

THE ASCENT

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'Who Killed J.F.K.?' Evokes Audience Terror and Rage

By DARRYL DAVID AMATO

In the movie "3 Days of the Condor," Robert Redford's life is threatened by a number of cryptic characters, possibly even his own employers — the C.I.A. 'Condor' is, of course, fiction, but its theme (that if you wish to survive in America, you must be conniving and amoral) rings true.

In the lecture "Who Killed J.F.K.?" speaker Bill Spiropoulos, a member of the Political Assassination Investigation Agency, is telling Americans that they must abort the conspiracies and corruptions that exist in real life and that make suspense movies like 'Condor' seem too real.

Spiropoulos uncovers so much incriminating evidence against the F.B.I., C.I.A. and Secret Service agents in collusion to the assassination of John Kennedy that he, almost unintentionally and uncontrollably, evokes terror and rage in his audience.

The Zapruder film, and subsequent enlarged still frames from the film, intimate tremendously, if not prove conclusively that there was a conspiracy to murder the President.

In this film, taken by a man in the crowd watching the Dallas motorcade, Spiropoulos calls attention to the mysterious "man with an umbrella." Not only is this man carrying a black umbrella on a beautiful, sunny day in Dallas, but he opens it, seconds before the President is shot. Was it a signal? Was the umbrella itself a weapon? Spiropoulos conjectures that the umbrella contained a poison dart that was released upon opening of the umbrella, hit Kennedy in the throat and then immediately disintegrated in Kennedy's stomach. Kennedy WAS hit in the throat. If he was hit by a bullet, why was no metallic debris evident?

The film also reveals the possible countenance of Jack Ruby, Oswald's slayer, at the event. Ruby said he wasn't there when the President was shot.

One cop on a motorcycle abandons the motorcade prior to the shooting despite strict orders to stick closely by it.

The driver of the Kennedy car claims he looked at the President after he had been shot and decided to floor the car. But only Kennedy's head and body reverts violently backward in the film.

Spiropoulos ventures that there was a shot to Kennedy's forehead, which necessitates the belief in another gun, another assassin and, of course, a conspiracy.

The Kennedy car was NOT finely combed for evidence, but stripped and destroyed of all evidence.

In Dallas, a man wearing a white shirt and tie, walked away with a bullet fragment before the eyes of the police, moments after the shooting. No one bothered to ask him questions.

The doctors who performed the autopsy on the President had never done one before.

Oswald's fingerprints do not appear on the gun from which he supposedly shot the President.

The Secret Service drank liquor til four in the morning the night before the Kennedy parade. They were most likely hung over and had delayed reactions the day of the shooting.

A frame from the Zapruder film leads its viewer to believe that Oswald was standing in the doorway of the book depository, the building from which he allegedly shot the President, only seconds after the shooting occurred.

There is no record of the initial police interrogations of Oswald. The man went without the right to attorney for 48 hours. Oswald did not even know he was being held for shooting the President until, while he was being moved in daylight, before commercial television, to another location, a man asked him why he killed the President. Oswald responded, "No, no, I didn't shoot anyone."

When a tape of Oswald's sentence was hooked up to a lie detector that measures stress, the detector indicated no stress in Oswald's voice. He may have been telling the truth.

Spiropoulos intimates that the Warren Commission, assigned by President Johnson to investigate the murder of Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald, was either carelessly shoddy or intentionally sloppy. It miraculously attributes seven wounds to three bullets. It has Oswald firing an inaccurate, Italian gun (traditionally used for rabbit hunting) from the improbable position in a sixth floor window of the book depository.

The Warren report does not sound so preposterous when one



discovers that the Commission relied primarily upon F.B.I., C.I.A. and Secret Service accounts of the tragedy.

The most shocking point of the lecture is that Spiropoulos did not present ALL the theories, facts and photos that question the

validity of the Commission, indicate conspiracy and threaten further the credibility and purity of past and present American government.

Mrs. Kennedy was given a bouquet of red roses at the outset of that fatal day in Dallas. Spiro-

poulos, so convinced that the murder was known by many persons before it actually happened, sardonically suggested that she should have been handed a dead fish wrapped in newspaper (an ancient practice of the Mafia which means a man will be "hit" today).

On the Stigma of Counseling

Dear Student,

We, the staff of the Rosary Hill Student Counseling Center, are writing this letter in an attempt to acquaint you with who we are, and what we have to offer. Since the three of us are new to Rosary Hill, we find ourselves at a disadvantage as our faces are not familiar ones. Hopefully, however, in time you will all get to know us. The director of our center is Dr. Tamar Halpern and our two staff counselors are Dave Cristantello and Mike Podd. Many of you may know Mike who is a campus resident. Carol Auslander, a recent alumni of Rosary Hill, is our secretary and receptionist.

To our dismay, we have learned that many students on this campus have a bias against counseling. We would like to take this opportunity to dispel some of the stereotyped notions you might have about us. The three biggest misconceptions about the counseling center appear to be:

- 1) Counseling is only for sick, weak, mentally-unstable people.
- 2) Counselors are either Bob Newhart bumbler types or Sigmund Freud types who will instantly diagnose you as having one complex or another and thus analyze every move you make.
- 3) There is no privacy, once you confide in a counselor it will be all over campus.

NONE OF THESE ARE TRUE!

The stigma of counseling, the idea that only unstable people need to seek out help is unfortunately a common belief. On the contrary, a certain amount of maturity and emotional strength is necessary to admit that a problem exists which one is unable to deal with alone. A counselor can provide objectivity in reaching a solution because he is not directly involved in the situation. In this sense, a counselor may be a substitute for a friend, lover or relative who may be involved in the problem or lack the ability to deal with it objectively. A discussion of one's problem with a counselor may also provide a new perspective or awareness about the self. We all have difficulties from time to time, after all, we are all human. We feel that we can offer you a place to talk things over freely. Much of one's strength comes from realizing one's weaknesses.

Who are the counselors? The media has generally portrayed counselors as smug, bearded, old men with Viennese accents. While not denying that some counselors fit that mold, we think a visit to DS113 will show that we are not of that vintage.

There also seems to be a general misconception around the idea of confidentiality. How much should I say, fearing that everyone will sit around and discuss me and my problems? Confidentiality is a basic factor of counseling and whatever is discussed will remain a private interaction between you and the counselor involved.

We hope that by sharing these thoughts with you, you will come to think differently about us and you will feel more comfortable in making use of the Counseling Center. We are located in 113DS and are open 9-5, Monday through Friday. Come in and talk! You can drop in or call for an appointment or if you have any questions, 839-3600, Ext. 234 or Ext. 233.

Tammy Halpern
Dave Cristantello
Mike Podd

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RHC Chemical Society - 'Above Average'

The Rosary Hill College student affiliate chapter of the American Chemical Society has been honored with an "above average" rating by the Council Committee on Chemical Education of the American Chemical Society.

Stanley Kirschner, chairman of the council, announced that Rosary Hill College's American Chemical Society student affiliate organization was selected for the special commendation for its excellent record throughout the year. Out of a total of 609 student chapters throughout the country, only 92 were rated "above aver-

age" for the 1974-75 academic year.

Dr. Albert Wang is chairman of the Rosary Hill College Department of Chemistry; Mr. Wilbert Eger is faculty advisor to the student affiliate of the American Chemical Society on the Rosary Hill College campus.

Student officers of the organization are: Ralph J. Magliette '76, President; Karan A. Parucki '76, Vice President; Christine Durewicz '76 Treasurer; and Christine M. Gryko '77, Secretary.

Mardi Gras

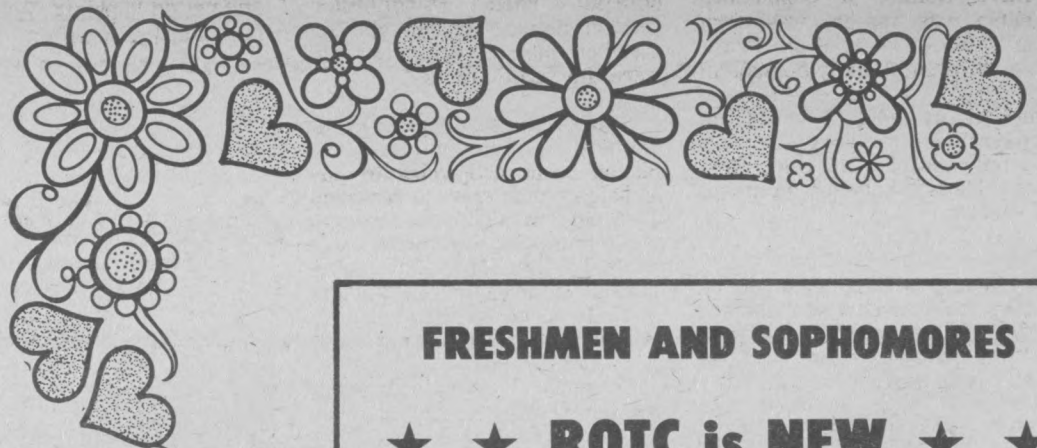
The third annual Mardi Gras will be held this year on Friday February 27 in Wick Dining Room beginning at 8:30 p.m. The Student Activities Board, Phi Beta Gamma and Campus Ministry will again be coordinating the program. Every society, organization and class on campus is invited to share in making the dining room the scene of a huge carnival of fun and games. The main object of the evening is to

bring everybody together for a night of fun. If any group would also like to make a little money for their treasury they may do so. This is the opportunity for everybody to get involved. Register your activity in the Campus Ministry Office as soon as possible so that their won't be duplications.

Submitted by Father Wangler

Who's Who at Rosary Hill

Congratulations to the following students nominated to Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges: Armando S. Abrams, Darryl D. Amato, Diane T. Bates, Karen A. Caffery, Nancy Cammarata, Kathleen A. Curran, Joyce M. Figlioti, Robin J. Gabner, Mary Ann Gaglione, Susan E. Hart, Cynthia Read Hubacher, Thomas A. Leece, Eugene E. Lenahan Jr., Maria J. Lopriore, Patricia A. McKernan, Barbara E. Mitchell, Michelle A. Ott, Elizabeth M. Pilecki, Johanna Porpiglia, Antoni J. Przybyla, David H. Rusin, Louise M. Salamone, Patricia A. Stewart, Nancy J. Swartz, Robert B. Walker, III, Patricia M. Weichsel, Theresa A. Wild.



RHC Bowling Club

RHC Bowling Club celebrated the conclusion of the first semester of bowling with a spaghetti dinner and awarding of prizes. Paul Frank, Phyllis Badurek and Greg Stromecki as team number five had a record of 22 wins and 10 losses. Running a close second was team number one with 21 wins and 11 losses. Members of this team were Faith Sikorski, Ann Marie Wisner and Laurel Guinther. The dinner was held at E.C.C. Newman Center and was cooked by Paul Frank.

Bowling will resume on Thursdays beginning on February 13 from 4:30 to 6:00 p.m. at Sheridan Lanes. Cost is \$2.00 a week. Anyone interested should leave name at Wick Desk or call Faith Sikorski at 896-7480. We need more 3-person teams as well as individuals who would bowl regularly or as substitutes.

Submitted by Father Wangler
Moderator

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Campus Opinion: Kennedy Assassination

By DENISE M. SIUDA

As a history major, Jim Chase says he knows all sides of the morbid story of the John Kennedy assassination. He views speaker Bill Spiropoulos' theories as interesting, but not necessarily accurate. What the Warren Commission said happened is not what really happened, Jim believes.

One RHC freshman, who walked into the lecture (given in RHC's Wick Center on January 28) very sceptical, became more convinced as Mr. Spiropoulos presented his materials (films, slides and recordings). She believes some of the theories, but others she considered "far-fetched."

"It was interesting to see how the Kennedy 'assassination' (performed by some gun-crafty lunatic) turned into the Kennedy 'conspiracy.' It was interesting — not surprising," notes Daryl Smith, a music major.

Most of the students interviewed feel that the presentation was interesting and informative, and many can agree with at least some of the theories Spiropoulos offered.

Dave Donlin, a sophomore theatre arts major, was very moved by the films of the President being shot. Many persons in Spiropoulos' audience felt some emotion in this portion of the presentation. Gasps and murmurings of "Oh, God, no!" were released between moments of silence.

Some students have very strong and precise opinions of what actually occurred in Dallas. Freshman Steve Mafri believes the first shot was a dart fired by the man with the umbrella. (Moments before the first shot was heard on that warm day in Dallas, a man opened his umbrella, and closed it after the President had been shot. Mr. Spiropoulos feels that it was possible that some form of projectory was built into the umbrella, which possibly fired poison pellets when opened. The first wound on Kennedy was in the throat, and there were no bullet traces in the wound.) Steve feels that the second shot was fired by Lee Harvey Oswald, and that that shot hit Governor John Connally. The third shot, according to Steve, was fired from the grassy knoll, and hit Kennedy in

the head. He also felt that more than three shots were fired (in opposition to the Warren Commission findings).

The lecture's opening song ("What the World Needs Now is Love") was too sentimental for Darryl Amato, an English major. Darryl feels the song did not benefit the lecture in any way. However, he is impressed with the lecture, especially the films, frames and "hard-core facts." "Undeniably, there was a conspiracy," Darryl says, "Whoever was behind the conspiracy is questionable, but even if the F.B.I., C.I.A. and Secret Service agents were not involved in it, they, at least, let it happen. That would make them possible accessories to the crime."

Personally, I went into this lecture with an open mind, knowing very little about the JFK assassination. Through the lecture, I kept reminding myself that this was only one side of the story. Even so, I feel that Mr. Spiropoulos presented many indisputable facts.

Because of my interest in this subject, I am currently reading Jim Bishop's book "The Day Kennedy Was Shot," published in 1968. Bishop says many things in this book which are in complete conflict with Spiropoulos' presentation, even though I'm sure both men felt what they said were the "true" facts.

Aside from this conflict, I tend to believe Spiropoulos over Bishop because Spiropoulos has had eight more years to research the topic, and also because some of the things he said make more sense. I believe that there was a conspiracy and that Oswald was partially used by whoever was behind this conspiracy.

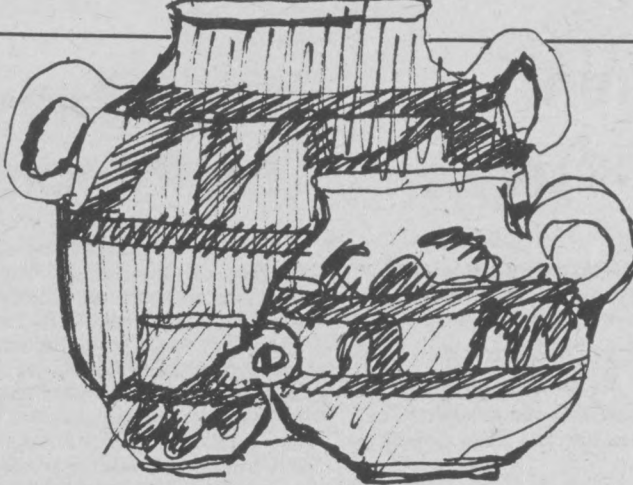
Spiropoulos' lecture brought out many unanswered questions: Was there a conspiracy? If so, who was behind it? Why was the investigation of this case so bungled? Who were all those men who supposedly were Secret Service men, or policemen, but were never seen again?

The list goes on and on. But there is one main question which might never be answered: Who pulled the trigger of the gun which put the bullet through the President's brain, and why? No matter how filthy or painful the answer might be, I feel this nation wants and deserves the truth.

*the snarled, haunted road
we all must travel
was journeyed by John
whose fate-can we unravel?*

*May Death be happy
grinning in blood
yet, Death may you drown
in deep tears mourners flood!*

Daryl Smith



Crafts in Mexico...

A slide lecture on Mexico from the artist craftsmen's point of view will be held on Thursday, February 26 at 7:00 P.M. in the Schenck Lounge of Wick Center. Carol Townsend, assistant professor of ceramics, will talk about her recent trips to Mexico in relation to the people, the crafts, the environment. This presentation is in conjunction with the Ceramics Workshop/Mexico which Rosary Hill College is sponsoring this summer. The lecture is free of charge and all are welcome.

RHC Basketball Women Lead

Sue Bennett's 22 points lead the RHC Women's Basketball Team to a 44-55 victory over D'Youville College. Carolyn Bower played a strong game under the boards, and netted 12 points. Terry Donahue chipped in with 8.

Thoughts From Campus Ministry

The ultimate decision about faith cannot be the fate of a straw man, easy to set up or knock down, depending on the barometric reading of the present moment. We can't afford the dishonesty of setting up such a silly version of God and faith that even an amateur could do a clean assassination job. Nor do we want such a pollyannish version — normally fed to children — that no one in his right mind could digest it and remain healthy.

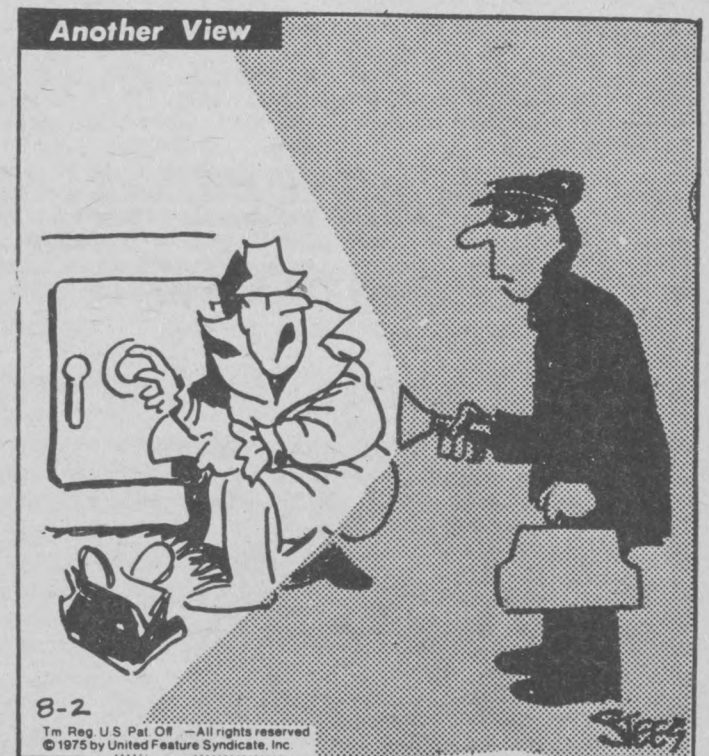
Our childhood concept of God and faith was, if nothing else, a child's thoughts in a child's world. God was either a Sugardaddy or a Slavemaster, depending on whom we listened to. We can't go on clutching to or clashing with an infantile version of God and faith.

We need, when the ache of the question is upon us, an open mind, one that is willing to rethink, revise, rejudge.

If we have learned this necessity of openness from our contact with other human beings, refusing to categorize them, or imprison them in a once and for all judgment, fixed and forever, then perhaps we owe the same courtesy to God. First impressions are often misleading, very often distorted, always incomplete.

John Powell in 'A Reason To Live!'

Submitted By Father Wangler



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"SCRAM — I'M FROM THE FBI."

Student Association: The Budget, The Program, The People

By MARIE FORTUNA

One afternoon during Exam Week last December, Chairman of Student Affairs, Jim Chase met with Chairman of Budget, Jim Lash and Chairman of the Governing Board, Sue Bennett. They sat around the S.A. office. A couple of onlookers had followed them in. One onlooker was pesty. Always asking questions.

The budget. \$17,000. Deciding how much to ask for, estimating costs a year ahead of time isn't easy. Are you estimating high enough to meet expenses? Will the administration accept your provisional budget? If not will they shave it slightly? Or lop the head off? Guillotine it?

"Every department at school has to submit a budget," lanky Jim Lash says, "And an accurate budget too. No reason Student Association shouldn't have to do it too. Our \$17,000 has to last from September 76 to May 1977. Today we've got to take that figure, break it up and justify exactly where and how we are going to spend the money."

"Spring Weekend we expect to get Peter Yarrow, formerly of Peter, Paul and Mary," said bearded Jim Chase. "It would be expensive. Jim looked at the catalogue of available professional groups and read off some of the figures." Yes only wants \$45,000. That's nothing. Three Dog Night asked for \$100,000. America wanted \$12,000.

"That's a lot for 3 guitars, 3 stools and 3 microphones," Jim Lash said.

Not only money problems but technical problems make program planning rough sometimes. "Electrical problems with the building. The groups need a lot of juice. It would cost a lot to run a line into the building. For the Shawn Phillips Concert we were thinking of maybe a generator standing outside the building," said brown haired Jim Chase.

Asked what year he was in, history major Jim Chase said, "I'm here too long, I'm a junior plus. Tell students we've got a duplicator they can use. Available on request. Ask at Wick Desk. And we're building an ice skating rink alongside Lourdes. That will need upkeep."

Serious discussion of budget continued with lots of banter in between. When someone asked Jim Lash how he chose Rosary Hill from his faraway home in

Springfield, Massachusetts, Chase quipped, "We were looking for a token vegetarian for the school."

Laughter.

And when Lash was asked what he includes in his diet, Chase interrupted with, "Fingernails." Everyone laughed.

"How did Lash get to be a vegetarian?" the nosey onlooker insisted,

"He got sick on steak one day. He went to MacDonald's and got tapeworm."

"No," said Chase, "actually he's a migrant grape worker trying to put butchers out of work."

Lash, enjoying the kidding said, "About two years ago I got into yoga and things like that. Vegetarianism just kind of filtered in with the philosophy. Religious. Moral reasons. St. Francis of Assisi, Tolstoy, Leonard DaVinci, G.B. Shaw, Thoreau, they were all vegetarians."

"I get protein. I'm a lacto-vegetarian. I include eggs, milk and cheese," Lash continued.

Both history majors, Chase and Lash also share a love for music. Jim Chase sang at the Parent's Weekend Coffeehouse last semester. "I've played guitar for the past 5 years. I play about 18 different instruments," Chase explained. "I also have a part time job playing."

"I'm kind of a music freak," sandy haired Jim Lash admitted. "I play. I own a classical. I listen. I'm a very good listener. Steve How. He's with Yes, I like his style. He's versatile."

Only three. Out of more than 1000 students. Sitting there Exam Week working out details of the budget to be submitted to the administration. The onlooker, always asking questions, couldn't stop herself.

"There isn't a member of S.A. who won't say it, we need to hear more from students about what they want," Jim Lash said thoughtfully. "We'd definitely like more input from students. They sometimes complain there's nothing to do at college. But when S.A. had an open forum last semester to hear from them, only 57 out of a possible 1,100 students showed up. A handful. S.A. is not an exclusive club. All

students belong because they are students."

"About S.A., most important to Geraldine Lawler, vice chairman of the Governing Board, and me, is we'd like all students to be aware of the services S.A. offers," Sue Bennett asserted. "Like academic assistance. If you have trouble with a teacher or a grade, first go to the teacher, then to the head of the department. If you still have trouble, come to the Student Association. We are able to help you through a process called the Hearing Board."

Tiny gold globes punctuate her pierced ears. Sue's wavy dark brown hair ends at her collar. Sue Bennett, hazel eyed, has a steady level gaze. Almost a stare. She's chairman of the Governing Board until December. "The Middle States Association of colleges is trying to find out through its committees how much input students have," Sue explains. "We want to help students have more input. Into each department. Psychology. Natural Sciences. Sociology. History. English. Every department."

"Physical therapy is my major. I'm a junior. I love sports and I've played 3 years on the women's RHC basketball team." When asked why she hasn't played on the men's team she laughed loudly and said, "We had a Title Nine conference about that in November."

"New York State sponsored Title Nine requires any college or high school offering a sports scholarship to make an opportunity for a person of either sex to compete within his or her own sex. So if there is a Fly Football scholarship, and I asked to try out for it, the college would have to fund a girls Fly Football team to give me a chance to compete."

Sue comes from a family with two younger sisters and one older brother. She says, "My grandmother suggested Rosary Hill. I did not want U.B. I was considering out of town colleges. But the atmosphere is great here. People are friendly. You know a lot of people and you get along with everybody."

"Away from school I like to be outdoors hiking and camping. My 250 Yamaha goes good on the Thruway. I drive around on it in summer an awful lot," she said.

Deadline time. We're still waiting to hear if the budget got OKed.

Robin Gabner's Inter-Semester

By CATHY BALL JENSEN

"I guess I have a tendency to do strange things. When I realized what I'd decided to do, I said, 'What are you getting yourself into?'"

Robin Gabner, a senior here at Rosary Hill, found many of his friends saying the same thing. Robin and Mary Jean Kenny, both students in the Metropolitan Crises class, spent Christmas vacation studying Chippewa Street, as a result of the class.

"We found articles that spoke of it as a dark, dirty street where bad things go on. What we saw was that Chippewa is a community itself within the Buffalo community. That splits into a day community and a night community. The night one is just what I'd heard of — prostitutes, bums, drunkards — but the day community is just the opposite."

The first few days of the study was spent making a map of the streets and the stores. "I tried to create relationships with the store owners," Robin said. "I'd sit down like a regular patron and they were so friendly they'd just call me down to have a coffee with them. They'd drop anything they were doing to help you out."

Robin's involvement in the world of Chippewa Street brought him a deeper understanding of the workings of a small close-knit community. He continued, "I was fascinated with the awareness of the people there. It's a rough part of the city, but the people respect each other. The shop owners don't bother the people at night and the night people don't bother the day people. They aren't going to harass each other. They know the others will find out if something happens."

"I let the store owners in on what I was doing. They agreed that the area has lost face. It draws those kind of people that are being written about and talked about. It's like a circle. And some of those bums... One was a Merchant Marine man, one a Supreme Court Justice, one had been a priest."

Robin and Mary Jean have coined Chippewa Street "the Watched Street." Robin hopes to bring this point out in a paper he is writing for possible publication. "You're being

watched all the time when you first go there, till the store owners and the 'skid rows' and the prostitutes recognize you," Robin explains, "until they find out you're not a harm to them. We were eyed up again after the big bust. That Monday there was an atmosphere of uneasiness. Everyone was strangers again. I was asked if I had a part in it. I got second looks."

Robin understands the day community of Chippewa and likes to be in it. "I can't get over the atmosphere of community in the day people. I feel bad about their 'rep.' One store owner would have our coffee ready for us, just the way we like it, as soon as she saw us coming down the street."

"I don't think you could go into Amherst and interview people like I did on Chippewa," Robin said. "I wouldn't be afraid to go down during the day. The owners would say 'Where you been? We missed you' and they'd buy me a cup of coffee. It's so different from, like, Eastern Hills or a suburban mall. They have a lot of nice stores on Chippewa that no one knows about."

Though Robin was impressed by the day community, he found Chippewa Street at night just as rough as its reputation. "We went down there one night, just walkin' around. A cop car went by and three girls on the corner took off. We said 'let's get out of here.' It was strange."

Mary Jean found it an unpleasant experience also. "Never again," she says. "People were checking us out. No one spoke to us but the bartender. The next day we found out that the police team was two guys and a girl and that's what we were. That's why."

Robin Gabner has only good things to say about his inter-semester experience. He has gained an appreciation of an unappreciated community. "I don't have one bad feeling about that community," he stresses. "I'd like to see the notion of a bad place destroyed. Mary Jean and I agree that there's nothing an individual can do. It takes time but it has to change from the outside. Outsiders have to change their attitude about Chippewa Street. It's old buildings and bums but there's warmth there."



Happy
Valentine's
Day!



Take Two, You'll Like Them

By MARIE FORTUNA

Jane Isaac's mother started out to adopt one white American toddler. She ended up adopting two Korean sisters aged 2 and 5 instead. "Actually the family did the adopting," explained Jane, a Rosary Hill sophomore in psychology.

"Mother had tried to adopt locally. But when you are 40, with 4 children already, even if they are grown up children, no agency will look at you," Jane said. "The Syracuse agency said mom would be on the waiting list 5 years with no guarantee she'd get to adopt even then."

"Our local agency helped us apply for a Korean-American girl through Welcome House, Doylestown, Pennsylvania. After 3 years of sending 27 copies of all kinds of forms, even my parents' marriage license, we got the phone call. Two full blooded Korean sisters were ready if we wanted them.

"Well," said Jane, "when mom heard we could have the two girls, she called a family conference. We all had to vote. It had to be unanimous. It would affect all of us. We all voted yes. We wanted them. When they arrived 4 months later, we were all at Kennedy Airport waiting," she said laughing. "First it was going to be just a few of us. But we all wanted to be there."

Bitter chocolate colored eyes. Thick, long dark brown hair. When Jane talks of Kim-Li and Cara-Lin obvious pride shows. She smiles. She talks volubly. Her eyes sparkle.

"Mass confusion that night in August 1971. First the plane arrived at 2 A.M. instead of midnight. Then the group of Korean kids came out the wrong gates," she said. "We searched. We knew which ones were ours because they wore tags with their names and our names on them."

"They were so thin. Their heads were shaven to prevent lice infestation. Both girls had sores all over their bodies. Kim, 30 pounds light, 5 years old, had an ear infection," Jane said sadly. "Cara arrived with German Measles. My father had to sign a medical waiver to get her."

"We drove them right to Skaneateles Lake. Where we had our summer cottage. They were so tired. They'd traveled 30 hours in the air. They were scared. Silent. They watched us when they thought we weren't looking. If we looked, they looked away.

"What first broke the ice," Jane said, "was the red heart on the Raggedy Ann doll. You see, after mom gave them baths, and dressed them in new P.J.'s, she gave them each a doll. One girl lifted the doll's skirt and spied the red heart on Raggedy Ann's behind. She burst out laughing. Her sister laughed. We all did."

"American flush toilets got them laughing too. They'd flush them all hours of the day or night. But at night they cried for 'Omma'," she said suddenly serious. "My father slept with one and my mother with the other. For a month."

"The girls used to sing Korean songs together at first. My father still has their songs on tape. But one day they began singing the first line of Jingle Bells. Over and over," Jane said smiling. That's when the Isaac family knew the girls were beginning to feel at home.

The different life style Kim and Cara had lived before they came to America showed in many ways. "The first time we took them to Skaneateles Lake, they took off their new bathing suits carefully so as not to get them wet," she said. "They started to wash themselves. They thought we expected them to wash themselves in the lake."

Not a freckle on Jane Isaac's face, but she has the kind of face a freckle would feel at home on. Wholesome. Healthy. You could picture her in a wheat germ commercial.

Bringing the girls home has wrought changes. "We built an addition to the house. My mother designed it. And though we've always been close, the girls have brought our family closer. Kim and Cara are a very special part of our family," she said. "We all worked together for them."

"The girls have skied since they were 2 and 5. We all ski. And every Sunday my father takes them to the library. They love to

read. Even late at night with their little flashlights," Jane giggled. "That great interest in reading. That's my father's influence."

"The girls are very intelligent. Much more so than we are," Jane said, speaking of herself and her three brothers. "We're all average. But Cara, only 6, reads at the 5th grade level."

"My sister," Jane brags, "now plays violin. My mother, who is a violinist and an organist, founded the Syracuse school of Suzuki Method. She started the girls at 5 and 2 years of age. Cara is talented. She's gone through music book after music book. She plays Vivaldi all from memory."

The Isaac girls, Yoo Kyong Jon, now Kim-Li, age 9, and Yoo Son Jon, now Cara Lin, age 6, became naturalized citizens September 1975. Jane hopes they won't lose all of their cultural heritage. "They don't remember any of their Korean language. We didn't know how to speak it."

"My parents are concerned that the girls maintain contact with Korean friends. We want them to keep their own identity alive. There's a Korean lady doctor on our street. She visits. There are young married Korean students at Syracuse University. They have a kind of cultural club and the girls are invited to their social events. Kim and Cara play with Korean children there," she added thoughtfully. "And my parents were host family for a Korean graduate student and his wife."

In response to a question about child raising, Jane replied, "My parents' philosophy has always been to make each child realize what he can be, to make them want to be all they can become. To create a sense of pride in self."

Generation gap. Isn't there always supposed to be one? Looked for it everywhere. Couldn't find it. Jane Isaac likes her family. She's genuinely proud of her mother, who she describes as "intelligent and capable." Jan says, "My mother has red hair, blue eyes, freckles, boundless energy, six kids. And she's terrific."

Poet's Corner

SONNETT 22
by Daryl Smith

*with each glance upward my eyes find your face
which embodies those eyes that with silence embrace.
but before my eyes can blink once more
away you look since fear's at heart's core.
yet how can i know your gaze is fixed upon me
unless within your face are the only eyes i see?
with each retreating step our sighs are not dwindling
in watching us flee 'til the next rekindling.
Oh how can a sunset redden a cold wintry eve
when brisk, husky clouds may dim to deceive?
so how can we speak or with each other be
if while longing in quiet cools love's cup of tea?
with every glance upward my eyes see your face
yet away we look for love in some other place.*

RUNNING WITH TUCKER
by Cathy Tobia

*Smooth and sleek as onyx stone
The blackbird soars a wingless flight
And sweeping glides of rhythmic beat
With pavement barely touching feet
Expel the strides from left to right
(Broken once at signal light)*

*But once again in constant sheen
Skin is fresh and movement clean
And smiles ride the air ahead
While weeping strings of steps are shed
With muscles toned and senses keen
On wing — the blackbird
long and lean.*

*Our days pass quickly
Our time together; very short
The moments pass by
New ones we can't import*

*Time never stops
It continues to move past
As the moments pass by
Always too fast.*

*Things go undone
Memories, sometimes forgot
And the moments pass by
And the good times begin to rot.*

*Words never said
Still clinging to our tongues
Then the moments stop.
But why, when he was still so young?*

To-Eddie-who died suddenly
1964-1976

Denise M. Siuda

I won't look away

*In case you're ever wondering why I don't have much to say
or, if in guessing where my thoughts might be today,
you would ever feel the need to cast a glance my way;
please feel free to look at me; I won't look away.*

*Though there's some chance of knowing you more than I do
now
there's someone closer to your heart to whom I must bow.
But if you notice in my eyes a faint and flickering glow
it is because I had to take the chance that you could know
how I feel about you.
I hold back even now.
If I can't tell you soon some way I may not know how.*

*So just in case you're wondering why I don't have much to say
or, if in guessing where my thoughts might be today,
you would ever feel the need to cast a glance my way;
please feel free to look at me; I won't look away.*

Mark R. Hardy

classified

WANTED — LON'S BAND "SERGIO" AT MORE MIXERS AT
ROSARY HILL

—Daryl Smith



At the Movies: Pacino Triumphs in Comic-Tragic 'Dog Day Afternoon'



By DARRYL DAVID AMATO

Writing a review of "Dog Day Afternoon" means, fundamentally, expatiating on Al Pacino. "Dog Day Afternoon" is Al Pacino's tour de force. As Sonny, a man who in real life robbed a Brooklyn bank on August 22, 1972, Pacino stars in his most comic role. He plays it so seriously and subjectively that the character becomes hilarious and, toward the climax, all the more tragic.

Pacino's comical lines, flowing simultaneously from his nose and throat, are outrageously funny because his face is so solemn. Pacino's grim visage, that looks like a little, lost, brown-eyed, shaggy-haired puppy dog's countenance, tells us a lot about what's going on internally in Sonny; He's a crazy, screwed up, calamitous victim of modern society.

When Pacino is rounding up the shocked-delighted bank tellers, he says, in funny veracity, "I'm a Catholic and I don't want to hurt anyone." Sonny really doesn't want to hurt anyone. He just wants \$2,500 to pay for his male bride's sex-change operation.

When a maniac calls him on a bank phone and advises "Kill everybody," Sonny is actually frightened to think about what

this world's coming to and what he's coming to. Sonny is so aghast that he must tell Moretti, the lieutenant outside the locked and fortified bank, about the "obscene" phone call. Both agree it's horrendous and that there are a lot of nuts in this world.

Pacino is still portraying a criminal, but Sonny is quite different from the Godfather. Sonny is not cold, organized and calculating. He is highstrung, compassionate to his hostages and unsystematic in his style. He carelessly throws his rifle around. He almost forgets to take the money before leaving. He permits the captive women to go to the bathroom. His nervousness is subtly revealed by an occasional, quick twitch of his left cheek. The constant fumbling and the cracks in his voice are conspicuous evidence of frustration.

Charles Durning is good, too. As the bumbling, yet serious Moretti, he is explosive. The lieutenant slowly, softheartedly tries to persuade Sonny to give himself up. But Moretti is as unprofessional a law man as Sonny is a bank robber.

Some of 'Dog Day's' finest scenes are between Durning and Pacino. Especially de luxe is Moretti and Sonny's argument over the cop who tries to break into the back door of the bank.

Sonny is disappointed that Moretti has conned him. Moretti is disturbed because he is truly unaware and uncontrollable of a lot of what his men are doing.

"Dog Day Afternoon" is more about police versus police than police versus criminals. Moretti orders some cops to watch from the roofs, and they trek to the fire escapes. He decrees the over zealous street police to put their guns in their holsters, and they remain with pistols pointed.

The film is also about the F.B.I. against the local police. The heartless, scheming Feds can't wait to take over for the sloppy, sentimental Moretti. When they do, they are merciless.

Ironies abound. When posed with the option of escaping New York's madness by accompanying his "husband" to Algeria, Sonny's "bride" insists that people are crazy there because they walk around and wear masks.

The goofy bank tellers have a great time dancing and eating pizza. It's an adventure for them. "We're having a bank robbery," the head teller informs one of her girls, and she says it with such glee that it sounds like "We're having a party."

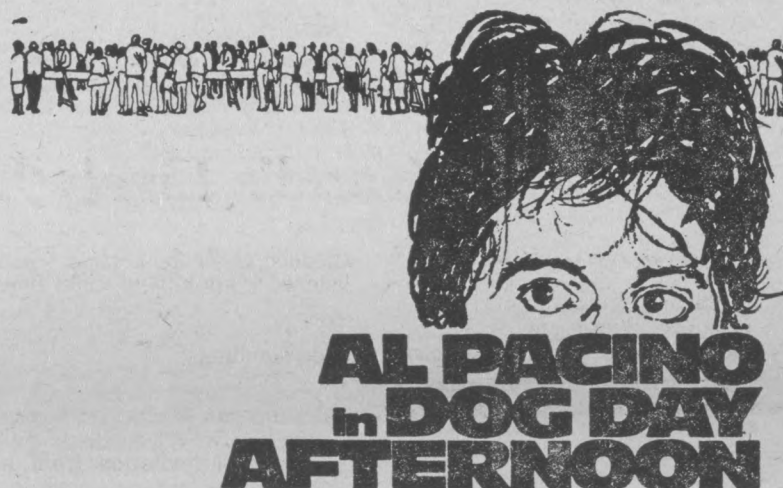
Director Sydney Lumet is in

the same breath disgusted and enraptured by New York City. Opening shots show New York people working and playing in a sort of sordid Disneyland where the streets are dirtier than the refuse the garbage men are collecting.

New York serves as an obvious, convenient metaphor for the corruption and craziness that is sweeping contemporary America and, by imaginary extension, the world. The bank and the immediate streets around it, where the mob and the media egg Sonny on, are also a microcosm, a little world of sweet insanity.

John Cazale (Fredo in the 'Godfather' movies) is Sal, Sonny's scared, quiet, simple-minded accomplice. When asked what country he'd like to escape to, Sal most earnestly tells Sonny, Wyoming.

"Dog Day Afternoon" is so moving and melodious in its dialogue (the brilliance of screenwriter Frank Pierson) and its action (the magnificence of director Lumet) that it has no music and needs no music to underscore its emotions. "Dog Day Afternoon" is, in six simple terms, the best picture of the year.



Hindenburg Explosion is Real 'Star' of the Show

by DARRYL DAVID AMATO

The two years and the 16 million dollars that it took to complete Robert Wise's production of "The Hindenburg" shows on the Panavision screen. Most of the time and money was spent on constructing a massive, beautiful facsimile of the Hindenburg (exterior and interior), and then destroying it.

The Hindenburg was a German zeppelin that inexplicably exploded and burned to the steel girders as it attempted to land at Lakehurst, New Jersey in 1937. There are a number of possible explanations for the holocaust, including mechanical failure. For screenwriter Nelson Gidding, that idea is too undramatic. Gidding favors the theory that the blimp blew up as a result of sabotage. On screen, the Hindenburg, a symbol of Nazi power and supremacy, is demolished by an anti-Nazi aboard the airship.

the script and less time was spent by most of the actors performing it. The producers could have saved more money by not casting the minor, mindless character roles with popular people who are usually outstanding. Anne Bancroft, as a countess, Gig Young, an ex-spy, and Burgess Meredith, a gambler, are wasted. They are on screen so briefly, and so pointlessly.

George C. Scott, as the dirigible's special security agent, William Atherton, a rigger, and Roy Thinnes, the devious Gestapo, get the "best" lines and the majority of screen time.

As with previous disaster epics (And "The Towering Inferno" remains the craftiest among them.), the real performer of the show is the catastrophe itself. It is the inevitable Hindenburg explosion (shot in black and white — newsreel style) and the tension of an anticipatory audience which hold the interest of the audience.

Matthau and Burns

Uproarious in . . .



By DARRYL DAVID AMATO

The most amiable points of "The Sunshine Boys" are, firstly, the precious, precise, comic performances of Walter Matthau and George Burns, the Neil Simon story, peppered with chuckable one-liners, and finally, but not slightly, the keen Herbert Ross direction.

Walter Matthau is a crusty, old, Jewish, vaudeville star, Clark of the Lewis and Clark (Sunshine Boys) comedy team, who refuses to retire. Even though he has trouble remembering his lines in an audition for a Frumpy potato chip commercial, Clark is deter-

mined to seek employment.

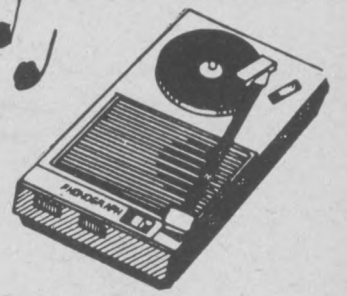
Helping Clark with job hunting is his energetic nephew-agent (Richard Benjamin). Eventually, the nephew lands a booking on a TV comedy special. Clark is anxious to work, but he protests a reunion with his partner Lewis (George Burns).

Lewis and Clark have been feuding since Lewis retired. Clark, a senile but active man, resents Lewis' decision to quit. And the TV show will not take Clark without Lewis. The major segments of the movie circle around the Sunshine Boys' hilarious indecisions, rebuttals

and shared niggling annoyances.

Herbert Ross orchestrates the bickering Matthau-Burns production in the same winning style that he used on the Streisand-Segal confrontation in "The Owl and the Pussycat." With 'Pussycat' and 'Boys,' Ross refrains from "opening up" these originally stage presentations merely for the sake of varying the scenery. With 'Boys,' Ross allows the witty dialogue and the jocular movements of the performers to dominate. The sets are extraneous. Matthau and Burns could read Simon's script against a black backdrop and still be uproarious.

The Music Lover's Page



Simon's 'Still Crazy' After Kodachrome

By DARRYL DAVID AMATO

Paul Simon's "Still Crazy After All These Years" (on Columbia Records) is ideologically deeper and more diverse than his last — "Kodachrome" album titled "There Goes Rhymin' Simon." One interpretation of "Rhymin' Simon" places it as a straight-forward, uncomplicated satire on Nixon and Watergate, with enough digs at that defunct administration to put Simon on somebody's subversive list.

But 'Crazy' is so elusive, its lyrical imagery so replete with multiple meanings that it repels a single understanding. Because of this equivocation, 'Crazy' can withstand a thousand more re-hearings than 'Rhymin' Simon.'

"50 Ways to Leave Your Lover," currently a pop radio hit, is sandwiched between two, more interesting Simon compositions — "I Do It for Your Love" (a realistic, unromantic love story — "We were married on a rainy day; The sky was yellow; And the grass was gray") and the perplexing "Night Game" (all about that immortal topic — death).

Emotions as well as ideas are vacillating on this album. "Gone At Last" (with accompanying vocals by Phoebe Snow) and "Have a Good Time" are vicarious, cheerful tunes. "Gone At Last" is foot-stomping material, and 'Good Time' is clearly epicurean. But "Some Folks' Lives Roll Easy" quickly places its listener in a

melancholy mood. "Gone At Last" shouts about a new-found love, "You're Kind" laments:

It gets me agitated when I think that
You're gonna love me now
— indefinitely
So goodbye, goodbye
I'm gonna leave you now
And here's the reason why
I like to sleep with
the window open
And you keep the window
closed.

"My Little Town," another radio favorite, re-unites Simon with Art Garfunkel. Fine vocals and amazingly accurate lyrics depicting a lifeless, colorless small American town make "My Little Town" a personal favorite.

This album is as diverse as life itself can be. You'll want to re-live it indefinitely.

Michael Masser's Marvelous 'Mahogany' Music

By DARYL SMITH

Berry Gordy's "Mahogany" starring Diana Ross is probably one of the best motion pictures of 1975. Besides the excellent and emotional performance of Ms. Ross and other stars in the cast, Michael Masser's theme intensifies the quality of the movie.

"Do You Know Where You're Going To?" is the first piece on the "Mahogany" album (on Motown Records). Masser combines a convincing blend of typical Baroque counterpoint with melody and colors of the Romantic period. Yet its beauty — a simple beauty probably taken to heart by most of "Mahogany's" viewing and listening audience — cannot be denied.

"Feeling Again," possibly the most moving piece of the entire album, immediately follows Ms. Ross' solo on side one. Strings begin a romantic theme (reminiscent of Rachmaninoff's style) which is immediately followed by an instantly touching secondary theme.

"Can You Hear It in My Music," a "pop" dance piece, is the third composition. Here the theme from "Mahogany" is

disguised and embodied in the pop style.

"Christian's Theme" combines the main theme with another. The result is beautiful and thought provoking.

"After You" is a quiet, meditative tune in which the sound of the older keyboard instruments (like the harpsichord) is noticeable. Side one concludes with the orchestral version of the theme from "Mahogany."

Side two provides a refreshing contrast, especially for those who enjoy jazz, blues and dance hits. It is possible to do any of your favorite pop dances to most of the selections on side two. However, not until the magnificent entrance of the "Mahogany Suite," are we reminded of the essence of the mood and message of this human story.

The music of "Mahogany" is warm, communicative, imaginative and excellently conceived. It offers something for everyone — just as the movie does — and as I listen to the theme while writing this article, I realize how much inspiration and insight one may find in an album brimming with passionate rhapsodies and Rathskeller rhythms.

Barbra Streisand's Lively 'Lazy Afternoon'

by Darryl David Amato

Barbra Streisand never ceases to move, amaze and delight her audience in "Lazy Afternoon" (on Columbia Records). In what promises to be her mellowest, most mature performance, Streisand teams with composer-arranger - conductor - producer Rupert Holmes, and sings predominantly quiet, peaceful love lost and love found songs.

Upon first listening, "Lazy Afternoon" seems too quiet and

subdued. A second session, when listened to attentively, sinks finely into the ears. Subsequent playings bring deeper and deeper understandings.

The best cut of side one has to be "By the Way," a hardly discreet carnal invitation from a jilted girl anxious for a love replacement. Barbra, with help from Holmes, wrote the song.

The title song of the album does evoke a feeling of summer, mid-

day laziness.

"I Never Had It So Good," a Paul Williams - Roger Nichols song, is a happy, contented love melody with a country-flavored harmonica accompaniment.

"Shake Me, Wake Me," a Four Tops pop number, is the only loud, intensely rhythmical cut on the album.

Side two has the stronger set of tunes. "Letters That Cross in the Mail," a love story that is screwed up by the post office, is actually about a lack of communication between a separated, helplessly dense couple.

Streisand exerts herself on Stevie Wonder's "You and I." Her pleasant, slow interpretation of this amazing Wonder indicates that this is probably Streisand's current favorite.

"Moanin' Low" is a flashback to the Streisand of the '60's, but not quite. Streisand is not very believable on this number. 'Low' sounds more like a self-parody (a satire of "My Man," "When the Sun Comes Out" and a dozen other Streisand torch songs) than a sincere complaint of a distraught woman.

"Widescreen" is about an addictive, dangerous love of fantasy (the movies). This Holmes stunner, complete with the wide-sound effect of a synthesizer, has very personal meaning to the vocalist. Streisand recalls her childhood days spent at the Brooklyn Loew's Kings movie house.

The best cut of side two is "A Child is Born." The most stirring lyrics of the entire album are performed here in an almost classical, operatic style. Streisand takes her listener through the slow, beautiful birth of a perfect baby. She contemplates the potential accomplishments of tiny hands, and sadly realizes the day the baby's parents will "let her go."

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Hooker Howls About Discrimination

The star lady of the afternoon was Margo St. James, founder and chair-madame of COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), an up-and-coming "loose women's organization" fighting for decriminalization of prostitution.

Looking understandably weathered, but still feisty, the 38-year-old St. James was greeted by a raucous applause and scattered wolf-whistles. Anticipating the audience's first question, she admitted her status as a retired harlot. "I'm too busy talking about it to do it," St. James remarked.

"The government is the worst pimp — and the strongest," St. James decried. "Prostitution laws are enforcement of one-sided monogamy," she continued, "A man is considered virile if he has numerous experiences where a woman is thought of as cheap, vulgar, or dirty if she does."

St. James tried to dispel some of the myths surrounding hookers and the profession. "They are not all lesbians and jaded despisers of men," she pointed out. "Money is the biggest reason and adventure is the next." She also denounced the notion of the wealthy trollop, as prostitutes are subjected to wage drainage all down the line from bellhops, hotel owners, doctors and cops. "The police either want a piece or money," she said.

Engaging in some legitimate intercourse with the audience, St. James was asked about the demand for male prostitutes during a question and answer period. "How often can a man work?" she answered. "Woman can work for \$5 a trick, but a man turning \$5 tricks would be burnt out."

Illuminating the audience as to the cost to the taxpayer in bringing a street-walker before the courts, St. James stated "The cost of arresting a prostitute in San Francisco is \$1,700 and since public prosecutors are used, the cost is about double." She added "And if they're customers they're paying three times."

The audience was curious about the ins-and-outs of the business. "What it comes down to is taking turns doing each other," the ex-call girl stated. "Most women don't do 'flatbackers,'" she stated, adding, "Sure we enjoy it if the customer's good."

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POP SCENE SERVICE



'Psychic' singer Phoebe Snow
'I can't even understand this mass outburst of love'

Phoebe Snow: 'Ziltch' to Star

By BARBARA LEWIS

"I hope I like the article about me, because if I don't I'll probably never do another interview." Phoebe Snow cautions in the living room of her parents middle-class suburban home in Teaneck, N.J.

If Phoebe is wary of seeing herself in print, she has reason to be. She has not been misquoted, nor have music and entertainment critics written anything about her performances that have not been glowing.

But in describing her appearance, they have called her homely, fat, pudgy, chubby and squat. One writer went as far as calling attention to her facial moles.

In spite of her recent success and its attendant adoration, references to her appearance are difficult for the new recording sensation to accept.

"I grew up thinking I was a ziltch," Phoebe says. "I can't even understand this mass outburst of love for me. I was a loser. Listen, I was so homely, the kids in school used to torment me. The only friend I had was the only kid in school who was more unpopular than me."

She still winces when she talks about the tricks her classmates played on them. "Once someone tripped me and everyone laughed ... and I ended up with a broken leg."

Phoebe is no longer miserable. She has a boyfriend, "the first real one I ever had," and she is the toast of the music industry, perhaps with the exception of Shelter Records with whom she split after her smash debut

album.

But in the interim, there was desperation, drugs, liquor, diet pills and two close calls with death.

She no longer takes diet pills, but she diets constantly with intermittent success. And the drugs, which nearly cost her life, now bore her. She has given up smoking and drinking and although she is less than tolerant of those who do, she does not overreact. Lecturing about drugs is another story.

"Please be sure to write that I am 100 per cent against drugs of any kind and that includes pot. Talking about drugs is boring," she repeats. "But taking them is even more boring. I nearly died from a combination of diet pills and qualudes. And my best friend, Charlie, died of an overdose." Charlie was not a boyfriend, she emphasizes. Phil Kearns, who plays in her band, is the first and only boyfriend she has ever had.

But Charlie was her inspiration, the one person who believed in her, the one person who convinced her that she was something special and her voice was like no other.

Phoebe needed convincing. Although she had tried out for all of her school's musicals, she never even made the chorus. It was Charlie who taught her to play the guitar and who encouraged her to perform at a Bitter End tryout night in New York City. It was there that Shelter Records discovered her and signed her to a record deal.

But Charlie, whose last name she will not divulge "because his mother is still living and she's

been hurt enough," did not live to see her success.

Charlie's death preys on her but she credits her deep belief in parapsychology with helping her to combat her depression. She considers herself a gifted seer and estimates that her predictions of others' futures are 99 per cent accurate.

She cannot foretell her own future, she says, and even if she could, she would not have forecast her rise to prominence. Her ESP ability was expanded, she explains, when she discovered that objects enhanced her accuracy.

"Let me show you," she says, reaching for my ring. Her mother, a part-time reporter for a weekly newspaper, enters the room and says, "Are you up to that again?"

Phoebe apologizes and suggests that we leave the room. As we walk to the garden she announces that she has not mentioned her psychic talents in previous interviews, "because I didn't want Shelter to say I was crazy and use it against me."

It is just a year since Phoebe's first and only album, "Phoebe Snow" was released. Both a single from it and the album itself went gold, almost unprecedented for a first effort.

But in the short span of Phoebe's ascent from a nobody to a somebody, she has become involved in a barrage of law suits. One even prevented her from doing interviews. That injunction has since been lifted.

But there are a variety of suits and countersuits stemming from her split with Shelter and her

manager, and her signing with CBS Records. Phoebe has in fact hassles that her conversation is frequently sprinkled with "I better not say that, I might be sued, etc." On the way to the backyard, her father, Merrill, a New York City exterminator, pokes his head in. After perfunctory introductions he offers \$5 if I can identify the singer who introduced "Old Man River."

I answer "Paul Robeson" sticking my hand out for the reward.

"Nope, he says, "it was Jules Bledsoe. I stick people all the time with that."

Phoebe says, "Pop wins a lot of money in bars that way," and then asks for my ring. "I can tell a lot about you if I hold your ring in my hand," she says as we sit next to the outdoor barbecue. She clasps the ring tightly and closes her eyes. "I see you going to a lot of parties," she predicts. "I see you in a blue dress. You are going to give up driving a car because you are going to believe that it pollutes the air. You are going to become fairly rich. You are going to be able to eat what you want without worrying about your weight. You should see an eye doctor, nothing serious, but you should see one."

The reference to the eye problem was the only prediction that was not glowing. "Don't you ever foresee gloom," I ask. "I don't believe in laying anything heavy on anyone," she retorts.

I'm still waiting for all these wonderful things to happen to me. But I can't help but wonder if Phoebe wasn't wishing all of them for herself.

Visual Arts Festival: A Joint Venture

By MARIE FORTUNA

Financed by the Student Activities Board, and staffed by members of the Buffalo Craftsmen Incorporated, a program of films, and slide presentations was offered at Rosary Hill the weekend of January 31st.

Many kinds of crafts were presented. Especially enjoyable to watch was the film "Casting"

with commentary by goldsmith, Charles H. Frank who brought along a good looking sample of six or seven rings he had designed and fashioned.

Also well worth seeing was the collection of shadow puppets Dr. Ellen Banks brought back from Malaysia two years ago. A film which showed a performance of Shadow Puppets of Java both from the audience side and from the backstage view, was followed

by Dr. Banks description of how the two feet tall puppets are made of sting ray skin or of Buffalo hides. The puppets look as frail as filigree, pierced all over and painted brilliant colors. They are amazingly sturdy and firmly put together.

An enterprising high school student, Edward Livingston, filmed Rosary Hill students on a clay dig with their professor Carol Townsend. Livingston

followed the diggers around the Orchard Park area farm property of Dr. Elizabeth O'Neil. His film, "Sedimentary Journey" made its "world premiere" Saturday. It's rather well done.

A healthy mix of about 75 students, interested community people, and craftsmen attended Saturday, but fewer were there Sunday. You missed something worthwhile. And it was all free.