie Gross's 18-year old school rushing record. (He needs 226 more yards in the three remaining games.) Anyway, the Dragon attack never got untracked, and

Albright managed to score on an end sweep, but the outcome was never really in doubt. Phil Salvi took the crowd's mind off Jody when he picked a pass from his free safety position and almost broke it for a touchdown.

Tomorrow marks the return of the Blue and Gold to 43rd and Powelton as they host PMC. Kick-off time is 1:30 P.M. This will be a grudge match of sorts, since our freshmen were upset on Monday (the scheduled Friday game was postponed) by the PMC frosh, 14-13. The Little Dragons elected to go for the two-point conversion and the win when they scored the second time, but the pass was dropped in the endzone.

one for the road

by the blue max

The following article was submitted several weeks ago, but space limitations prevented its publication at that time. It is presented here now because of the great interest that has been generated in sailing recently, and also because we have a huge hole to fill.

Yacht racing is a sport that demands extreme concentration from the competitor, to get that extra speed by trimming the sails a little better, by taking the waves so they help more or hinder less, by grabbing that position that will help you and hinder the opposition, or foul him out of the race. That's what Saturday was like as the team went to Annapolis for the second time this fall. Trouble is, the racing started before we got to the water. At least, that's what the dude thought that had the station wagon with the boat on a trailer behind it as he pushed John Hay's carload up onto the medial barrier at the funnel on 295 approaching the Del. Mem. Bridge. Just came up alongside and over, into John's lane. When the cat started hitting him, John decided, "Well, if he wants the lane that much, he can have it!" and obligingly hung his car up on the medial strip for the man. Some discussion followed, and it was decided that the local constabulary should be called upon to decide the matter. Only, they weren't interested. It was then necessary to travel back to the State fuzzi, ten miles back up 295, and they listened to the stories and decided that it was okay for John to travel in the left lane of a divided highway, if he minded his own business. He had been, so they issued a summons to the other dude, who had thought he was going to Florida. Still, that left 1/3 of the Sailing Team in New Jersey at nine o'clock as the races were starting in Annapolis. There were two different races that day, one in Shields, a twenty foot keelboat, and the others in Mobjacks. The latter was the team race event. Remember team racing - that's when you try to screw up the opposition? Yes, but, before they get there?

That's how we felt after those beginnings, and the rest of the day lived up to the morning. We got screwed by Stevens, which still calls itself an Institute of Technology, who was unimpressed by our new snob appeal. Then we were given a victory when Monmouth didn't attend, and then we faced Webb, which eats Dragons for breakfast (that's a kind of sailboat, see?). So, the day finished as it began, with Drexel nonqualifying for Sunday, and coming home. The team managed to improve its spirits by splicing a scarp or two.

players of the week



Clockwise, Brian Cullinan, Tom Matthews, Jody Brelsford, and Felix Salvi.



mini - hoopla

While the Philadelphia 76ers are being motivated with Hoopla, the Drexel Dragons have but to look at their schedule to get psyched, which is why they are already preparing for their upcoming basketball campaign.

In his third year at the helm, Coach Frank Szymanski has had his shooters firing away for two weeks. He has the awesome task of integrating his returning seniors with the prospective sophomores who made up that fine freshmen team of a year ago.

Szymanski has already chosen 11 players to pin his hopes of an NIT bid on — and high hopes he has. The enthusiasm and electricity that flows during his unique practice sessions exemplify rare determination among his players.

Led by senior captain Ron Coley, who returns after 2 banner seasons with all-MAC credentials, the round-ballers have been going through the drudge of practice with spirit and unity. And if Coley isn't hollering, senior Don Combell is always pushing everybody to fulfill their potential. Don is a natural leader and thrives on hustle and determination. Last year's co-captain Phil Kircher, Mike Bivins, Bill Gunter, and John Averona also are returning.

While Coach Szymanski tries to utilize his experience, he also has a lot of ability in his sophomores. Fran Korwek and Vince Morrison are two tough big men and Iggy Brodzinski is a consistent scorer. Jerry Glick and Mike Fee should erase the problems we had at guard last year and when they both start running, DU just might win a little more than a year ago.

bootlegging

by jerry glick

Drexel's soccer team came onto the field in the second half of the game against Temple and outplayed the Owls on almost every count, save the one concerning the final score, which was 2-0.

If I say the Dragons did everything but score one more time this year, I'm going to sound like a broken record. But all one must do is to join the other 15 spectators to see why the Dragons lose.

In the first half, Temple played to their potential, although the Owls scored only one deserved goal. The other came on a free penalty shot from five feet in front of the net.

With three freshmen leading the attack in the third period, DU started to continuously thrust at the Temple nets. With Tommy Skyler at striker, Bruce Holub in the midfield, and Jim Tafel at left half, the Dragons made numerous shots on Temple's goal. Morris Abboudi made a beautiful pass to Chet Knapp, who in turn, relayed the ball to Tom Skyler, who got a shot off, but was interfered with by a Temple player. Abboudi then tried to lift the ball over the front line on the free kick, but instead, sailed it over the cage. With 11 minutes left to go, Chet headed toward Skyler, who fed John Herman on a diving shot, but Temple just steered the ball clear of the net. Herman was fouled by an Owl, but as luck would have it, Chet missed the free kick.

Defensively, Abboudi, Doug Burns, Frank MacWilliams, and Tommy Rodgers played well the entire game, and goalie Bill Fullerton made some beautiful saves.

Bill also played an outstanding game against Delaware, even though the Dragons lost, 3-0. Once again, Coach Yonker decided to go with the hustle style of his freshmen, instead of using the control style of Ken Prager and Terry Apostolides.

In the Delaware contest, Abboudi out-shot the Hens' Mike Biggs, who has 13 goals to his credit, and has scored in every game he's played in, except the one against Drexel. Bruce Holub, Tom Skyler, and Frank MacWilliams also played well against the Hens.

DU now stands 1-7, but their time is ahead—hopefully.

ground gainers grab second

by bob kushner

Last Saturday, Oct. 24, the cross country team went into the long awaited meet with Temple and La Salle and came away with one win and one loss, bringing its record to 5-2. La Salle, led by Dennis Elmer who won the race in the time of 28:10, did not have too much trouble beating us or the Owls. Joe Hoffman, the first Dragon finisher, came in third with a time of 28:57. Drexel was only considered a slight underdog to the Explorers, but because almost every Drexel runner ran 30 seconds slower than last week, La Salle came out on top (which, in cross country, is numerically on the bottom), 20-37. Despite its woes, Drexel still beat a rebuilding Temple team, 23-32.

On Wednesday, Oct. 28, the harriers have another tough triangular meet, this time with Delaware and Swarthmore at Belmont Plateau. On Saturday, they travel to Lebanon Valley for what should be an easier meet.



TOP DREXEL FINISHERS

1. Joe Hoffman
2. Gerry O'Brien
3. Rich DiSebastian
4. Ted Davis
5. John Puisateri
6. Bob Kushner
7. Bob Kiessling

Harrier Doug Wise enjoys the scenery as he heads toward a telephone pole which we have cropped out of the picture. Fortunately, he missed it.

dragons devour lions

by paul autenrieth

The Dragons of Drexel U. brought their season's log to 3 and 2 last Saturday as they defeated Albright College in their homecoming game by a score of 14 to 7. This was a doubly sweet win for us, since the Lions had ruined our homecoming last year, 28-21, behind the running of little All-American Dennis Zimmerman, who led the nation in carries last year. Fortunately, he has graduated and is only an assistant coach this year.

Our offense looked excellent in the first half, as Glen Galeone was paired with Jody Brelsford for the first time of any length this year in the backfield. It worked out quite well, as Jody carried 19 times for 92 yards in the half, while Glen picked up 33 of his 87 total yards at the same time, even though he spent much of his time being used as a decoy and blocker. Also impressive was quarterback Les Broglie, who demonstrated why he earned the helmet award the week before. He appeared to be more at ease running the veer-option than he has been all year since taking over for the injured Jim



THE START OF THE VEER - Les Broglie (16, wearing dark helmet) takes Joe Faraldo's snap and starts left as Pat Duffy (65) and Dan Wilson (66) pull to lead him.

Schwering in the first game. Of course, the thing that makes the veer (or any other offensive play, for that matter) go is the offensive line, and ours was more than adequate as they constantly opened gaping holes in the Lions' de-

fense.

Drexel drew first blood in the opening quarter when Broglie tossed a 17-yarder to senior split end Tommy Matthews, who had

continued on page 11, col 1



LOST AT SEA - Female skippers Priscilla Hancock and Janet Hamm relax after they were rescued by the Coast Guard last Saturday. See story below for details.

a different view of the race

by maxwell silverhammer

The events of Saturday's race on the Schuylkill brown are the entire fall program in capsule form. Our side, with the helm in the hands of one of the neighborhood's more successful Jewish industrialist co-op students, was busy fighting off the competition, which blazed along under the direction of the present Vice Commodore of the Association.

It has been a tremendously hard-fought battle for the lead throughout the series, with first place forever in doubt. Our team's finish has been somewhat hampered by a distinct lack of support, both financial and moral. However, the competition has been cooperative enough to make several egregious errors that dropped them back a few points. The lesson is, as noted in a prominent text on the subject of tactics, "Know Your Race Committee." It shows that some people in a race become too involved in making their competition look bad, instead of concentrating on their own helmsmanship. This strategy often fails in the ensuing flurry of protests that are lodged, when the Race Committee finds in favor of the more sportsmanlike skipper. The one with the big mouth may be in the right, and in this case he is far right; however, when the votes are in, he may discover that he was off center; that there was a factor that he hadn't contended with, like a port lift, or a backlash from the main.

The race this week was like this. Our side, hoping for a port lift, started at the leeward end of the line and maintained a much more sound and responsible position all the way around the course. Our opponent started on starboard, feeling this would give him a controlling position, and also because the coach told him to. This strategy has proved weak, though, and it's strange that he took his coach's advice anyway, because everyone knows the coach has been making mistakes for years. He even looks crooked. I guess when you're only Vice Commodore, and the coach

runs the team, you do what he says.

A review of the respective policies of the two sides shows why our side must be decided the winner next Tuesday in the Championship regatta.

Our side, in addition to believing in fair sailing, a position itself alone which should instill tremendous confidence in our following, has several other aspects of its philosophy which are demonstratively far superior to the competition's. First of all, our team's financial position shows how level-headed and able our leadership is, while theirs is one of flaming fiscal irresponsibility and ostriching. Also, our position around marks is one which should help keep the little people in the race, whereas theirs would drive everyone to another fleet--in the next state. Further, we believe in the choice of being able to abort a race when an unwanted and unexpected puff comes up, yet they maintain that this type of abortion is immoral, which is not in keeping with recent rulings. Most of all, the two sides show their greatest dissension in matters pertaining to fouls and protests. We believe in the decisions handed down by the Race Committee headed by E. Warren, and their implications on individual rights, but the competition would like to see things run the way it's done around Potomac waters these days. This policy only helps those who never commit an infraction of the rules, as well as those who have an 'in' with the Race Committee, and could possibly have a serious effect on people who only commit a minor violation, such as occurred in Chicago at the One-of-a-Kind Regatta the year before last.

Regardless of whose position you agree with, we would like to see you all show up at the final race next Tuesday and cheer your team to victory. It will be an exciting finish, and besides, you're going to have to live with the winner for a long time.