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Students' art On display

By invitation of the First National Bank, paintings, drawings, photos, crafts and prints by Ed-gecliffe College students will be on display at their main office from April 30 until May 26. Twenty-five works will be selected by Edgecliffe's Art Department for display in each category.

Further requirements for gradua- tion include: extracurricular work as specified by each department, an essay that shows a new understanding of the subject, and senior thesis which combines the major field of study, since some graduate schools might not consider a BGS degree for advanced study, nor is it meant to replace a solid major in a particular field. This is instead an alternative degree program available for students who do not want to apply for a BA or BS degree. The major difference between the BGS degree and the BA or BS degree program is that the BGS has no program requirements other than an Interdisciplinary Program consisting of 3 of 6 credit hours. As with other fields of study, the last 30 hours must be taken at Edgcliffe.

Under the BGS program the stu- dent is required to take 128 credit hours and maintain a 2.0 average in order to graduate. A faculty committee shall be formed as counselor to the student in the program and to set the guidelines for the Interdisciplinary Studies 451 program.

"The BGS degree program is fair to regular in popular on other campus programs. However, the BGS program will be an expensive program to be reviewed annually by the college official at Edgcliffe College. This program will be consequently effective in the fall of 1975-76 academic year."

Another new degree program which is effective immediately is the Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree (BFA). This degree program is designed to give the student a stronger background in fine arts. The requirements under this degree program consist of completing the general core curriculum of the college, plus 20 hours of studio courses and 30 of general education courses, as the student adds free electives to the program. Judging from this year's attendance of the Bachelor of Fine Arts degree program, it is generally considered valuable (that is good to know that for certain before beginning the work). Then, I just suggest starting very early in contacting speakers. Also, perhaps one of the most important factors in the success of the event is the involvement of facul ty — this year the faculty were invaluable in planning a lot of very appealing programs with very well-qualified people. We cannot thank the faculty enough for taking the time and effort to schedule the excellent programs. And, of course, it would all have been in vain if the enthusiasm of the student body had not carried us through. I hope it will go back to two days next year. The music program went over very well and I hope we have an even bigger music program next year.

Peggy Griebel: I thought it was a tremendous success and Sue is to be commended for the wide variety of programs.

Pet Oher: I felt that I hadn't wanted any time as I had in previous years. I especially enjoyed the visual literacy presented by two people. It was a real eye opener.

Many students who attended the program stated that they wished that so many of the programs did not overlap. They also liked the theme of the program 'liked the title created by Euge- none Carter.'
Students ask enthusiasm; Reading lab lies dormant

by Winn Schneckel

Has it been a dream or a nightmare for those who dreamed of reading at Edgecliff or did it simply materialize en route to the best self-improvement course ever offered? This question can be answered by only a few of our more adventurous students.

The program I speak of is the Reading and Study Skills lab headed by Dr. Jack Finley of the Education Department. In this program one can learn to improve reading and study skills at one's own pace. There is no competition, only self-satisfaction for a job well done. The Reading Lab is offered at no cost and free of charge. The opportunity for improving your own personal reading skill can be arranged at any time convenient to the student. The student sets up his own program of study with Mr. Finley, integrating the study lab with your class schedule.

My main complaint is that the lab is closed from 7:30 to 9:00 and 9:30 to 11:00. Also, the average amount of time devoted to the lab is spaced out over a year or two. In fact, the time spent in the Reading and Study Skills Lab may not be monumental, but many can benefit from spending only a few hours a week to gain knowledge of how to improve reading and study time into half the time usually spent studying.

Not convenient! The entire program is open on campus in the Administration Building during school hours. There's no need to go running downtown or wherever to "Reading Improvement."
Why Can't I Tell You I Love You...

The tip of my glass tongue
sticks to the roof of my mouth,
never forming the words that my
hand long to help express.
My lips tighten, then twitch.
Sweaty fingers clench themselves in despair.

... The point to which words arrive
never is very far,
as consciousness of the light
ends with the perception of the glare.

by Robert Bell, Jr.

Glazed Smiles

wonder child you live no bound
star struck by day
sun hidden in flowing hours of the night
I question what do you see
in dreams of tomorrow
are you alone
or do you need me
I know your laughing eyes
but do you really see me
could I be just another way
for some other lost day

by Kaye Ornella

desperation
(blood red lowering drops
from the fork
while "alive Sowa"
form the mouth
-crumped napkin falls
to the floor
while he belches
 silently —
and this beast, being drunk,
falls asleep
with his face in his stew . . .
I find myself lowered to this contemplation
to keep my mind off of you

by Michael Shooner

Union

I want to be inhaled by you.
I want to fly with you
throw your eyelids to the blue
fall into your rainbow.

by Kaye Ornella

Poet's Suicide

Never a poet stood on straight ground
settled to the still eye like a root
nor read a word without divining underneath
some little horror.
I owed out the juice from my swollen seed
I vacated to Nasua for a weekend—
the rains then moved down like broken sticks
on my skull and I
didn’t splinter one bone.

From the shadows where the sea schooled
in the raging darkness of their houses
the poets locked up,
in time to see me sell my eyes
for a ticket home.

And their words to me saying
I had been communicated
and would I please turn in my pens, books, conches,
and love letters to Dylan Thomas
as they were sure someone else could do better,
and be much tidier, besides.

Someone’s cat saw me
leaning on the blade
locked on the horizon like a hanging man.

by Carolyn E. Reed

Caged

Into locked gem boxes I place
water heads
and they die
for who can live
in splendour
without hope.

by Linda Berkenheier

Sunny Desert Death

He walked on. The pink had been only momentary, though it may have been otherwise. He had been walking for six hours now, and while he saw little sense in continuing, there seemed even less reason to stop.

"What makes this spot so much better than what lies over that rise?"
he would ask himself, anxiously fingering the heavy metal object in his pocket.

So he had continued for six hours, walking aimlessly and eluding no thought to anything other than he was tortured self... he was, of course, lost. Lost... in the very big, very dry, very hostile American desert. And while this seemed to suit his purpose, he could not help feeling somewhat uneasy at the dryness that covered his throat like a sand paper blanket. He knew what this desert could do to a man who did not respect it. And as he did respect it, the identity of what he was doing was even clearer in his mind. But even as he thought of this, the intense heat forced its way through his skull, and into his brain, where it began the slow work of transforming all his ordered blacks and whites into a muddled confusion of gray.

His reason for beginning this journey, that could have only one end, was now little more than a feeling shadow in the mist of his fading memory. But he still remembered. He had to.

An argument.

It seemed strangely humorous to him now. That something as common, as everyday, as instantaneous as an argument, could end in this blind rush to self-sacrifice... "sacrifice to what?... the god of meaningfulness?" he asked himself, chuckling softly. He knew he was becoming delirious—the first stage. He wondered why he had bothered bringing his revolver along. Could it be he didn’t trust the desert to do the job in a thorough enough fashion? "You’ve got to be kidding, Peters." And a moment later the weapon was hurtling through the oven air to an unknown destination. But he could not forget it. Why did he bring that gun? The thought consumed him now in the way that a small match ignites a smoldering fuse... why... why did I bring the gun? He repeated this sentence again and again until it became meaningless, and then he forgot it.

An hour passed. He had found a large rock and here he sat, being barked from all sides at once. He felt compelled to move and that feeling bothered him. Why should he move... wasn’t this a fitting place... no, he answered himself.

From the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of a lizard ripping across the dry, dead ground and kicking up a trail of dust that lingered for a moment after the little beast had disappeared. Without knowing why, Peters decided to follow it. For the remainder of the afternoon he zig-zagged the desert floor in the manner of a man possessed, his eyes always to the ground.

The lizard, apparently frightened past the point of insanity by the frantic chase, did not slow down as it approached its familiar desert pond, but died heading into it.

Peters stopped, staring down at his disbelieving expression. He slowly knelt and began to drink the cool, clear, underground spring water. He splashed it on his face as he fell life in his veins once again.

As he rose from the pond, he lost his footing on a wet rock and severed a vein in his left leg. He quickly bandaged it with a piece of sandpaper blank. He knew what this desert could do to a man who did not respect it. And as he did respect it, the identity of what he was doing was even clearer in his mind. But even as he thought of this, the intense heat forced its way through his skull, and into his brain, where it began the slow work of transforming all his ordered blacks and whites into a muddled confusion of gray.

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As he rose from the pond, he lost his footing on a wet rock and severed a vein in his left leg. He quickly bandaged it with a piece of his shirt, but it had bled heavily. He felt drowsy, and within a few minutes he was asleep on the back of the pond.

He awoke in the morning feeling refreshed and immediately went for more water. As he drank, he imagined, or thought he imagined, a slight crease of twig or kicking of stones behind him, but he finished drinking.

When he turned to see, he found himself staring into the hunger-crazed eyes of a mountain lion that had smelled blood and came for the kill.

Peters reached for his gun.

by Kaye Ornella
View From A Dry Fishbowl

Pre-pagant festival of humiliation
Scrubbed closely are the social gatherings set in the card house
Composers course of the bodies—bedecked and benedighted
Saturday's play outlined—appropriate roles assigned
And the big wheels roll on.

Stretched glistening dawn the lighted gangplank
Robot-like, each with a separate individually designed wind-up key
Come the glamorous, glittering beauties in single file.
Exquisite smiles painstakingly painted on every face.

Impressing a few chosen justice donors selected for their social fit
Personalized little horses taking character lessons from the past
Issuing forth a living exhibit
Skin diving can be learned by anyone.

Regally consigned to a sponsor's trust
Much has been spent—standardized mechanization.
Clothed and suffused in a gown and hair style of patchquilt ads
Pencil lines, perfumed mask—vanity's delight
Modern thrown open to sentimental eyes
Coconu-like development, wings still wet, shalke, untied
Fed by gracious applause—no longer unsettled

Cheesecake too can be stamped and dated.

Powdery amphibious recollected by voracious mass media
Coverage is an affirmative prime-time gesture
Originality plagues in the lighthush of materialism
Engendered in the courtly parade of paramount vanity

Break out the animal crackers.

Dissent must be an inevitable realization
Pursuit of further education is the arrow for many
Open pray to saliva-laden, black glassed plaster scouts
Interested only in exploitation for gain—a piece of the action
The choice is simple—who paid the highest price

The machine is on the lam.

Floral bundles, jeweled tiaras, multiples of contracts await victory
Her individualism to be extracted for full term
Imprisoned in a world of tinsel, crystalline cut glass
Contest queen's mind has been locked in a combinationless vault
Her loved ones being held incommunicado

Even people can buy brooms.

Wined dined, exhibited, offered, propositioned
Pleading for one last chance to play another role
Chaperoned widow for a full term—no dates

Her loved ones being held incommunicado

Her individualism to be extracted for full term
Floral bundles, jeweled tiaras, multitudes of contracts await victory
Open pray to saliva-laden, black glassed plaster scouts
Interested only in exploitation for gain—a piece of the action
The choice is simple—who paid the highest price

The machine is on the lam.

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Her individualism to be extracted for full term
Imprisoned in a world of tinsel, crystalline cut glass
Contest queen's mind has been locked in a combinationless vault
Her loved ones being held incommunicado

Weed can't buy brooms.

Now she watches though a one-way window from a penthouse
Chaperoned widow for a full term—no dates
Wined, dined, exhibited, offered, propositioned
All the while an eager population clamors for action on masse
All the champagne and cuss-cuss could not buy back your freedom

In the end of the road she nausea with a tear in her eye
Feeling for one last chance to play another role
She knows that the answer lies elsewhere—this merry-go-round
Let someone else try and grab the elusive golden ring
Explores this heroic myth—ends goes the terrestrial auto-pilot.

by Neil Jaffe

The Roans and the Hired Hand

The hay is waiting
for my hands to tie and stack it
The hired hand glares over at me,
coughing hot resentment my way.

I heard the wild horses—
they split the wind with their voices
russel and steaming
they swayed in the desert
the sun's golden polish
had them gleaming

The hay is waiting
for my hands to tie and stack it
the left is wide and empty
the kittens are sleeping now
in back of the stables

I rode the wild horses—
carressing their necks with soft noises
broad and auburn
caressing their necks with soft noises
I heard the wild horses—
russet and steaming

Wild horses strolls over to me,
as plain and as arrogant
as chewed tobacco, spat out on the road
"The hay is waiting," he says.
Such flat blue eyes glittering! He doesn't even see
my fine row.

I got up from the shade
and went to the fields—
but just for the horses,
just for the wild red horses
and the loving sun.

by Carolyn E. Ready

When My Day Is Done

When the night blue descends
I find the darkness blessed
by your warm shoulders of tenderness.

Even when the dawn's light draws near
you are still with me
close by softly.

And when my day is done
curved above the setting sun
let the memory of you
rise in my last dream.

by Terri Minter

To Grandfather, Dying in a Hospital

Shadows on steel
who rides the night?
no number of routes in the room
can render the darkness bright
shadow only is your friend tonight
the seed of grief bursts darkly
into bloom

anonymous

A Story

I met him on a beach one day
we talked for a little while
we played and dreamed in the clear hot sand
we plunged into rough-flinging waves
then without warning he sighed and was gone
i quickly understood a frightened glance
in one pulsing movement i felt pain in his tender grasp
and knew his time was drawing too close to a close
for i too was once lost and dying
i too craved realization and peace
a search through days of chaos with no answers
left me crawling in a world of crumbling dreams
crippled dreams which left me nowhere
maybe because they never were true
they only exploded into black depths of destruction
which pierced a wandering mind and soul
and finally i climbed a desperate flight to the stars
a flight that ravaged and tore
too often i stood helpless and crying
in a pain too great to bear
if only eternity was as certain as the fix which was so easily controlled
a fix promising moments of quick-flying peace
a peace which in turn fell to deep despair
a glistening nightmare of time
mind and body screamed recognition
knowing this condemned habit must stop
then the angry war which
stormy hours taught the necessarily unbearable lesson
those careless days and nights of climaxed despair
a patterned morning freshness emerging in each newborn day
mind and body screamed recognition

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stormy hours taught the necessarily unbearable lesson
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a patterned morning freshness emerging in each newborn day
mind and body screamed recognition

I saw him on the beach one day
i feared his quick and lonely cry
but was helpless and could do nothing
i saw him on the beach one day
i feared his quick and lonely cry
but was helpless and could do nothing
i saw him on the beach one day
i feared his quick and lonely cry
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by mooch
‘Death To Life’ series opens

Several activities are being planned by Edgecliff’s campus ministry, March 21 and April. A series entitled “From Death To Life” will be presented to the campus. This call from death to life daws us to open our minds to a whole new dimension to life, a dimension without insensitively, narrow vision or a somberness which we sometimes see in life. The Christion is a new creation, as significant as the first creation. This new being has a new life given by Christ. He calls us to a new way of living for this life is a whole Christian life.

The series will be on Monday evenings at 8 p.m. beginning March 21. The first topic is “Life and Death”, the call to an authentic touch. On March 28 we will discuss the role of religion in the drama of life. Dr. Wester’s office. This weekend, anyone who would like to be one of these twenty students, pick up a form in Dr. Wester’s office. There will be a call for times as many students will be needed. Summer in the Women’s College campus on March 9 with an introductory panel of students. On April 1, Dr. Westrik will conclude the series on April 16 with the “existence of Opposita Values” as he explores the source of our cre- ation of Value. At last a glance you might wonder whether to commit to campus minis- ter. Take a closer look. Each evening students will have an opportunity to speak on their saner aspect of life and life is what being a Christi- an is all about.

The Student Center open

Student center open Rules set for use

The new Student Center located at the exit from the locker parking lot, is now officially open. The new building houses the entire one which the Father Stiech vacated last year. There are, however, several rules which students need to be aware of. The building will remain open to stu- dents during the hours listed above and their guests. No guest is to be permitted in the Student Center unless un- accompanied by an Edgecliff student. Any group which uses the facilities of the Student Center must be responsible for the conduct of that group and the building.

The Center will be open Monday through Saturday, from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., Sundays, Saturdays, and Sundays from 8 a.m. until 1 a.m. There are to be no more than two persons in the building at any time it is open.

The Vice-President of Student Government will be in charge of the opening events which will re- quire previous planning and room reservations. Any matters of ques- tion will be taken to the entire Student Council.

Each student must respect the rights of others and accept the re- sponsibilities of duties which are assigned with the rules and policies of the Student Center.

The ultimate responsibility of the Student Center is that of the students. Sister Ruth Naftold, with direct delegation of certain responsibilities to Student Government.

Attention English Majors!

An Open House for all students interested in majoring in Eng- lish will be held on March 28 from 9:55 p.m. is the Alumnae Lounge. The entire faculty and senior majors from the English Department will be present at this gala event. Dr. Bets, chairman of the depart- ment, will address the gathering, followed by refreshments and an informal discussion of the opportunities involved in being an English major.

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Chorus set for tour

The Edgecliff Singers and Choral Ensemble are making last-minute preparations for an upcoming concert tour around the midwest. One of the first stops will be Wright State University in Cincinnati. Ohio. On that same day, March 18 the group will be singing at Im- manuella's , Conversion Church, also in Cincinnati.

Monday, March 19, the Chorus will be in Saginaw, Michigan, at Warren Avenus Presbyterian Church. Toledo, Ohio, is scheduled for the next day with the concert at McAuley High School in Toledo.

Grant approved for workshop on urban education

The Martha Holden Jennings Foundation has approved a grant request to the Education Depart- ment at Edgecliff College of $2000 to be given to teachers in urban schools as scholarships to the Workshop on Urban Education on campus from July 27-29. Sister Virginia Ann Frohle and Dr. Con- stanCe Carroll are coordinating the workshop and sought the grant.

"Furnace for the workshop which is scheduled from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. is 180 (non-credit). Fifty teachers from this area will attend on schol- arship. During the four seminars held each day, local and national speakers in color will discuss cultural and economic differences and their re- lation to learning in the schools; alternative methods of teaching in education; success in city schools; individual learning programs; behavior modification; and communica- tion involving different dialects."
Despite loss

Pioneers end season
On enthusiastic note

The successful season of the
Edgecliff Pioneers ended Friday
night, March 2, in the Wil-
liams YMCA Gym. Although the
Pioneers were scrappy and aggres-
sive, they were defeated by the
"hot-handed" Ohio State Dental
Fraternity, 93-76.

In the first few minutes of the
game, the Pioneers were startled
by the crisp, sure-shooting hands
of the Buckeyes and fell behind
by a score of 6 to 0. Led by the re-
bounding power of Jim Lorentz and
Steve Melzer, and the accurate
shooting of Bill Harvey (31 points)
and Jim Jackson (19 points), the
Pioneers sniped back within a
few points of the Buckeyes at half
time.

Starting the second half as they
began the first, the Ohio State
Buckeyes ripped the note for four
quick points. However, pressure
defense from Paul "Chuck" Rod-
miller soon put the defensive ma-
chine of the Pioneers back in gear.

For the next ten minutes the
Pioneers and the Buckeyes ex-
changed baskets for baskets. How-
ever, with the period half under
way, the Pioneers hit a cold streak
and the Buckeyes took advantage.
The "hot" hands of Jerry Hel-
ners, Bud Jackson, and Joe Gre-
made soon pushed the Ohio State
Dental Fraternity to a comfortable
twelve-point lead.

With two minutes left, a final
spark was provided by reserve
guard Bill Berger, whose shot from
twenty feet out burned the nets
for two quick points.

However, before this spark could
ever ignite, the morale of the Pio-
neers was broken when player-
coach Bud Jackson switched a shot
which he carried as his "routine lay-
up." This "routine lay-up" was a
sixty-footer shot which resembled
that of an aerial bomb. The last
minute dissolved away and the
Ohio State Dental Fraternity had
defeated the Edgecliff Pioneers.

Ready for next year

The future of the Olympic
Games depends on 1976 con-
tests in Montreal and Innsbruck.
If the Games continue to be seen
by political forces to battle out
their hatreds, total abolition or de-emphasis of them seems to be the
only solution.

SPORTS

Olympics — a true test of skills?

Munich and the summer of '72, and
athletes gathered at this Olympic
site for two weeks of "fun and
games." But purgatorial events
cluded the spirit and joy gener-
ated by the games and brought
doubt to mind about their future
worth.

Members of the radical Black
September movement saw Munich
as a political arena in which they
could display their griefs and ha-
treds. Could the deaths of eleven
Israelis have been avowed if the Oly-
pics had been less publicized? Will
others now see this as a chance to
forward their cause at future games in an attempt to publicize their
cause to the world?

Mark Spitz used his Olympic
popularity to propell himself into
the entertainment industry (and a
million-dollar contract). Are the
Olympics being used by Spitz and
others for their own personal gain?

Do the Games promote brother-
hood and good will, or are base
feelings the result among nations?
Allegations of favoritism and dis-

Comment

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Allegations of favoritism and dis-

crimation on the part of Com-
munist bloc countries dampened
the spirit of the Games. Boxing,
gymnastics and diving competitions
were tainted by use of U.S. of-
ficials over the scores handed to
their athletes.

The Olympics were designed to
give amateur athletes throughout
the world the chance to garner and
compete on a physical level simply
for the sheer pleasure of competi-
tion. Now the Games have evolved
into heated battles; men against
men, but most of all, nation against
nation. No longer is the trite
phrase, "It's not whether you win or
lose, but how you play the game," applicable.

The big question is: Are the
Olympics fulfilling their intended
purposes, or are they being manipu-
lated by nations to promote self-
esteem? As with the Munich Olym-
pics and other past Games, they
appeared to the public to be simply
a fight between the U.S. and the
U.S.S.R. over the total number of
medals won.

Strike X !

Pins fly, balls roll and tempers flare as Edgecliff’s bowling teams meet every Wednesday. The teams converge at Meard’s Lanes on McMillan at 5:00 for two hours of tough, competitive action.

First place is held by the Hol-
dominating Black September move-
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could display their griefs and ha-
treds. Could the deaths of eleven
Israelis have been avowed if the Oly-
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into heated battles; men against
men, but most of all, nation against
nation. No longer is the trite
phrase, "It's not whether you win or
lose, but how you play the game," applicable.

The big question is: Are the
Olympics fulfilling their intended
purposes, or are they being manipu-
lated by nations to promote self-
esteem? As with the Munich Olym-
pics and other past Games, they
appeared to the public to be simply
a fight between the U.S. and the
U.S.S.R. over the total number of
medals won.

Strike X !

Pins fly, balls roll and tempers flare as Edgecliff’s bowling teams meet every Wednesday. The teams converge at Meard’s Lanes on McMillan at 5:00 for two hours of tough, competitive action.

First place is held by the Hol-