EX-LIBRIS
Williams College Library
"And long live the commonwealth of Massachusetts."
"...It was a moving experience that bound the whole College community...a very special moment in which all robes came off, the distinctions of age blurred, and a work of art enthralled a united body."
The last time I appeared on this stage was in a minor part in a Cap and Bells production of *Much Ado About Nothing*. I was Friar Francis. I had nine speeches — six one-liners and two big juicy ones. The two big ones were full of wisdom and sound advice, as befits a friar — or, indeed, a convocation speaker. I read the Friar’s part through the other day, to get myself in the spirit of this platform again and perhaps to recall a little bit of the old undergraduate glory. As a matter of fact, for me, it was anything but glorious. My timing was bad on the one-liners, and the big speeches fell curiously flat. Frankly, I don’t think I understood them then. But I know more about Shakespeare (and a few other things) now; and, as I read those lines over, they hit me at 67 as they never did at 17. Listen to Friar Francis trying to get his listeners to accept something he feels
deeply — in this case, his belief in the innocence of a slandered young lady. One can feel his frustration in every word:

Call me a fool:

Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental zeal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity.
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Fifty years (between 17 and 67) make a lot of difference, and now at last I know what the Friar felt: the frustration of trying to convey something you feel deeply to an audience that is either skeptical or uninvolved. The Friar put my difficulty plainly, even if it is not quite the same as his. I want to talk to you today about matters which cannot be to you as intensely personal as they are to me; I’m involved as you cannot be, and I cannot bridge the gap by the triumphant march of logic, by statistics, by hard evidence. I want to share with you, simply, a bit of experience I’ve picked up on the way.

Oh, there are lots of “biting errors” I could expose, were my mood so inclined: educational fallacies rampant in my own beloved New Haven and right here in Williamstown; the sinister drift of our national culture and politics and economy; the global threats to our environment and our peace. I could scare you to death! Or, changing the tune, as appropriate to this day, I could talk about the library as the beating heart of this or any other educational institution. I could talk about Jack Sawyer and all he did for this college. But although all these possibilities are close to my mind and heart, they are not closest, and I decided I must talk about what is closest or I’d better not talk at all. What is closest? Just two things, intimately bound, almost inseparable: love and death.

Shortly after I came to this decision, I ran across a remark by William Butler Yeats. “I am still of the opinion,” he wrote, “that only two topics can be of the least interest to a serious and studious mind — sex and death.” My first thought was: What a stuffy way to put it! And my second was: Why be so glandular? Why sex and death? I prefer my way of putting it, and Woody Allen’s: love and death. I don’t intend to be clinical about either, and I am not addressing the “serious and studious mind.” I am talking to you as fellow pilgrims — old, middle-aged and young — in this vale of tears and laughter. And I want to share with you a little of what I’ve learned this past year — I would say the most educational year of my life, the high-water mark of my experience as a human being.

I guess you’ll have to know the facts: My wife, Mathilde, died of cancer of the pancreas last November, and my brother John (Williams ’28) was killed in a car accident last March. With all the tragedy in the world, you may wonder at my bringing up these two personal losses. It may seem a little impudent of me, even a little embarrassing. “They talk of hallowed things,” said Emily Dickinson, trying to explain her aversion to society, “and embarrass my dog.” But she was young when she said that. She claimed up, and she was wrong. She was too easily embarrassed.

So here’s the first and perhaps simplest thing I’ve learned this past year: Never be embarrassed to talk about hallowed things, like love and death. We Americans are a little finicky about both. We reduce love to sex and talk about it clinically as in Kinsey and the sex books, or grossly as in Playboy and Penthouse, or sentimentally as in the popular songs. There’s very little talk about the tragic side of love, the comic side of love, love as a discipline, love as a means of education, love as the end and aim of education, the very reason we’re here today.

And as for death, we hide from it, pretty it up, pack it away in hospitals, spend millions every year on lavish funerals, or get so glutted with it over the media that we hear or read, with hardly a tremor, about hundreds of thousands dying in Vietnam, or Africa, or Bangladesh. The result is that death is hardly real at all to us. It’s a forbidden subject except at funerals and in sermons that aim to take away its sting. I think we’d be better able to cope with it if we talked about it more, if we shared our experience of it more frankly. And so I’m facing you with it — ironically, on this festive occasion, this day of a new beginning when the last thing you want to hear about is the old, old ending.

Which leads me to the second thing I’ve learned this past year: It’s a sense of the ending that makes the beginning, and all that follows therefrom, so much more meaningful. Why deny a reality that, paradoxically, can be so life-giving, so enriching?

I heard the other day of a great-great-grandmother who — this was generations ago — amazed her family by announcing one morning: “I want to die in that rocking chair, and I’m going to close my own eyes.” She did both. Her name was Experience Bardwell Lyman. The young people called her “Aunt Speedie,” and a hundred years later her descendants are still talking and laughing about her and living a little more fully because of her. I wonder if this is what Wallace Stevens had in mind when he wrote, “Death is the mother of beauty.”

Her great-grandchildren still point to that rocker. Aunt Speedie knew how to die and how to talk about it. She had a sense of her ending — clear-eyed, frank, unabashed, humorous. My friend Emily Dickinson knew how to talk about it, too:

By a departing light
We see acuter, quite,
Than by a wick that stays.
There’s something in the flight
That clarifies the sight
And decks the rays.

“There’s something in the flight/ That clarifies the sight . . .” or, in the words of the old hymn, takes
the dimness of our souls away.” Why do things get so dim and unclear? Going along in the old routine, we get in a kind of acquiescent numbness, we get used to things, we don’t see sharply or hear clearly or feel intensely.

I had a teacher of creative writing once who told our class, “You must look at things not only as if you were seeing them for the first time but as if you were seeing them for the last time, as if you were never to see them again and had to take them all in and remember them forever.” Keep that in mind the next time you look around at these hills. Never, never get used to them!

We need to be jolted out of our numbness, often not so gently as my teacher did it. “Such men as I,” cried Dmitri Karamazov, “need a blow . . .” and he spoke for the whole human race. Sometimes nothing but death will remind us that we are alive. That’s a terrible thing to say, but it’s true.

Love and death . . . What has tortured me these past ten months since Mathilde died are the things I didn’t say, the love I didn’t express. Why was I so dim, so finicky, so inhibited, so embarrassed? Or were the look in the eyes enough, the squeeze of the hand, the kiss on the brow? I hope to God they were. Heaven knows she was up to anything. She had nerve for both of us. She and Aunt Speedie would have gotten along to death, the more she learned to love and the more she learned about love — and the more she taught us both to love and about love. The departing light clarified the sight — in all of us. She knew where she was going, and she knew what she was learning, and she talked about it. “These last three months,” she told her doctor a few weeks before the end, “have been the best of my life. I wouldn’t have missed them for anything.”

To understand more fully this remarkable statement, you must hear the last letter she ever wrote. It was to a friend, Holly Tuttle of New Haven, who lost her husband some years ago. The letter says more about love and death than I could in a week of convocation addresses. It’s more than just a letter; it’s a document. And I read it to you with no embarrassment at all. Remember: “There’s something in the flight/ That clarifies the sight.” All things — individual lives, colleges, libraries, college educations — take on new meaning in the light of their endings — or when they end for you, as they must. Love them while you can, and never, never be embarrassed.

And now here’s the letter, and I’m done:

Dear Holly:

You sent me such a good letter — I do want to answer. The problem of dealing with this fellow Death has been interesting. (Funny, what would woman’s lib say to my making Death masculine? Surely I can’t think of myself being swept up by a lady.) In the first place, when I saw him come striding up to my house — garbed in all his strange garments that we humans have wished on him — I wasn’t in the least spooked. I opened the door and we had a nice little chat. Subsequent chats have been reassuring, and I know he’s my good friend. I’m sure you have a nodding acquaintance with him so you have the same feelings.

Then there’s LOVE. I feel I’d never have known its endless horizons had I lived out my full span. Somehow in a smooth life we take each other for granted, and now, even with someone like Richard, new little vistas open up — and with casual acquaintances, whole worlds.

My plumber, Tommy Citerella, stopped in to see me after he’d attended to our various drips and leaks. He sat down and looked out at the view I have from my bed: a valley, a mill house, a waterfall, a lake — all hung in the most gorgeous color.

“Missus,” he said, “you have to have faith. You have to pray. God’s never failed me. He’s saved me three times.”

“Tommy,” I said, “I don’t know where to aim my prayers. God is such a mystery.”

“Missus,” he said, “don’t worry. I’ll take over all the praying.” And he took my two hands and leaned down and kissed me on the brow.

So now — what do I have to worry about?

Love,

Til

Death is the mother of beauty . . . a sense of the ending. Do you see what I mean?
Amherst... They Always Come Up Short

We sing a song of Amherst
and shed a woeful tear
Because our foe from long ago
has had a dismal year;
They've tried their best to beat the rest
And soon they'll try once more--
Alas, the Sons of Amherst
Just never seem to score!

CHORUS
We're singin'... Woe to Lord Jeffrey,
Woe to Lord Jeffrey,
His boys just cannot play the sport!
Hut! Hut! Hut!
We're simply saying, what're they're playing
They always seem to come up SHORT.

Gar-Wood

(To the tune of the Miami Dolphins #1)
“GOAL POST” LAW

The following is an excerpt from the Massachusetts General Law concerning the Removal or injury to Goal Posts on a football field:

“Whoever willfully destroys and/or removes a goal post on a football field shall be punished by a fine of not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars.”
Soccer
THE WEARING OF HARD HATS IS REQUIRED ON THIS JOB
Field Hockey
Women's Cross Country
Winter
Carnival
Theatre
Hockey
Women’s Skiing
24 Hour Relay
Houses
Mission Park Dining Room

Clean 4140 sq. ft. carpet @ 0.12 $496.80
Clean 33 windows @ $1.00 ea. $33.00
Wash walls $22.00
Total $551.80

Work completed 4/30/76
Prospect

Due to the monsoon season which occurred during the last weeks of the semester, our photographer was unable to obtain a formal house picture. However, our staff has attempted to simulate Pro-house members and atmosphere, realizing obvious and marked success.
...and thirty-three years later the time came to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Stan Los. Can the Perry House kitchen ever be the same?
And here's the bonus question: who, where, when and under what circumstances was the idea of competition in, and reward for the accumulation of TRIVIA at Williams in the contest form first conceived?

Trivia!

While you're working on that; here's the answer to our previous question. Yes, Rin-Tin-Tin was the only leading male actor to never have a line.
Trivia!

We have teams jamming the lines again--CUT IT OUT!

Name the original stars in the T.V. game show Hollywood Squares. Line seven is still jammed!
Seniors
1976
Scott Supplee

William Sunderlin

Peter Hanson
Front: Scott Shane
   Rebecca Ruth
   Rebecca Fowle
Middle: Francie Weeks
   Jennifer Owens
   Matt Watkins '77
   Artie Lafave
Back: John Harney
   Kim Wells '77

Gloria Mobley
Front: Sue Lyons
Lorna Rogers
Middle: Ted Cox
John Walker
Peter Menzies

Diane Loomis

Dan Stinebring
Chip Cornell, Peter Peyser, John Hoover

Joan Davol
Beth Hardey; Anne Eisenmenger

Susan Blake
Doug Brockway

Fred Baumann
Red Westerholm
Bruce Berman

Adam Sodel
Jim Reimer
Rich Otto

Marissa Wesely
an 'ephburger'

Jim Follet

Dave Parker
Dave Kurfess
Mike Gibbons
Scott Perry
Carly Christian; Sue Kay; Julie O'Leary '78

John Mavricos
Tom Mailey
Bob Murphy
Chuck Goller
Dave Napolitan
David Haines
Tom Blake
Peter Remic
Rich Blatchly
Brock Riedell

David Fowle
Lisa Gruenberg; Michelle Cutsforth '78

Nancy Marks

Marsha Brandes
Anne McGovern

Rob and/or
David Winn
Wayne Roberge
Tom Quinn
Steve Nelson
Karl Neilson (Gusto); Bill Tempko; Kevin O'Neil, Mitch Besser; Bob Woods

D.C. Dougdale

David Bell; Tom Rogers; Beverly Adams

John Atteridge
Jody Hale; Kay Pesek

Sally Ahlerg; Jody Hale

Lydia Webster

Mary Mountcastle

Steve Marino
Jody Hale
Diana Moran
Chris Oates
Cyndy Spencer
Ed Partridge
Ann Cramer
Back Row: Connie Tirrell; Sue Hyndman; Gina Remington Front: Cyndy Spencer; Nancy McTernan

Meg Mowman

Back Row: Harland Chun
Jim Baldwin
Dick Bradford
Dan Yeaton
Front: Ed Spencer
Ted Inbush '77
Ted Walsh
Revenge!
Williams 13 - Amherst 12
Senior Dinner Dance
Class Day
Commencement
"Home Movies"
By Peter L. Kozik '76
In honor of the bicentennial, all of the following pictures were developed within the natural boundaries of what we have come to know as the United States of America. Lights please. Thank you.

First slide please:

(You'll have to pardon the jelly on the lens.) This is our first shot of baby, harmless for the last time in his natural life. It is playtime for baby. Secure in his wooly pajamas he is in the midst of what is called polymorphous perversity. Here is where baby learns the important verbs in his life such as I need, I want, I see, I grab, I have, I have more, More, I. He learns to lie down, point, sit, lie down, gurgle, sigh, lie down, bossa nova, lie down, sleep. Baby is a fast learner. Hopes mount that maybe baby will surmount the corporate pinnacle someday. Baby wedges his head between the slats of his play pen in eager anticipation of the future.

Next slide, please, Sheaf:

Here's the little watch with Aunt Hildy. Aunt Hildy brings him a horse with a clock in its stomach. She tells him time is of the essence. He shouldn't waste time. He is only a baby—he doesn't understand her. His mother and father tell Aunt Hildy that he is still a baby. She doesn't understand them. She wants great things for baby, among them some of the greatest cliches of the twentieth century.

In this shot, the horse is gone and the baby is ticking.

Next slide please.

This is a painting called Madonna and Baby done by a late 16th century Italian painter. Note the chiaroscuro in the contours of the face and the way the light of late afternoon plays through the atmospheric perspective. Note the relationship of figure to background. Note, too, the subtle irony.

Next:
forms at once. He is lettering in every sport known to man. His prospects for the future are good if he can ever get out the door.

Next, please.

Baby is going away to college. This picture is of baby at the store, shopping for love. Is love pink or is it blue? Baby learns from the salesperson that it is neither and it is both. This explains baby's look of confusion. Baby learns that love cannot be bought; anyway, it must be learned. He thinks about it. Instead he buys a night light in the shape of Joni Mitchell, a Mattise reproduction, and some incense. He hears from friends that Katzenzakis once wrote: Vitality strutting in full regalia is the ultimate value. He decides to buy a new pair of wooly pajamas and walks around his room for hours.

Next slide, please:

Baby finds college confusing, irritating...subtly threatening. Actually, he finds it devastating. He confronts the abyss. It is his first exposure to the economics of poverty, poverty of the spirit, the Diet of Worms, and catastrophe theory.

Baby is frightened. He is seen in this picture being vague for his own self protection. It is one of many forms of what we call defense mechanism that baby is doing in this picture. Baby develops defense mechanisms in college: neurosis, obsessive neurosis, neurotic obsessiveness, fantasy, shyness, loudness, sleep, pretentiousness, macho, "length". He digs a moat around his room and fills it with man eating piranahs. He digs a moat around himself at parties. He and the person he loves are busy digging a moat. He has gummed labels for all his defense mechanisms and he puts them neatly away. They are essential. He is so good at what he is doing that he hopes someday to build an early missle warning system for the government.

Next, please:

This slide is entitled: "Vitality strutting in full regalia is the ultimate value." In this picture baby decides it is time for a change. He moves his desk. He buys a tensor lamp.
He feels miffed. He feels disgruntled. Actually...he's plenty angry.

He learns by remote control that rage is a part of love.

Next please:

This last shot is of baby reading T. S. Eliot. HE reads:

For most of us, there is only the unattended moment, the moment in and out of time,

The distraction fit, lost in a shaft of sunlight,

The wild thyme unseen, or the winter lightning

Or the waterfall, or music heard so deeply

That it is not heard at all, but you are the music

While the music lasts. There are only hints and guesses,

Hints followed by guesses; and the rest

Is prayer, observance, discipline, thought and action.

He thinks of Aunt Hildy. He thinks of a small college in New England. He decides to love. He decides to help. He decides to decide whenever he can.

Lights please.

Thank you.
Anne H. Fitz

Farewell Farewell Farewell Farewell Farewell Farewell Farewell Farewell

S. Lane Faison, Jr.
Well, George, Williams loves you

As last-minute political advertisements played across the screens of campus tube rooms, several students were conducting their own last-minute election. Tables were set up at Baxter, Greylock, and Mission Park dining halls to sample student opinion on the election yesterday.

To no one's surprise, George McGovern was the overwhelming favorite; 795 votes were cast: 563 for McGovern, 191 for Nixon, and 41 for "others"—a 71 per cent to 24 per cent victory.

"It wasn't a great sampling," commented mock election organizer Jerry Wheelock. "But it was the best we could do with the volunteers we had."

Jankey discusses tacks

The who, what, and why of housing...

On Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1972, an era at Williams College came to an end: Bryant House voted to admit women for the first time.
Briefne Carter says no to women

Tenure: Williams Demolishes Undefeated Amherst

Don't betray impulses
Williams Admissions: a perennial search for diversity

To the editor:

Following the quick seizure and suppression of the students' attempt to inform his fellow student about the relative merits of various courses, we must ask ourselves what the purpose of this college is.

To the editor:

Cate Williams college williamstown, mass.

Bicentennial
A time to plant ... a time to reap

Out of the turbulence and unrest of the sixties grew new attitudes about Black people. Across the nation Blacks and other Americans developed a new respect for Blacks as a people. Negative Black self-attitudes were in many cases erased as brothers and sisters sacrificed their lives and their security to instill positive self images.

Many Blacks looked to the rising number of Black students on white campuses with satisfaction, feeling that perhaps some of their struggle was worth it. And those early students did their part too. They endured almost unendurable conditions and put their futures on the line to change things for those who were to follow. They laid a foundation.

Today we see the emergence of a new group of Black students, reflective of new times. They have diverse backgrounds, unique interests and a strong sense of individualism. This diversity is good and we salute it. It represents the diversity and the beauty of a unique and beautiful people. However, as Black students of the seventies we must take care to remember our debts. For those who gave so much, we must not only maintain the foundation we have inherited, but we must build upon it.

Donna Irish '75
Debora Gould '76
Michael Knight '77
Jeffrey May '77
Clarence Otis '77

---

TO: All Williams Students Living in College Housing
FROM: C. M. Jankcy, Director of Student Housing

It has come to my attention that there has been a proliferation of the use of tacks and staples to affix posters and various other kinds of hangings to the walls and ceilings in student rooms. I hasten to remind you of the room decoration statement under the Housing Regulations section of your Student Handbook. Page 37 of that booklet carries the following information:

"Nails, thumbtacks, and Scotch tape are not to be used on walls under any circumstances; masking tape may be used on brick or vinyl-covered walls but not on painted ones. Pictures and tack boards should be hung from the ceiling moulding. Large expanses of flammable fabric such as burlap or parachute silk must not be hung as wall coverings or room dividers in this sort of decoration violates state fire codes as they apply to institutions and will be removed.

Violations of construction and decoration regulations will result in a note being left in the room advising the occupant to correct the violation. If violations are not corrected promptly, the College will make the correction at the occupant's expense.

Notes will be left, and both Light Cleaners and Custodians have been advised to remove items in violation. Where damage has occurred the surface will be replaced or repaired at the occupant's expense."
The Motorcycle Club

The Motorcycle Club was formed by Ed Zembaty in 1975, when Ed was but a freshman. Ed reports that the club’s one motorcycle reaches record speeds when going down hills. Ed also reports that moderate speeds have been known when going up hills, provided that Paul Nelson, the other club member, pushes. The club expects to purchase a motor for their bike next year.

The Yatch Club

Ron Valerin reports he has always had an intense interest in yatching. While coming from an inland state and having never seen open water, Ron reports to have vast sailing experience. His home is located near a "good-sized" pond. Next year Ron hopes to buy a new yatching cap.
I just read somewhere that Williams College has more Student Council Presidents, High School Newspaper editors and yearbook publishers per cubic inch than any other point on the face of the earth.

Remember the application to get into here? Before that essay on social issues (what social issues?) there was the section on extra-curricular activities. God, that was a high point ... needed three extra pages just for all the committees you were on ... But we had to; competition for the top schools is so intense. We were presidents of everything from the Prom committee to the movement to feed Biafra. (Remember that one ... where you didn't buy a desert for a week, and gave the nickel for 200 gallons of milk?). And, now we're all at Williams. And we're the most dynamic, brightest, most intelligent of all the students who applied. We had the most to offer. Don't believe it? Look at the applications in Mather House. Hundreds of newspaper editors and writers, hundreds of yearbook coordinating editors and god knows what else. Don't believe Mather house, ask anyone "Are you bright, vivacious, intelligent, well-rounded, dynamic, outgoing and involved? "... who said no?"

Remember the interview? "What could you offer the school?" "Dance band, debate club, ornithologist society." "Well, where the hell are you now?" "Everyone didn't lie on those applications, some of you didn't make up those activities. But what has happened?" "Are you buried beneath a work load that occupies all your time?" "Has your interest waned away to nothing?" "Did you do all that stuff just to get into here?"

Look at the quality of the newspaper. (Look at the quality of this column). We can produce better. Where are the people who so willingly wrote in years gone by? Homogenized ... like so much grade A. We all came into here active and anxious to perform. The school gave us the potential for greater freedom for our ideas. We are supposed to have the brains to use it to its fullest advantage. Most of us breeze through here on the high wind of Academia, working hard, but contributing little to the school as a whole. We act as walking zombies, maleable to the point of no opinion. Like play-dough's republic, we entered rough, unformed and opinionated, we leave molded into those little stars ... all the same, but all very pretty.

Is Williams failing us, or are we failing Williams? Our sense of community begins at the Pub and ends at the mixers. Our sense of college begins at Bronfman and ends at Stetson. Yet College and Community are seldom mixed, and there is little if any middle ground. The School provides us with the opportunity. How many of you went to the forum on Watergate? How many left at the end and went to the library to study? Hands down.
**Divine Comedy, Dante**

When the whole train was passed and you beneath me, and we were in the topmost step, Virgil said he saw upon me and said: 'My son, take heed to the tempests and the tempests, and thence not come to a place where I myself, I saw no farther. I have led thee hither with intelligence and art, henceforward take thee own pleasure for guiding: therefore hast thou faith of the steep and terrible ways...

Don't go near and a sign from me. Pure right and trust of thine own will, and not to seek anything unless you would be a fool.

Therefore I give thee over myself, the mitre, and the crown.
Dear Dad,

We think we will not go to either party, but thanks anyway. We are eaten future and David said something about needing on the room, but Steve and I had an hour test and Mike is studying so I doubt he's going either. So busy.

P.S. We hate this place!
Applause and congratulations. Last week a gang of artists rumored to be the ones responsible for the theft of a marshmallow sculpture from the first annual East College Gallery showing in 1974 pulled off one of the greatest capers in the history of conceptual art.

It all centered around the birthday of one James R. W. Sloane, known informally as "Wick." Posters appeared around campus proclaiming MEET WICK SLOANE, GIVE HIM A CALL with a picture, biographical information and his phone number. The calls poured in. Wick said in an interview "I don't leave the phone off the hook—I just have to keep making calls."

Then the fun began. In a series of kidnappings, the gang made important statements on the social rituals of birthdays, segregation in single-sex bathrooms, Algerian terrorist activities, and the "fear of flying." All with the excitement, the group contagion of a whole town watching, wondering, spreading rumors, and wishing Wick a happy birthday.

Once Wick was found tied to a flag pole with a bag over his head. Wick swears he had never met his rescuer before, though the young man immediately greeted him with "Hi Wick." The power of pamphleteering has been proven to rival electronic media!

It is most fitting and proper that this MEET WICK campaign, so reminiscent of the publishing of Tom Paine's "Common Sense" over two hundred years ago, is Williams College's greatest tribute to the Bicentennial.

**MEET WICK**

Applause and congratulations. Last week a gang of artists rumored to be the ones responsible for the theft of a marshmallow sculpture from the first annual East College Gallery showing in 1974 pulled off one of the greatest capers in the history of conceptual art.

It all centered around the birthday of one James R. W. Sloane, known informally as "Wick." Posters appeared around campus proclaiming MEET WICK SLOANE, GIVE HIM A CALL with a picture, biographical information and his phone number. The calls poured in. Wick said in an interview "I don't leave the phone off the hook—I just have to keep making calls."

Then the fun began. In a series of kidnappings, the gang made important statements on the social rituals of birthdays, segregation in single-sex bathrooms, Algerian terrorist activities, and the "fear of flying." All with the excitement, the group contagion of a whole town watching, wondering, spreading rumors, and wishing Wick a happy birthday.

Once Wick was found tied to a flag pole with a bag over his head. Wick swears he had never met his rescuer before, though the young man immediately greeted him with "Hi Wick." The power of pamphleteering has been proven to rival electronic media!

It is most fitting and proper that this MEET WICK campaign, so reminiscent of the publishing of Tom Paine's "Common Sense" over two hundred years ago, is Williams College's greatest tribute to the Bicentennial.

**Relevant facts of life:**
1. Charlemagne either died or was born or did something with the Holy Roman Empire in 800.
2. Almost everything you need to know about a subject is in the encyclopedia.
3. A tasty sandwich can be made with peanut butter and raisin bread.
4. A floating body displaces its own weight in liquid.
5. There is a law in economics called "The Law of Diminishing Returns", which means that after a certain margin is reached returns begin to diminish—or something.
6. You can sleep undetected in class by resting the head on the hand as if shading the eyes.
7. Bicarbonate soda makes you feel better the next day.
8. Eight hours of sleep are not necessary.
9. Six hours of sleep are not necessary.

**WICK SLOANE**

Wick, a senior English major at Williams College with a strong interest in hard floating and one of the nicest fellows you'd ever have to meet, is having his 23rd birthday this Saturday May 9, 1976. Since Wick has often told us that his only real hobby was the human race, we've decided that the finest birthday present we could offer Wick would be to allow him to hear from as many members of his beloved "human race" as possible. So...

**GIVE A CALL**

To hear you to get the conversational ball rolling with one of the great raconteurs of our time, we've enclosed this thumbnail sketch of Wick, a great American and an even greater human being.

**Purple Payola**
Mr. Ephraim Williams
West Township
Fort Massachusetts, New England

Dear Ephraim:

I am writing to inform you that our Admissions Committee cannot offer you a place in the Class of 1970 at Williams College. After reviewing all our applications, it is now clear to the Committee that we will be making other choices for next fall's class. I regret that I must write you a disappointing letter, as we appreciate your interest in Williams.

Selections for our entering class of four hundred and eighty freshmen have been most difficult to make this year, since applications are at an all-time high. It is obvious to our Committee that we will be able to admit only a fraction of more than 4700 candidates who have applied this year.

I want to emphasize that in no way does our Committee wish to imply that you are unable to pursue a strong course of study in your college work. In reviewing all of our applications, the Committee has been impressed with the quality of academic work by most candidates and by the variety and scope of extracurricular involvement shown by so many students. In our judgement, other candidates, in a talented applicant group, will present stronger overall credentials in the competition this year. Consequently, the Committee has asked me to inform you of its final decision now, at the end of the first semester, in the hope that this early notice will be of help to you in making other plans for September.

I want you to know that I very much appreciate your interest in Williams and I am sorry that I must write you of the Committee's unfavorable action. Unfortunately, our situation is such that many will be disappointed, and I can only trust that you will understand. Best wishes to you for the coming four years as you continue your education.

Sincerely yours,

Phlip F. Smith
Director of Admissions
Mr. Mark Hopkins  
Williamstown, Massachusetts  

Dear Mark:

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Committee on Admissions has admitted you to Williams College for the term beginning in September, 1972. Congratulations! We have all been impressed with your accomplishments in secondary school and with your promise for an outstanding college career. The Committee’s decision is contingent only upon your satisfactory completion of the year’s program.

With a record number of more than 4700 completed applications, the Admissions Committee was challenged to incorporate a variety of talents, interests and backgrounds in the Class of 1976. Under Early Decision we admitted approximately a third of the class, including scholars, novel writers, ornithologists, a number of enthusiastic environmentalists and backpackers, along with a healthy compliment of musicians, artists, hockey players (both ice and field) and student politicians. I am pleased that the final group accepted represents as many regions and schools, and such an interesting array of academic and extracurricular accomplishments.

I hope you will inform me immediately of your decision to attend Williams, using the enclosed envelope. I am also asking you to send me, before May 1st, a check or money order for $200 to confirm your place here. The sum will be regarded as a nonrefundable deposit on whatever room is assigned to you. Upon hearing from you in the affirmative, we shall mail you a room application form and other material concerned with your freshman year, including a request for a recent photograph from the editor of the Freshman Handbook. The Dean of Freshmen will also mail you the necessary information for course selection.

Because of the uncertainty in regard to the final college preference of many candidates, we have been forced to keep a number of well qualified applicants on a waiting list until we receive a definite answer from those accepted initially. If you do not intend to enter Williams next September, I would also appreciate your letting me know promptly. In fairness to those applicants on our waiting list, I urge you to give me your decision as soon as possible and to say “yes” only if you are positive that you will enter Williams this fall.

My congratulations to you, and I look forward to your joining the Class of 1976 at Williams in September.

Sincerely yours,

Philip F. Smith
Director of Admissions

P.S. Because of the heavy duplications in applications, may I suggest that you withdraw your application to any other college promptly on your decision to enter Williams.

---

**WILLIAMS COLLEGE**

---

**WILLIAMS COLLEGE - MID - SEMESTER WARNING**

Mark Hopkins

**WARNING DATE** Nov 12 1874

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>COURSE NO.</th>
<th>GRADE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Latin 1</td>
<td>L1</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chem. 1</td>
<td>C1</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

U. UNSATISFACTORY; I. INCOMPLETE (GRADE DEFERRED)

IN THE MIDDLE OF EACH SEMESTER INSTRUCTORS REPORT TO THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE THE NAMES OF FRESHMEN WHOSE WORK, AS ESTIMATED AT THAT TIME, IS UNSATISFACTORY. OFFICIAL NOTICE IS SENT TO EACH STUDENT. A NOTICE IS SENT TO THE PARENTS OR GUARDIAN OF A STUDENT WHO RECEIVES TWO OR MORE WARNINGS.

GEORGE C. HOWARD, REGISTRAR
Mr. Mark Hopkins
Room 12, West College
Williams College
Williamstown

Dear Mr. Hopkins:

It has come to my attention that on the night of 30 October 1824, you did engage in a water fight inside of Morgan Hall with Mr. Harry Garfield. Furthermore, in the course of that fight, you are alleged to have dumped a bucket full of water on the head of a Security Officer who came to investigate.

Sir, we cannot allow such transgressions to go unchecked. You are hereby placed on Disciplinary Probation for the balance of your Williams career and I can assure you that were it not for some slight promise of future luminosity, you would be out on your ear.

Sincerely,

The Dean

---

MARK HOPKINS

Semester ending June — 21 — 1874

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COURSE TITLE</th>
<th>COURSE NO.</th>
<th>GRADE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>French (INT)</td>
<td>Fr.4</td>
<td>C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>German (ADV.)</td>
<td>Ge.6</td>
<td>B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Latin (INT.)</td>
<td>La.2</td>
<td>C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Math (INT.)</td>
<td>Ma.2</td>
<td>C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhetoric (INT.)</td>
<td>Re.2</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Physical Training</td>
<td>P.E. 2 Inc.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A, excellent; B, good; C, fair; D, passing; E, failure; I, incomplete (grade deferred); CR, passed without definite grade; NC, course not taken for credit; W, withdrew without credit; EW, withdrew failing; X, grade not included in semester average; courses taken on a pass/fail basis are coded P and F.

GEORGE C. HOWARD, Registrar

---

WILLIAMS COLLEGE LIBRARY

May we remind you that the following books are now overdue. Please return them at once.

PS2625 A44er B; Thomas Mann; The Holy Sinan. B1 M6 v. 35 (1925), The Monist. Inquire at Desk N8217 E6 G; Grant; Eros in Pompeii; the secret rooms of the National Museum of Naples.

Very truly yours,
Circulation Dept.

---

Reserve Overdue Book Charge

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6/1/76</td>
<td>$248.25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

Alumni Fund of Williams College

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the Society of Alumni and the President and Trustees of Williams College, we acknowledge and thank you for this gift to the Alumni Fund. Your gift will be applied to current operating expenses of the College and will support the College in carrying out its responsibility to our society at a private educational institution.

JAMES R. BROOKS '62
Director of Annual Giving
June 24, 1876

Mr. Mark Hopkins
Room 12, West College
Williamstown, Mass. 01267

Dear Mr. Hopkins:

You are handling your checking account here in an unsatisfactory manner. We have left messages at your place of residence for the past several days with no response from you. Unless you immediately get your account straightened out and maintain it in a satisfactory manner, we will be obliged to turn this matter over to the office of the Dean.

We trust you will attend to this without delay.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

PC: Labey

---

March 11, 1976

TO: Mark Hopkins
12 West College
Williamstown, MA 01267

The Housing Committee of the College Council has denied your application to live off-campus for the 76-77 academic year.

We will hold your application in an active file in this office. In the event we are able to grant more off-campus permissions, should you wish to withdraw your application please contact my secretary, Mrs. Lewis (597-2195). You should participate in your house room draw unless you receive permission to go off prior to its being held.

Please contact me if you have any questions.

Sincerely,

C. M. Sankey
Director of Student Housing

---

June 24, 1876

Mr. Mark Hopkins
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS 01267

Dear Mr. Hopkins,

You are handling your checking account here in an unsatisfactory manner. We have left messages at your place of residence for the past several days with no response from you. Unless you immediately get your account straightened out and maintain it in a satisfactory manner, we will be obliged to turn this matter over to the office of the Dean.

We trust you will attend to this without delay.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

---

March 11, 1976

TO: Mark Hopkins
12 West College
Williamstown, MA 01267

The Housing Committee of the College Council has denied your application to live off-campus for the 76-77 academic year.

We will hold your application in an active file in this office. In the event we are able to grant more off-campus permissions, should you wish to withdraw your application please contact my secretary, Mrs. Lewis (597-2195). You should participate in your house room draw unless you receive permission to go off prior to its being held.

Please contact me if you have any questions.

Sincerely,

C. M. Sankey
Director of Student Housing

---

June 24, 1876

Mr. Mark Hopkins
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS 01267

Dear Mr. Hopkins,

You are handling your checking account here in an unsatisfactory manner. We have left messages at your place of residence for the past several days with no response from you. Unless you immediately get your account straightened out and maintain it in a satisfactory manner, we will be obliged to turn this matter over to the office of the Dean.

We trust you will attend to this without delay.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

---

March 11, 1976

TO: Mark Hopkins
12 West College
Williamstown, MA 01267

The Housing Committee of the College Council has denied your application to live off-campus for the 76-77 academic year.

We will hold your application in an active file in this office. In the event we are able to grant more off-campus permissions, should you wish to withdraw your application please contact my secretary, Mrs. Lewis (597-2195). You should participate in your house room draw unless you receive permission to go off prior to its being held.

Please contact me if you have any questions.

Sincerely,

C. M. Sankey
Director of Student Housing
MARK HOPKINS RECEIVES B.A. DEGREE WITH CLASS OF 1976

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass.--Mark Hopkins, son of Archibald and Mary Hopkins of Stockbridge, Mass., received a Bachelor of Arts degree today from Williams College.

Mr. Hopkins is a former member of the Class of 1824, which he led as Valedictorian. It was recently discovered that Mr. Hopkins lacked one physical education credit in 1824, so he returned to complete his requirements and graduated with the Class of 1976.

Mr. Hopkins was active in the following activities: Choral Society, Marching Band, Log (founder), Trivia Contest (founder and first winner), Student Housing Committee (co-chairman), Daguerreotype Club, Gargoyle, Fall Foliage runner, Gul (Faculty Editor), Williams Temperance League, Lehman Service Council, Adelphic Union (secretary), and Varsity Baseball (umpire for 1859 rookie team).

A Dean's List student, Mr. Hopkins was awarded the Lansing Charles Bridgen Latin Fellowship in Latin and Greek.

-30-
ADVERTISING

ODDS AND ENDS
PICKED UP FROM
Remote Corners and Cubbyholes
OF
GARRETTDOM,
THROUGHOUT
CIVILIZATION'S WIDE DOMAIN:
FORMING
A RARE MUSEUM
OF
QUEER AND FANTASTICAL QUIDDITIES,
Mauvellous to Witness,
AND ATTRACTIVE TO THE
NOTIONAL WHIMSEYS
Quodlibetical Humans.

COLLECTED BY
The Gulielmensian
CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 1976

PIERCE WORLD TRAVEL INC.
50 SPRING ST.
WILLIAMSTOWN, MA.
458-5786 01267

COMPLIMENTS OF

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTRIC
81 MAIN STREET
NORTH ADAMS, MASS. 01247

COMPLIMENTS OF

PHILLIP'S
GENERAL STORE
“SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE”
WILLIAMSTOWN, MA.

Berkshire Optical
Eighty-Five Main Street
ON THE CONCOURSE
NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS 01247

MICHAEL N. DEGRAFF
REG. OPTICIAN

COMPLIMENTS
OF
A GOOD FRIEND

King’s Liquor Store
Spring Street—Williamstown
Open 9 a.m. - 11 p.m.
PLENTY OF COLD BEER
FINE LIQUORS
Phone 458-5948 Ray Smith
COMPLIMENTS OF

CONTRACT PAINTING

ALDO'S
Paint - Varnish - Rentals - Wallpaper
101 Main Street  North Adams
Tel: 663-6155

Ralph says . . .
When you think of books
think of Renzi's

Remember, we also
carry used text books

Colonial Pizza

Congratulations
All of the Senior Class and
Thanks Them
for their Patronage

2 LOCATIONS

Corner Eagle & Center Sts.
Tel. 664-4134

50 Spring Street.
Williamstown, Mass.
Tel. 458-9009 or 458-8014

"Good Luck, Graduates" – Constantine
Call 10 Minutes Before Leaving Home—Thank You.
EXCELSIOR
Total Graphic Arts Center
60 Roberts Drive, North Adams

Two companies with a single purpose . . . to provide the highest quality and service. A total package for your graphic art needs. Let us help you with . . .

- Art/Design
- Composition
- Full color offset
- Letterpress
- Photoengraving
- Thermography
- Embossing
- Bindery Service

Catalogs — Brochures — Social & Commercial Engraving
“RAINY DAY—RESTIGOGUICHE RIVER”

This is the first of a series of Hunting and Fishing Prints by

Churchill Ettinger

in a Limited Edition of 400 printed on 80 lb. Rives Paper
Print Size 31 × 24 in full color.

Signed and numbered by the artist $75.00
Remarqued prints $125.00

READ PUBLISHING, INC.
PERU, VERMONT 05152
your college inn . . .

“The place to gather”

Let us help you plan pool parties, dinners, banquets, room reservations . . . anything!

458-9371

Williams Inn

on the college campus
COMPLIMENTS
OF
MARK HOPKINS M.D., D.D., L.L.D.
THE LOG

CONGRATS TO '76
THE
SPIRIT SHOP

"Where Service is The Least of Our Problems"

134 Cole Avenue
Williamstown, Mass. Glenview 8-3704

The Mill on the Floss
Continental Cusing
ROUTE 7
NEW ASHFORD, MASSACHUSETTS
413-458-9123 Closed Tuesday

Williamstown National Bank
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS 01267 TEL. (413) 458-5751
Colored reproductions (19"x25") of "Morgan Hall" and "The Chapel" by Edgar Holloway are available by mail order for the price of $10.00 post paid.

THE FRAME SHOP GALLERY
MAIN STREET  • WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS. 01267

Scott & Bratton is a “must” on your list of places to visit. We are a small shop, dedicated to quality. See a selection of crafts, imports, antiques, leather and woolens. Stop in. You will be most welcome.

SCOTT & BRATTON
Rte. 7, Williamstown, Mass.  413 — 458-5820
Open 7 days a week 9:30-5:30

DRUMMOND CLEANERS
Dry Cleaners — Launderers
SPRING STREET WILLIAMSTOWN 458-4321
| Compliments of TACONIC LUMBER, INC. |
| HEADQUARTERS FOR QUALITY MERCHANDISE SINCE 1889 |
| COMPLETE BUILDER’S SERVICE |
| PETER B. SCHRYVER |
| 20 Water Street |
| Williamstown, Mass. 01267 |

| Compliments of LAMB’S STATIONERY STORE |
| 85 Main Street—On the Concourse |
| Phone 663-5351 |

| Compliments of CAPTAIN’S TABLE |
| THE SEAFOOD HOUSE OF THE BERKSHIRES |
| AMERICAN - ITALIAN SPECIALTIES |
| ROUTES 2-7 |
| COLD SPRING ROAD |
| WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS. |
| TEL. 413-458-5124 |

| Compliments of PENNY’S PLACE |
| 73 Spring Street |
| Williamstown, Mass 01267 |
| “FOR FASHIONABLE GALS” |
| 458-5303 |

| Compliments of RICKERT ELECTRIC INC. |
| COMPLETE ELECTRICAL SERVICE |
| STOPENT REF RENTAL |
| Phone 458-3488 |
| 127 Cole Ave. |
| Williamstown, Mass. |

| Congratulations Class of 1976 |
| TACONIC PACKAGE STORE, INC. |
| Your Draft Beer Headquarters |
| We Deliver |
| Call 458-5634 |
| 79 WATER ST. WILLIAMSTOWN, |
## Williams film society schedule

1976-1977
spring

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Movie(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>September</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>The Last Picture Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>17</td>
<td>The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>24</td>
<td>The Wizard of Oz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Rosemary's Baby &amp; Unman, Wittering and Zigo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Mr. Smith Goes to Washington &amp; Wild in the Streets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Guys and Dolls &amp; Bedtime for Bonzo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>22</td>
<td>The Candidate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Dracula</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Jane Eyre &amp; Dark Victory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Horsefeathers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>19</td>
<td>The Paper Chase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>December</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>The Pink Panther</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>10</td>
<td>The Lady Sings the Blues</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>The Birds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7</td>
<td>The Absent Minded Prof. &amp; Batman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>11</td>
<td>The Eiger Sanction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>14</td>
<td>Down Hill Racer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>18</td>
<td>Duel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>21</td>
<td>The Magic Christian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Rebecca &amp; Notorious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>The Treasure of Sierra Madre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>11</td>
<td>Patton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>18</td>
<td>Gone With the Wind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>25</td>
<td>The Way We Were</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>The Assasination Bureau &amp; Fantastic Voyage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>11</td>
<td>1000 Clowns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>17</td>
<td>The Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Harold &amp; Maude</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
<td>White Line Fever &amp; Truck Stop Women</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>22</td>
<td>Sleeper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Lawrence of Arabia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>My Little Chickadee &amp; Gold Diggers of '33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Day of the Locust</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONGRATULATION CLASS OF 1976

HAYDEN OIL COMPANY

17 WATER ST.
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS. 01267
PHONE 458-8151

ELDORADO TIRES
Best Wishes to the Graduates

The Williams Bookstore

Joseph E. Dewey
Williamstown, Mass
458-5717 01267

Going Whaling
This summer?
This winter?
Next spring?

Better take along some of our whales teeth

All sizes
All prices

Harts' Pharmacists, Inc.
Prescriptions and Health Center
Comoy Pipes—Humidified Cigars
Kodak and Polaroid Cameras
Developing and Printing
Cosmetics
Parker and Cross Pens
Phone 458-5757 Spring Street

Studying late?

Stock up on all your goodies

Ken's Market

Peru, VT 05152

259
Congratulations to the Graduates

B&L Gulf Station

"Reliable Car Care"

TUNE-UP
ACCESSORIES - ROAD SERVICE
WHEEL BALANCING
MUFFLERS INSTALLED
BRAKE SERVICE
TIRES - BATTERIES

95 Spring St.
Williamstown

WE ARE AS NEAR AS YOUR PHONE
Phone 458-9233 or 458-8269

Compliments of

WILLIAMSTOWN SAVINGS BANK

171 MAIN STREET
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS 01267

Compliments of

THE WILLIAMS TEMPERANCE LEAGUE

Compliments of

STATE LINE NEWS

— adult literature —
newspapers — magazines
movies — novelties

(across from gasand)

Rt 7
POWNAL, VT.
823-9373
— patrons over 18 yr. only please —

Nation’s only three-sport pari-mutuel track.
Open all year round
Greyhound racing September 24 through December
Harness racing January through April
THE WILLIAMS CLUB

A Famous Door
24 East 39th Street
The Williams Club in New York City

OX 7-5800

the meeting place of williams men and women in new york!
Resuscitation

Harrigan Medical Products, Manchester, Vermont has developed a Cardiac Resuscitation Monitor (Pat. Pending) which can ensure maximum efficiency in the application of CPR, and also prevent injury and even death which can be caused by improper administration of CPR. The monitor indicates the pressure applied to the chest of the victim of cardiac arrest by a rescuer performing CPR. The unit can be used by either a one or two-man team, and ensures that optimum pressure is applied throughout the CPR procedure.

The Harrigan Cardiac Resuscitation Monitor consists of a pressure sensing cushion and a pressure indication gauge. The cushion provides a flat surface under the rescuer's hands and distributes pressure evenly over the victim's sternum. The 2" pressure indicating gauge is clearly graduated so the rescuer can repeatedly apply optimum pressure. The Harrigan Monitor is compact, low priced, easy to use, and can be stored in any rescue or emergency location. It is of rugged construction, designed to withstand abuse under emergency type conditions.

The Harrigan Monitor was developed, working with hospital staff physicians, in response to demands by emergency personnel who perform cardio-pulmonary resuscitation, and are concerned with the problems inherent in present CPR methods. The Harrigan Monitor is valuable both as an on-the-spot rescue device, and as a training aid in conjunction with a manikin.

HARRIGAN MEDICAL PRODUCTS, INC.
Sales Office P.O. Box 255
York, Maine 03909
Tel. (207) 363-2138
"We're the boys out back"

W. A. READ & Co.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.  01267
Somewhere between the months of September and of June, another academic year has elapsed and that which was once our future is now our past. Burdened by many obstacles, we have strived to illustrate Williams as a four year process of continuity and transition. Though the result of our effort evidences both strengths and weaknesses, we consider this year of organizational growth which will hopefully serve to strengthen a tradition and enthusiasm for the recording of the present which all too quickly and unassumingly becomes our past.

We would like to extend our thanks to Dan Brown and Eliza Fraser our lay-out editors, to Deb Heineman and Marjo Talbott, Senior editors, to Ron Valerin, Literary editor, and to the News Officer and Williams Record for the use of their photo files. We also wish to thank all those who helped make this book possible: Darrilynne Arnelle, Link Avery, Ed Bacher, Penny Brewer, Ellen Causey, Andy Culbert, Jay DiBiaso, Steve Douglass, Suzy Ehrenberg, Verne Endo, Bruce Entwisle, Hugo St. John, Ginny Earll, Jim Follet, Andy Gerra, Deb Gould, Bob Harryman, Marsha Johnston, Mitchell Katz, Peter Kosik, Mark Leach, Jackson Lee, Howie Levitz, Meg Lowman, Trina Mace, John Mavricos, Jeff May, Deb McCarthy, Mark Meachem, Gloria Mobley, Deb Monteith, Betsy Nicholas, Clarence Otis, Kay Pesek, Josh Raymond, Rachel Robb, Mike Rosenblum, Sue Schwab, Joan Shainman, Brent Shay, Monica Sheehan, Lynn Steinberg, Dave Studenmund, Eric Sudin, Scott Suplee, Dave Trawick, Kit Traub, Dirk Van Dijl, Chapin Weeks, Beth Weiman, Ed. Zembaty, Zip Zurn and also to Mrs. McFarland, Mrs. Dalzell and our advisor Jim Hodgkins who gave so freely of their time, and to those who we might have neglected, who though momentary not on the tip of our tongues, are encased in our hearts.

Sincerely yours,

Rhonda Ziter  Stewart Read

Co-Editors

So much to do, so much to do,
So little time, so little time,
It'll never be done,
It'll never be done.
So much to do, it'll never be done.

THE WHITE RABBIT
Gulielmensian